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THE BOOKMAN

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

VOLUME XXIII

MARCH, 1906—AUGUST, 1906

"*I am a Bookman.*"—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

NEW YORK
DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY
FIFTH AVENUE AND 35TH STREET

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~~IX, 268~~
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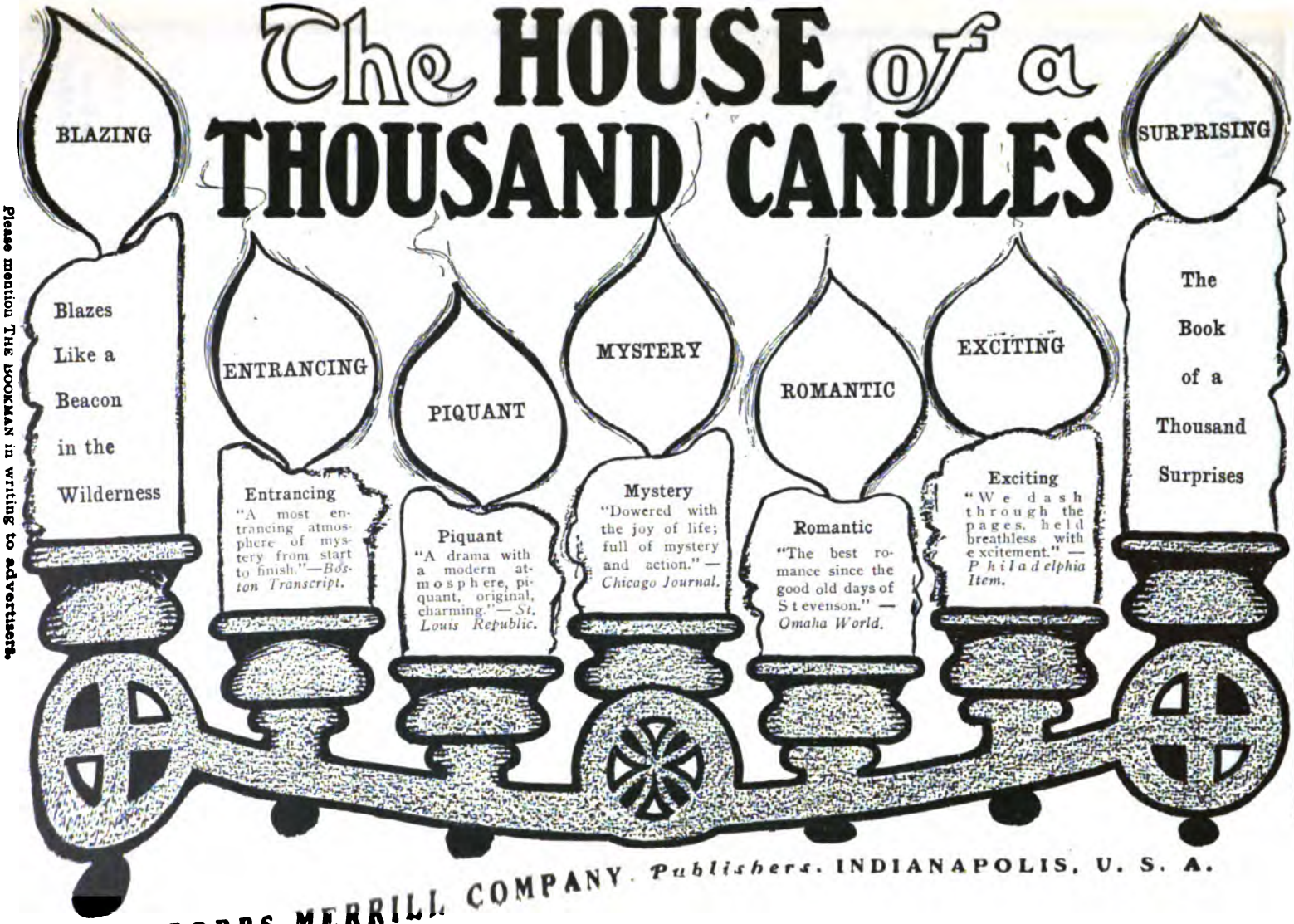
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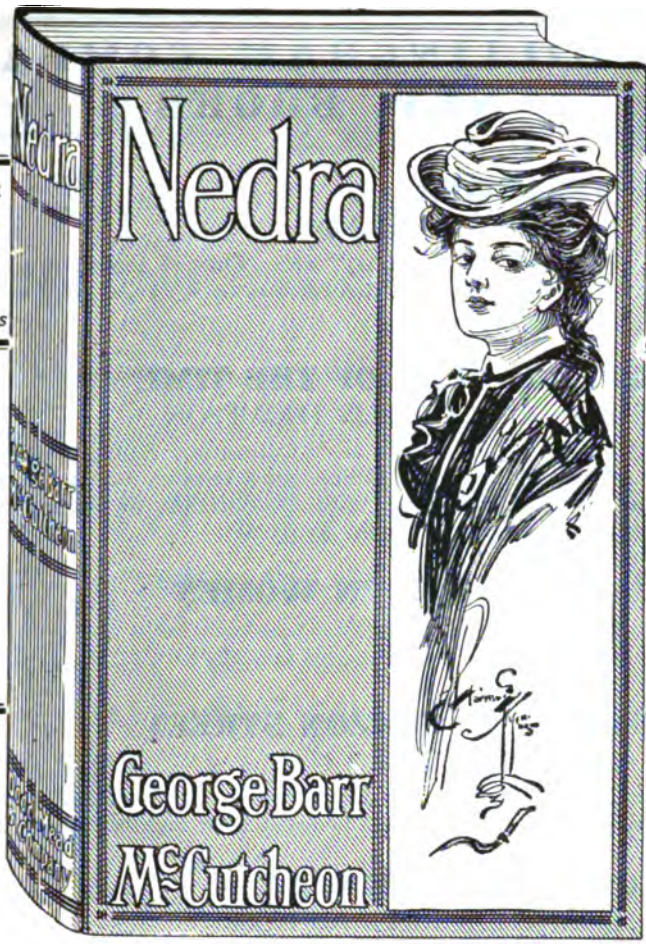
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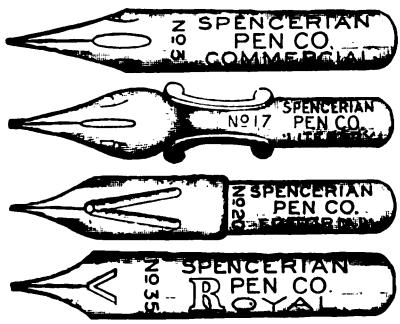
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A Magazine of Literature and Life

MARCH, 1906

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Owing to a combination of unusual circumstances it has been found necessary to postpone the publication of Part XV. of "Twenty Years of the Republic" until the April number.

We were greatly delighted last month on reading the following paragraph in our veracious contemporary, *The Critic*:

> Mr. W. W. Story, the American sculptor, has come to America, and will take a studio in New York, intending to divide his time hereafter between that city and Rome, where he has for so many years made his home. Some years ago Mr. Story published a most delightful volume of recollections. He has lived such a full life, however, since then that he could easily write another volume of equal interest. Mr. Story's most famous contribution to literature is his poem, "Cleopatra", which has been recited as often as Longfellow's "Building of the Ship."

This information gave us especial pleasure, because we had been labouring under the impression that Mr. W. W. Story died eleven years ago—in 1895. The newspapers which published obituary notices of him at that time were evidently of the same opinion, and the delusion must have taken a firm hold on the mind of Mr. Henry James, who was an intimate friend of Story, and who wrote a life of him, in which the poet and sculptor's lamented death is chronicled. Or can it be that our friend *The Critic* sometimes nods, just the same as we do, and that the gentleman who is coming to New York is not Mr. William Wetmore Story, but Mr. Waldo Story?

A New Kipling Book

There is to be a new Kipling book next October. It will be called *Puck of Pook's Hill,* and will be a volume of children's stories. The principal characters are some English children to whom Puck appears one summer afternoon as they play in the pleasant meadows. Puck and the children become great friends. The fairy grants them supernatural powers, and knights and ladies appear and deport themselves in a manner to delight the heart of childhood. These stories are said to show something of the fanciful vein of "They". Kipling, by the way, is now on his annual visit to South Africa to the estate presented to him by Cecil Rhodes.

The Plight of Mr. Poultney Bigelow

The plight in which Mr. Poultney Bigelow finds himself as the outcome of his attempt to add to the literature of exposure, is one which, on the whole, calls for less censure than commiseration. Mr. Bigelow first caught the public attention a good many years ago by exploiting the fact that he had once been a schoolmate of the present German Kaiser. It is not likely that the two were ever exactly bosom friends, sharing each other's secret thoughts and aspirations as well as their steins of beer and their portions of *gänsebrust* and *wurst*; but Mr. Bigelow's readers somehow got that impression, and the belief gave piquancy to what

he wrote about the picturesque monarch. If all accounts be true, the Kaiser himself on one occasion in Berlin very decidedly refused to recognize Mr. Bigelow's claims upon his notice; but that is another story. Suffice it to say that the author of *The Kaiser and His Neighbors* gradually acquired a sort of reputation as an authority on historical matters, and he often figured as a lecturer before university audiences, receiving finally a definite appointment at Boston University. In an unlucky moment, he undertook to write a searching exposé of our governmental mismanagement of the Panama Canal, and his elaborate narrative in the *Independent* was widely read, and really gave the public something of a shock. Then came Scretary Taft's dissection of Mr. Bigelow's charges, and the appearance of Mr. Bigelow before a Senate Committee, where it must be confessed that he cut a pitiable figure, essaying the rôle of martyr very ineffectively. The one thing that most discredited his "revelations" was not Secretary Taft's denials, nor even the fact that Mr. Bigelow had spent only twenty-eight hours on the Isthmus, but rather the obvious attempt in his article to gull casual readers into thinking that his stay there had been much longer. This was clearly a *suggestio falsi;* and the exposure of it knocked the bottom out of Mr. Bigelow's whole case. Now he has sent his cheque for $1,000 to Colonel Henry Watterson, that sum to be forfeited if the Bigelow charges should be proven false. This cheque business is, of course, essentially on a par with Mr. Bigelow's heroic willingness to be imprisoned and kept on bread and water by the stern Senate Committee. Colonel Watterson is not going into the business of investigating conditions on the Isthmus. If he did, he would have to spend a good many times the amount of Mr. Bigelow's cheque. Moreover, Mr. Bigelow ought to know that when grave charges such as his are made, the *onus probandi* is upon the maker of the charges. No one, at least in Anglo-Saxon countries, is obliged to prove a negative. And so, Mr. Bigelow's thousand dollars are as safe as his censorial reputation is damaged. He has lost his lectureship at the Boston University, and nothing that he writes hereafter will be taken very seriously.

*

Now, we should hardly have referred to this affair did it not suggest some remarks that have a general application. We see here illustrated the harm which may be done to an admirable cause by the bad judgment of its supporters. For our part, we have little doubt that most of Mr. Bigelow's statements about Isthmian conditions are practically true. Everything goes to show that the Panama Canal has so far been prolific in actual and potential scandal. The drastic changes in the personnel of the Commission, the withdrawal of various engineers, the uncovering of jobs as the result of a Congressional investigation, the lavish expenditure of ten million dollars without any apparently valuable results and without a strict accounting, the unfavourable reports which are brought from the Isthmus by everyone who visits it, and the curious reticence observed with regard to it by leading experts in engineering, are all unpleasantly suggestive. Furthermore, Mr. Bigelow's photographs, at least, can not be refuted, and these show most unfavourable and unsanitary conditions to exist. American labourers refuse to work on the Canal; and the force there is largely made up of Chinese and Jamaica negroes. Again, there was no real necessity for Mr. Bigelow to spend any great amount of time upon the Isthmus itself for the purposes of his investigation. There is plenty of first-hand information to be had right here in New York from those who have examined carefully what is being done at Panama. But just because Mr. Bigelow was a little disingenuous about the length of his sojourn, and because he happened carelessly to mistake a steam-shovel for a dredging-machine, his whole report has been discredited in the public mind.

*

This affords a very good illustration of how we have all of late been educated up to a high standard in the matter of exposures. We want documentary evidence,

sworn testimony, and official records; and most persons nowadays who set out to publish an exposé are careful to provide themselves with these necessary weapons of defense. It is perfectly well known that before printing Miss Ida Tarbell's widely read personal sketch of Mr. Rockefeller last summer, the owners of the magazine in which it appeared accumulated an immense mass of material to be used in case they should be made the defendants in a libel suit. And Mr. Russell, in his exposure of the Beef Trust has also in reserve a perfect arsenal of testimony taken by the courts and by the Interstate Commerce Commission. Mr. Bigelow should have been equally scientific and forehanded, and should not



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MISS BERTHA RUNKLE,
The author of *The Helmet of Navarre* and *The Truth About Tolma*

have allowed the old-fashioned journalistic method to dominate his pen in even so much as a line of what he wrote.

On Constructing "Reminiscences."

The mention of how liberally Mr. Bigelow exploited his schoolboy associations with the German Kaiser leads us to reflect upon the rather flimsy fabric of so many alleged "personal reminiscences" which are given to the public from time to time. We fancy that most persons who write up their recollections of the great and good men whom they have intimately known are apt to forget to draw any definite line between the things which they remember to have observed themselves and the things which they happen to have read. The classic instance of this sort of thing is, of course, to be found in Mr. Albert Vandam's *Englishman in Paris*. This book was almost professedly a humbug; yet, on the whole, in a large sense it represented the truth, and we imagine that it is quite as accurate as many other books of higher standing. We used to know a popular man of letters (now dead) who was famous for his ability to turn out personal impressions of almost anybody. When Victor Hugo died, this gentleman wrote a most interesting paper on the deceased poet entitled "My Recollections of Victor Hugo." As a matter of fact we happen to know that he had never seen Victor Hugo but once, and that was for the space of about five minutes when he sat next him on the top of a Parisian omnibus. Likewise, he came out very strong after the death of the Emperor Frederick; whereas his intercourse with the Emperor could by no stretch of the imagination be called a close one. Standing on a railway platform in a remote country district, the Emperor (then Crown Prince), who was on a hunting expedition, had once asked him a question about the arrival of a certain train; yet on this very tenuous foundation, our ingenious friend was able to erect an imposing structure of anecdote, impression, and opinion with regard to "Unser Fritz." It is rather a pity to betray the secrets of the prison-house in this fashion; but as one grows older a certain tolerant cynicism becomes almost as inevitable in literary matters as in all else which concerns the actualities of human life.

Miss Harraden.

It seems as if almost every second American author whose death we have recorded during the past few years had for the last part of his life chosen London as a permanent place of residence. For example, there were Harold Frederic, Stephen Crane, Edgar Fawcett, Bret Harte, and only a month or so ago, Henry Harland. One reason that authors have given for this self-expatriation is that they have found in London an atmosphere better fitted for the purposes of creative work. But, perhaps, their choice is also guided by the unquestionable fact that in England literary men and women have a closer social tie than they do in America. This applies not only to writers who have already achieved reputations, but also to the young author who finds open to him the doors of many hospitable houses. Such a home is that of Miss Beatrice Harraden, who is well known for her sympathetic appreciation of the modest "first book" of the beginner. But Miss Harraden's environment is only in part literary. Herself, a good amateur musician, she surrounds herself with musical people, both amateur and professional. Then, too, she has a keen interest in English politics and at her home one meets men and women who are taking active parts in public affairs.

The Literature of American Sport.

There is no better mirror of a certain side of British taste in the early part of the last century than the quaint books which have come down to us about life in London and the various sports which England then held so high in esteem. Literature has few figures more grotesque than Pierce Egan, who was once a great man in his way, whose *Boxiana* was held to be the authority



MISS BEATRICE HARRADEN AT WORK



A CORNER IN MISS HARRADEN'S HOME

on matters pugilistic, and whose *Adventures of Tom and Jerry* is said to have furnished Dickens with the hint for *The Pickwick Papers. Boxiana,* with its strange and uncouth jargon and its frequent introductions of all sorts of vapid and atrocious verse made up of bad punning and bombastic allusions to the prowess of the British arm, may be said to have established a certain low level for the literature of English sport. You find types of the men who contributed to the sporting press all through the novels of Thackeray, and they are not exactly edifying. When Thackeray wished to point out an intellect of a low order he was wont to picture its owner seated in a public house spelling out in the columns of *Bell's Life* an account of the recent fistic engagement between Black Sambo and the Tutbury Pet. These accounts are made up of a meaningless, obsolete and almost unintelligible *argot.* Every other word is "the claret," "the mawleys," "the dukes," "the potato trap," "the bread basket," "napping it," "milling on the retreat," "the paint pot," "the ruby," "fibbing." Here is the account of the beginning of a battle, which we are picking out quite casually from the chronicles of that time preserving the italics of the original.

First round—The hero of the *shopboard* took *measure* in such quick time and went on with his *work* so hard that the Nonpareil came in for a *ground suit.* Upon Randall's being *floored,* the *steel bar* fraternity were as much up in the *stirrups,* as when a sudden *general mourning* comes upon them. They *chevied* with delight.

Second—Randall was now *three sheets in the wind.* The *man of cloth* was as dexterous as a *cutter out* and he *sewed up* Jack. This success over the *prime Irish lad* gave a sort of lunatic joy to the body of *snips.*

Third—Instead of Wood proving only the *ninth part of a man,* according to the old *chaunt,* his *goodness* was so great that he was more like eighteen *snips* combined together. "Go it Jemmy," was the cry. "Leave not a *remnant* of his greatness untouched." Wood, it is true again commenced well; but Jack was just awaking from his *lushy stupor,* etc.

To a certain extent one can find the inheritance of this taste in certain journals which are printed in Great Britain at the present day, notably in the sheet which is known popularly as "The Pink 'un." For years the method of writing the American sporting press was of a very little higher order. The reading of the sporting reporter of twenty years ago was as a rule confined to such publications as the *New York Clipper* and *The Police Gazette.* Amateur sport was comparatively ignored because sporting writers in general had little or no conception of what amateur sport meant. It was not until fifteen or sixteen years ago that it was thought that there could be a possible demand for the work of a man who would write of athletics like a gentleman and for a gentleman. Today there are a dozen or so doing this and doing it exceptionally well. One does not need to have a keen interest in the subject itself to read the periodical contributions of such men as Mr. Walter Camp and Mr. Ralph Paine. But the pioneer in this cause is Mr. Caspar Whitney, who was the first to show that if a man is a reporter of sporting events and knows his Addison and his Thackeray, what he writes will be all the better for it. Back in the later eighties Mr. Whitney started a little paper called *The Week's Sport,* which was a revelation to college alumni and undergraduates of that time. Early in the nineties he became associated with the staff of *Harper's Weekly,* and during the ten years that he was associated with that paper his weekly comment did as much towards the maintenance of clean conditions in college athletics as the combined efforts of all the Faculty Advisory Boards. In 1900 he assumed the editorship of *The Outing Magazine.*

It is his systematic method of work, or rather his systematic insistence on a certain amount of vacation, that has enabled Mr. Whitney to find time from the grind of periodical journalism for the writing of his several books, the latest of which, *Jungle Trails and Jungle People,* recently came from the press of the Messrs. Scribners. During three months of every year he leaves the lights of Broadway far behind him and seeks out the less travelled parts of the globe. In the Confession which precedes *Jungle Trails and Jungle*

People, he speaks of "the underlying motive" which prompts his journeys as being the "flight of a spirit that would be free from the crying newsboys and the pressure of conventions; in a word—the lust of adventure." It is this lust of adventure that has taken him so often to so many parts of the world and which, as is recorded in his latest book, sent him into the wondrous Far East, into India, Sumatra, Malay, and Siam.



CASPAR WHITNEY

Concerning Anonymities

There is something very amusing in the gravity with which the announcement is made that at last there is cleared up the mystery of the authorship of *The Garden of a Commuter's Wife*. Mrs. Mabel Osgood Wright's anonymity was at best only half-anonymity. Almost everybody in touch with literary and publishing circles were quite aware of the writer's identity from the first. Mrs. Wright's reason for not having her name on the title page was that she had grown heartily tired of having each new work from her pen greeted with the monotonous verdict of "Another one of Mrs. Wright's charming nature books."



MABEL OSGOOD WRIGHT

James J. Corbett and Bernard Shaw.

The appearance of Mr. James Corbett, the pugilist, in the title-rôle of *Cashel Byron's Profession* has been received with a sort of shocked fluttering by the devotees of Bernard Shaw. That the character of a prize-fighter should be represented on the stage by the hero of numerous prize-fights would seem to most minds a piece of realism worthy at least of respectful consideration. But all the pseudo-Shawites and a few of the real ones appear to think the experiment a species of sacrilege. Shaw himself would

probably grin at it and be rather pleased than otherwise—most pleased of all, perhaps, because it shocked some of his admirers. Regarded dispassionately, there seems to be no inherent reason for unfavourable criticism. If Mr. Shaw chose to make the hero of his book a "professional pug," why should not the part be taken by the same sort of person? As a matter of fact, the experiment is amply justified in its results. We went to the play prepared to scoff, but remained there to admire; for Mr. Corbett is really a very competent stock actor. He is perfectly easy, natural, and spontaneous on the stage, and he carried off the part with a zest that was quite refreshing. He seemed, in fact, to be enjoying himself immensely, and he made his audience share in his enjoyment. Indeed, we should say that Cashel Byron must have been exactly the sort of person that Mr. Corbett is. It was rather interesting to study the audience. The general public was not largely represented, probably because there is no fight in the play, and because, in consequence, Mr. Corbett has no chance to show himself in his professional capacity. The ordinary Shaw worshippers were absent for the reason that we have already mentioned. Those who came were undoubtedly the very strictest disciples of the Shaw cult; and they came, not because of Mr. Corbett, but in spite of him. The curious anomaly was therefore exhibited of an audience more purely Shawesque than any which ever attended the presentation of *Candida* or even of *Man and Superman*. Devotion to Shaw was thus most vividly exhibited even in what was held to be a desecration of the Master.



JAMES J. CORBETT,
Playing Cashel Byron in the Dramatisation of the Shaw Novel.

In his contribution to THE BOOKMAN series of Authors' Letter Boxes, Mr. Edward W. Townsend, a few months ago, told of a certain very diffident gentleman who had written to him to beg permission to serve to his friends just such a dinner as the novelist had described in one of his recent books. The gentleman in question did not quite understand the scope and ethics of literary copyright and wished to be assured that he might carry out his design without fear of subsequent legal complications. This naive request brings up naturally the whole delightful subject of the feasts of fiction which, one may be certain, have done quite as much to entertain as all the trap doors, and secret passages, and lovers' bowers, and feats of arms. For instance it might be suggested to the Dickens' Society, which has been progressing merrily of late, and to which every success must be wished, that as pleasant and appropriate a manner as any of keeping green the great story teller's memory would be now and then to sit down to a repast modelled along lines of Dickensian narrative, in order that by following the appetite of Mr. Pickwick, let us say, the society might be in just the proper mood for the discussion and appreciation of the Pickwickian philosophy. Was it not on gastronomical pangs and pleasures that Dickens relied above all for depicting the

A Suggestion to the Dickens' Society

vicious and the virtuous, and for dealing out rewards and retribution? Was not the summing up of the infamy of Squeers the table set for the pupils of Dotheboys' Hall? Was not the first act of Scrooge after his change of heart, due to the visit of the Spirits to send to the poulterers for the prize turkey? "Not the little prize turkey, the big one."

And what did Thackeray ever write more delightfully Thackerayan than the immortal Ballads of the Bouillebaisse with its note of half laughter and half tears? Serious minded persons will tell you that the turning point of *Vanity Fair* is the Battle of Waterloo, the Guards beating against the British Squares, and George Osborne "lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart." Noth-



MISS JEFFREYS
In Alfred Sutro's Comedy, *The Fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt*



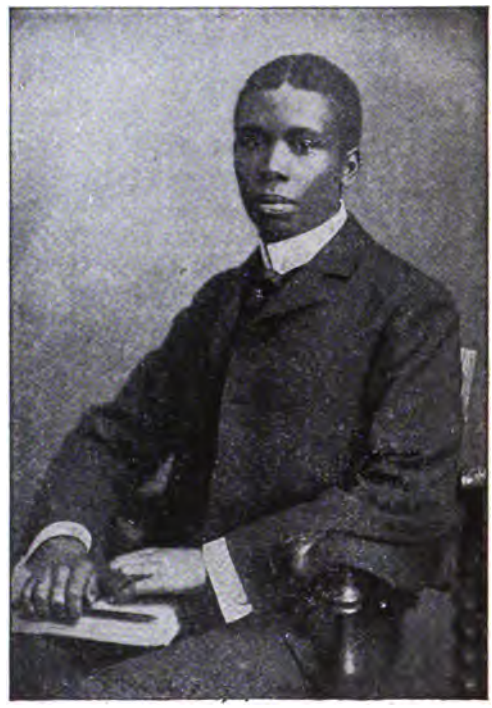
FLORA ANNIE STEEL
From a Painting by Adelaide Webster

ing of the sort. How about Joe Sedley's Indian currie, and his disgraceful consumption of food and drink at Vauxhall Gardens, and the great banquet at Gaunt House, and the little *souper* at which Rawdon Crawley, released from the sponging house, interrupts Rebecca and the Marquis of Steyne? Who that knows *Pendennis* does not remember the details of Pen's first literary dinner at Bungay's, where the repast was of the richest description, what Mr. Wagg called "of the florid Gothic style," or forgets the impression of George Warrington in Pump Court, with his huge tankard of beer and his sizzling mutton chops. First of all in recalling *The Newcomes* there comes that picture of the brave, kindly old Colonel answering "Adsum" when his name is called and the melancholy impression of the long dark days of disaster. But consider the innumerable respectable British dinners in that book. Think how many times we were invited to the Park Lane Newcomes, the Hobson Newcomes, old Tom Newcomes, the Pendennises! How much of the time those people must have spent with knees under somebody else's mahogany! How many hundreds of grilled kidneys Fred Bayham and Charles Honeyman must have made way with between various midnights and dawns.

"E. Nesbit," who, in her proper identity, is Mrs. Bland, has taken a new literary tack and aims to become a serious novelist. Her most ambitious work, *The Incomplete Amorist,* will appear in August. It is the story of a past master of the art of love-making, who at last succumbs to a real passion. The scenes are laid in Paris, and there is a background of social and artistic life.

Mrs. Steel.

The publication of Mrs. Steel's new volume, *The Book of Mortals,* recalls the success of *On the Face of the Waters,* which appeared about nine years ago. It was a time when Kipling was in the full flush of his first great popularity,



PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR
June 27, 1872—February 8, 1906

and Mrs. Steel's book being a tale of Indian life dealing with the Sepoy Mutiny, was, like every other story of India which came out in those days, immediately placed in contrast with the work of the "Man from Nowhere." In her case, however, there was a certain amount of justification, for it is now an accepted fact that she and Kipling are above all other writers in the matter of intimate knowledge of the moods and the mystery of the East. Since *On the Face of the Waters,* Mrs. Steel has produced a novel, *The Hosts of the Lord,* and four volumes of short stories, *In the Guardianship of God, In the Tideway, Tales of the Punjaub,* and *In the Permanent Way.*



A RECENT PORTRAIT OF THOMAS HARDY



AUGUSTINE BIRRELL
Author of *"In the Name of the Bodleian"*

The Names of Newspapers

A recent issue of the London *Outlook* contained a rather ponderous article about "Newspapers and Their Names." The writer pointed out that while the author of a book has even a larger choice than the parent of a child, with a newspaper the possible names are strangely few. When the great succcess of the *Daily Mail* stimulated the production of another rival in London, it was confidently wagered that the new paper must have *Express* in it; and the organizers were actually forced by the laws of naming into the final title of *Daily Express*. The article quotes the notion of journalism expressed by Stevenson, who said that every journalist thinks it necessary either to be in a hurry or to seem in a hurry. The *Daily Telegraph*, *Mail*, *Express*, *News*, the many *Posts*, even in a more dignified and historic way, the *Times*, suggest something of "the heat and labour of a Fleet Street that is roofed, though few notice it, with a network of wires." This subject in itself is of no great importance, only it recalls a certain celebrated altercation at a certain celebrated dinner in the career of Mr. Arthur Pendennis.

'Is there going to be a new paper' asked Wenham, who knew perfectly well; but was ashamed of his connection with the press.

'Bungay going to bring out a paper?' cried Popjoy, who, on the contrary was proud of his literary reputation and acquaintances. 'You must employ me. Mrs. Bungay, use your influence with him, and make him employ me. Prose or verse—what shall it be? Novels, poems, or leading articles, begad. Anything or everything—only let Bungay pay me, and I'm ready.—I am now, my dear Mrs. Bungay, begad now.'

'It's to be called *The Small Beer Chronicle*,' growled Wagg, 'and little Popjoy is to be engaged for the infantine department.'

'It is to be called *The Pall Mall Gazette*, sir, and we shall be very happy to have you with us,' Shandon said.

'Pall Mall Gazette—why Pall Mall Gazette,' asked Wagg.

'Because the editor was born at Dublin, the sub-editor at Cork, because the proprietor lives in Paternoster Row, and the paper is published in Catherine Street, Strand. Won't that reason suffice you, Wagg?'

The New Medical Journal.

This is not a story of the boy to whom we gave verbal instructions to find for us a copy of the *Journal of the de Goncourts* and who after a long period of absence returned regarding us with a look of suspicion and protesting vehemently that no one knew anything of the book for which we had asked. When questioned as to whether he had been accurate in the matter of the title, he retorted: "Why, sure! The Journals of the Donkeys." This is another story and another boy. His share of the day's work is confined largely to the sorting of the exchanges. There was sudden need of information of a medical nature, and the boy was sent for and asked if any medical periodicals came in. At first he shook his head. Then after a moment's thought a light broke over his face. "Yes," he said, "there *was* one medical publication. It was called *The Literary Digest*."



AMERICA'S FIRST STATUE TO DICKENS

In a public square in Philadelphia a statue of Charles Dickens has recently been erected. The figure of the novelist is shown in a characteristic pose with one hand on his beard, and the other thrown carelessly over the arm of the chair. Looking up to the novelist is a figure of Little Nell.

CHARLES DICKENS AS A HUSBAND



NEWLY founded English journal, the London *Tribune,* has come into the possession of some hitherto unpublished letters by Dickens, and has been printing them as a sort of epistolary serial. In these letters, the names are suppressed, and a good deal is left to be inferred; yet they have interest as uncovering an episode in the novelist's life which has hitherto been concealed from the general public. It appears that Dickens in middle life conceived an attachment for a lady who was presumably ignorant of the extent of his admiration. For a long time perhaps he himself was not aware how strong a hold upon him this new sentiment had secured. At last a friend of his, whom he had introduced to the lady, won her love and the two became engaged. Dickens had not known anything about the progress of this affair; and when its culmination was announced to him in a letter, his agitation was extreme. Writing soon after, he described his own emotion, and declared that his heart stopped beating at the news and that he turned white to his very lips. His subsequent relations with the two were those of disinterested and unselfish friendship, or, at least, this is the inference from the letters already published.

The story contained in this new chapter of a great man's life recalls the romantic feeling which Thackeray entertained for Mrs. Brookfield, a feeling which he quite frankly avowed to Mr. Brookfield, and which was never allowed to pass the limits imposed by honour and good faith. But in the case of Dickens, the incident forms but a part of the whole narrative of his domestic complications, whereof the leading facts are worth reciting in connection with the letters that have just been given to the public.

In 1835, Dickens was one of the eighty or ninety reporters who occupied the press-gallery in the old House of Commons. He reported the proceedings for several newspapers, becoming at last a representative of the London *Morning Chronicle.* He was then twenty-three years of age, filled with an almost superabundant energy, and throwing himself with eagerness into his daily work, so that he was regarded with great favour by his chiefs, both for his accuracy and for the speed with which he transcribed his notes. Long afterwards he said: "To the wholesome training of severe newspaper work when I was a very young man, I constantly refer my first successes." Presently when the *Evening Chronicle* was established, Dickens was asked to furnish for its columns some sketches in addition to what he contributed as a reporter. His salary was at the same time increased from five guineas ($25) to seven guineas ($35) per week. These sketches, of course, were those which in the following year were published in a small volume entitled *Sketches by Boz,* which he sold to a publisher (one Macrone) for £150. At this time Dickens was visited by N. P. Willis and Macrone in Furnival's Inn. Willis wrote an impression of Dickens in his usual lively though inaccurate fashion. The paragraph deserves quotation:

"In the most crowded part of Holborn, within a door or two of the Bull-and-Mouth Inn, we pulled up at the entrance of a large building used for lawyers' chambers. I followed by a long flight of stairs to an upper story, and was ushered into an uncarpeted and bleak-looking room, with a deal table, two or three chairs and a few books, a small boy and Mr. Dickens, for the contents. I was only struck at first with one thing (and I made a memorandum of it that evening as the strongest instance I had seen of English obsequiousness to employers), the degree to which the poor author was overpowered with the honor of his publisher's visit! I remember saying to myself, as I sat down on a rickety chair, 'My good fellow, if you were in America with that fine face and your ready quill, you would have no need to be condescended to by a publisher.' Dickens was dressed very much as he has since described Dick Swiveller, minus the swell look. His hair was cropped close to his head, his clothes scant, though jauntily cut, and, after changing a ragged office-coat for a shabby blue, he stood by the door, collarless and buttoned up—the very personification, I thought, of a close-sailer to the wind."

The connection with the *Evening Chronicle* was destined to have results other than those of a literary character. One of the journal's managers was Mr. George Hogarth, a Scotch gentleman of education and repute. It was Mr. Hogarth who made the arrangement for the sketches; and he took so personal an interest in the young reporter as to invite him to his house, where Dickens presently became an intimate. Mr. Hogarth had two daughters. The elder, Miss Catherine Hogarth, was a lively, somewhat sentimental girl, and Dickens met her at the psychological moment. They became engaged and were married in April, 1836. Mrs. Dickens, as everybody knows, was the model from which her husband afterward drew the character of Dora Spenlow in *David Copperfield*. Like Dora, she was rather frivolous, somewhat feather-headed, exacting, unreasonable, and impulsive. But also, like Dora, she was affectionate and well-meaning. So long as the young couple were equally inexperienced and equally childish, they were very happy, just as were David and Dora in the autobiographical novel. But whereas Dickens himself necessarily grew up and became mature, his wife never did so, but remained always a rather doll-like piece of femininity, nearer akin to a child than to a woman. She remained always, in fact, her husband's child-wife, and, in consequence, as the years went by, he became gradually aware of a certain incompleteness in his existence on the domestic side. He has described this feeling very well in *David Copperfield*; and it is likely that the woman who is referred to in the newly published letters represents to some extent the character of Agnes Wickfield.

It was, however, not so much the attraction of another personality as the incompatibility between himself and Mrs. Dickens which led to a final break between them. This crisis was long foreshadowed ere it actually arrived. His secret discontent took the form of an extraordinary restlessness. He was unwilling to remain long in one place. He made frequent journeys to different parts of England and to the Continent, seeking, perhaps, like his Horatian exemplar, to escape from the *atra cura* which, nevertheless, dogged him everywhere. What he called in his letters "an unhappy loss or want of something" began finally to affect his creative powers. It became less easy for him to write. He had to force the note continually. The old-time zest was beginning to disappear. Some passages from a letter which he wrote in 1857 give a vivid picture of his state of mind:

"I have had dreadful thoughts of getting away somewhere altogether by myself. If I could have managed it I think I might have gone to the Pyrenees I have visions of living for half a year or so in all sorts of inaccessible places. A floating idea of going up above the snow-line in Switzerland hovers about me. 'Restlessness,' you will say. Whatever it is, it is always driving me, and I can not help it. I have rested nine or ten weeks, and sometimes feel as if it had been a year, though I had the strangest nervous miseries before I stopped. If I couldn't walk fast and far, I should just explode and perish."

And again:

"You will hear of me in Paris, probably next Sunday, and I *may* go on to Bordeaux. Have general ideas of emigrating in the summer to the mountain-ground between France and Spain. Am altogether in a dishevelled state of mind—motes of new books in the dirty air, miseries of older growth threatening to close upon me. Why is it that, as with poor David, a sense comes always crushing on me now when I fall into low spirits, as of one happiness I have missed in life, and one friend and companion I have never made?"

These self-revelations were continued from time to time, until at last he hinted very plainly at the real cause of his disquietude; and in the end he wrote very plainly to Mr. John Forster:

"Poor Catherine and I are not made for each other, and there is no help for it. It is not only that she makes me uneasy and unhappy, but that I make her so too—and much more so. She is exactly what you know in the way of being amiable and complying; but we are strangely ill-assorted for the bond there is between us. God knows she would have been a thousand times happier if she had married another kind of man, and that her avoidance of this destiny would have been at least equally

good for us both. I am often cut to the heart by thinking what a pity it is, for her own sake, that I ever feel in her way; and if I were sick or disabled to-morrow, I know how sorry she would be, and how deeply grieved myself, to think how we had lost each other. But exactly the same incompatibility would arise, the moment I was well again; and nothing on earth could make her understand me, or suit us to each other. Her temperament will not go with mine. It mattered not so much when we had only ourselves to consider, but reasons have been growing since which make it all but hopeless that we should ever try to struggle on."



CHARLES DICKENS, HIS WIFE AND HER SISTER
Drawn by Maclise in 1842

Events soon brought about the logical results of such a state of mind. In May, 1857, just about thirty years after his marriage, he separated from his wife, with whom his eldest son, Charles, thereafter made his home. Ample provision was made for Mrs. Dickens; and the matter, which was a strictly private one, might very well have been permitted to remain unheralded and hidden beneath a discreet and well-bred reticence. But here Dickens unfortunately displayed a certain element of commonness which was always lurking somewhere in his nature. With all his genuine kindliness of heart, his sentiment and his emotionalism, he was *au fond* an unmistakable type of the underbred Englishman. This was shown at all times and in many ways—in his velvet coats, his flaming scarfs, his huge double watch-chains, and the gaudy rings which clogged his fingers, as well as in his fondness for low company, and his frequent exhibitions of bad taste in company that was by no means low. An American girl, who met the Dickens family often, wrote

many years afterward an account of his uncomfortable fondness for such jokes as would have delighted the heart of Mrs. Gamp. If he happened to find himself in the presence of a lady who was looking forward to motherhood, he invariably called attention to the fact in a series of broad jokes and exceedingly pointed allusions which no one could check, and which embarrassed all who heard him fully as much as they did the subject of his obstetric wit. He lacked, in short, the finer instincts of a gentleman; and it has been remarked quite often that in his books he never drew one single character who deserves the name of gentleman. In *Nicholas Nickleby,* his notions of the gentry are such as one might gather now from the perusal of *Reynolds' Weekly,* and which he himself had probably derived from penny dreadfuls. Sir Mulberry Hawk and Lord Frederick Verisopht—the wicked baronet and the foolish lord—reflect the lack of knowledge which Dickens always showed whenever he emerged from the sphere of the squalid and grotesque. Later, when in *Bleak House* he depicted Lawrence Boythorn, he achieved nothing better than a caricature. In Sir Leicester Dedlock we find a wooden dummy. Nor, had he been a gentleman at heart, would he have burlesqued his own mother as Mrs. Nickleby, and his own father as Wilkins Micawber, and one of his best friends (Leigh Hunt) as Harold Skimpole. But never did he so thoroughly expose himself as a cad as when he actually published a statement of his domestic troubles in his magazine, *Household Words.* His best friends urged him not to do this really awful thing; but his egotism urged him irresistibly on. And so he posed in print as a person who was willing to trail his soiled linen in the public view. The world has some sympathy, even though it be a cynical one, with the *femme incomprise;* but it bestows nothing but jeers upon the *mari incompris.* Dickens went even further. He wished to have his statement published in *Punch*—the last place in the world for such a revelation to be made—and he broke off all personal intercourse with the editors because they naturally refused his preposterous request. A little later he wrote another explanatory letter full of much more intimate detail, and circulated it among the correspondents of the press. As might have been expected, one of these individuals disregarded the injunction of secrecy, and the letter was printed in the *New York Tribune.* After this, of course, the whole subject became public property, and was chronicled and discussed by the press throughout the English-speaking world.

This whole episode remains a lasting blot upon the memory of Dickens. Of his manner of life thereafter it is unnecessary to speak. He lived like other Englishmen of his class, and he and his friend Bulwer-Lytton became standing examples of the sort of domestic infelicity which is continually on view and which invites the stares and unseemly jocularity of the rabble. In the case of Lytton, however, it was Lady Lytton who was blameable for this publicity. In the case of Dickens it was the man, and not the woman, who deserved the blame. It is, indeed, greatly to the honour of Mrs. Dickens that she preserved unbroken the silence and the dignity which her distinguished husband so utterly forgot.

Lyndon Orr.



IBSEN THE PLAYWRIGHT

In Two Parts—Part II.

V



HE more poetic of Ibsen's plays in prose seem at times almost surcharged with a meaning which is, nevertheless, often so mockingly intangible and evasive, that we dare to wonder at last whether the secret they persist in hiding in this tantalising fashion would really reward our efforts to grasp it; and we find comfort in Lowell's apt saying that "to be misty is not to be mystic." Ibsen is mystic, no doubt, but on occasion he can be misty also. And not only the plays that are merely misty, but even those that are truly mystic, are less likely than the plainer-spoken social dramas to hold our attention in the theatre itself, where the appeal is to the assembled multitude and where all things need to be clearly defined so that the spectators can follow understandingly every phase of the changing action.

In the most of his social dramas Ibsen makes his meaning transparently clear; and there is never any undue strain on the attention of the average playgoer. Especially is he a master of the difficult art of exposition. It is the plain duty of the playwright to acquaint the audience with the antecedent circumstances upon which the plot is based—to inform the spectators fully as to that part of the story which has gone before and which is not going to be shown in action on the stage—to explain the relation of the several characters to each other—and to arouse interest in what is about to happen. Scribe, than whom no one ever had a wider knowledge of the necessities of the theatre, held the exposition to be so important that he often sacrificed to it the whole of his first act, introducing his characters one by one, setting forth clearly what had happened before the play, and sometimes postponing the actual beginning of the action to the end of the first act, if not to the earlier scenes of the second. Scribe seems to have believed that it did not matter much how dull the first act might be, since the spectators had paid their money and would not abandon hope until they had seen at least the second act, in which he sought always to grip their interest.

In the *League of Youth,* the earliest of his social dramas, Ibsen follows in Scribe's footsteps, and the first act is little more than a preparatory prologue. In this play the whole story is set forth in action in the play itself; but in the following dramas, *Pillars of Society* and *A Doll's House,* Ibsen reveals his tendency to deal with the results of deeds which took place before he begins the play itself. In other words, he suppresses his prologue, preferring to plunge at once into his action; and this forces him to modify Scribe's leisurely method. He does not mass his explanations all in the earlier scenes; he scatters them throughout the first act; and sometimes he even postpones them to the later acts. But he is careful to supply information before it is needed, letting out in the first scene what is required for the understanding of the second scene, and revealing in the second scene what must be known before the third scene can be appreciated.

This method is less simple than Scribe's; it is not only more difficult, it may be dangerous; but when it is managed successfully, it lends to the drama a swift directness delightful to all who relish a mastery of form. In *Ghosts,* for example, the play which is acted before us is little more than a long fifth act, in three tense scenes; and the knowledge of what had happened in the past is artfully communicated to the audience at the very moment when the information is felt to be most significant. But in *Rosmersholm,* strong as the drama is and fine as its technic is, Ibsen's method seems to be at fault, in that we learn too late what it would have interested us greatly to know earlier. It is only at the end almost that we are allowed to perceive what were

Rebecca West's real intention in coming to Rosmersholm and how the influence of the house itself has transformed her. When the curtain rises she is presented to us already a changed woman; and we are at a loss to understand her motives for the evil deeds she has wrought, until we are told too late that she once was far different from what she now is. Here Ibsen loses more than he gains by abandoning the simpler method of massing his exposition in the earlier scenes of the play. Anything which confuses the spectator, which leaves him in doubt, which keeps him guessing, is contrary to Spencer's principle of economy of attention, as important in the other arts as it is in rhetoric.

Although he is ever seeking to awaken curiosity, to arouse the interest of expectancy, and to excite in the spectators a desire to see the thing through, Ibsen refrains always from any mere mystery-mongering for its own sake. He wishes his audience to give attention not so much to the bare happenings of his story, however startling they may be in themselves, as to the effect which these happenings are certain to have on the characters. He is abundant in inventive ingenuity and in devising effective situations; and the complications of the plot of the *Pillars of Society* would probably have hugely pleased Scribe. But he has also the larger imagination, which can people situation with character and which can make situation significant as an opportunity for character to express itself. Ingenious as he is in plot-building, with him character always dominates situation. To Ibsen character is destiny, and the persons of his plays seem to have created by their own natural proceeding the predicaments in which they are immeshed.

In the subordinate devices by which he reveals character—for example, Maias taking off the green shade when the Master-Builder enters the room—Ibsen is particularly happy. And another device, that of the catchword, which he took over from Scribe and the younger Dumas, and which, even in his hands, remains a mere trick in the early *League of Youth*, is so delicately utilised in certain of the later plays—witness, the "vine-leaves in his hair" of *Hedda Gabler* and the "white horses" in *Rosmersholm*—that these recurrent phrases are transformed into a prose equivalent to Wagner's "leading-motives." So, too, Ibsen does without the *raisonneur* of Dumas and Augier, that condensation of the Greek chorus into a single person, who is only the mouthpiece of the author himself, and who exists solely to point the moral, even though he may sometimes also adorn the tale. Ibsen so handles his story that it points its own moral; his theme is so powerfully presented in action that it speaks for itself.

It must also be noted that Ibsen, like all born playwrights, like Scribe and Dumas and Augier, like Sophocles and Shakespeare and Molière, is well aware of the double function of the theatre, in that the stage can rise to the loftiest heights of philosophic poetry and that it can fall also to the lowest depths of the show business. An audience has ears, but the spectators who compose it have eyes also; and the born playwright never fails to provide the picturesqueness and the visible movement which fill the eye, whatever may be the more serious appeal to the ear. In the modern theatre the stage is withdrawn behind a picture frame; and it is the duty of the dramatist to satisfy our demand for a stage-setting pictorially adequate. The sets of Ibsen's plays have evidently been sharply visualised by him; they are elaborately described; and they lend themselves effectively to the art of the scene-painter. Sometimes they are beautiful in themselves, novel and suggestive; always are they characteristic of the persons and of the underlying idea of the play.

When we examine carefully the earlier of his social dramas we discover Ibsen to be a playwright of surpassing technical dexterity, whose work is sustained and stiffened and made more valuable and more vital by the co-operation of the philosopher that Ibsen also is, a philosopher who is a poet as well, and who helps the playwright to find the stuff he handles, the raw material of his art, in the naked human soul, in its doubts and its perplexities, in its blind gropings and in its ineffectual strivings. But in considering the later plays we are forced to wonder whether the philosopher has not gained

the upper hand and reduced the playwright to slavery.

It was of Ibsen, no doubt, that M. Maeterlinck was thinking when he asserted that "the first thing which strikes us in the drama of the day is the decay, one might almost say, the creeping paralysis, of external action. Next, we note a very pronounced desire to penetrate deeper into human consciousness, and to place moral problems on a high pedestal." And there is no denying that Ibsen's interest in moral problems has grown steadily in intensity, and that he has sought to penetrate deeper and deeper into human consciousness. His latest play, *When the Dead Awaken*, although adjusted to the conditions of the modern theatre, and although perfectly actable, seems to be intended rather more for the reader than for the spectator. Essentially dramatic as it is, its theatric realisation is less satisfactory—as though Ibsen was chafing against the restraints of the actual theatre, restraints which are an integral element of its power as a form of expression.

In the same suggestive essay M. Maeterlinck remarked on the steady decline of the taste for bald dramatic anecdotes—the taste which Scribe and Sardou were content to gratify; and he declared that "mere adventures fail to interest us because they no longer correspond to a living and actual reality." And yet no one has more sharply proclaimed the sovereign law of the stage than the Belgian critic-poet; no one has more sympathetically asserted that "its essential demand will always be *action*. With the rise of the curtain, the high intellectual desire within us undergoes transformation; and in place of the thinker, psychologist, mystic or moralist there stands the mere instinctive spectator, the man electrified negatively by the crowd, the man whose one desire is to see something happen." In his later and more symbolic plays Ibsen seems to be appealing more especially to the mystic and the moralist; whereas in the earlier social dramas he was able to grip the attention of the mere instinctive spectator, while also satisfying the unexpressed desires of the thinker.

The sheer symbolism of the poet-philosopher is powerfully suggestive, and these later plays have an interest of their own, no doubt; but it is in the earlier social dramas that Ibsen most clearly reveals his dramaturgic genius—in the *Pillars of Society* and the *Doll's House*, in *Ghosts* and in *Hedda Gabler*. D'Henry might envy the ingenuity with which Consul Bernick is tempted to insist on the fatal order that seems for a season to be the death-sentence of his own son; and Sardou would appreciate the irony of Nora's frantic dance at the very moment when she was tortured by deadly fear. But these theatric devices, in d'Enery's hands or in Sardou's, would have existed for their own sake solely; but in Ibsen's, effective as they are, they have a deeper significance. He is able to avail himself of the complicated machinery of the "well-made play," to flash a piercing light into the darker recesses of human nature. However clever he may be in his handling of these scenes, his cleverness is a means only; it is not an end in itself. He never gives over "his habit of dealing essentially with the individual caught in the fact"—to borrow an apt phrase from Mr. Henry James. The mechanism may be almost as elaborate as it is in a play of Scribe's, wherein there is ultimately nothing but ingenuity of invention and construction; but it is never allowed to crush or to keep out human nature.

Consul Bernick is one of Ibsen's most veracious characters, with his cloaking morality, his unconscious egotism, and his unfaltering selfishness, disclosed so naively and so naturally. Less boldly drawn, but not the less truthful, is Helmer, that inexpugnable prig, with his shallow selfishness, his complacent conceit, and his morality for external use only. Ibsen is never happier, and never is his scalpel more skilful, than when he is laying bare the hollowness of shams like these. Never is his touch more delicate or more caressing than when he is delineating a character like Bernick's sister Martha, with her tender devotion and her self-effacing simplicity. Not even Helma's wife Nora is more truthfully conceived. Nora is veraciously feminine in never fathoming Dr. Rank's

love for her, or, at least, in her refusal to formulate it, content to take his friendship and ask herself no questions. Truly womanly again is her attitude when he speaks out at last and thrusts upon her the knowledge of his passion —her shrinking withdrawal, her instant ordering in of the lights, and her firm refusal then in her hour of need to profit by the affection he has just declared.

It must be regretted that Ibsen does not dismiss either Nora or Bernick with the final fidelity that might have been expected. Bernick's unexpected proclamation of his change of heart, so contrary to his habits, is a little too like one of those fantastic wrenchings of veracity of which Dickens was so often guilty in the finishing chapters of his stories. Character is never made over in the twinkling of an eye; and this is why the end of the *Doll's House* seems unconvincing. Nora, the morally irresponsible, is suddenly endowed with clearness of vision and directness of speech. The squirrel who munches macaroons, the song-bird who is happy in her cage, all at once becomes a raging lioness. And this is not so much an awakening or a revelation as it is a transformation; and the Nora of the final scenes of the final act is not the Nora of the beginning of the play. The swift unexpectedness of this substitution is theatrically effective, no doubt, but we may doubt if it is dramatically sound. Ibsen has rooted Nora's fascination, felt by every spectator, in her essential femininity, only at the end to send her forth from her home, because she seemed to be deficient in the most permanent and most overpowering of woman's characteristics—the maternal instinct. It may be that she did right in leaving her children; it may even be that she would have left them; but up to the moment when she declared her intention to go, nothing in the play has prepared the spectator for this strange move. Ibsen has failed to make us feel when the unexpected happened that this, however unforeseen, was exactly what we ought to have expected.

No fault of this kind can be found with *Ghosts,* that drastic tragedy of a house built on the quicksands of falsehood, that appalling modern play with the overwhelming austerity of an ancient tragic drama, that extraordinarily compact and moving piece, in which the Norwegian playwright accomplished his avowed purpose of evoking "the sensation of having lived through a passage of actual life." A few years only before Ibsen brought forth his *Ghosts,* Lowell had asserted that "That Fate which the Greeks made to operate from without, we recognise at work within, in some vice of character or hereditary disposition;" and Greek this play of Ibsen's is in its massive simplicity, in the economy of its bare structure with five characters only, with no change of scene, with no lapse of time, and with an action that rolls forward irresistibly with inevitable inexorability. As there was something Æschylean in *Brand,* so there is something Sophoclean in *Ghosts;* although Ibsen lacks the serenity of the great Greek and Sophocles had a loftier aim than that of evoking "the sensation of having lived through a passage of actual life." There is no echo in *Œdipus* of the cry of revolt which rings through *Ghosts,* and yet there was a strange similarity in the impression made on at least one spectator of the actual performances of these tragedies, the ancient and the modern, one after the other, at a few days interval here in New York—an impression of deepening horror that grasped the throat and gripped the heart with fingers of ice.

The most obvious resemblance between the Greek tragedy and the Scandinavian social drama is in their technic, in that the two austere playwrights have set before us the consequences of an action, rather than the action itself. Here Ibsen has thrown aside the formula of the "well-made play," using the skill acquired by the study of Scribe in achieving a finer form than the French playwright was capable of, a form seemingly simple, but very solidly put together. The structure of *Ghosts* recalls Voltaire's criticism of one of Molière's plays that it seemed to be in action although it was almost altogether in narrative. Ibsen has here shown a skill like Molière's in making narrative vitally dramatic. Ibsen has none of Molière's breadth of humour, none of his large laughter, none of his

robust fun; indeed, Ibsen's humour is rarely genial; grim and almost grotesque, it is scarcely ever playful; and there is sadly little laughter released by Ibsen's satiric portrayals of character. But the Scandinavian playwright has not a little of the great Frenchman's feeling for reality, and even more of his detestation of affectation and his hatred of sham. The creator of Tartuffe would have appreciated Pastor Manders, an incomparable prig, with self-esteem seven times heated, engrossed with appearances only and ingrained with parochial hypocrisy.

But we may be assured that Molière, governed by the social instinct as he was, would never have shared Ibsen's sympathy for the combatant hero of his next play, that *Enemy of the People,* with the chief figure of which the dramatist has seemed willing for once to be identified. We may even incline to the belief that Molière would have dismissed Dr. Stockman as lacking in common sense and in the sense of humour, and also as a creature both conceited and self-righteous, pitiably impractical and painfully intolerant. And we are quite at a loss even to guess what the French playwright-psychologist, who has left us the unforgettable figure of Célimène, would have thought of Hedda Gabler, that strangest creation of the end of the century, anatomically virtuous, but empty of heart and avid of sensation.

In *Hedda Gabler,* as in the *Enemy of the People,* Ibsen gives up the Sophoclean form, which was exactly appropriate for the theme of *Ghosts.* With admirable artistic instinct the playwright returns to the framework of the "well-made play," or, at least, to that modification of the Scribe formula which Augier and Dumas *fils* had devised for their own use. The action has not happened before the curtain rises on the first act; it takes place in the play itself, in front of the spectators, just as it does in the *Demi-Monde.* The exposition is contained in the first act, clearly and completely; the characters are all set in motion before us, Hedda and her husband, Mrs. Elvsted and Eilert, and the sinister figure of Inspector Brack in the background as Brack walks into Hedda's house in the early morning, not of his own volition, but because the playwright insisted on it. So at the end Mrs. Edsted could not have had with her all the notes of Eilert's bulky book, though she might have had a rough draft; and she would never have sat down calmly to look over these notes instead of rushing madly to the hospital to Eilert's bedside. Again, Inspector Brack when he hears of Eilert's death has really little or no warrant in jumping to the conclusion that Hedda is an accessory before the fact; and even if she was, this would not give him the hold on her which she admits too easily. In fact, more than once we detect the long arm of coincidence and not the finger of fate. More than once we find a summary swiftness in the motives alleged for things done before the spectators have time to grasp the reasons for these deeds, which, therefore, appear to be arbitrary. There is a hectic flush of romanticism in this play, not discernible in any other of Ibsen's social dramas, a perfervidness, an artificiality, which may not interfere with the interest of the story, but which must detract from its plausibility at least and from its ultimate value.

Whatever inconsistencies may be detected now and again by a minute analysis of motive—and after all these inconsistencies are slight and infrequent—the characters that Ibsen has brought upon the stage have one unfailing characteristic: they are intensely interesting. They are never mere puppets moved here and there by the visible hand of the playwright; they are human beings, alive in every nerve, and obeying their own volition. The breath of life has been breathed into them; they may be foolish or morbid, headstrong or perverse, illogical or fanatic, none the less are they real, vital, accusable. And this is the reason why actors are ever eager for the chance to act them. Where Scribe and Sardou and the manufacturers of the "well-made play" gave the performers only effective parts, to be presented as skilfully as might be, Ibsen has proffered to them genuine characters to get inside of as best they could—characters not easy to personate, indeed, often obscure and dangerous. Because of this danger and this doubt, they were all the more tempting

to the true artist, who is ever on the alert for a grapple with technical difficulty. The men and women who people Ibsen's plays are never what the slang of the stage terms "straight parts;" they are never the traditional "leading man" and "leading woman;" in a sense they are, all of them, male and female, young and old, "character parts," complex, illusive, alluring. They are not readily mastered, for they keep on revealing fresh possibilities the more searchingly they are studied; and this is why the reward is rich when the actor has been able at last to get inside of them.

Even when he has done this, when he has put himself into "the skin of the personage" (to use the illuminating French phrase), the actor cannot be certain that his personation is finally right. No one of Ibsen's characters is presented in profile only, imposing its sole interpretation on the baffled performer. Every one of them is rounded and various, like a man in real life, to be seen from contradictory angles and to be approached from all sides. No one is a silhouette; and every one is chameleon, changing colour even while we are looking at it. Every part is a problem to the actors who undertake it, a problem with many a solution, no one of which can be proved, however assured the performer may be that he has hit on the right one. To the actor the privilege of an artistic adventure like this comes but rarely; and it is prized accordingly. Not often does he find under his hand material at once fresh and solid. He feels the fascination of this chance and he lays hold of it firmly, even though he has a haunting fear of failure absent from the easy, daily exercise of his professional skill. He relishes the opportunity to speak Ibsen's wonderful prose, that dialogue which seems to the mere reader direct and nervous, and which impresses the actual auditor in the theatre as incomparable in its veracity, its vivacity, its flexibility, its subtlety and its certainty, but which only the actor who delivers it on the stage can praise adequately, since he alone is aware of its full force, of its surcharged meaning, and of its carrying power.

To act Ibsen is worth while, so the actors themselves think; and it is significant that it is to the actors, rather than to the regular managers, that we owe the most of our chances for seeing his plays presented on the stage. That Ibsen offers opportunities not provided in the pieces of any other modern dramatist is the belief of many an actor and of many an actress longing for a chance to rival the great performers who have gone before, leaving only their fame behind them. So it is that the *Pillars of Society* is set up in our theatres now and again and that *Ghosts* may revisit our stage from time to time. So it is that the ambitious leading lady, abandoning the Camille and the Pauline of a generation or two ago, yearns now to show what she can do as Nora and as Hedda Gabler, unable to resist the temptation to try her luck also in impersonating these women of the North, essentially feminine even when they are fatally enigmatic.

VI

The actors and actresses do get their chance now and again to appear in an Ibsen part, in spite of the reluctance of the regular managers to risk the production of Ibsen's plays in their theatres. This reluctance is not caused solely by an inability to appreciate his real merits; it is magnified by a healthy distrust for the cranks and the freaks who are most vociferous and least intelligent in his praise—for Ibsen, like Browning and like Maeterlinck, has suffered severely from the fulsome adulation of the short-haired women and the long-haired men, who are ever exuberantly uncritical. Perhaps the unwillingness of managers to venture their money in staging these Scandinavian social dramas is due also to a well-founded belief that "there is no money in them"—that they are not likely to attract American playgoers in remunerative multitudes—that they cannot be forced to the long runs to which the theatre is now unfortunately committed.

Ibsen is like all other great dramatists in that he has intended his plays to be performed in the theatre, by actors, before an audience; and therefore has he adjusted them most adroitly to the picture-frame stage of the modern playhouse and filled them with characters amply re-

warding the utmost endeavour of ambitious players. But the influence of the actor and of the circumstances of the theatre is only upon the outward form of the play, while the influence of the spectator is upon its content solely. This influence has been potent upon every true dog-dramatist, who has had ever in mind the special audience for whom his plays were intended, and at whom they were aimed. Sophocles composed his stately tragedies for the cultivated citizens of Athens, seated on the curving hillside under the shadow of the Acropolis; Shakespeare prepared his histories and his comedies to hold the interest of the turbulent throng which stood about the jutting platform in the yard of the half-roofed Tudor theatre; and Molière, even when he was writing to order for Louis XIV., never forgot the likings of the fun-loving burghers of Paris. No one of the three ever looked beyond his own time or wasted a thought upon any other than the contemporary audience in his own city. Even though their plays have proved to possess universality and permanence, they were in the beginning frankly local in their appeal.

But who are the spectators that Ibsen saw in his mind's eye when he imagined his plays bodied forth in the actual theatre? He was not a citizen of a great State, as Molière was, and Shakespeare and Sophocles; he did not dwell in a great city, exercising his art in close contact with the abounding life of a metropolis. He was a native of a small country, not even independent, and without large towns; he was born in a petty village and there he grew to manhood; in his maturity he wandered abroad, and for years abode in exile, an alien, if not a recluse.

Are not the memories of youth abiding? and can any one of us free himself wholly from the bonds of early environment? The audience that Ibsen has ever had in view when he was making his most searching tragedies of modern life, the audience he has always wished to move and to rouse, morally and intellectually, was such a group of spectators as might gather in the tiny and isolated village where he had spent his boyhood. Ibsen himself may not have been conscious that this was the audience he was seeking to stimulate; indeed, he may never have suspected it, and he might even deny it in good faith. But the fact remains, nevertheless, obvious and indisputable; and it helps to explain not a little that might otherwise remain obscure. It enables us to suggest a reason for a certain closeness of atmosphere sometimes felt in this play or that, and for a certain lack of largeness of outlook, in spite of the depth of insight. It makes us more tolerant toward a certain narrowness, which is often provincial and sometimes almost parochial.

It is not merely that Ibsen's social dramas are all of them intensely Norwegian, peopled solely with natives and having the fiords ever present in the background. It is not merely that he has shrunk from all international contrasts, and from all cosmopolitanism—and here, no doubt, he has chosen the better part. It is not that he himself has not shaken off the pettiness of the little village where he received his first impression of his fellow-man. It is that although he has seen the world outside and although he is thereby enabled to measure the smallness of what he left behind, he cannot forget the inhabitants of Grimstad, individually and collectively. They supply the constituent elements of the audience which he is ever addressing consciously or unconsciously. It is their limited horizon he wants to enlarge and it is their lethargy he is longing to shatter.

VII

Perhaps there is no injustice in holding that much of Ibsen's arrogant and aggressive individualism and self-assertion is the result of his own youthful solitude and struggle in the little village where the druggist's ambitious apprentice who wrote poetry and who had opinions of his own, soon managed to get on a war-footing with the most of his neighbours —as the late Professor Boyesen recorded from his own observations at the time, explaining that "a small town, where everybody is interested in what his neighbours has for dinner, is invariably more intolerant of dissent, more tyrannical

towards social rebels, than a city of metropolitan rank." And even when Ibsen removed to Christiania he did not get out of this atmosphere of pettiness. As Professor Boyesen remarks again from personal experience, "one hundred thousand village souls do not make a city." And the same compatriot of the dramatist, in dealing with the *Enemy of the People*, declared that "each trait bears the indelible mark of a small society, which stunts and cripples the sons of men, making them crabbed and crooked, when in a richer soil many of them might have shot boldly up in the sunlight."

Norway seems to be a land of villages, with a people not yet enlarged and awakened from stifling bigotry. Its social organisation still presses painfully on those who wish to do their own thinking; and half a century ago in Ibsen's impressionable youth the pressure must have been tragic. There is no call for wonder that he should have reacted violently against these fettering restrictions. There is no need now to speculate on the reasons why he has failed to feel the extraordinary delicacy of the problem of the equilibrium between the opposing forces, which have cramping Socialism in one of the scales and exuberant Anarchy in the other. His choice was swift, and he threw his weight unhesitatingly against the chains which had clanked on his limbs in his early manhood. He knew only too well and by bitter experience the hardness of the crust that encased the Norwegian community and he felt the need of blows still harder to break through and let in a little light. And this is why he is so emphatic in his individualism; this is why he is so fiercely violent in his assertion of the right of every man to own himself and to obey his own will, contemptuous of the social bond which alone holds civilisation together.

It is a fellow Norgewian and an ardent admirer of Ibsen's, the late Professor Boyesen, who has most clearly stated Ibsen's position: "He seems to be in ill humour with humanity and the plan of creation in general (if, indeed, he recognised such a plan), and he devotes himself, with ruthless satisfaction, to showing what a paltry, contemptible lot men are, and how aimless, futile and irrational their existence is on this earth, with its chaotic strivings and bewildered endeavours. . . . Furthermore, he utterly undervalues what we call civilisation, which he regards primarily as an ignominious compromise—a surrender and curtailment of our natural rights and liberties, in return for a paltry security for life and limb. . . . He has apparently no appreciation of the tremendous struggle, the immense suffering, the deluge of blood and tears, it has cost to redeem the world from that predatory liberty which he admires, and to build up gradually the safeguards of organised society which he so detests."

It would be unfair, of course, to sustain what is here alleged by quoting speeches from his plays, since Ibsen is too completely a dramatist to use any one character merely as a mask through the mouth of which he might voice his private opinion. But when we consider the whole group of the social dramas and when we disengage the philosophy underlying them and sustaining them, we may venture to deduce the private opinion of the author. And in his letters to Georg Brandes we find this opinion fearlessly expressed. "I have really never had any strong feeling of solidarity; in fact, I have only in a way accepted it as a traditional tenet of faith—and if one had the courage to leave it out of consideration altogether, one would, perhaps, be rid of the worst ballast with which one's personality is burdened." In another letter he wrote, "I may as well say the one thing I love in freedom is the struggle for its attainment. Its possession does not greatly concern me."

As Brandes points out, this attitude of Ibsen's is partly a reminiscence of Romanticism; and in Ibsen, as in Balzac, the romanticist is forever wrestling with the realist. There is in Ibsen's writing an echo of that note of revolt which rings throughout all the Romanticist clamour, a tocsin of Anarchy, and which justified the remark of Thiers that the Romanticists of 1830 were the forerunners of the Communists of 1871. And the Communists were only putting into practice what Ibsen was preaching almost simultaneously in his correspondence with Brandes: "The State must be abolished.

. . . Undermine the idea of the commonwealth, set up spontaneity and spiritual kinship as the sole determining points in a union, and there will be attained the beginning of a freedom that is of some value." This sounds very like a return to Rousseau, more than a century after the futility of Rousseau's theories had been made manifest to all.

There is no denying, however, that Ibsen's doctrine is most appealing to a dramatist, whose business it is to set on the stage the strivings of the individual. Perhaps the drama would be the one surviving art if Anarchy should come—just as it would be certain to die slowly if Socialism should succeed. The self-subordination of Socialism would be as deadening as the self-surrender of Fatalism to that will-power which must ever be the mainspring of a play to move the multitude. Although it cannot formulate what it feels, the multitude shrinks from extreme measures; it may be making up its mind to turn toward either Anarchy or Socialism; but it means to move very slowly and it refuses to be hurried.

Here is a reason why Ibsen's plays are never likely to be broadly popular in the theatre. The anarchistic element they contain helps to make them more dramatic, no doubt, more vigorous and more vital; but it is dimly perceived by the plain people who form the crowd of theatregoers, and by them it is dumbly resented. The excessive individualism, their inacceptability by the multitude, which gives to Ibsen's best plays their tensity of interest, is the cause also of shrinking from any surrender of the hard-won conquests of civilisation. There is significance in the fact that Ibsen's plays have totally failed to establish themselves permanently in France, where the æsthetic appreciation of his mastery of his art has been keenest and most competent, but where also the value of the social compact is most clearly understood. Not only in France, but in all other countries governed by the Latin tradition of solidarity, Ibsen's doctrine was certain to be unwelcome—even if it might be wholesome. Outside of Scandinavia it is only in Germany that Ibsen has succeeded in winning acceptance as a popular dramatist. In Great Britain and in the United States, where the individual has all his rights, although with no relaxing of the social bond, the performances of Ibsen's plays have been surprisingly infrequent in spite of their delightful craftsmanship, their indisputable power and their unfailing interest.

VIII

After all, it is not as a philosopher that Ibsen demands attention, but as a dramatist, as a playwright who is also a poet. If it is his weakness that his theory of life is overstrenuous, one-sided and out of date, it is his strength that he has opinions of his own and that he is willing to face the problems that confront us insistently to-day. As Mr. Archer has put it tersely and conclusively, Ibsen is "not pessimist or optimist or primarily a moralist, though he keeps thinking about morals. He is simply a dramatist, looking with piercing eyes at the world of men and women, and translating into poetry this episode and that from the inexhaustible pageant."

A moralist he must be, if his work is to have any far-reaching significance, any final value. Morality is not something a poet can put into his work deliberately, for it must ever be "a part of the essential richness of inspiration," to use Mr. James's fine phrase. It cannot be put in, but it can be left out only at the poet's peril, since no work of art is likely to be worth while if it is ethically empty. Ibsen's inspiration is too rich for it to be void of moral purport, even though the playwright may not have intended all that we read into his work. There is a moral in *Ghosts* as there is in *Œdipus*, in the *Scarlet Letter* and in *Anna Karénina*—a moral austere and dispassionate. It contains much that is unpleasant and even painful, but—to quote Arnold's praise of *Anna Karénina*—nothing "of a nature to trouble the senses or to please those who wish their senses troubled." Ibsen's play, like the tragedy of Sophocles, like the severe stories of Hawthorne and Tolstoy, is not spoon-meat for babes; it is not for young men and maidens; but as Goethe asked nearly a century ago, "What business have our

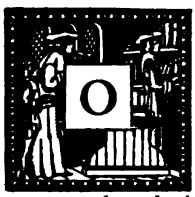
young girls at the theatre? They do not belong to it—they belong to the convent; and the theatre is only for men and women who know something of human affairs." It is for these men and these women that Ibsen, with stern self-control, has written his social dramas, that he may force them to look into matters they are willing enough to ignore and to front the facts of life, ugly as these may be.

More than once in the course of this essay has there been occasion to evoke the names of Sophocles, of Shakespeare and of Molière, the supreme masters of the dramatic art. To venture upon any comparison with them is to measure Ibsen by the loftiest standard. In his technic alone he can withstand the comparison, for he is the latest, and he has profited by all the experiments and achievements of the strong men who came before him; in mere craftsmanship he is beyond question the foremost of all the moderns. It must be said also that in his intellectual honesty, in his respect for the immitigable laws of character, he rarely falls short. He lacks the clear serenity of Sophocles, the depth and the breadth of the myriad-minded Shakespeare, the humorous toleration of Molière. The great Greek, the great Englishman and the great Frenchman are all of them liberal and sane and wholesome, whatever their subject-matter may be; and here it is that the Scandinavian is seen to be inferior. There are few of his social dramas in which we cannot find more than a hint of abnormal eccentricity or of morbid perversity; and this is the reason why the most of them fail to attain the dignity of true and lofty tragedy.

Perhaps it is with Wagner that Ibsen should be grouped, rather than with Sophocles and Shakespeare and Molière. They are the two master-spirits of the stage in the nineteenth century. They are both of them consummate craftsmen, having assimilated every profitable device of their predecessors and having made themselves chiefs, each in his own art. And yet, with all their witchery and all their power, we may doubt whether their work will resist the criticism of the twentieth century, because there is at the core of it an exaggeration or disproportion which the future is likely to perceive more and more clearly in the receding perspective of time.

Brander Matthews.

THE SUSTAINED INTEREST AND SOME RECENT BOOKS



OF all the various reproaches that may be brought against a novel, there is probably none more serious, more conclusive, more fatal to its chances of success, than to say that it is uninteresting. Almost any other fault will find an army of readers ready to condone it, provided the author knows how to hold their interest. They will forgive the crudest realism or the most saccharine idealism; they will accept without a murmur rampant melodrama; they will fail to distinguish between good style and bad style and no style at all; they will even be blind to the grotesqueness of a clumsy and illogical plot—provided the book possesses that magic alchemy which overlays its baser substance with an alluring glitter of human interest. During the past century fiction has steadily advanced in importance, in the literature of all the civilised nations. In the form of the so-called purpose novel, it has been made the vehicle for the dissemination of new doctrines in religion, politics and social science. But the novelist can never lose sight of the fact that fiction was invented for the purpose of entertainment, and that it is only by remaining true to its traditions, and successfully entertaining, that a novel may hope to reach its public.

In no other class of literary production is this quality of sustained interest so

vital, unless it be the drama, which after all is merely a novel in dialogue. A dictionary or a city directory does not make interesting reading; and no one would want one which did. The guide-book eloquence of an earlier generation died a natural death, when the impersonal conciseness of Baedeker taught us the futility of Murray's rhapsodies. A treatise on organic chemistry or higher mathematics is read for the knowledge it contains and not for its style. A history or biography may be a dry-as-dust production and still remain for decades the great authority. Even great poetry may be sadly wearisome to read. *Paradise Lost* does not lose its splendour simply because few readers today have the patience to read it. But a novel, no matter how strongly written, no matter how vital its theme, must hold the reader's interest, or it will have failed in its first and most important essential. And for that reason it is all the more surprising to find how few works of fiction really do steadily and consistently hold the reader's attention, as a work of art should do, from the beginning to the end.

Now, in discussing this question of sustained interest, it is only fair in the first place to understand clearly just whom we mean when we speak of the readers of any particular novel. No living novelist would undertake to interest all the people all the time. Not even Shakespeare could do that. But every writer, when he first conceives a plot, and begins to shape it towards the book that he hopes it will eventually become, knows or ought to know the type of reader for whom it is destined. And if his book is really a good book, a book entitled to rank high in its particular class, then it ought to be one which will hold the attention of the particular type of reader for whom it is intended, not merely through the opening chapter, and at frequent intervals up to one big scene at, let us say, page 227, and then drop in the middle, like an ill-baked cake—half a dozen big scenes would not condone that pitiful drop in interest that one finds only too often, even in books that have won some favourable notice. No, the novel of first rank, whatever type it belongs to, is the one that its rightful reader, the reader for whom it is intended, wants to read straight through, without skipping a page, without missing a paragraph. If it is a detective story, the man who likes historical novels or *Dolly Dialogues* may skip two-thirds of it and welcome—his opinion does not count. But if a votary of detective stories takes it up, and is not held by it; if there are chapters where the scent grows cold upon the trail, and his interest wanes in the bloody finger-marks; chapters in which he ceases to formulate his own theories—then indeed the book has been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

Now, it is as vain to lay down practical rules for writing an interesting book as it is to try to teach any hopelessly commonplace man or woman to be a brilliant conversationalist. It is as futile as the photographer's traditional "Look pleasant, please!" But a simple rule, too often disregarded, and almost sure to produce good results, is the rule of adherence to type. First make up your mind carefully and definitely just what sort of a story you are going to write, and then stick to it. Your opening page ought to tell the reader, if your title has failed to do so, the type of novel that he is to expect; and if it is a type for which he has no sympathy, he can lay it down forthwith, and have no just grounds of complaint. If a lecturer makes it quite clear in his announcement that his topic for the evening is shoe-buttons and nothing but shoe-buttons, those who stay to hear him cannot complain that they are bored, just because they have no interest in buttons of any sort. But if, in order to catch a larger audience, he leaves his subject and talks of ships and sealing-wax as well as shoes, then indeed both the button-lovers and the button-haters have valid ground of complaint. Now, a good many modern novel-makers—not true novelists, but those who would make a trade of the novel, instead of art—are like the lecturer on buttons; they are greedy for bigger audiences than their mediocre entertainment would normally attract. Looking over the field of successful fiction, they note for instance the success of *David Harum* and *Mrs. Wiggs, Sherlock Holmes* and *Beverly of Graustark;* and they say to themselves, "Why wouldn't a

detective story, with the scene laid in a Balkan principality, be the best selling book of the month, especially if we introduced a Cabbage Patch and a rural banker with plenty of good horse stories, perhaps even a Chimmie Fadden and a Lovey Mary, for the sake of good measure?" Professional readers for the big publishing houses save the public from the majority of these composite novels, yet every now and then a book does make its way into print that is neither a Dumas novel nor a Zenda novel nor a Rural District novel, but a little of all three, and which consequently satisfies nobody. It seems after all such a simple, obvious, elemental fact that the great novelists of the world have held their audiences by their singleness of purpose; that a Thackeray or a Jane Austen, a Balzac or a Dumas, stands as a distinct, definite type—never as a blend of half a dozen types of varying quality. It is quite possible that you care nothing for *The Newcomes,* or for *Emma,* for *La Cousine Bette,* or *Les Quarante-Cinq;* but if you do care for them enough to take them down from time to time from their shelves, then it is certain that you are willing to let them open where they will; there is not a page with which you will not willingly renew acquaintance.

And secondly, there is one other general rule to be laid down regarding the sustained interest in a novel. Or rather, it is less a rule than the statement of a fact, easily verified by running over your favourite novels in your mind—not a principle that you could apply to your own work, unless you possessed that inborn instinct for doing the right thing which makes rules unnecessary. It is simply this: the secret of interesting the reader in a story lies in interesting him first of all in the personages of that story. Of course, there are exceptions to this rule. There are stories in which the whole interest lies in the situation, the tense suspense of the impending tragedy, the solution of some tremendous mystery, which dwarfs completely any mere question of the heroine's eyes and hair, or whether she is good tempered or the reverse. Yes, there certainly are stories of this sort, ingenious stories, strongly told, that carry your interest from chapter to chapter, from page to page, without a drop or sag. But the story which does this is usually, we might almost say universally, the story of adventure, the swash-buckler story, the detective story, the glorified dime novel—the novel which by common consent has had its right denied to a place in the highest rank of fiction. Apply to this whole question the infallible test of comparison with the conditions of real life. From time to time, a situation of tremendous dramatic power is forced upon the attention of the public. It may be a divorce scandal, or a libel suit, or a peculiarly grim and tragic murder, which the whole community follows with eager interest to its logical end in the criminal courts. If such a tragedy has no psychological appeal, if there is no subtle lesson to be learned from it of complex human motives, or primitive human passions, then the public interest it excites is simply a hysterical desire for morbid sensation, and its value as literature is measured by the scare-heads of the yellow journals. In the average, normal life of the bulk of our fellow men and women there is far more to bore us than there is to interest. Only the few who are near and dear to us can count upon our sympathetic heed of their daily round of average joys and sorrows. And as it is in life, so in fiction; the novelist's first step is to make us accept his men and women as our personal friends, whose every mood is familiar, whose foibles we recognise with an indulgent smile. If he wins us to that extent, he may shape the story as he pleases, assured of our unflagging attention. How can he fail to interest us? He is telling precious bits of intimate history of men and women he has taught us to love. But a Zola, with all his crude, brilliant power, cannot win a hearing for such a depraved nature as Flore in *La Bête Humaine* by any act less flamboyant, less ghastly than the derailing of a fast express, with its attendant carnage of innocent men, women and horses.

Writers who undertake to lay their scenes in the far West, on the ranch, or in the mining camp, find themselves handicapped by the comparison they are sure to challenge with Owen Wister's *Virginian;* such a hold did the personality of that genial Rough Rider take upon the

hearts of the reading public that not only were they ready to accept everything he thought, said or did, as right and proper, but they are equally ready to be captious about the sayings and doings of any other cowboy in fiction, simply because he was not The Virginian. Yet the demand for good stories of primitive Western life has increased, and every now and then a really good Western story comes forward to meet the demand. A recent example is *The Sage Brush Parson,* by A. B. Ward. It is not a book to become enthusiastic over, and to hail as one of the events of the month; but it is certainly a book that will be read with genuine enjoyment by a good many people, who will probably wonder vaguely afterwards why they liked it better than other recent volumes written along the same general lines. The atmosphere is real enough; you can fairly smell the pungent, penetrating, aromatic dust of the sage brush throughout its pages; you can see the coarse, primitive, brutal life of the mining camp, with all the degradation of its saloons and dance halls and gambling dens; you can understand the heavy odds against which a minister of the gospel must contend, if he means to make an effectual fight against the existing degradation and brutality. But all this has been done before, with varying degrees of merit. The real secret of the appeal which *The Sage Brush Parson* makes, in spite of its many touches of exaggeration, and a certain strain of melodrama in its plot, is that from the opening page it enlists our sympathies on behalf of Clement Vaughan, the parson of the title—makes us like him, even while we only half forgive him for forsaking wife and child and going into the wilderness to preach the gospel. The story is simply a record of how Clement Vaughan builds up a little Methodist church, in this lawless mining camp, by the mere force of his personality; how he struggles and loves and suffers; and how he nearly wrecks his own life, and the church he has founded besides, by the simple mistake of failing to tell his friends about the wife he left behind him in England. It is a good example of how much weakness in plot and in style may be pardoned, if the central characters win our affection and hold our interest.

"The Sage Brush Parson."

Mr. J. Breckenridge Ellis did not have to go quite so far west for the scene of his latest story, the *Stork's Nest,* which is laid in Northern Missouri. One brings away from this book an impression of a hard, rugged, inhospitable land, bleak, rain-sodden and joyless; and a hard, grim, joyless people, gnarled and warped by toil, yet for the most part hiding under a forbidding exteriour many sterling qualities that reveal themselves as you come to know them better. The two Storks, the twin brothers whose gloomy, mysterious old home gives the story its name, are a couple of human brutes, whose cruelty to all living things, man, woman or beast, that fall into their power, is pictured with a graphic force that compels a sort of shuddering interest; and there is no doubt that the curiosity awakened by the suggestion of hidden crime is very cleverly fostered. If you begin the story, you are not likely to lay it down until the mystery is solved, the innocent victims rescued, and the twin Storks have atoned for their crimes by a peculiarly grim and relentless fate. But the book is a good example of a story which holds the interest by the sequence of dramatic happenings. There are no characters in the book towards whom we feel ourselves drawn, none whom we would care to meet again. We cannot help reading to a finish, but we have no desire to reread any part of it.

The "Stork's Nest."

Another book which must in fairness be recognised as a rather careful piece of work, full of sombre colour, is *Hearts' Haven,* by Katharine Evans Blake. It belongs to that depressing class of fiction known as the religious novel, being a detailed and distinctly painful study of life among the Rappites, first in their early Pennsylvania home, and later in Southern Illinois. There is, of course, a wide scope for tense tragedy in a community which suddenly decided to abolish the marriage tie, to separate husband and wife, to take little children from their parents, to con-

"Hearts' Haven."

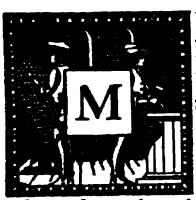
demn the young men and young women to a life of monastic austerity. The author of *Hearts' Haven* has made clever use of her material, and the admission that the book leaves behind it a sense of depression is in itself a tribute to her strength. Nevertheless, there are waste places in the story, between which the chapters of really compelling interest stand out like green and welcome oases.

"The Angel of Pain."

The works of Mr. E. T. Benson have never, since the ephemeral vogue of *Dodo,* won the public attention which their careful workmanship and their incisive presentment of human foibles seem to merit. The reason seems, to a large extent, to lie in their lack of characters, male or female, that are really likable. *Dodo,* at the time of her creation, challenged comparison with Anthony Hope's delightful Dolly, of Dialogue fame. But Dolly's misdemeanours we pardon, in spite of ourselves, because she is so refreshingly human. Dodo is unpardonable, because she has no heart. Mr. Benson's latest heroine, in *The Angel of Pain,* while more carefully and elaborately drawn, is equally repellant. Here is her record. She engages herself to one man, knowing that her only interest in him is his money, and at the same time allows herself to be made love to by her betrothed husband's best friend, whom she suddenly discovers that she loves. She intends for a time to keep her word, but a violent thunderstorm, when the two lovers are together, throws them into each other's arms—the possibilities of this situation were not exhausted by Dido and Æneas—and later she breaks off the engagement and marries the other man. This time she probably would have continued to care for the man of her choice, but, unfortunately for him, while out gunning one day he is shot in the face, blinded and badly disfigured. Her love is not strong enough to survive such a test as the loss of her husband's good looks, and she cannot even conceal from him her aversion, though she knows that only his faith in her love makes him cling to life. So he accommodatingly commits suicide and she goes back to her first choice, a sadder, but apparently not a wiser woman. The book is full of clever satire, trenchant analysis and a certain underlying vein of symbolism that is full of suggestion, but it lacks heart. There is not quite enough human nature in it, of the better sort, to make the characters convincing.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

FACTITIOUS FICTION AND FICTITIOUS FACT



MY friend the novelist not long ago contributed to a weekly journal of arts and grafts a vigorous story of a football game which was unfavourable to football. It was founded on fact, but it was out and out fiction; it ignored the conditions of the fact that inspired it and pretended to nothing but narrative invention. The editor of the journal, who probably knew that the author once played on the football team of the Department of English and Comparative Zoology of a large university, and is intimate with some of the graduate advisers of the university athletics, smoked an exposure in the story. Without asking the author's permission the enterprising editor inserted a sub-title, "The Inside Story of a Real Football Game." The author was indignant. He feared that the football graduates would waylay him, accuse him of betraying confidences and kick his head through his legs by way of goal posts. The sub-title was unjust to the story; it was a lie, the more pernicious in that the journal is attacking every

shape of untruth that lurks in the body politic, the spirit literary and the soul commercial.

To the editor of one of our Tingling Exposure Monthlies—the Heart Throb Investigator, another writer sent a cheap story of adventure. The hero was a minor official who at a fire exhibited a noble and muscular demeanour. The original fact, dimly remembered, had been developed and transmogrified into a yarn that would give the hair a dry shampoo. It was replete with "Save me child! Mame, the cellar is burning!" Many editors would have called it a rattling story "which when you have read the foist woid cannot be laid aside until the last woid is reached." The editor wrote that he wanted the story very much if it was true, "the actual adventure of a real hero." The author replied somewhat as follows:

You ask if the story is true. That is none of your business. I offered it to you as fiction. I will say, however, that if you are willing to judge it by the same standards of fact which permit you to advertise Mr. Jay Gould Sage's "Horrible Exposure of the Great Amalgamated Tin Can Corner" as true history, you are justified in announcing—on your own responsibility—that my story is the inside upper story of a real burning building and the hero is a real man who was.

These editors are the victims of a tipsy double vision which confounds the art of fiction and the arts of exposition and history. They ask fiction, poetry, illustrations, even their veracious advertisements, to do service as special articles of revelation. The forms of writing have usurped each other's function. If fiction must be the real history of something, the inside story of a real murder, the real diary of a sixty-year-old boy, then by compensation, instructive articles must read "with all the sensation and charm of romance." "Reads like a novel," runs the advertisement of a series of articles which expose the malefactions of the Galvanized Lemon Squeezer Trust. "The most exciting romance," orates another advertisement, " is not love; it is the story of business. The history of the Guinea Pig Trust throbs with fascinating interest. The unfolding of this marvellous plot, the most overwhelming that ever transpired in the realms of modern business has all the dash and stupendous crises of a tale of the old buccaneers."

There is no knowing the extent to which the confusion of literary values may go. Any day we may expect a sonnet sequence by an enterprising New York Journalist, expounding the evils of patent medicines—

Peruna, in thy dear desired flow
My shattered body lethewards is borne, etc.

I look forward to the day when the magazine table of contents shall read like this:

FRONTISPIECE.
Picture of the building in which this magazine is actually printed. In colours, by Timothy Dugan, the contractor who built it.

SEPTEMBER.
A Harvest poem, by Thomas White, chief of the Division of Domestic Crop Reports of the Department of Agriculture.

TONTINE AND NYLIC. Chap. I-IX.
First Installment of a pastoral romance of Modern New York Life, by Snyde H. McGoo, twenty-second vice-president of the Iniquitable Life Insurance Company.

WAY DOWN IN OLD PHILADELPHIA.
A short story founded on Mayor Weaver's campaign, by Ruth Raymond.

HONEY, MA SUGAR BABY.
Dialect poem on the Sugar Tariff, by Helen M. Sorghum, daughter of the late Senator Sorghum.

John A. Macy.



LITERARY CLUBLAND

VIII.—THE LITERARY CLUB OF CINCINNATI

IX.—THE COSMOS CLUB OF WASHINGTON



THE LITERARY CLUB OF CINCINNATI



INTERIOR VIEW—LITERARY CLUB OF CINCINNATI



INTERIOR VIEW—LITERARY CLUB OF CINCINNATI



THE COSMOS CLUB OF WASHINGTON



LAFAYETTE SQUARE—FROM THE COSMOS CLUB WINDOWS

REPRESENTATIVE FINNISH WRITERS



O country in the world can boast of a literature at once so young and so notable as that of Finland—a land we have become acquainted with principally through its political crises, since 1899, when a notorious Russian governor-general made up his mind to uproot every fibre of Finnish nationality. It is proper to point out that previous to 1840 no mentionable piece of imaginative writing, in the home speech, existed in the Grand Duchy. Of course, a dusty tract or text-book drifted on forced tides through the country, but there was absolutely nothing in the form of poetry and fiction calculated to inspire the people or indicative of an inspiration already present. The simple truth becomes plain when I say that no independent culture existed before 1840, Swedish civilisation holding the fort unchallenged, with Runeberg its foremost if not only chief. The Finnish language was then looked down upon by officials of state and educated people generally. If it had been kept under the ice much longer, Finland would not now be the capable power it is.



KARL AUGUST TAVASTSTJERNA

The awakening from a long, long dreamless slumber came about 1845, when J. V. Snellman began his famous campaign for the laudable cause of arousing his people to national consciousness. "We have a language of our own," said the great patriot; "its charm conjured up the marvelous Kalevala legends. Let us cultivate it, by cherishing it in speech and song." It was well, of course, that John Ludvig Runeberg wrote splendid sagas, but Runeberg might as well have lived in Sweden, since his language was that country's, though his spirit, true enough, was in fibre and tone Finnish. Finland wanted a son of its own soil, a genius truly typical of home character—in short, a pure Finlander to regenerate its neglected language and replenish the thin streams of its stagnant culture. And since the whole nation had the same hope, the prayed-for genius appeared, some fifteen years later, in the person of Alexis Kivi, one of the rarest spirits ever baptized by suffering, one of the strangest intellects ever darkened and crushed by madness. His particular brightness is surrounded with a horizon of sad glory; but his memory is a fixed star brilliantly lighting up the wilderness that was, before his day. He did for Finnish prose what Jacobsen did for Danish, and vastly more, for Jacobsen had furrows to guide him, vague predecessors, while Kivi was in the largest sense a path-finder. He sailed new seas and discovered the coveted country. No wonder, then, that

Finland holds him in the tenderest esteem; no wonder that he is loved in his own country as the Germans love Körner, the Danes Blicker, the Norwegians Wergeland. Stevenson called Meredith "the master of us all;" every good Finnish author recognises in Alexis Kivi the father of his art. Very little of Kivi's production has been translated into Swedish, which is spoken and read by 700,000 people out of a total population of 2,800,000 in the Grand Duchy. The author's style is sheer simplicity, such as Hans Christian Andersen's, for instance, or Maeterlinck's in dialogue. His dramatis works. *Sunrisuntari* (The Village Bootmaker) and *Kihlaus* (A Betrothal) are masterpieces for their striking originality of conception and execution. It is tempting to speak at length of the author's personality (Finland is full of anecdotes about him) or more intimately of his writings, which bear (as to construction) a marked influence of Shakespeare, who, by the way, was first translated into Finnish in 1875 by Paavo Cajander. Thanks to the positive impetus Finnish literature gained through Kivi, the native language is now gradually suppressing Swedish, and in the course of some few decades we may count on its having attained its rightful pre-eminence. Even now, there is no better writer than Juhani Aho, who writes Finnish exclusively, and whose reputation is almost continental.

It is necessary to take a second introductory step before plunging into present-day literary waters. The wave of realism which broke upon the Scandinavian shores in the seventies did not touch Finnish soil until at least a decade later. Johan Ludvig Runeberg had so absorbed the spirit of his people that there is not in the background of the literature of any country a figure more luminous than he. His works were accepted, for a time, as an all-sufficient intellectual nourishment; they possessed an historical dignity; they were splendid poetical contributions withal. But it was not Runeberg who retarded the natural development of the new movement. His achievement only helped to produce certain conditions under which the incipient guest could not thrive. When, in the course of time, these conditions lost their immediate influence, it remained for Zacharias Topelius to deprecate the point of view of a Taine or a Brandes—the latter having cast his nets abroad and being then a disputed force in Denmark, Norway and Sweden. Runeberg's death in 1877 extended the reach of Topelius's voice, the latter being a popular power. While most of his books stood well above the level of Sunday-school fiction, they approached it sufficiently to be of the class of books clergymen advise young people to read. It is natural that his endeavour to keep his somewhat gregarious flock well within the gates of unpretentiousness should receive cordial support from those who consider early knowledge a dangerous drug. He lived to see himself the most celebrated of Finnish prose writers; he lived, also, to witness the triumph of a few men young enough, almost, to be his grandsons—their triumph, that is, in the forbidden field of realism. It is more than a little strange that the chief of this young group, its banner-bearer, in fact, Karl August Tavaststjerna, should quit this life in the same year as Topelius (in which year a most remarkable literary woman, Minna Canth, also died), leaving Finland with but one first-rate novelist, Juhani Aho. Alexis Kivi had died twenty-six years before (like Tavaststjerna, he saw but thirty-eight summers), and Leino, Mörne and Gripenberg were all mere youths "hanging on" the rear of the vehicle upon which they may now be said to possess prominent seats. They are now—though all under thirty—representative Finnish poets.

Tavaststjerna first attracted notice by a spirited collection of verse entitled *För Morgonbris* (With the Morning Breezes), published in 1884. They had abundantly the freshness of simplicity, the fragrance of April fields, together with an element of challenge and adventure in which the young generation took immediate delight. It is amazing, the impression this little book created throughout the Grand Duchy. The public was ready to greet a new poet, and the new poet had come! Tavaststjerna's reception was cordial, and his unenvied popularity grew to mighty proportions in 1891, when with the publication of *Haarde Tider* (Hard Times)

(the faint background for which was supplied by the famine of 1868) he proved his power conclusively. However, there were critics who persisted till the author's death in applying the overworked adjective "promising" to Tavaststjerna's productions. At these he would smile, when not in the mood for taking up the sword. In some respects, he was by temperament related to Musset, and those who call him a desultory poet do so with a certain amount of justice, provided they remember his virtues as a prolific inspired writer. He wrote *Haarde Tider* in twenty-two days, and like Hans Christian Andersen, he travelled so much and enjoyed his outings so intensely that his friends often marvelled at the bulk of his work. The series of poems in *Laureatus,* published in 1897, represent, perhaps, his maturest effort. Delightful bits of poetic sentiment are found in *Unge Aar* (Young Years), 1892. One of his plays, *Affärer* the dramatised version of *Haarde Tider* (Hard Times). Tavaststjerna gave a masterful translation of Hauptmann's *Hannele* in 1895, executed for his wife, Cabrille T., a prominent actress, who first interpreted the sombre rôle in Stockholm. The author was influenced early by the foremost Swedish lyrist, Carl Snoilsky, who may be compared, for illustrative purposes, with our own Richard Hovey. Tavaststjerna's eye was the realist's, but his soul was a poet's.



BERTEL GRIPENBERG

The most significant human quality in Juhani Aho's writings is his sincerity, which is as deep as it is broad. Whatever his subject, a profound earnestness of purpose characterises the treatment. Aho is a regular novelist, methodical and clean featured—facts which have been well observed by the few foreign critics who have had an opportunity of studying his art. It is no exaggeration to speak of his literary achievement as "art," for Aho has enriched the Finnish language to a magnificent degree. His first book was little more than Kivi reproduced (as the author himself informs me), but the fourteen that have followed it have step by step proven the individuality of one of the most prominent Northern European novelists. Lovers of "preciousness' in literature—the fine shade, the dainty touch, the delicate tone, etc.—will find in Aho a dear companion. What could be more exquisite than the charming naïf poetry of *Lastuja* (Chips), of which no less than four collections have been made. Some are mere screeds, breaths of moods, but one reads them with an intimate sense of recognition. Aho's skill as a novel-writer is perhaps best shown in *Papin rouva* (The Clergyman's Wife). The quality of reserve is pronounced in this book, which in the estimation of his public represents Aho's high-water mark. It is the story of a young girl who marries a country pastor, and who is less than half happy with him. A college student appears, and the inevitable complications arise. There is no action (so called);



JUHANI AHO

practically nothing happens—no dramatic situations in the conventional meaning—no sensational or crude element to hold the reader's interest and starve his imagination. *Väkta*, another novel of rare psychological value, is a picture from the life of the sombrest religious people in all Finland. Alexander Kielland himself could not have improved upon the drawing of austere characters and their relation to mundane things. Aho shuns conclusions; he is anything but a literary agitator. As a fearless, often self-sacrificing, fighter for a better state of things in Finland, he has done much in his own way to preserve the spirit that makes for courage and hopefulness. He was born in 1860.

There are still five names which I desire to touch in passing. The bearers of two are novelists: Arvid Järnefeldt and Jac Ahrenbuerg. All I have space for, in regard to the first, is that he alone of all Finnish writers is concerned with the sex problem, and that Tolstoy has reddened his blood and shaped the line of his features. His best book is *Isänmaa* (Man's Destiny), published in 1893.

The second, Jac Ahrenberg, is the oldest of native novelists, being sixty, and one of the very few who have seen and artistically presented the possible future danger for Finland in its relation to Russia. His home is Viborg, which is near the Russian boundary. Into this town Russian culture has made deliberate attempts to force itself—without measurable success. Ahrenberg is no distinguished writer, though his *Stockjunkeren* (1888) was an able man's work.

Three poets have helped each other during the past five or six years to erect the temple of new song in Finland: Bertel Gripenberg, Arvid Mörne, and Eino Leino. I shall speak of them collectively, partly to gain space, partly because of the contrasts they form, each to each. Nothing could be farther away from Leino than Gripenberg's sensualism; nothing in turn could better show what Mörne is not than Leino's transcendentalism. The first is boldly modern, the second feels potently a relationship with traditional treasures. Gripenberg and Mörne write in Swedish, Leino in Finnish, wherefore he is the idol of every poetry-loving *fennoman*. Gripenberg knows his Verlaine, and the ambitious friends of Verlaine. If Arthur Symonds had had a coarser fibre, a comparison between the young Finlander and the symbol-divining Englishman would be in order. Mörne is artistically animated by the sight of "man at work," by the red smoke of factory chimneys and the prospect or lack of prospect for the eventual victory of labour over capital. In brief, he is a socialist. *Ny Tid* (The New Time), his most recent book of verse, is brimful of exhortation to the worker, certain poems being very didactic. But socialism in Finland is an infant too weak to walk from its cradle to its playground, or, if you prefer, battle-field. There are greater problems in Finland to be solved before the social question can hope to be taken up for serious debate. It is, nevertheless, good to taste the spice of variety in Finnish literature. A journey from Gripenberg to Mörne is a march from a scented, alluring summer moonlight glen into the glare of crude street lamps under which tired labourers pouring forth from the

closing shops congregate and gossip about just rights. The way to Leino is a quiet path across a green field. His verse is always musical, with a pure rhythm. So is Gripenberg's, of course, in places beautiful indeed, only the glimmer of the mask of affectation will shine through. His poetic defiance, visible everywhere in *Dikter* (1903), must be called rather childish. He is so young, however, that there is every reason to expect great things of him, his technique being already of a very high order of perfection.

It is hardly necessary for me to apologise for the somewhat superficial character of this brief attempt at giving the Anglo-Saxon reader a glimpse of modern Finnish literature. Verily, we have so much to hold in our hands, of our own making, that foreign authors must congratulate themselves if we consent to give them a place between our fingers. Finnish culture, the pure, unalloyed brand, is, I believe, the youngest culture in the world, and considering it in the light of its youth, and weighing its fruits, I have thought it well worth while to place these few lines of illustration and comment anent the subject before the patient reader.

Paul Harboe.



SAN FRANCISCO.
(Early in the Mining Era, 1850–1851.)

SOME ASPECTS OF PIONEER CALIFORNIA JOURNALISM

Journalism in California dates from a few weeks after the American occupation. The Hispano-Mexicans had permanently occupied the country for three-quarters of a century, but found no need for a newspaper. The nearest approach to it was the printing of the numerous bombastic official orders of the Governor. So, when the American squadron arrived at Monterey, in July, 1846, the pioneer

newspaper men of the Pacific Coast, Semple and Colton, dropped the sword and the rifle and took up the pen and the composing stick. Or, rather, Colton, who was chaplain on one of the ships, and also a printer, temporarily laid aside his Bible to enter the wide field of journalism. Like other pioneers in the field of letters, these men found the "material" on hand and waiting for them. This "material," however, had been hid in a cloister of the Convent when the Americans came, and required considerable "sorting" to make it serviceable. The types and the old style press had been brought from the City of Mexico, in 1833, upon which were printed the Governor's bundas, and religious tracts. Juan de la Rosas, the printer, who came with the material, died recently, aged 100 years.

THE PIONEER PAPER

The pioneer paper of California was printed with this material—the first number appearing on August 15, 1846, under the title of *The Californian*. Robert Semple was the editor, and the Rev. Walter Colton was the typesetter and pressman. The sheet was printed weekly. Semple was a Kentuckian, and with his "long rifle" came to California seeking adventures. Several weeks before his plunge into journalism, he joined the "Bear Flag filibusters," who hoisted the "Bear Flag" at Sonoma, and proclaimed the "Independent Republic of California," a ridiculous expedition, which embittered the Mexicans against the Americans because of the depredations committed by the "Bear" men. Semple was the "biggest" man in California—he was six feet and eight inches in height, and slimly built. His editorial career was peaceful, perhaps from the general knowledge that he was an excellent shot and brave. He never sought difficulties, and it was known that he would not evade them. Semple became President of the first Constitutional Convention of California.

The paper was the personal organ of Commodore Stockton, and its principal mission was to print his official orders and to expose the disobedience and pretensions of the filibuster and political schemer, Fremont, who, by his unwarranted acts, had done so much toward estranging the leading Mexicans who favoured annexation to the United States, and who was later sent to Washington under arrest and court-martialed.

Monterey was not a promising field for a newspaper. The village of Yerba Buena (good herb), on the Bay of San Francisco, was more inviting. In a few months Semple visited that village, seeking a broader field, and, incidentally, a wife, according to the following apology which appeared in the paper, written by his disconsolate partner:

> "Our Alphabet.—Our type is a Spanish font picked up here in a cloister and has no vv's (w) in it, as there is none in the Spanish alphabet. I have sent to the Sandvvitch Islands for this letter; in the meantime vve must use tvvo v's. Our paper at present is that used for vvrapping cigars; in due time vve vvill have something better; our object is to establish a press in California, and this vve shall in all probability be able to accomplish. The absence of my partner for the last three months and my duties as alcalde here have deprived our little paper of some of those attentions vvich I hope it vvill hereafter receive.
>
> Vvalter Colton."

The troubles of the sub-editor were no doubt great, but these, even with the absence of the letter W, did not justify his changes from the plural to the singular, and the reverse. Colton was a native of Vermont. He came to California as chaplain in the United States Navy, and at the time was on duty at Monterey. His brother published the New York *Review*. In the following January, the *Californian* was removed to Yerba Buena. The paper was somewhat improved, the letter W having arrived from the "Sandvvitch Islands," but the name of "Vvalter" Colton, with the two Vv's no longer appeared. He had resumed his duties on the man-of-war. Semple continued the paper and showed his enterprise by establishing a ferry-steamer to a new town across the Bay, which had been named Francesca, in honour of General Vallejo's wife. This was to be a rival to Yerba Buena, the name of which had been changed but recently to San Francisco. The alcalde had made the change without consulting the city authorities, and the *Californian* scored him daily for his usurpation of authority. But the alcalde went farther. He ordered the projectors of the new

town to change its name from Francesca to "something else," so that it would not conflict with San Francisco. The promoters denied that the alcalde's jurisdiction extended thirty miles into the country, but they nevertheless changed it to Benicia, still in honour of General Vallejo's wife—Francesca Benicia. Semple wrote up that town as the "coming metropolis of the Pacific Coast." and it soon had a population of five or six hundred, as much as that of San Francisco. But the scheme was a failure. The *Californian* was a live paper, and "beat" its contemporary on the opposite corner by printing the market reports, also in its continued roasts of the alcalde for his "high-handed usurpations."

THE MORMON ORGAN

In January, 1847, about the time the *Californian* had removed to Yerba Buena (San Francisco), Samuel Brannan, a Mormon elder, issued the first number of the *California Star*. He had used the material in Brooklyn, N. Y., in printing the New York *Messenger*, a sheet devoted to the dissemination of the doctrines of the polygamous sect. The Brooklynites had invited the elder, in a quiet way, to seek other pastures. With his printing outfit, Brannan brought about two hundred Mormons, who located in the village, forming a nucleus for a new Zion. Brannan announced himself as "President" of the colony, and to his jurisdiction were added the discharged soldiers of the Mormon Battalion which came to California—just after the conquest. The design of the Church leaders was to colonise California and secure control of the country, but Brannan soon became involved in trouble with the head of the Church, and fell from power. Brigham Young charged that he did not return a fair share of the tithes, and so "cut him off." The elder's paper was more of a Mormon Church organ than a newspaper. In the spring of 1849, when gold was discovered, the printers "struck" and left for the "diggings." In a half-sheet, the *Californian* also announced its suspension "until better times," and the printers and the devil also went to the "diggings," thus leaving the town in intellectual darkness. But the *Star* printers were not good miners and soon returned. Editor Semple also did some prospecting, but he soon found that the pick was not as handy as the pen. He, however, sold the material of the *Californian* to the *Star*, and the two papers were merged into the *Star and Californian*. An additional column was tacked to each page, but the editor was not sure of his printers, who were liable to "tramp" off to the gold diggings at any time, and announced that the paper would be issued "only occasionally, as it is very difficult to hold printers to their cases."

THE ALTA.

Primitive Pacific Coast journalism advanced a step when the paper passed into new hands (in January, 1849), and the name was changed to *Alta California*. It was enlarged and improved, and adopted a new policy, especially in reference to the alcalde, who seemed to be a fruitful source of "copy." In a double-leaded leader the *Alta* advocated the abolition of the office as a "relic of Mexican rule," and also recommended the holding of a Territorial Convention to "take measures to prevent the introduction of slavery in Alta (upper) California." The paper was owned by E. Gilbert & Co., and showed more enterprise in dishing up, though in a crude style, accounts of the murders and numerous robberies which were the most interesting news items of those days.

The *Alta* soon had a rival in the *Pacific News*, issued tri-weekly, by James Winchester and James B. Devoe. This compelled the *Alta* also to issue a tri-weekly. The *Pacific News* was a free-lance, of the sensational type, and made a "feature" of denouncing the gamblers and exposing their swindling games. Winchester made the paper popular, was elected State printer, and the firm established the *Placer Times*, at Sacramento, the State capital. But, like most editors, he was not a shrewd business manager, and the politicians and his numerous "friends" swindled him out of the revenues of his office, and he resigned it. Soon afterwards the printing office in San Francisco was destroyed by fire, and the Sacramento paper suspended. The

Pacific News was a second time destroyed by fire, when the unlucky Winchester returned to New York City in financial straits. He borrowed from his old friend, Horace Greeley, and others, about $75,000 to establish a quartz mill at Grass Valley, California. The machinery, uninsured, was broken in transit, and the enterprise failed. He then organised a company in San Francisco for the baking of bread by steam—something strange for an editor. This enterprise also failed. As a last resort, he undertook country journalism, and started a weekly paper in Tuolumne county, California, where he "moulded public opinion" until his death, about fifteen years ago. He was perhaps the most unfortunate of all the unlucky journalists of the Pacific Slope. Winchester was a native of Vermont, and "set type" in the office where the white-haired embryo philosopher, Horace Greeley, served his apprenticeship. From Vermont, Winchester went to New York and established a printing house, with the view of competing with the Harpers. At that time the novels of Eugene Sue were in vogue, and the Harpers were getting out a translation. Winchester employed a more adept and rapid translator than the Harpers had, put on several extra printers, and brought out his translated edition first. He then established the *World,* a weekly literary sheet, and among the contributors were Park Benjamin, Edgar Allan Poe, Eppes Sergeant, and Thomas Dunn English, the author of "Ben Bolt."

THE FIRST DAILY

The first daily paper in California was established in 1850 by George K. Fitch and Ferdinand Ewer, at Sacramento—the *Transcript.* Mr. Fitch had worked at the printers' trade in the New Orleans *Picayune* office, and saved about $1,000. With this he bought material and paper, and shipped it and himself around the "Horn." In 1852 the paper was removed to San Francisco, as a better field. It was enlarged and improved in its new and local departments. It omitted scandals, and made a feature of special letters from the mining camps. These letters were of great interest, as every one was directly or indirectly interested in mining. Some of these sketches of camp life were poems, though crude, and a number of these tales have been rewritten and embellished by trained hands, who have acquired a reputation in the Eastern cities. In 1855 the *Tanscript* and the *Alta* were consolidated, with Messrs. Pickering and Fitch as proprietors. Mr. Loring Pickering was a St. Louis journalist, who started the *Missourian* in 1846, which later became the *Union,* and is now part of the consolidated *Globe-Democrat.*

Within the next few years all kinds of papers sprung up, each with a particular mission, mainly imaginary, and as rapidly found the journalistic grave-yard.

As an illustration of how papers were started on the slightest provocation: Two merchants engaged in a street fight, and the reporter of the *Balance* in writing it up dismissed the affair in this off-hand manner: "Mr. Jones, a merchant of Montgomery street, yesterday had a fist-fight with another merchant of no prominence."

The "other merchant of no prominence" was offended, and when he visited New York to buy a stock of goods, he also bought a printing plant. He named his paper the *True Balance,* and soon drove into the journalistic graveyard the paper that had slighted him by omitting his name in its account of the fight. Having secured revenge, the *True Balance* also ceased to exist.

JOURNALISTIC ENCOUNTERS

The newspapers of those early days did not confine their aggressiveness to the public. They turned their caustic and vituperative pens upon each other. Several duels followed, and these affairs being of more interest than a bull-fight, were always largely attended. They were usually fought across the bay, and excursion steamers conveyed the friends of the respective principals. One of the editors of the *Placer Times* and an *Alta* editor met on the field of honour, at a distance of twenty paces. About two thousand people witnessed the duel. Each fired five shots, and one of the men was slightly wounded, when it was declared that honour was satisfied, and the excursionists returned to the city.

Wm. Walker, the filibuster and editor, upheld an editorial at twenty paces, and received a pistol shot in the foot. His antagonist was unhurt.

James E. Gilbert, one of the editors of the *Alta,* and the first Representative in Congress from this State, was killed in a duel by Gen. J. W. Denver, in 1852. He had denounced the Governor of the State for official misconduct, and Denver, a friend of the Governor, challenged Gilbert. Geo. Penn. Johnson, one of the editors of the *Examiner,* killed a man in a duel at about the same time.

Thus it will be seen that the editors of those days always went out when called upon, and invited others out. They believed that the pistol was mightier than the pen in settling personal difficulties, though they fought with both, and their articles bristled with scathing adjectives.

WILLIAM WALKER

"Late news" from the East was two weeks old until the "pony express" was established overland, which shortened the time to eight or ten days. The papers then added a new feature, which made them of more interest and increased their sales. Gradually they gave less room to accounts of murders and robberies, which were so common as to be of little news value. The reporters did not seem to have any idea of proportion, and gave equal space to the murder of a Mexican "of no importance" and the killing of a well-known mining man in a gaming house.

The first newspaper sensation, and one that came near ending in a vigilance committee, was the commitment of Walker, the filibuster, to jail by a Federal judge. Wm. Walker was organising an expedition against Sonora, Mexico, and using the paper as a medium for recruiting. The judge took exceptions to this scheme, and Walker gave the judge a double-leaded column of criticism. He fined Walker $500 for contempt, which had been very forcibly expressed. Walker refused to pay and was committed to jail. Upon his arrival there, a mob of several thousand had preceded him and offered their "kindly offices" in the matter. An indignation meeting was held, and a string of condemnatory resolutions passed, one of which demanded the resignation of the "usurper of the people's liberties." The judge, however, compromised the case by reversing his decision—holding that he was in contempt himself.

NEWSPAPER SALARIES

Salaries were large in those days of gold, and the newspaper field was especially inviting. Men "drifted" into journalism as they do now, and many of them also knew as little about it. There were also "fakers" in the land. The most amusing incident that has been handed down in the history of Pacific Slope journalism is that of the then much-heralded "brilliant paragraphist" Francis A. Durivage, who was imported by the *Alta.* He had drifted from New York to New Orleans, where he was trying to hold down a desk on the *Picayune.* During the absence of Editor Lumsden, Durivage "exploited" the editor's own scrap-book, in which there were witty sayings and bits of humour, which the editor had written not necessarily for publication, but for use at private receptions and at Clubs. Durivage "worked" these over and used them as original with himself. This bold plagiarism from the editor himself resulted in Durivage's "resignation." He then drifted to San Francisco, and was employed on the *Alta* as a "star" writer. Here he worked over those same paragraphs filched from Editor Lumsden's desk. The *Picayune* exposed him, and the "star" paragraphist fell from his false pedestal.

THE VIGILANTES

The small headings of those days would pain the "scare" head-writer of to-day. The article announcing the "attempted assassination of James King of Wm." had only a "four-head" of one and two lines alternately, and the report was two columns long. It was run as editorial, leaded, with sub-headings. The report of Editor King's death was similar, and also that of the hanging of the assassin, Casey, by the Vigilance Committee. There was no attempt at sensationalism—a mere record of the leading events of the day, showing that it was written under excitement. The report stated that "about

20,000 people were present," and ended with a few editorial reflections. The report of the scene at the jail, when the Vigilantes forcibly took the assassin from the sheriff, was remarkable for its brevity and lack of "local color." Though the *Alta* had the bulk of the better class of advertising and, of course, the patronage of the leading business men of the city, the paper was slow in coming to the support of the Vigilantes. The organisation numbered about 5,000 people, and the proprietors must have certainly known who were the leaders. Most, if not all of the papers, opposed the Vigilantes, and the *Herald* was especially vituperative and abusive. Next to the *Alta* it was the leading paper. Finally, the *Alta* came out in a weakly worded leader giving a mild support to the Vigilantes, and on the next day it announced that "the time for a 'revolution' is at hand." Business men withdrew their advertisements from the *Herald,* and transferred them to the *Alta.* The next day the Herald looked very thin and sickly, and finally died. The story is handed down by newspaper men that while the *Alta* was on the "fence," the question of which side the paper should fall was decided by the toss of a coin. The papers that opposed the Vigilantes soon found rest in the journalistic graveyard, and the *Alta* lived and prospered for nearly a third of a century. Frederick MacCrellish and Wm. A. Woodward bought the paper in 1858, and conducted it for about a quarter of a century. Its commercial advertisements brought to it another class of patronage equally lucrative—the mining assessments, etc. And in the "bonanza" days the revenues from this source were very large. The paper showed no enterprise in getting news, its editorials were long, dull and not timely, and its local reports showed the ear-marks of amateurs and decayed "hacks." The paper was taken only by business men, and merely for the news in its advertisements. Unlike the New York *World* in one respect, "before and after taken" by Joseph Pulitzer, it was the least read and the worst written paper in San Francisco. Readers looked to the other papers for news, and gradually the *Chronicle* and the *Call* began to share the mercantile and mining advertising. The great paper then began to totter, and though it is difficult to kill an old established newspaper the *Alta* lived when it was really a dead paper.

THE ASSASSINATION OF KING

The most noted tragedy in the history of journalism, perhaps, was the assassination of "James King of Wm.", editor of the *Evening Bulletin.* He was a son of Wm. King, and his name appeared at the top of the first editorial column in this peculiar style. He had been a banker, and one of his partners robbed the bank and impoverished him. Being a man of fine intellect and well educated, he secured a small capital and started the *Evening Bulletin.* It was the liveliest and most aggressive paper ever issued in San Francisco. It was started to "fill a long felt want," and it accomplished its mission by driving the thugs and murderers and ballot-box stuffers out of the city. But the editor forfeited his life. The *Bulletin* was clean, omitting scandal, and, while it was sensational, it was also truthful. It never made a charge unless it had the facts to sustain it. Ballot-box stuffers were denounced by name, the names of those who maintained gambling houses were printed, also the names of those who rented their buildings to the gamblers. It called upon the city councillors, by name, to suppress these games, and upon the other officers, also by name, to bring the offenders to justice. The rough element was large and had control of the city and county governments. Naturally, King had many enemies, but everyone read his paper. It was several times enlarged, and actually had the "largest circulation." He was a forcible writer, clear and concise, and never descended to coarseness. But, while he was in the right, it was not expedient, or safe, and the unfortunate result was almost a natural consequence.

The *Bulletin* was started in 1855. The cause that led to the tragedy a few months afterwards was the denunciation of James Casey, a notorious thug, ex-convict, and a ballot-box stuffer. He had counted himself in as a county supervisor, when he was clearly defeated. The *Bulletin* denounced it as an outrage upon the rights of the people. Later King se-

cured a copy of Casey's commitment to the State Prison at Sing-Sing, New York, and printed it. Previously, Casey had called at the office, and threatened King, who ordered him out of the office. Standing around a corner, opposite the office, armed with a pistol given him by the notorious Ned. McGowan, then Justice of the Peace, Casey waited for his victim. As King left his office for home, the assassin shot him twice. This was within an hour after the paper had appeared. Casey was placed in jail, and guarded by the sheriff, who was his friend. Next day the *Bulletin* appeared with only one paragraph in reference to the tragedy—the first editorial column, which had heretofore contained King's denunciation of criminals, was blank. The blank space spoke more eloquently than words. A vigilance committee, composed of about five thousand of the best men in the city was formed, and established their headquarters, fortified with an embankment of sand-bags, and two cannon. On the morning that the body of King was being conveyed to the cemetery, the vigilantes planted two cannon in front of the jail, and gave the sheriff five minutes to surrender the assassin. He had an armed force within, and a number of armed thugs upon the roof, instructed to resist an attack. The leader of the vigilantes stood at the side of the jail door with watch in hand, counting the minutes. The two cannon were trained upon the door, and the officer in charge of the battery had his eye upon the right arm of the leader, which was to be raised as a signal to fire. Five thousand armed vigilantes were in the street and guarded the cross-streets from attack. Telegraph Hill, overlooking the jail, swarmed with people watching this most exciting event with intense anxiety. The minutes passed slowly. At last the leader was seen to move his arm. The commander of the battery turned to give the order "fire," when a face appeared at the jail door, and the door opened. The silence was broken by a cheer from the crowd. The crisis had passed—the prisoner had been surrendered. With him was taken a gambler, named Cora, who has assassinated United States Marshal Richardson. The prisoners were taken to the headquarters of the vigilantes, and, after a short trial, were hanged in the presence of twenty thousand people. They were made to walk out on a platform extended from a second-story window, each with a noose around his neck. The trap was sprung from within, and the forms, with their black caps, dangled in the air.

The vigilantes carried out the work of the reformer, King. All gaming houses were closed, and the thieves and ballot-box stuffers were shipped East.

CIVIL WAR TURBULENCE.

Several printing offices were mobbed at the close of the Civil War. Many editors engaged in duels; one killed his man, and another was killed, and there were numerous street encounters, showing that journalism in San Francisco was as sensational for the editors as for their readers. They lived the life they depicted, and these troubles naturally followed "personal" journalism, as it was then called. While journalism was crude in the early days, the population was largely in the rough state, and the denunciations by the *Bulletin* of the ballot-box stuffers and thieves were justifiable. Its fearless course led to the purification of the city, with the usual fate of all reformers for the editor. The *Bulletin* differed from many of the sensational papers of later years. Its sensations were true and were favourably received by the masses of the people, while those of later days were sensational mainly in their errors or falsehoods. In a crude community of miscellaneous people, and many of them adventurers, not much effort was made to verify the truth of a report, and the main desire of the editor was to make it "read well." Before the trans-continental railroad was finished, in 1869, the papers mainly depended upon this class of matter, and the criminal news, of which there was a great deal, and an occasional letter from the mining camps, "From Our Own Correspondent." The papers were "top-heavy," having more editors than reporters. Each paper appealed to a special class, the local news and editorials were written with a view to suit that class, and the circulation of each paper was necessarily small.

THE CHRONICLE

The *Chronicle* was started in 1865 as the *Dramatic Chronicle,* by Charles and M. H. De Young, on a borrowed capital of $20. Charles was a printer, and, in addition to his editorial work, assisted in the mechanical department. In addition to theatrical news and gossip the *Chronicle* also printed general local news, and as it was distributed free, it was much sought after, and was soon enlarged to find room for its increased advertising patronage. The Saturday issue contained a resume of the theatrical news of the week, coming attractions, and a "special letter" from New York on theatrical topics. The little editorial room was the headquarters of the Bohemians of the day, and the paper bristled with bright paragraphs on theatrical, social, art and other matters, all writers being paid by "space." The *Chronicle* originated the "space" paying system in the west. The only regular "staff" was the editor. In 1868, the word "Dramatic" was dropped from the title and the *Chronicle* came out as a full-fledged newspaper with a regular staff.

The other papers refused to admit the *Chronicle* into the Associated Press, and its versatile "telegraphic" editor had to resort to the fiction of rewriting dispatches from the other papers, and made them more readable than before. The paper received special telegrams from its correspondents throughout the State, and soon became the most widely read of any in the city. De Young secured the most energetic reporters and best editorial writers in the city, and departed from the old groove of "journalists" by importing better and more experienced newspaper men from New York. "Charley" De Young told his reporters that they must not only get what the other papers had, but more, and he cautioned them to "be sure of your facts." San Francisco journalism was then provincial. All reporters wrote in about the same sing-song manner, and met daily in a beer saloon to exchange notes. The *Chronicle* would not enter the beer saloon syndicate, and then the other reporters had to work. Finally, the *Chronicle* was admitted into the Associated Press.

HOLDING THE WIRE

The first great "beat" made by the *Chronicle* was the report of a prize-fight. The fight was to take place across the bay, and off the line of the railroad. In leaving the office, one of the *Chronicle* reporters put in his pocket a treatise on horses with instructions to telegraph back its contents, not necessary or intended for publication, but to hold the wire. The first *Chronicle* reporter wrote up the preliminaries and the first round, and handed the report to the other reporter on horseback, who rode for the telegraph station as if Satan were after him. When the fight was finished the reporters of the other papers came in on a rush, and found the operator telegraphing the contents of an interesting book on the treatment of horses. They could do nothing but "howl." The other *Chronicle* man who had also arrived, handed in the remainder of his report, with instructions to "rush," put the horse-book in his pocket, and said he would carry it back. The *Chronicle* had an extra on the streets several hours ahead of any other paper. This brought it into general notice, and the public began to look to it for news.

DE YOUNG AND NAPTHALY

The aggressive policy of the *Chronicle* involved De Young in several shooting affrays. A street waif, B. F. Napthaly, escaped from the Reform School, found his way to the *Chronicle,* and told of the brutal treatment inflicted upon the inmates. The *Chronicle* investigated the matter, and made such exposures that the cruel officials were removed. This was a big sensation and helped the paper greatly. Napthaly was afterwards employed on the paper as a "roustabout" reporter. Finally he was discharged because of his treachery to the office. In 1874 a small evening sheet was started and Napthaly was employed as reporter. This was his opportunity. Without the knowledge of the proprietors he slipped into the paper a double-leaded article on De Young, attacking him and the women of his family —even his aged mother. It was as vile an article as was ever printed in a newspaper. Within an hour after the sheet was on the streets, one of the De Young

brothers, Augustus, and Napthaly exchanged ineffectual shots on the streets. The next day, Sunday, while a second edition of the infamous article was being printed, the doors being locked, De Young and a friend entered through the sky-light, and with a "mallet" De Young smashed the type. The printers were taken to jail, but released the next day.

A few days afterwards De Young and Napthaly met and exchanged several shots, neither being hit. A newsboy, however, caught a stray bullet in his leg.

In a few days the scurrilous sheet resumed publication. The gamblers of the city furnished the money. They sought to revenge themselves upon the *Chronicle.*

THE DEATH OF DE YOUNG

In 1880 one Isaac N. Kalloch was a candidate for Mayor of the city on the Communistic, or "sand-lot," ticket. The *Chronicle,* as a Republican paper, opposed him, and printed part of his Eastern record, which charged that he had been expelled from a church in Boston for drunkenness, and also deposed from the ministry of a New York church for drunkenness and immorality. And further, that he had left Kansas because of some irregularities in railroad bonds. Kalloch, at the time of his candidacy, was also pastor of an independent denomination. In order to refute the charges, or rather "get even" with De Young, he procured a copy of the *Sun* containing Napthaly's scurrilous article. Napthaly told him that it was not true, and that he wrote it to "get even" with De Young for discharging him. Notwithstanding, Kalloch read the libellous article before a mass-meeting of three thousand people. In a few days Charles De Young met Kalloch in front of his church and shot him. Kalloch was seriously, but not fatally wounded.

Shortly after, Kalloch's son, George, aged about twenty-five years, entered the business office of the *Chronicle,* and fired three shots at De Young with fatal effect. At the time De Young was unarmed. Kalloch had been seen standing in front of the office for an hour previously, occasionally looking in, and was disguised.

Kalloch was acquitted, owing to the unpopularity of De Young, or rather of the *Chronicle.*

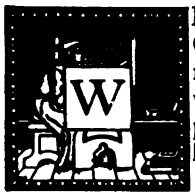
J. M. Scanland.

THE KINGS OF LAUGHTER.

Drugged with brave song and opiate Laughter, lo,
How round the board they feast, while gaunt-eyed grown,
Some pensive out-cast Fool still asks how show
The solemn stars of time—as pipes are blown
In press companionable, and glasses flow,
And much fine music stirs, and floor and throne
Reflect the valiant lamps. And yet they know
That out beyond the Door no light is shown,
And in the end they one by one must go
Home through the Silence of the Night—alone!

Arthur Stringer.

CRABBE



E have done with Crabbe," is the morose remark with which a well-known critic approached that defenceless poet some years ago. Yet presently it was considered worth while to publish a one-volume edition of his poems, and at the present moment comes the announcement of a forthcoming three-volume edition; this upon the heels of an elaborate Crabbe celebration held, with no especial appositeness that we can discover, at Aldeburgh, the mean little village that Crabbe made infamous. Crabbe worked as if in black walnut, a durable material which bids fair to "come in" again in due course; to survive, at least, the contempt in which it chances to be held at present. In the meantime it is hardly worth while for literary enthusiasts to be plaintive or indignant over the natural fact of his diminished fame. He had his hour of great popularity, and still has his devotees. Certainly the poet who won the admiration of Burke, Johnson, Wordsworth and Tennyson, who was the favourite poet of Byron, Walter Scott and FitzGerald, and who by her own account was the only man Jane Austen could have married, does not need to be yearned over. As a matter of fact, the number of his attentive readers would seem to be rather increasing than diminishing. The main obstacle to what is somewhat fancifully called "a general revival of interest" in him is that he used the heroic couplet, now long an object of derision in the most fashionable circles. I can only say that to me rhyme seems more often a safeguard than an incumbrance; Crabbe's couplets are not a whit more irritating at their worst than the prosaic or flaccid or mouthing blank verse of which Wordsworth and Cowper and Tennyson are capable. It may be better to rub the nose of Pegasus in a paddock than to put him to shame by clumsy horsemanship in the open.

At all events, it is clear enough that the couplet was the right form for Crabbe. At first, of course, he followed the rigid Pope model with sad precision; but presently as his verses cease to be correct they begin to be effective. The use of the Popish antithesis remained an offensive mannerism; otherwise Crabbe made his instrument his own. Often he was diffuse, often he was slipshod; yet there was much excellent music in him. He could write:

Grave Jonas Kindred, Sybil Kindred's sire,
Was six feet high and looked six inches higher.

Or:

Something one day occurred about a bill
That was not drawn with true mercantile skill,
And I was asked and authorised to go
To seek the firm of Clutterbuck and Co.

But he could also in this same prim measure compose poetry of delicacy, of sombre power, and even of subtle beauty. Is there anything ludicrous or tame in this lyrical outburst of a young lover?

O tell me not of years,—can she be old?
Those eyes, those lips, can man unmoved behold?
Has time that bosom chilled? are cheeks so rosy cold?
No, she is young, or I her love t' engage
Will grow discreet, and that will seem like age;
But speak it not; Death's equalising arm
Levels not surer than Love's stronger charm,
That bids all inequalities be gone,
That laughs at rank, that mocks comparison.
There is not young or old, if Love decrees,
He levels orders, he confounds degrees;
There is not fair, or dark, or short, or tall,
Or grave or sprightly—Love reduces all;
He makes unite the pensive and the gay,
Gives something here, takes something there away;
From each abundant good a portion takes,
And for each want a compensation makes;
Then tell me not of years—Love, power divine,
Takes as he wills from hers, and gives to mine.

These lines confess a master greater than Pope; they are, be it said, of a kind and quality rare enough in Crabbe, and not especially characteristic of him. He was, in brief, the Hogarth of English poetry; the first metrical realist of a literature sufficiently rich in metrical romancers.

George Crabbe was born in the little village of Aldeburgh, or Aldborough, in Sussex. His parents were as poor and honest as might be desired. His mother was, according to his latest biographer, an "estimable and pious woman;" only by calling her worthy could he have invited us to despise her more. His father was for some years a schoolmaster, and later a "collector of salt-duties," whatever that means. His son, whose biography is in so many respects admirable, is never done apologising for his father's lowly origin, and expressing (somewhat after the manner of a Mr. Collins) his sense of gratitude towards the elevated persons who have condescended to entreat the humble scion of the Crabbe family as only a head or two lower than the aristocracy.

There was nothing remarkable in Crabbe's boyhood; he showed enough liking for books to be sent to a boarding-school or two. Thereafter he became apprentice to a surgeon, and for seven years actually served here or there in that capacity, or incapacity. At Woodbridge, the later home of his arch-admirer, FitzGerald, he seems to have found some boon spirits, and to have taken his boyish fling, with no great harm, probably, to body or soul. Not that he had quite what Carlyle used to call in his ferocious way a mud-bath; it is doubtful whether, even in youth, Crabbe was capable of going the whole rope. However, he was young in his way; he diligently fell in love; and he deliberately walked out of surgery. That was to deprive himself of one of the three chances by which a person might then escape from the lower middle class (female of course to be elevated only by wedlock). There was beyond that triad a fourth though a desperate chance, the adventure of letters. It was neck or nothing, glory or the Thames—a matter naturally to be taken with some seriousness. The adventurer was going to be immortal, or to know the reason why. The reading public was still a close corporation, and the publisher hardly more than an anxious tradesman. To whom, then, should Genius apply if not to those favoured persons who, exalted not less by natural endowment than by rank, were in a position to do justice to talent, and, in short, to condescend to their infinite superiors? Crabbe naturally pursued literature by way of London, for the literary agent was not yet, and literary wares had to be dangled under the very nose of bookseller or patron. We have nowadays, thank Heaven, a public which can be counted on to pay for pretty much everything a man of moderate ability and immoderate perseverance may write. This makes it rather hard for us to understand the attitude which a man like Crabbe took towards the institution of patronage. However, the patron whom, after several wide shots, he succeeded in bagging was an exceptionally worthy one; it could have been a not altogether contemptible fashion which brought about the conjunction of two such men as Crabbe and Burke.

The letter in which the young provincial recommends himself to the great man's notice displays an odd mixture of obsequiousness and pride. He is "one of those outcasts on the world who are without a friend, without employment, and without bread." He is about to be imprisoned for debt, and "is coward enough to dread such an end to suspense." He believes it to be impossible that sentiments like Burke's "can proceed from any but a humane and generous heart." It is a commonplace appeal, and so is much of the enclosed poetical exhibit. One or two passages, however, arrest the attention of the great man, and Crabbe is made. Here are the lines which seemed to Burke of especial promise:

As on their neighbouring beach yon swallows stand,
And wait for favouring winds to leave the land;
While still for flight the ready wing is spread;
So waited I the favouring hour, and fled;

Fled from these shores where guilt and famine reign,
And cried, Ah! hapless they who still remain;
Who still remain to hear the ocean roar,
Whose greedy waves devour the lessening shore;
Till some fierce tide, with more imperious sway,
Sweeps the low hut and all it holds away;
When the sad tenant weeps from door to door,
And begs a poor protection from the poor!

At first sight there is nothing particularly striking in the passage, and, taking it by itself, one might easily dispose of it by speculating idly and briefly as to whether it is more like Pope or Goldsmith. But its lingering flavour, like that of the poem in which it stands, is neither Pope's nor Goldsmith's. "The Village," indeed, constitutes in its substance a sufficiently sharp challenge to both of his masters: to the deliberate romanticism of "The Deserted Village," as well as to the conventional classicism of Pope's "Pastorals." Crabbe was not deficient in idealism or in sensibility, but he had been able to discern nothing of the idyllic in the life of his own grim coast town, and its romance showed dim indeed through an atmosphere of sordidness and squalor. It was all very pretty, this business of nymphs and swains and flowery meads, but if rural life ever bore so smiling an aspect, it was now long lost:

On Mincio's banks, in Cæsar's bounteous reign,
If Tityrus found the Golden Age again,
Must sleepy bards the flattering dream prolong,
Mechanic echoes of the Mantuan song?

His villagers, at least, have been too often the prey of want, bitter toil, vice, and despair; their race a forlorn hope, their goal the almshouse:

Theirs is yon House that holds the parish poor,
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door;
There where the putrid vapours, flagging, play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day;—
There children dwell who know no parent's care;
Parents who know no children's love dwell there!
Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,
Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed;
Dejected widows with unheeded tears,
And crippled age with more than childhood fears;
The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they!
The moping idiot, and the madman gay.

These verses, especially recorded by Scott as having struck him in youth, had certainly no charm of accredited decorum or of new-found romanticism to recommend them to the reader of the year 1781. Of the budding English naturalism (though so thorough a critic as Professor Brandes does not so much as name their author in the course of his discussion of that important phase), he seems to have given one of the earliest intimations.

What Burke's patronage secured for Crabbe in the first instance was perhaps a relative rather than an absolute felicity. Crabbe was never again to fear the wolf at the door; but he was to have not a little experience of that subtler discipline which impatient merit of the worthy takes. The rôle of honoured dependent in such a household as Burke's might well be borne, but the chaplaincy to a young nobleman which followed entailed enough of the equivocal and enough of the downright uncomfortable to dash either less or more conformable spirits than Crabbe's. As to the glories of his subsequent earthly career, his son is somewhat too complacent. It is clear that Crabbe made a respectable rural parson, became a pluralist with saving or damning qualms, an amiable husband and father, an accomplished amateur botanist, a confirmed reader of novels, trashy or otherwise as accident determined; and remained throughout a poet of unmistakable and sombre virtue, a realist in the best sense of that abused term.

It is a sad admission for a critic who takes a reasonable satisfaction in the possession of fixed principles as to the responsible nature of art, that as Crabbe's workmanship grows unequal, his work

grows valuable. The excuse which he himself gives for the slipshod nature of much of his later poetry is quaint enough to be thoroughly engaging. "Mr. Rogers once told me," said Wordsworth, "that he expressed his regret to Crabbe that he wrote in his later works so much less correctly than in his earlier. 'Yes,' replied he, 'but then I had a reputation to make; now I can afford to relax.'" Crabbe was not deficient in humour, and may have been slily rapping at the good Rogers, who was "correct" enough, in all conscience. Certainly, if his mature work is technically faulty, often diffuse and not seldom merely garrulous, fair game for the Brothers Smith, it is all the more like Crabbe; and Crabbe, being a genius, and not simply a clever person, like Rogers, with a talent for avoiding recognised pitfalls, could well afford to be himself, or, as he modestly put it, to relax.

The first of the two poems for which Burke's recommendation presently secured a publisher, "The Library," had no original merit whatever. It was "correct" to a fault, a conventional piece of rhymed didacticism and nothing more. It attracted no more attention than Cowper's "Table-Talk," which appeared a year later. But "The Village," published shortly after, gained instant publicity. Crabbe was by this time established in a ducal chaplaincy, and about to marry. Later he was to become, still through the good offices of Burke, the incumbent of several small livings, which sufficiently insured him against money worries without laying great demand upon either his time or his brains. He appears to have been an altogether commonplace preacher, and a shepherd willing to be responsible for more than one flock, over which he could not conveniently watch in person. He was not "a cassocked huntsman and a fiddling priest;" his only sport was that blameless one of botany, and his only vice that venial one of novel reading. There seems, in short, to have been nothing in the conduct of his life to account for or even to remotely suggest the peculiar quality of his work. There appear certain amiable disparities between his strict moral utterance and his, let us say, amenable practice in certain matters. A rhyming foe to sensibility as opposed to reason, he is as unactionably susceptible to the flattering unctions of "female" society as a Richardson or Cowper. His poetical disapproval of platonic flirtation does not prevent him from practising that gentle art unto three-score years and beyond. An assiduous and finally successful candidate for the patronage of the great, he has not a little to say of the evils of the system to which he owed his independence. Inveighing against the pluralist parson in the abstract, he becomes in due season an awful example to later moralists. Scathing satirist upon inebriety, he does not disdain the aid of opium during the latter half of his days.

Authorities differ as to whether a deplorable indolence or an admirable self-restraint kept Crabbe from publishing anything for a round quarter-century after his first success. It would certainly appear that with the elimination of the pecuniary difficulty the poet ceased to be so poignantly in pursuit of immortality. It may have been as a just reward that when, in 1807, he finally reapproached his public, he should have been received with the enthusiasm awarded to an author of established reputation who has condescended to surpass himself. During the interval, Crabbe had, according to his son, been tireless in composition and remorseless in destroying most of what he produced. He had nearly completed a treatise on botany, and had fully completed three prose romances, and a whole series of rhymed tales, which we have probably more cause to lament. Crabbe burned things, by advice, during this period; and though it may be admitted that some of the verses which survived advice might have advantageously undergone a similar treatment, the true lover of Crabbe can but regret that any of that ore, whether low grade or not, should not have been presented to his assaying. The loss of the botany treatise may be borne with some degree of equanimity; but the three prose tales, despite the fact that their author concurred in his mother's adverse judgment of them, we should have greatly liked to see. For by Crabbe's

overt moralising, creditably orthodox as it was, the world's store of wisdom was not notably augmented. He was essentially a teller of tales, which are of far less moment for their didacticism than for their imaginative realism.

Crabbe's failure to understand this is responsible for much of unevenness, much of sheer superfluity, in the poetry which he put forth in later life. He never ceased to moralise, and he was never content with mere moralising. There was a part of him which didacticism could not express. He could not simply preach; he had to paint. His earliest work represented, as we have seen, a conscious revolt against the substance of that conventional eighteenth century poetry whose form he was ready enough to appropriate. "The Village" stood to the "Deserted Village" somewhat as the other day *The House with the Green Shutters* (is it already forgotten, I wonder?) stood to *The Bonnie Brier Bush*. But Crabbe's naturalism, often approaching morbidness, never attains the wanton ferocity of modern realism. He has the true instinct for representing the individual within the type and for regarding facts in the light of truth. And his atmosphere is pity, not scorn or irony. Does that once famous sketch of Phœbe Dawson (in *The Parish Register*) seem to us quaint and prim? It is at least full of tenderness:

Lo now with red rent cloak and bonnet black,
And torn green gown loose hanging at her back,
One who an infant in her arms sustains,
And seems in patience striving with her pains;
Pinch'd are her looks, as one who pines for bread,
Whose cares are growing and whose hopes are fled. . . .

But who this child of weakness, want and care?
'Tis Phœbe Dawson, pride of Lammas Fair.

But in such touches as this Crabbe was still only feeling his way. There are but a few in *The Parish Register*. *The Borough*, published three years later (1810) is an elaborate and, on the whole, reasonably dull performance. Each of its twenty-four "letters" deals with some aspect of the borough life: "The Church," "Sects and Professions in Religion," "Elections," "Clubs and Social Meetings," and what not; it is altogether too deliberate and pedestrian. In six of the later letters, however, dealing with the Inhabitants of the Almshouse and the Poor of the Borough, the story-teller fairly strikes his gait. They are not cheerful tales, but they are of great power, and, within obvious bounds, of remarkable variety. Blaney, Clelia, Benbow, Ellen Orford, Abel Keene and Peter Grimes—these are people we will not say of flesh and blood, for they are true creatures of the imagination, and so far more real than mere actuality. Clelia is perhaps the subtlest of these portraits, a Becky Sharp plus amiability, a Candida minus morals, an unwed and less gross Wife of Bath.

Her place in life was rich and poor between,
With those a favourite and with these a queen;
She could her parts assume, and condescend
To friends more humble while an humble friend;
And thus a welcome, lively guest could pass,
Threading her pleasant way from class to class.

Her way does not remain pleasant long, leading her through various by-paths of degradation to the almshouse; defeated but still unrepentant and even uncomplaining.

In the two series of tales which followed, less absorption is shown in the sordid and criminal aspects of low life. All along, indeed, the poet had made it plain in preface and footnote that he regarded his own handiwork with a sort of consternation and even wonder. He puts up a defence for himself as if of some third person to whom he felt a kind of obligation, but of whom he could not thoroughly approve. There was, we have hinted, nothing in his private character or circumstance to warn us that we are in the presence of

Nature's sternest painter and the best,

as Byron not very accurately put it. What shall we say of it? Shall we be modern and venture something about dual entity or subconscious mentality; or

shall we be content with the old word inspiration? Who or what made the fanatic Cowper write "John Gilpin," and poor-poll Goldsmith write "The Traveller"?

In the *Tales* and *Tales of the Hall,* Crabbe's people are no longer of the Aldeburgh type; most of them are drawn from the middle class of some such quiet town as Crabbe knew best in manhood. His plots are no longer always sombre, or even sober. A *Delay Has Danger* is offset by a *Frank Courtship,* a really delightful novelette in verse. See how the Crabbe couplet yields itself to the crisp and arch dialogue which concludes the little piece. The innocent coquette of a heroine admits that she has played with her highly recommended suitor:

"Unhappy child! What labour will it cost
To win him back?" "I do not think him lost."
"Courts he then (trifler) anger and disdain?"
"No; but from these he courts me to refrain."
"Then hear me, Sybil; should Josiah leave
Thy father's house?" "My father's child would grieve."
"That is of grace; and if he come again
To speak of love?" "I might from grief refrain."
"Then wilt thou, daughter, our design embrace?"
"Can I resist it, if it be of grace?"
"Dear child! In three plain words thy mind express—
"Wilt thou have this good youth?" "Dear father, yes."

I must say nothing more of the *Tales,* for no end of passages would insist on being quoted, and the editor, if he did his duty, would cut most of them out. Indeed, even a good many quotations could hardly give the flavour of our Crabbe, diffused as it is throughout a poetical body of no little bulk. It is not the richest of flavours, not the most delicious; but it is among the most pungent and satisfying.

Crabbe used to be said to be a "link" between the eighteenth and the nineteenth centuries. I see no reason why a man should be compromised by the calendar in that way. This notion of the relation between a poet (or other artist) and his "age" or "environment" is a pretty notion enough, but neither sublime nor final. Certainly Crabbe was one of the last of English couplet writers, and one of the first of English novelists in verse; but the progress of the species, literary or other, is not really measured by neat decades or centuries. Occasionally the soul or the mind of a man may be credited with an achievement of its own. The Reverend George Crabbe meant no harm, meant nothing at all, by being born where and when he was, and where and when meant little to that property in his work for which it deserves to be cherished.

H. W. Boynton.



A DUMAS PORTFOLIO

BY HARRY A. SPURR

(In Three Parts)

Part III.—"DUMAS AND THE THEATRE."



N inexhaustible source of fun to the humourists of Paris (whilst it lasted) was Dumas's theatre, at first christened the Montpensier, then the Historique, but popularly known as the Théâtre Dumas. It was chiefly satirised on account of its sensual plays and prodigiously long performances. A supplement to the French Punch, the *Charivari* for February 21, 1847, describes the opening performance, when a dramatised version of *La Reine Margot* was presented.

A terrific crowd, of course, bombards the doors. Here is the frightened cashier lost in a whirling crowd of money-bags. A workman derisively salutes a late comer, who offers 1000 francs for a half-time pass-out cheque. The doors open at six—and the decorators stop work at three minutes to the hour! A lady about to enter her *loge* is startled by the apparition of a plasterer coming out of it, his board on his head. So small are the seats, and, consequently, so large must be the profits that Dumas (so we are told) might have been able to build out of the proceeds not only a Château Monte Cristo, but a Château Margot [a punning allusion to the play and the wine. Cham the artist adds a cruel sketch of Dumas going off with a fat money-bag, only to be intercepted by a bowing *huissier* with a bill and a writ!] At four in the morning, the performance being nearly over, the public betook themselves home, and those who lingered a little on the way witnessed another spectacle no less imposing than that of the Théâtre Historique. I refer to the rising sun.

DUMAS THE POET

Amongst other things Dumas *père* was a poet; but although the enthusiastic M. Glinel has gathered together some twenty or thirty of his poems, there still





SCENES FROM THE OPENING OF THE THEATRE DUMAS

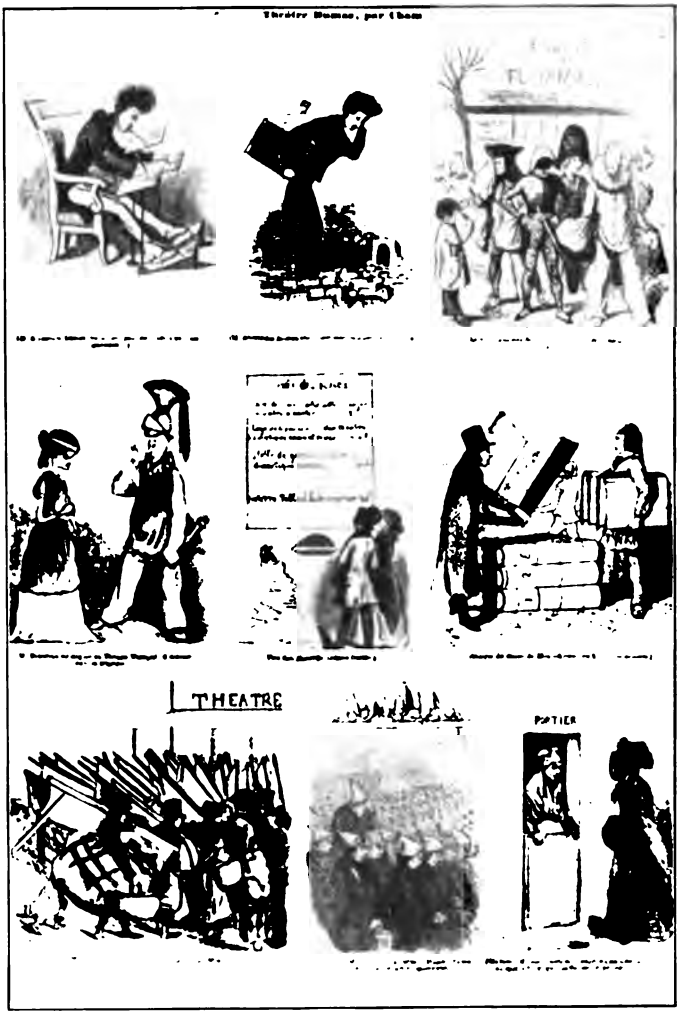
remains for some industrious person the task of forming a complete collection. Scores are scattered here, there and everywhere; and it was quite by chance that we discovered one in the form of a song called "The Giaour," with a setting by Graziana. The music is like the words, Oriental and passionate, and though the song suggests both "I Arise from Dreams of Thee" and "The Bedouin's Love Song," it probably takes place of merit between the two, possessing as it does a distinct atmosphere of its own. The words are here translated in prose, so as to fit the music accurately:

'Tis I, the Giaour, the proscribed, the accurséd!
I, who must bear a name branded with scorn and shame;
I, with no house nor home where I may lay my head,
But I, who have seen thee! I, who have seen thee, and love thee!
Since first I saw thy face, in thy golden kiosque framéd,
Thy brow uncovered, bare to the kisses of the night-wind;
Since that thy dear eyes, more bright than yon twin stars,
Have discovered new heavens that I knew not before,
Ah, how oft have I laid 'neath thy turrets, cloak-enshrouded,



FROM "LE MONDE POUR RIRE"


LA REINE MARGOT
10c
LA LIVRAISON
ILLUSTRÉE
GRATIS PARTOUT 1re & 2e LIVRAISONS
PAR ALEXANDRE DUMAS
JULES ROUFF & Cie Editeurs, 14, Cloître St Honoré, PARIS.

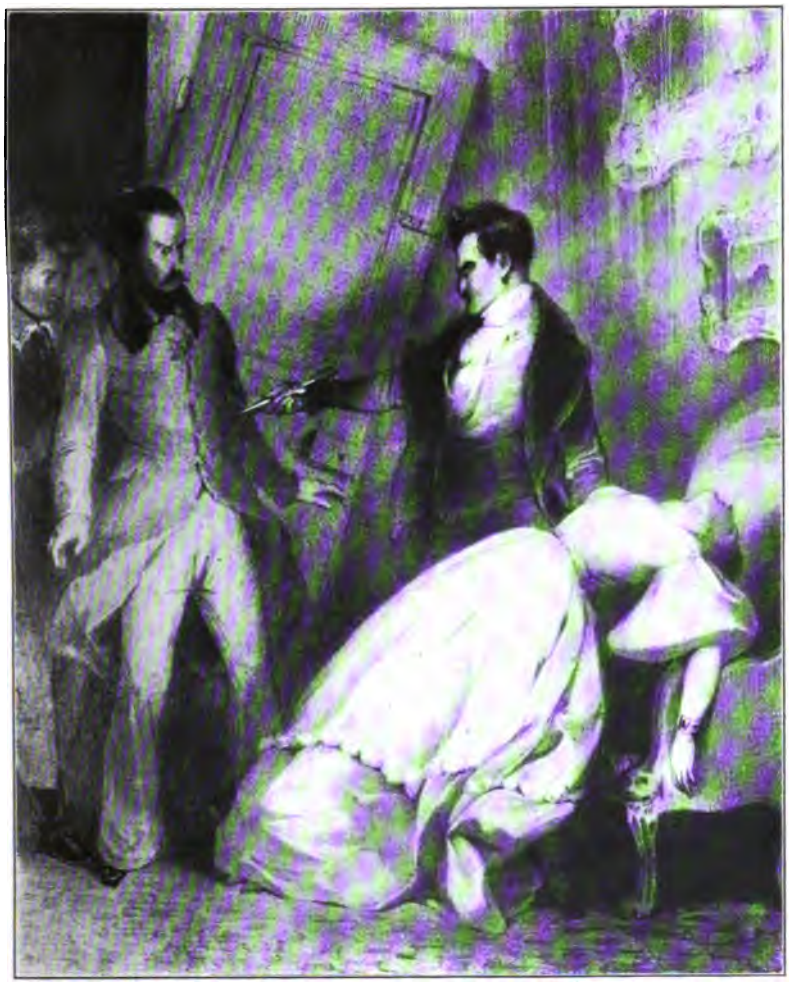


CARICATURE OF DUMAS'S THEATRE, BY CHAM

The famous romancer, writing five stories at once, to keep pace with his contracts—Looking for a spot on which to "dump" his theatre—Circuses and puppet shows ruined by the mere announcement of the "Theatre Dumas."—A leading Pierrot engaged by the Théatre Français to appear in tragedy!—Prices to the Théatre Dumas: Box-suite and dining-room and bed-room, 300 francs," etc.—Analysis of the play of "Monte Cristo," in 4 vols. folio—Beds and food-baskets taken by thoughtful pittites—An interval of 25 minutes at midnight for a nap—"Madame's husband has gone to the play and won't be back for a fortnight!"

Ah, how oft have I braved the bright blades of my foes,
Whilst thou dreamed on in peace, oh, my beloved Sultana!
Slept as sleeps the gazelle in the shade of the palm-tree,
As the tired bird in the oasis!

Oh, why can I not give thee robes from Ispahan,
Rare pearls from far Lahore, and perfumes of Idumea;



DENOUEMENT OF ANTONY
"She resisted me. I killed her"

Had I a fleet to rule, an army swift and mighty,
To win thee, my sultana—oh, to be sultan with thee!
But God bowed my head 'neath the touch of his finger,
And the breath of his wrath scatters one by one my hopes,
And the tempest sweeps the leaves of the palm across the desert,
Naught have I that is worth, for thy use, oh, my queen,
But my true love, and all the riches of my heart!

DUMAS AND THE WAR OF SECESSION

When even Dumas's powers of giving were exhausted, he would occasionally raise money for the cause that appealed to his charity, by composing or translating *mots* or verses, adding his autograph. In this way he raised some thousands of francs for the funds of the North, during the war of secession in the United States. It is obviously one of these that is reproduced on a picture post-card (with an admirable portrait added); for, as is well known, Dumas admired Shakespeare boundlessly and loved to translate him:



MELINGUE AS D'ARTAGNAN

BILLET D'HAMLET À OPHELIA

Doutez qu'au Firmament l'Étoile soit de flamme;
Doutez que dans les cieux marche l'astre du jour;
La sainte verité doutez-en dans votre âme,
Doutez de tout, enfin, mais non de mon amour!"

YOUNG DUMAS AND HUGO

To a twenty-year-old cutting from *Figaro* we owe this story, told to Émile Blavet by Dumas *fils* himself. One day whilst still in his teens, his father sent the author of *La Dame aux Camellias* to make the acquaintance of Victor Hugo. He was warmly received, and ventured to ask to see Charles and François-Victor, the poet's sons. Hugo replied with some embarrassment that Madame Hugo had heard tales of the young Alexandre's wild life, and did not want her sons to be corrupted.

"Monsieur," answered Alexandre drily, "when one lacks passion at twenty, one often acquires vices at forty!"

"Even at your age you have all the passions of a full-grown man," he added.

This allusion struck home, for at that period the poet was reputed to have been anything but a saint. No wonder, then, that when Dumas asked his friend what he thought of the precocious youth, Hugo replied:

"He's charming. He is quick, and possesses wit—but he makes bad use of it!"

THE SPONGE

Albert Delpit, who in his early struggles had reason to be grateful for Dumas's encouragement and help, tells a story of his old master, which is new to us. One day a sponging acquaintance of the romancer approached him effusively, but to his surprise found that the other met him with folded arms.

"Won't you give me your hand?" he cried in an injured tone.

"What's the good?" retorted the author coldly—"there's nothing in it!"

We cannot close more fittingly than by republishing for the first time the opinion of that austere critic M. Taine on our frivolous hero:



A CARTOON PRINTED AT THE TIME OF DUMAS'S AFFAIR WITH ADAH ISAACS MENKEN

Alexandre Dumas has created imperishable types. Will his name be immortal? I cannot prophesy, but I believe that in a hundred years some of his characters will certainly survive, such, for example, as the musketeers, who will have become as legendary and fabulous as Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table.



"I ONLY REGRET THAT I HAVE BUT ONE LIFE TO LOSE FOR MY COUNTRY"
Last scene of "Nathan Hale," by Clyde Fitch

THE OBSTINACY OF MR. CLYDE FITCH*



IF it be not true that all the great international reputations of recent years have been made by dramatists, we may at least say that almost every nation at the present day has its dramatist of note and what is further worth mentioning is that more and more have the characteristic dramatists, as we call them, become men of the stage instead of mere men of letters. Six or seven years ago one's mention of Maeterlinck as a dramatist would have met with a superior smile from the theatrical critic. So, to a greater degree, with Bernard Shaw. Now both have made their mark on the stage. In fact, the last ten or a dozen years have provided a series of great plays in which the chief nations of the world are represented. Russia and Japan would seem to be exceptions.

If we do not wish to be another shall we not turn to Mr. Clyde Fitch and persuade him to take his place in the bright galaxy of immortals? He would seem to be our foremost playwright now, or at least to have been. He, at least, created a very special kind of play (namely one by himself) so that a while ago half the theatres in New York had his plays, while the others had to get along with whatever they could pick up. Perhaps, with some idea of the happy end that we have in mind, Mr. Fitch has published some of his plays. *Nathan Hale* and *Barbara Frietchie* did not establish the position he may have desired. *The Climbers,* however, was a very characteristic and successful piece, and *The Girl with the Green Eyes* was something more.

In the two plays first named, Mr. Fitch took two subjects which gave him great advantages. They were already and favourably in the minds of his audience. They were such subjects as touched on matters favourable in dramatic treatment. They were in themselves things that stirred the hearts of an American audience. They represented two great crucial times, two times that tried men's souls, as the saying is, certainly times that fire men's souls now to think of. They presented two of our national heroes. I think they may be rightly called, two figures out of our legend material. One would not unbury the past for no good purpose, but it is fair to say that these plays were both failures. They were both failures for the same reason, namely, that Mr. Fitch could not deal seriously with a fine subject. In *Nathan Hale* almost the only thing that one remembers is the silly stage foolery in the New London schoolhouse and the offensive stage brutalism and drunkenness of the British army. In *Barbara Frietchie* the stage handling was quite as conventional and more intrinsically absurd. In that play, as he felt that he could not have the chief figure an old woman, Mr. Fitch committed the error of making her a young one. Once given that we are to have a Southern girl who displays a Union flag as Stonewall Jackson enters Fredericksburg, and we have, almost as a necessity, the follies of a wounded Union lover, a deserter stirred by an old grudge, and last the discarded lover who commits the unnecessary but merciful murder. Like *Nathan Hale, Barbara Frietchie* shows us a man either incapable of anything fine or unable to take the pains necessary.

Nor did Mr. Fitch's further efforts go far to dispel the impression caused by these two plays. *Captain Jinks,* for instance, was an opportunity to make something really clever by a presentation of New York in the seventies. That was certainly a time that it is now amusing to think of. Blue Glass, Bill Tweed, the Grecian Bend, Saratoga, the Electoral Commission, Brown Stone Fronts, such random expressions alone bring back to mind enough to amuse one for an hour.

*The Climbers: A Play in Four Acts. By Clyde Fitch.
The Girl with the Green Eyes: A Play in Four Acts. By Clyde Fitch. New York: The Macmillan Company.



MR. CLYDE FITCH

But Mr. Fitch either cares nothing for atmosphere or local colour, or else he will not take the trouble to try to get it. In *Captain Jinks* he seemed content, as his audience was, with something in which a charming actress could make a temporary hit, and as a result, produced something very silly.

Mr. Fitch is now publishing some of his later plays. Of *The Climbers* it may be at once said that it is an inferior piece from the beginning. It presents itself in the name, and was doubtless thought of by its author as "a keen satire on contemporary New York society" to use the words of the publishers. But how seriously the author ever thought out the question is shown by the explanatory dialogue:

"We're all climbers of some sort in this world. I was a climber after wealth and everything it brings."

"And I after *happiness* and all it brings."

But Blanche Sterling is not a climber after happiness (if such a creature can be imagined). She is an easy-going sort of woman who has married naturally and



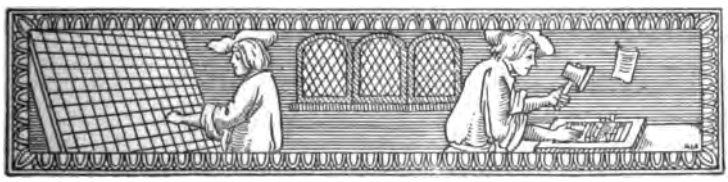
THE CLIMBERS—ACT II.

for love, and who is shocked at finding that her husband has speculated with other people's money and lost. Nor are the other characters really "climbers:" they are stock figures satirising the desire for money, social position, etc. Now that it is published, the play is readily seen to have no substance at all. It does have some episodes of a character that so often occurs in Mr. Fitch's plays that it may be called his chief quality. The ladies selling their French dresses the day of a funeral in the family, the husband confessing his crimes in the dark, the man taking morphine and being sorry, these are effects such as Mr. Fitch delights in and succeeds in creating in a considerable variety. They are not very natural, however, nor have they any especial connection with the subject of the play. To be short, Mr. Fitch got an idea here, as in some of his other plays. But having got it he had not the ability or the desire to develop it into a real play, and, therefore, merely put together a few smart situations that he thought would please the public, and let it go at that.

The Girl with the Green Eyes, on the other hand, is a consistent piece and makes us feel that Mr. Fitch really could do a good thing if he would try; that he is merely obstinately refusing to do what he knows he ought, namely, take pains and be genuine and sincere. Nothing by Mr. Fitch can be called good without qualifications, but this play comes as near it as anything he has ever done. It is true that Jinny's parlour vaudeville strikes us much as the "Come—come to the pianola and you shall have the sextette;" one is a false indication of a true mood and the other a true indication of a false culture. But without picking at little things one finds with real pleasure in this play that Mr. Fitch can, if he will, really work out an idea into the possibility at stage presentation.

Whether he can go farther and really make a fine play is another thing. But this last play shows that Mr. Fitch can really do something in the way of developing an idea. His great difficulty has heretofore, perhaps, been in the fact that he did not wish to take the trouble to do so. It was so much easier to devise amusing situations or, perhaps, so much more profitable. We wish that Mr. Fitch would be good and take to heart the pathetic praise of his publishers. They praise Mr. Fitch for "the faithfulness of his Chronicles to American life." Now, whatever else he is, Mr. Fitch is not faithful either to American life or (as a playwright) to anything else that I can think of except the conventions of the stage. If he would be faithful to American life or to any good idea he might do something worth doing. But it is much to be feared that he is obstinately set in the habits of years and that we are to expect nothing new from him.

Edward E. Hale, Jr.

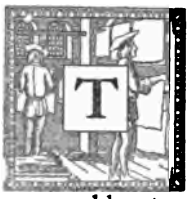


A MOTOR-CAR DIVORCE

BY LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

WITH DRAWINGS BY WALTER HALE

CHAPTER XVI.



URIN is so delightful, so wonderfully arcaded, so young in spirit and yet so old in buildings, that nothing but a great garage could have kept me off the streets. Any one could get a room in the hotels, but it was a lucky motor that could find a place to rest its tires. This had not occurred to John, and accompanied by a sleepy hotel porter he had driven our car to Turin's best *rimessa,* feeling apologetic that he must arouse the watchman from his slumbers. Even with the scores of motors that had come thundering in when we did, he did not expect to find a lively town of the great beasts massing themselves together under one domed roof.

"The place was light as day, Peg," he told me, as we sat at our late breakfast; "a hundred mechanicians with tired faces lay sprawled about the cars, under and over them. The foremen in blue blouses went in and out among the men, carrying electric hand lights. Messenger boys came in with wires from motorists on the way, asking if space could be reserved for them, and half-distracted dudes slipped louis in the hands of the quite distracted boss, begging that each receive attention first. He kept the louis and so far as I could see held on to the attention too."

"And how many louis did it cost you, John?" I asked. John winked.

"Not one. It was no time for louis, if I had had them. How I ever got inside is quite beyond me. The car was shut out by the big barred gates that only opened at the King's command. I thought if I would kneel and kiss his hand I might get some attention. He wore a blouse too, but suffering Moses! what a manner!"

"And where is our car, John, in the streets?"

"Oh, no, it is inside," he remarked, coolly. "You see beneath that proud exterior beat the heart of a mechanic after all, a real mechanic, and that's the finest thing I can say of any man.

" 'Signor, it is impossible,' he said, in very good English, edging me nearer to the door as he spoke; 'we are quite crazy now with work. Some cars go out tomorrow without a coat of paint, some without fittings, even lacking extra tires. I not only could not put a man on yours to overlook it, but I will not have the space. It is full now, and more are still to come.'

"By that time, dear, he had me way out in the street, then turned to fly, evidently intending to bolt me out, but as he turned the motor caught his eye. He lingered, the true mechanic bursting through his pride. Say, Peggy, it was great! You should have seen him, held like a snared bird.

" 'I've never seen that build before,' he said, approaching. 'Ah well,' he said, swelling a little, 'there is not much that my men can't grasp. Still it is always interesting, these new ideas; some day Americans will beat us, but not yet. Just drive her in, sir.' His mechanistic eyes were gleaming, Peggy, and so I drove her in."

"I had intended to go 'do' the town," I said, pushing back my chair and rising hastily, "but I think I'll go to the garage instead." John sat still, shaking inwardly. "Now, John, what are you laughing at?"

"The motor beam, it's in your eye," he answered.

"Well mote or beam—I'm going anyway," and John, receiving my cheap wit with as much enthusiasm as a husband dares permit himself, rushed off with me.

My goodness, that garage! It was motor-town indeed. Each make of cars off by itself like warring political factions, and painted sides hung over them

of Fiat, Mors, Mercedes, Panhard. Our car stood alone doing its own advertising, and always with a motor fiend or two lifting the head hood or prodding at its tires. All of the owners were on hand, most of them busy; even their French chauffeurs worked. I can say nothing more than that. All of the French chauffeurs that I have seen will each day try out his engine and remedy the faults, but they hold aloof and scrub spots from their clothes with gasoline while the workmen of the garages oil and clean. For this they pay out of their own pockets. No dirty work for François.

Tommaso had been assigned to overlook our car, and Tommaso did it very thoroughly; that is, he looked right over it and us whenever he passed our way. He was full of good intentions, was Tommaso, but full of work as well, and as the day waned acquired another fullness that came with many proffers of the friendly flask.

"If just to get him spiffled would help our brake-bands any, I'd have him that in fifteen minutes, and paralysed in thirty," grumbled John. "But the nuttier one grows the less one knows of nuts, and if I can get the proper jacks I'll do the job myself."

So John put on his working clothes and went off to find the implements, but as I started to get busy also I saw a slightish man in flannels watching me. He was most neatly gotten up, which wore upon me some, greasy as I already was, and I gently smiled at him, wagging my head sadly towards the oil-cups I was about to fill.

"The signora finds it difficult?" He put the question in that kind of bad Italian which stamps a man immediately as English.

So I answered him in the tongue of our two countries.

"Well, yes," I said, demurely, "but you see some things we have to do ourselves. Not everyone can get the hang of our machine." It touched him.

"Oh, I dare say, but I have made a scientific study of the motor. Really, perhaps I shouldn't say it," this with some footlight hesitation, "but you know that there are very few machines that I can't get hold of. Perhaps I shouldn't say it, but there you are, you know."

"Wonderful!" I murmured; "these oil-cups now, for instance."

He rose up to the fly. "Oh, I can put those back for you. I'll have them in before your man gets back."

"My husband," I corrected.

"Oh, yes, Americans of course! How very jolly! My wife is an American. I understand 'em perfectly."

"Wives?"

"Well, no, Americans I meant. Just let me have those oil-cups, madam."

"Your lovely flannels," I demurred.

"Oh, not at all. Kindly roll up my sleeves. Thank you. Besides there's always gasoline. I have my wife's hair washed in it. We call it the *essence* of life; not bad that—what?"

"Delicious!" I vociferated. I could afford to do so. He was by that time busily at work intent upon my job. John came back with the jacks, and read my mad manipulation of the brows with some approach to understanding. Gently he led him on from little task to little task, while I stood by and gasped out admiration. Perspiring yet delighted, he worked on, the motor beam within his eye.

"The whole game is to know your motor," he continued as he oiled. "I went into the factory and worked for three weeks with the men before I took my car out. Now when this beastly prince of a chauffeur I have wants a day off and says we are out of order, I go out and see just where we stand. Upon my honour, I had some friends tied up for a week in a Swiss village because their driver fell in love with his landlady's daughter. Said he must send to England for extra parts. All rot, all Tommy rot."

We had grown to like our Britisher so well that we discouraged him from any fresh attack upon our car, and I rolled down his sleeves and cleaned him off and had him spick and span just as a *mécanicien* done up in leather approached and with a bob of his forefinger announced the readiness of the *moteur* of "M. le Comte."

It didn't stagger us as much as it might have done five weeks ago. When Americans adopt the simplicity of the

aristocrat, then the corner-stone of our aristocracy is laid. It takes more than a crest of a doubtful ancestor who lived across the water to mould the being. John and I turn our seal rings against our palm these days. Seal rings are not for Europe.

In the end it was Tommaso who tried out the brakes. He rushed excitedly at us and amidst promises, tears, and pleadings, hurled us out into the street and sent us to our dinner.

"Since it must be a point of honour with him, we'll let him do the work," John said.

"I think there is very little left but honour for him to work upon," was my reply.

But John, touched by this last absorption of Americanism, this steady recourse to the bar through working hours, was lenient; besides, he hungered.

We dined on flagstones. I don't mean that we ate them, but the meal was served out on the street, and there was music later on, and always there were motor cars. But this time they were going from the city, pointed toward the Alps, and from all sides of us was heard the long low do-o-o-om of the European horn. Strangely prophetic sound!

It was nearing midnight when we started. Our trunk had been sent on by train to be held at the railroad barrier at Modane. We had only light luggage for impedimenta, and I think I might say right here that my crazy-quilt had been inadvertently (?) left behind in Pesaro—that's where The Thought had been created, the thought of giving up further divorce proceedings—and at Piacenza, where The Thought had blossomed and been frosted, I left my diary. John had found it, however, when he went back with the car, and was terribly concerned. He said in the future he would look after it himself. I let him. I'll never make a note in it, no matter if he beats me black and blue. Yet why dwell upon these things? There was nothing in John's heart, it seemed to me, just then but Alps, and no woman can be jealous of an Alp.

I went with him to the garage. It wasn't necessary, but those cars seemed to hold me. Tommaso's work had been completed, the foreman told us, and he had gone home to rest. The foreman spoke shamefacedly. Drunkenness is the rarest of all the Anglo-Saxon innovations. It is still thought just cause for an apology. But Tommaso's work was done; that was the main thing then.

And so was all the other work, and gleaming like a battery of strange implements of war, the cars in their long lines were made ready for the start. As they moved out the noise was like that of artillery discharging their projectiles as they travelled, for the mufflers had been cut out that the full force of the engines could be expended. The roar, the rattle, the quick sharp explosions, each characteristic of its motor, and as quickly named by the enthusiasts as would a gun be recognized by military experts, filled the domed building with ear-splitting din, but it was glorious. The boss, the foreman, the mechanics, sweating, exhausted, stood at the gateway and wished *buona fortuna* to us all. The arc lights flickered and went out as the last car left the building. Our task began as theirs had ended.

Beyond Susa, the starting place, the ascent began. The grade of twelve per cent. was no more difficult than many through the Apennines, but there was no top, there was no ending, and not a foot's cessation. It was too dark to see down in the valleys, but the road along the winding ways was well illuminated by the searchlights of the ascending motors. It was a weird effect to see across a black abyss the moving lights of these shifting monsters as they climbed high ahead of us on a mountain opposite.

Half way up the ascent a mighty horror loomed before us. It was the Customs. We had quite forgotten that in the middle of the night the officers of the Italian border might not be quite prepared to fall out of their beds and remove lead seals from off an automobile, nor to restore to John the twenty-five dollars that he had paid in Naples. It was an awful moment as we approached the low stone house that marked the barrier, but blessings on Italians, they never sleep—except in carts! An officer saluted us as we drew alongside, and after half an hour's delay we drove into the neutral zone, free from

all seals and duties until the small French town at the foot of the descent was reached.

"No laws on race days, signor," said the officer, as John expressed his gratification in a good-bye burst of all the Italian that he could gather. "A rivederei."

"No, no, it is addio, signor," was John's reply, and we drove sadly out of Italy. But as though in answer to our thoughts out of the dark pounded a grey motor, and from the tonneau a voice rang out in lusty Americanese: "Say au revoir, but not good-bye," sang the man, and the refrain came back to us with the low do-o-o-om of their horn as they wound on.

"Americans down thar in the canyon," said John in his best Dramatic Club manner. " 'Pears to me I've heerd thet air afore."

" 'Pears to me I seen that car afore," I responded in falsetto.

"Gadzooks!" quoted John, uncertainly, for lack of Western phrases. Then back to his own once more. "I guess you're right, Peggy, that was the motor that carried those poor chaps last night, but the blonde general was Italian."

"So was the car."

"Well, rather," from John.

"Do-o-o-om" said the grey motor, high above us.

There was not much jesting on the trip, however, although as usual we felt the inclination to be frivolous when amidst awe-inspiring surroundings. I truly wanted to be as impressed as possible, and kept saying to my inner self, "You're going up the Alps, the Alps, the Alps," until my inner self made some quite rude reply like, "Oh, be quiet! I know we're in the Yalps, the Yalps, the Yalps, and it's so dark that neither the inner nor the outer of us can see a thing."

"But I'm so happy, so uplifted," I told my inner self. "It must be the Alps that does it." My inner self was very practical. "That's just because you are by your husband's side," it taunted back. "It's not the Yalps with you, it's John."

There is little use denying anything that one's inner self advances. You see it knows one through and through.

"Well, anyway," I snapped, "it is the Alps with John and not the woman." And then my dreadful inner self produced this awful thought: "How do you know it is not the woman?" with a most terrifically insinuating manner. "You judge him only by what he says and does. How can you ever tell what's in his mind? You sit right by his side and hold his coat sleeve with your hands and pinch his arm. H'm! That's mere bone and muscle. You've got them, yes, but what's he thinking of?"

What was he thinking of indeed? There wasn't any way at all of finding out, there never will be. We might go on forever and I will never know. I confessed it to my inner self. "Of course not," it responded, satisfied. "Nobody ever knows but inner selves just what a husband thinks about."

"You know?" I questioned, eagerly.

"Oh, mercy, no," it simpered. "Only his inner self knows that. Still we are all related, all of us inner selves."

"You've taken from me my last shred of happiness," I sobbed.

"Oh, no," it answered calmly, "these conflicts come with darkness. Look over east, it's getting grey. Now you'll see something of the Yalps that is worth while. No whooped-up emotions from this time on, I fancy."

My inner self subsided, and John's voice broke in upon the conversation.

"I've been thinking," started John.

"Oh, John, of what?" I screamed.

He laughed at me. "Peggy, you've been dozing. Oh, yes, we're clear up to the summit. I've been thinking that I'd like a drink."

Of course I'll never know how nearly he spoke the truth, but I encouraged what he said he thought. I had hot coffee, and that was hard to get; not that there was no coffee, but there were so many people wanting it. There were several hotels at the summit, and there were two billion motors, many of them massed together sleeping quietly, with their owners in the tonneaux under blankets sleeping also. But the noisy element predominated, the kind who sit the old year out, stay up to greet the glorious Fourth, blow

horns when any one's elected, and turn every occasion that verges on the joyful into a hilarious pandemonium.

tirely, and so were mine when a party

John's sympathies were with them enof very jovial spirits invited us to squeeze our car into their allotted space, and offered coffee to the *signora Americana,* which their chauffeur was making over a spirit lamp. When the coffee had restored their senses to a condition verging on the normal I think they were vaguely surprised to find us in their midst, but they accepted us with much philosophy, and offered me the hospitality of a tonneau for a two hours' rest. Had it been the car of Signor Diavolo himself, I would have crawled into it and flashed my teeth at him. A seven thousand feet ascent in the clear cold puts weights upon one's eyelids, and all through the first grey hours of Italy I dozed, comfortably conscious of the excitement going on about me.

The mists were out of the valleys when I awoke, and one long shaft of sunlight had thrust itself between two mountain peaks. It was then I thrilled, and felt rather weepy, not stirred to any great emotion, but rather frightened at what we'd done in the blackness of the night.

Through the glasses I could see the soldiers stationed along the road, and hundreds of cyclists who as members of the Touring Club of Italy gave them assistance as patrollers of the way. The travel had been stopped, and a few automobiles were drawn up at perilous bends along the road. Some bore the pennant of the Red Cross, but others were forced to rest there, since they had tarried and the track was closed before they could reach the summit.

Thanks to our convivial friends, we had good places for the race. They seemed to feel that it was up to them to watch over us. I think John fostered this idea, and I know more than suggested that I was never very strong. A good place was given John so that he might watch me, not the race. John kept his arm around me when they were looking, but his eyes were on the road, and no insult in any tongue could have driven him from that vantage-point.

The first man came along much sooner than I thought he could possibly have managed. It was a great surprise because I knew when each number (the number on the car) was to leave Susa, and I don't see how in the world he got there so quickly. I looked very reproachfully at our motor, and John, immediately hurt, loving the thing as he does, said please to remember that the car coming up the mountain was just eight times the power of ours. Then more surprising things occurred, for by the time I had looked back to watch the progress of the car it was clear up the grade, right over the home plate, and that was all there was about it.

More came, all very fast, and more than fast. At first I found it just like a "good" game of baseball. I never see the balls in the games that John calls good—they go so fast. I like the game of ball they played in our back lot when I was young; I could always tell just where it went. It was so with the racing cars until I had grown quicker, then it was with a sort of fearful joy I watched them as they whirred across the bit of fairly level ground and began the zig-zag ascent known as the "ladder" before the top is reached. John could see them long before I could, crossing from one mountain to another. I never saw John so selfish with the glasses as he was that day. Watching for whales on ship-board develops comparatively a most ungrasping disposition.

"Do you want to see, dear?" John would say to me, squinting through them as he spoke.

"Yes, I would like to," I would answer him. Then John would pay no more attention to me than if I had not spoken. The only time he let me look was when a slow one limped along. Sometimes the cars crossed each other right at the turn, and all the women shrieked. Sometimes they would both strive for the inside of the track, and it seemed as if they would have to smash, but nothing happened. And I want to say right now, of all the brave, the noble, the intrepid, rash, reckless adventurers, the racing driver for "mine." As a good "risk" he'd stand no chance with an insurance company, and as a husband I should count upon him

only as a joy and pride from hour to hour. Still, if John would become one of them I'd take that glorious chance, and so I know would Mrs. Baring.

All the motorists who made any kind of a good record got kissed upon the cheeks by their men friends when they fell out of their cars, and for once in my life I thought it a most satisfactory custom. The women hung around and would have done it too, but there was little opportunity with their male escorts so keen about it. So they kissed one another, and some of them cried over the great favourite, the most daring of them all, who heated up his engine and got stuck. All of the cars came up with waters boiling in their radiators. They just flew along with their tops off and didn't seem to mind. As John said, "It sure was one plenty day," and that was before we had descended even.

We left before the *déjeuner*. The crowd was great, and the caterer from Turin not able to half serve them all, so with warm thanks we parted with our kindly yet inebriated friends. They wanted to kiss John. They loved him like a brother, but he fought them off, and with the wild look of a hunted animal drove down to Lans le Bourg. The town lay four thousand feet below, a splash in a seeming crevice of the mountains. The road was very tortuous. Stone shelters for wayfarers overcome by storms sprinkled the way, and avalanche sheds met one at every turn. I was glad that it was summer, for though much of the path was grim and grey, in the distance were pale green mountains, white topped and gleaming opalescent in the sun. I never dreamed there was such delicacy of colour in nature's greatest moments. I had very little time to think of colour though, for we hadn't gone a mile before a French racing car whisked by us, its work completed, going home, and on the car accompanying the driver was the blonde general of the tragedy at Turin. A half-mile further on around a turn we saw him once again, but standing in the road waving for us to stop, and holding on one arm a badly wounded man. We stopped, and he explained, first in Italian, later on in broken English, that this poor cyclist had fallen down a little precipice. Would we not take him down to Lans le Bourg, where the authorities would see to him? His racing friend could not have carried him, it was so small—the car. If we would take him he would follow with the wheel.

It didn't seem at all surprising that the general was again handling wounded men. It semed quite natural that I should share my seat with this hurt fellow, and try to staunch the flow of blood from a great cut on his head. One never seems to have much time for real emotions when there is a real occasion for them. The man himself was quite too faint to speak or feel, his hands and face were badly skinned, and he was breathing with great difficulty. I feared John must think him very ill, we went so fast I looked at John. I wondered why we went so very fast. At one sharp turn his cap blew off. "Shan't we stop, John?" I asked.

"No, no, don't talk," said he. I found my flask and gave some brandy to the man. What if he died upon our hands? I thought; that's why John takes these awful chances in this perilous descent. His death would probably mean all sorts of complications. I wondered if I could have French enough to weather through a court examination. I forced more brandy down the man's throat. My linen coat was red all down the sleeve with trickling blood. John, hatless, white, drove on, rounded the last curve safely, and drew up before the officer of Customs. The wounded man, his strength slightly returned, was carried to the hospital, murmuring thanks incoherently.

I turned to John. "You were good not to stop the car and get your cap," I articulated weakly, "losing it because the man was hurt."

"It wasn't that," John answered, quietly; "the brake wouldn't hold. I couldn't stop."

It was too awful for correct expression. I giggled with hysterics. "John Ward, of all the times to be without a brake, when going down 'the Yalps'."

John laughed too, like a relieved child that had escaped a whipping. "Well, I did it, but some one has got to pay for it," he returned with growing energy. "I lay that at Tommaso's door."

And it was Tommaso, the Americanised, who had brought us so in touch with death. John had ordered that he replace the old cotter pins (I quote him,it is a pin quite unfamiliar to me) with new ones for the brake rod connections, and Tommaso had not done it, so when the steepest of the descent began, the bolts fell out, and the brake didn't hold at all.

"Had there been a level of ten feet," completed John, "I might have stopped with the reverse and made the repairs myself, but there wasn't, and the man was hurt, and I never liked that old cap anyway."

"John, you're such a hero!" I hugged his arm in ecstasy.

"Nonsense," John replied, much pleased. "You're a little brick yourself. Just wait until I meet Tommaso if you want to see me at my best."

But Tommaso was a long way off, and we were down the Alps, and the blonde general appeared upon the wheel with John's cap under his arm, also the French Customs were tightly closed on Sundays, and we were glad that we could walk over to the little French hotel and rest. The car was rolled into the Customs House garage prepared for such emergencies. We were in an autoing country, we could see that at a glance, and there in a corner was the big grey motor.

"Yours?" John questioned of the general. The blonde general shook his head.

"Oh, no, it is from the factory where I am employed. I travel with it for a time to watch its weaknesses. It is quite new. Its first trip was the carrying of the dead and dying men. You were there, signor. Later I go on to America for your Cup Race, the Vanderbilt you call her. I drive one of our cars."

This dazed me. One of these lovely racing persons, and right within my grasp! I didn't kiss him on both cheeks; I'll wait until the Vanderbilt event; but I was pleased and so was John. To a business man of great respectability there is no higher joy than to be seen talking to a jockey, a policeman, or even to an actor. Imagine John's delight, then, to be flicking dust from the shoulders of the newest of all heroes—a motor racer. But there were more developments.

"Then an American owns the car?" John queried, mindful of the midnight song.

"Oh, yes, yes, his name is Signor Flescher of Chic—how you call it?"

John gave a whoop known only to the Indians of Eastern States and signifying joy excessive.

"Flescher here in this hotel? Well, well, of all the luck! Flescher here and that's his car! Say, what a tiny world! Excuse me, Peggy, I'll send a porter for the baggage. Fritz here in Lans le Bourg. We'll have a game of bridge just as sure as fate. Well, this is great!" And under his own steam John navigated up the street.

I laughed again. It was so pleasant to be idling there quite without obligations of any sort. I liked this France with friends to greet us at the border, old friends, men friends. I liked the neat little village, with clean old ladies in their violet caps. I liked the standing army. A knot of *gendarmes* were gathered about the nice blonde general and all were talking earnestly. I approached to ask news of the wounded man, now that the doctors had gone over him, and as I came close to them I distinctly heard one reading from a telegram, haltingly, for the wire had come in English: *Plas Jean Ward an hees wif undaire arrest an wate for me—Bakiare.*" This was the message. I gave a little cry and stepped forward, my hand stretched out instinctively for the wire, but the racing general motioned to the man to hold the paper.

"Thas gentleman they asg to makea clear. It ees wrote in Inglese way," he soothingly explained in his best dialect.

The *gendarme* nodded in a friendly way; sympathy was on our side. "But our name is Ward," I fearfully persisted.

"Thas mek no *differentia.* She come the telegrama from *Patria* Italia. There is not papers what you call thas will permit."

"You must mean extradition." The long word sounded very serious.

"Yas, there ees not such. It ees not *pericloso* for the signora."

"But we know no Baker," I persisted.

"Signora, spik no more. All ees misteka."

"Of course it is a mistake," I heartily assured him. If they would only think it I was willing to pretend it. I walked on to the inn, but the haunting thought was with me. "Place John Ward and his wife under arrest and wait for me. Signed Baker," I repeated. "Of course it's a mistake," I reassured myself, and turned into the hostelry.

"Do-o-o-om" warned a deep horn from the mountain side.

CHAPTER XVII.

I was terribly concerned over this wire, but I felt that it would bring John and me closer together. Troubles always do, and I took a certain satisfaction in that Baker person wanting to arrest me along with John. Not that I want John arrested, but I am convinced that iron bars are the only things I know of that will keep Mrs. Baring out of our domestic happiness. And I could see her in my mind's eye under those circumstances gazing longingly at him from the corridor while John and I sat on three-legged stools inside the cells, holding each other's hands.

That nice racing general did his best to assure John that it could be nothing more serious than a practical joke (which is about the most serious thing in the world, I think), and managed to convince him that any word coming from the municipal authorities would have been in French or Italian. John's principal grievance was that he couldn't get at him. "Baker, Italy," isn't much of an address when you want to reach out for a man and hit him. His first idea was to remain in Lans le Bourg until old "Wait for me" arrived. Then he remembered Mrs. Baring at Aix, and agonized terribly 'twixt love and duty before he decided to go on. Of course, I was glad he didn't wait. It's easy to get in a French jail, but it's awfully hard to get out of one. Still I suffered a good deal, and "jail-Baring" "Baring-jail" kept swinging back and forth in my mind like a pendulum all night long.

In consequence I didn't feel very rested when morning came, nor did John who was crossish because he had lost at bridge. He blamed it on the telegram. John always has a fine excuse when he does stupid things at whist. His two friends were more amiable, although it drives every bridge player distracted to see me pouring the stakes into my little gold purse when the rubber is over. John is perfectly frank about it:

"By all the rules of play you should never take a trick," he asserted in Lans le Bourg.

"It's a queer game," said Mr. Flescher, trying not to commit himself.

"Queer? It's simply mephistophelian," his companion burst out, eyeing me closely as he bit off the end of his cigar, as though he expected to find horns growing out of my head. "I haven't made a misplay for five years, and yet I never win a game."

"That's because you're good," I was forced into retorting. "The devil won't have a thing to do with you."

At this point John hurried me upstairs. All my life when I am getting the better of anyone, I have been jostled out of earshot. My one chance lies in being quick. However, I was very nice to them in the morning, although as I said there had been considerable on my mind to keep me awake and make me petulant. But a morning in Lans le Bourg could sweep away the cobwebs of the most troubled night. It was almost good enough to wish we had turned out earlier, sacrificing sleep for sunrise, and that is a very good morning indeed.

We got away before the others for the racing expert was to go over their car carefully, and then leave them with their American chauffeur as driver. That is, all of us got away except John's purse, which I think is a figure of speech called metonymy—container for the thing contained—although after the Customs had claimed one hundred and twenty dollars for the motor, we might as well have given them the husk. On the stage they hand out purses right and left, probably because they are always knitted ones. I had three knitted purses once, and I gave them away too, but, of course, not on that same Christmas. John didn't mind about the money. He said it was safer to deposit it with the French Government until we sailed than it was to carry it about. The lack of it would make us careful

when we got to Paris, which was low and mean; as though any one wanted to be careful when he got to Paris.

I didn't say anything to John that would irritate him as we cascaded down the mountain to the country of Savoy. Once upon a time I was shocking enough to plan to spend all of his money that I could before some one else got a chance at it. Now I feel that I don't much care for John's money, if I don't have John! Oh, I'm trained—I'm broken. I "lie down, and jump through, and play dead." This trip has been a liberal education to me, and while it hasn't been as the Minerva Club planned, I've broadened all right. I'm broad enough to see now that there is just one thing in life I want more than to slap George Meredith, and that is, to hold on to John—to hold on to him fairly, squarely, unless he's mine because he wants to be, he isn't worth the effort. I looked up at him, so nice and big, and with a happy look in his eyes, a far-away Aix look, the throttle open, slipping down to the giraffe. Instinctively I put my foot on the reverse.

"Hello, Peggy, what are you thinking about?" John cried.

"Why nothing, John!" I answered. "It was the nice old peasant in the purple cap. Look back!" Well, there's one small consolation—husbands don't know what wives think, either.

But the old peasant in the purple cap was sweet. As soon as we had tipped over to the other side of the summit, we found a different people, different architecture, different coloured cows. The transition was centered in a neat old beggar woman of the peak, who had asked alms in French with the Italian cringing. I had said I could not understand her, and she replied that it was always difficult for the rich to understand the poor. The retort was Italian, but it was the last we saw of beggardom.

At Mondane we picked up our big trunk, and went on down the valley over variable roads, in and out of cobbled villages, their streets broad and empty, their laws lax for motorists, whose coming had put the country on its feet once more. It was no climb, as in Italy, to reach the towns; the complacent Savoyards had settled in the valleys, relying on their skill at arms to keep out invaders, rather than to any vantage point of heights. It annoyed John, who loves to mount. He is like that Ibsen hero who loafed around on pinnacles as a relaxation. I believe he eventually fell off, but his fate doesn't frighten John.

"That was a symbol," he insists. "No one can safely climb a symbol, but a hill is a hill."

At St. Michel de Maurienne we turned up a narrow street and stopped for lunch. It began well, but ended oh, so shockingly! There were three dining rooms at the old inn just like the three-bear family, and at first there was an inclination to put us in with the big bear, or rather the big dining room, where shirt-sleeves were the fashion, but we demurred at this and were led to the door of the middle-sized dining room. Here the middle-sized bear, who had just come out of a yellow motor and was one of a large party, all eating with napkins under their left ears, grunted at the sight of us, and while we couldn't grunt we didn't care so much for her; so at length we were installed in the cool, darkened room of the small bear, who must have been asleep, for there we ate in state on an old Empire table.

The luncheon graced the table as the table graced the room. I fondled its gold wreaths lovingly, and made a vow never to enter these country inns again unless travelling in a furniture van. We hadn't occupied a room in all the towns of Italy that did not contain a piece of furniture, a bit of drapery, a mirror, or some article worthy the carrying off if the proprietor had been willing—or not looking. To keep up the fight, Honour against Empire, all through France is going to be a test of an early training that I now fear lacked the proper severity.

However, it was not any packing into my hand-bag of the Empire table that was so shocking at St. Michel. It was the attitude, the shrugging irresponsibility, of these French that irritated me to madness. There had been no hesitation. I asked if we might have a room to wash our hands and rest a little before and after luncheon. They never winked an eyelid. Madame brought John a cake of soap, and served us skillfully through *déjeuner;* and when I went to pay the

bill while John put water in the radiator, she asked me if I would pay also for my *mecanicien.*

"For my *husband,*" I corrected. Really, you know—really, but she didn't mind. There were two luncheons and one room, and bill for such. It was all the same to her. "*'Tout le même,'* indeed!" I snorted when we sped on. But John was torn between a wild joy and the grief of being once more taken for Madame's mechanic.

At Aiguebelle we stopped for a big draught of *essence,* and fearless of poor strainers or bad gasoline, we walked about the village. In France the automobile attracts no attention further than the proprietary interest the country feels in one of its great means of livelihood. A motor new to them as ours is commands some small notice, but beyond that: *"Voila l'addition de l'essence, Monsieur, et bon voyage."* It isn't that the French would not cheat, but that they can't. The gasoline is sold in tins, the seals broken before the driver's eyes. Any overcharge would be reported to the automobile club of France, and the automobile club is the controller of many petty livelihoods.

It was dusk when we reached Chambéry, a busy, ancient town, French to its finger tips. It was dark when we entered Aix les Bains. If there had been any doubt in our minds as to the destination of all the great French motors that had swung through Lans le Bourg on their return from the race it was soon settled. They went to Aix.

"Wish these cars would stop tagging me around," grumbled John. "They do everything I think of." But his grumbling was play acting. I never saw him happy before on reaching any place. Getting there is the only thing that pleases John. The act of—not the accomplishment.

"She'll want to know about the race," he half explained when we had reached our hotel rooms.

"Who will?" I asked, trying to be pleasant, but knowing that I had failed.

"Why, who but Mrs. Baring?" Who indeed. "You see I've done a bigger stunt than she has. That's why I want to see her. Oh, thunder! Must I dress? Well, hand them over!"

"Mrs. Baring's never seen you in evening dress," I mildly hinted.

"No, of course not. I suppose *she* will take me for a waiter." How simple in expedients the wise man becomes when the wise man grows complex!

I dressed on dumbly, numbly, glad that my faith in the value of a pretty gown was not extinguished with my faith in John. When that belief has flickered out, then a woman is just once removed from gin. I was looking well, and I was almost brave, but there came a knock upon the door, and a voice called gayly: "Just a reminder that I am down below and mad to look into your eyes. How are you Wards?"

"You Wards!" Did you get that? said quickly to cover up her slip.

"I'll be right down," called John in joyful accents. "Now, Peggy, aren't you ready?" turning to me as I stood eating the door panels with my eyes.

"No," I answered. "I'm waiting for a maid to fasten up my gown. You go down, John." That was generous in me. John can fasten up a gown most skillfully, but would he go? Oh, yes, he would.

"I'll send Miss Grey up to you. You'll never get a maid. You say I look all right?"

"Oh, go down!" I screamed. John taking notice of his looks. It was too much. He didn't even stop to answer back. Another proof of his great eagerness.

When poor Miss Grey came up, she found me by the window, wondering how hearts could be so turbulent on nights so calm. In a way, it served my purpose, this delaying. I didn't want to be with her when she met John, and I knew too that she would seize a chance to be away from them. Slightly more set, slightly more pale, she wore her mask better than I.

"They are together?" I rushed in by way of greeting.

"The three are there!" she answered briefly. I breathed more freely.

"The top hook is off—you'll have to pin it," was my next comment, as she began to do me up. "You think with three there's safety?"

"Three is a crowd," she vouchsafed, "especially when I'm the third." She twitched my bodice angrily. It irritated

me. She seemed to think herself the only sufferer.

"I'm sorry you are so unhappy," I said quietly. "But you must know—you must realise it's just as hard for me." With my back to her I was quite brave. A priest should turn his back when at confession—he would hear more.

"You can show your feelings," she replied. "It's poor old maids like me that have got to hide all their emotions that would make them plainly ridiculous if anybody knew."

"I show my feelings?" I cried out a little wildly. "Because I'm married do you think I can wear my heart stuck on my sleeve? Don't you suppose that men and women laugh to see a married woman loving a man who doesn't care for her? Don't—"

Miss Grey caught me on the shoulders by her nervous little hands, and whirled me around to look into my face. Amazement ran riot over hers. I was bewildered.

"You don't mean to tell me"—she shook me as she spoke—"that you care for him too?" I wrenched myself away from her. The blood was blazing to my forehead, but I didn't mind. I just felt reckless as she had felt in Genoa.

"Care for him?" I choked out between sobs of excitement—not of sorrow. "Of course I do. Do you think because a woman's married, that is the end of love? I tell you it goes on, and on, and on until it eats you up. I didn't know until I reached Genoa how much I really cared for him, and when things looked as though I might not see him ever, ever again I knew how much I cared, and I made up my mind I'd stick this out—this trip—if I won nothing more than the joy of being with him and the pain of being with them. Yes, I could go on and on and on, taking the bitter with the sweet, rather than give him up."

"*You* give him up!" laughed Miss Grey harshly. "He *isn't* yours to give."

"You needn't taunt me—I'll make the fight. I've got more on my side than you have."

"Cruel, cruel," wept Miss Grey, breaking down. My heart relented—we were suffering for the same man.

"Oh, don't, I don't mean that," I begged, putting my arms tightly around her flat little figure. "You fight too," I generously proffered. She pushed me away fiercely.

"Yes, and be a laughing stock."

"Dear Miss Grey," I said, my tears coming now, "I guess we are both laughing stocks." So we cried it out, then washed our eyes and went on down to dinner.

It wasn't a successful dinner. The two men seemed the only ones quite satisfied with themselves. I sometimes get annoyed with John. He thinks it is so easy, winning women. Douglas Warwick was pleased, too. An actress friend of Mrs. Baring's joined us at coffee time, and the artist was quite fascinated. Her hair was wonderfully red, her brows black, and her skin very white, so naturally he was interested. Artistically, she was full of lights and shadows; so was her talk, and I didn't blame the Douglas Warwick for pouring coffee on his shirt front. But Mrs. Baring behaved abominably, and apologised to me for introducing her.

"She can't act, either," she supplemented savagely.

"I think she's very nice," I whispered back.

"I think she's very awful," responded the giraffe.

"Mr. Warwick likes her," I persisted.

She turned and glared at me. I feared at first she thought of striking me, but managing to look into her eyes, I caught a sort of pitifulness I've sometimes seen in mine of late. It didn't touch me. It was exasperating to have her want all of the men.

"It must be nice to be so small and delicately built," she went on wistfully.

"I wouldn't worry about that," I answered bitterly. "Of course a man like Douglas Warwick prefers the weaklings, but the big men love strength—physical perfection—not scrubby little growths like me." My voice caught.

"Big men?" Her eyes wandered to my husband, and she had the effrontery to smile at him. John bounded over to her like a ball. "And how do you account for the firm hold of little Mrs. Peggy?" she asked in a low voice to me,

as she made room for him. A knot rose in my throat as I did.

"Oh, I'm a habit," I replied, and joined the artist and the actress. My breaking up their tête-à-tête seemed to brighten Mrs. Baring wonderfully. But I know her. She wished to be alone with John.

Aix les Bains is full of women and it follows full of troubles, but it is difficult to associate real heartbreaks with such saucy clothes. Whenever I can't stand any longer seeing John flirt with Mrs. Baring, cleverly discussing axle grease to throw me off, I tilt a hat over my eyes, hang a lace veil at the back, and go out looking joyous. There are hundreds of us just alike, though perhaps I'm not so much so, lacking the auxiliaries of make-up, but if the angle of the hat widens with the misery of the wearer, we are a most unhappy lot in Aix. A woman's hat has always been a cloak to sorrow, but a man cannot hide emotions with a derby. It's quite implacable, nor can he burst into bright clothes when low in mind. I know Eve flounced her fig leaf frock, and flipped out of the garden as though she just loved travelling. And in this deceptive fashion we take the cure at Aix.

Taking the cure means drives in the country, walks along the charming hotelled streets, and buying follies in the attractive shops.

John says it's cheaper to lose money on the "Little Horses," but I cannot endure spending all my allowance with such a quickness. Now when one buys a blouse, one gets the enjoyment of a hundred to select from before having to decide. At this "Petits Chevaux" affair you pick out —well, say number seven—and your louis; then several remarks are made in French, a ball bobs round, and the next thing is, you're thinking what you could have done with all that money.

The natural antipathy that all good women have against gambling is strong within me, and there are moments when I despise John for being such a dupe; yet again a gentle tolerance for all these weaknesses steals over me, and I say, "Oh, well, why not?" in a broad, generous way. But John is brutal, and declares that only happens on the nights he's winning.

We met our dapper English lord who laboured on the car for us in old Torino. He was entering the Cercle one night as we were about to buy admissions, and stopped to chat with us.

"You don't pay, do you?" he asked, sticking in his monocle, and sizing up my smart frock with keen appreciation.

"Well, yes," said John. "We've not bought season tickets."

"My dear sir!" exclaimed his lordship, "don't pay a ha'penny. I've not a ticket either. I walk right past 'em, nose in air. Oh, I dare say it drives 'em thumpin' mad, but what of that? H'm! dare 'em to touch me!"

"There's no use," I shook my head despondently. "It takes five centuries of ancestors to develop such a nerve. We hardly have a grandmother."

Our Briton roared. Who says the creatures haven't humour? " Then permit me to escort you, ma'am." He bowed formally. "We'll—however do you say it? give 'em a bunco. That's it—give 'em a bunco. Pretty good slang, eh, for an Englishman, I mean to say? What?" And he sailed us in.

John told Mrs. Baring that Douglas Warwick ought to be quite happy in this environment, studying the various methods of applying paint. "No two cheeks are alike," said he, "and there are some fine effects in atmospheric blues around the eyes."

Mrs. Baring became quite excited, and thought we all had better go away. She seems to work a sort of "mother-dodge" if I may speak so vulgarly, whenever Douglas Warwick is concerned, and often he responds, but this time he said quite flatly that he wouldn't go. "The mountains are so beautiful," he reasoned mildly, and Mrs. Baring drove off in her auto on a ten-mile run, and was nearly taken up for speeding.

But it was not she who was to suffer the disgrace that hedges about a patrol wagon; not she at whom the finger of the hotel clerk was scornfully pointed; not she who walked the streets ever in the shadow of the jail—and Baker. No, it was the Wards—the simple, kindly Wards, whose lives and loves had grown so twisted that at times incarceration seemed a sweet untanglement.

The telegraph episode at Lans le Bourg had grown faint in our memory

after three days at Aix. There is a feeling of security in crowds, but we little knew our Baker. He struck us through that most exquisite being, the hotel clerk, who called upon us in our rooms, his manner deprecating. He bore an open and a sealed telegram, the latter addressed to John.

Monsieur would please excuse the interruption. The House had just received a strange communication from a Bakaire—perhaps Monsieur would read. John read, and I, over his shoulder:

"See by a paper you have registered at your hotel John Ward and wife. Wish to inform you they are not married. Shall be on soon and raise the devil.

Baker."

John's reply was to tear open the sealed envelope that was addressed to him. We swept the contents with our eyes. It was sent him from Turin:

"You cowardly dog. Have been held here by a bad attack of gout. I lay it at your door, but you will not escape me.

Baker."

John turned upon the clerk.

"Do you believe this stuff?" There was an elevation of the shoulders.

"It is not for me to believe or disbelieve, Monsieur." His smile was a well meant propitiation. "We keep here a hotel. They come,—they go,—in couples, —married couples certainly, but they are always quiet. We must have quiet. We do not like this 'raise the devil.'"

"And if there is no 'raise the devil'!" shouted John.

"Ah, then we beg Monsieur to stay with us."

John grew a palish purple. "And let you think anything you please about my wife? See here, now you get out. Send up your bill, and do it quick. No words —get out!"

The hotel clerk edged toward the door, still pursuing a suave policy, but John would listen to no explanations.

"'No rooms in the hotels?'" he roared in answer to a half completed sentence. "We'll find rooms, and we'll stay here in Aix. Just please remember that; John Ward and wife right here in Aix, and ready for that Baker with the sprag!"

By this time the deprecating, gardeniaed clerk had fled, and stimulated by John's defense, I didn't cry, but flew to packing. Horrible and triumphant thoughts chased one another through my mind. A dreadful fear of Baker and the old satisfaction at losing Mrs. Baring lent wings to my fingers.

"John, don't let's tell any one. Let's run away!" I cried, developing my scheme. John shattered it.

"Not tell? Of course we'll tell. You don't want to have this Baker think I really am a coward?"

"There are worse things than Bakers," I insinuated, mind on my earlier wrongs.

"What things?"

"Oh, jails, and riding through the streets in a patrol wagon," I answered him at random. "You know you always turn and look inside to see who's in it. They'll all do it to us."

John snorted with impatience.

"It's the mystery of it. To send me stuff like that and never an address!" he raved. "We'll stay on here at Aix until that man shows up. I'll leave word where I am. I'll show him who's a cowardly dog!"

With a hasty note to Mrs. Baring, who was out (John thought of this), we traversed the long hall (the longest hall I've ever known—the hotel staff was looking), descended the one million steps (the guests were watching us), and drove off to seek a place to rest our heads.

"Outcasts! Pariahs! Lepers! Unclean!" The very paving stones seemed to shriek at us as we drove.

CHAPTER XVIII.

We had started by the course,—we ended by the hour, and for two hours we drove, but like the London buses, Aix was "full up." John was still defiant.

"We'll not leave Aix," he muttered. Then brightening—"Why hotels? We'll look for lodgings." And that is how we came to Exetier's, 11 Rue de Chambéry.

Exetier had a café on the ground floor. It was his excuse for doing nothing. His first name was François, which I love, it is so Frenchy, and he bore other ear marks of his countrymen, being polite and speaking the language without a

struggle. Besides the wine room on the ground floor where François slumbered through the day, there was the kitchen where Madame cooked, and where they ate and received their friends. The kitchen had been spotlessly clean for so many years that it had entirely forgotten that kitchens generally get dirty, so Madame was able to cook in fresh, starchy clothes, and never forced to dig at pots or kettles or scrub the floors; at least it seemed so; but Madame was always up at four, and things may have happened before our coffee was brought in at nine.

It was well that we were comfortable, for a certain reluctance to walk abroad possessed me, and I never entered our apartment without locking myself in. John permitted these precautions until he found me searching under my bed one night with a lighted candle in my hand, and my eyes shut, looking for "Baker," and then he reasoned with me. John still maintained it was a hoax because he could think of nothing else, a most ridiculous reason. Mrs. Baring, who had tortured me with kindnesses, hanging about the place at all hours, said it was surely a lunatic at large, which did not calm me greatly; and Douglas Warwick added to my peace of mind by asking why we always thought of Baker as a man. "I should say it was a woman seeking a revenge," he happily completed.

For just two minutes after he advanced this thought I suspected Mrs. Baring. I saw with what fine cunning she might try to nag me into leaving John, shaking my own faith in my marriage lines. Then the lady featherweight, so fair and square, came to the front once more, and I dismissed the thought as most irregular; besides she never could have managed it.

Four days we lingered on waiting for Baker. We tried diversions by way of killing time. We even drank the waters. Drinking the waters is the last thing done at Aix, and I am sure that a number of lady persons with hats tilted over the eyes have never heard of them. The only happening that would rouse me from my gloom during this waiting was to see a real patient. John said it was nothing short of brutal to have me shout triumphantly, "There's one!" whenever a wheeled chair went by, but I was very interested, and there were very few.

Miss Grey often accompanied me on these invalid hunts. I kept her just as far away from John as possible. I thought she would be happier so, and she took a certain comfort in my added misery. She hadn't much to do, poor soul. Her guide book had run out when she left Italy, so we went often to the Hotel de Ville, the only show place in Aix that anybody knew of, and stared hard at the antiquities. I felt I could safely count on Baker not intruding there.

It was Miss Grey who turned the waters bitter and drove me from them.

"Won't it be queer," she said one day, as I was on my fifth glass and had paid my two sous for a sixth, "if you meet Baker at this spring? You know he has a gouty foot."

"I think I'll go," I gasped. "I feel I've had enough." And back I flew to Madame Exetier. Dear Madame Exetier! she let me kiss her on both red cheeks as often as I wished, and always thanked me.

Yet my unneatness must have been a trial to her. She would make violent efforts to "red up" the rooms as she would enter with hot water, with fresh linen, or with the breakfast tray; even with the bowls of coffee in her hands she managed to establish a sort of path of order, and, as she left, the air was full of flying things which settled themselves demurely down, each in its proper place before the door had closed.

If politeness *is* "to do and say the kindest thing in the kindest way," then the house of Exetier is the very centre of the industry. John insists that Exetier *et femme* are the original designers of politeness; he says they wrote it; they certainly act it. Aided by the hearty coöperation of Ward *et femme,* it begins to circulate with the arrival of the breakfast. Madame does not notice us particularly on her earlier trips with the hot water. We are in various stages of disarray, and with rare good taste she pretends that we are not in the rooms, but with the breakfast tray diplomatic relations open.

Madame hopes that we have both slept well. We have. And we both hope that Madame has slept well. She has. Ma-

dame thinks we have fresh countenances like the little children, and we think that Madame has red roses in her cheeks like good, and we protest that we are not. the June time. Madame says we are too She leaves, whisking things *en passant.*

As we go through the café for a morning walk, François rouses himself, and from his sunny corner wishes us *bonjour,* and trusts we have slept well. We have. John in reply twists the tenses slightly, and hopes that Monsieur is sleeping well. He is. Monsieur believes that the day will be fine, if it does not rain, and we agree with Monsieur that if it does not rain the day will be fine. At night when we pass through, there may be a few soldiers sitting over a bottle of wine, or, in a corner, a large gloomy carter who sups late on bread and cheese, which he cuts off with his big pocket knife and washes down with the faithful *vin du pays.* They rise, saluting, and François goes into the little hall to call Madame. She emerges from the kitchen; she has been sitting up for us to keep the water hot. The roses in her cheeks are a little faded after her long day, but the vivacity of her politeness has not abated.

Then comes the final chorus. M. and Mme. Exetier wish M. and Mme. Ward a good night's rest. M. and Mme. Ward thank the wishers, and in turn trust that M. and Mme. Exetier too, will enjoy repose. M. and Mme. Exetier thank M. and Mme. Ward—those who work hard sleep hard—then *bon soir* Monsieur Exetier, *bon soir* Madame Exetier, *bon soir* Madame Ward, *bon soir* Monsieur Ward, *bon soir, bon soir, bon*—we have closed our door.

"If Baker had some of that quality!" commented John. But Baker hadn't; he had other qualifications. He had the gout. That was something in his favour, or rather, ours; but he had as well a fiendish concentration and a great desire to accomplish what he had set out to do—the disgracing of the Wards. This he did in jerks, which was truly Machiavellian; regularly applied torture we could have grown accustomed to. It would have become a habit—like a wife; but these sudden spurts of evil doing kept us figuratively ducking through all our lightest moments. In these four days John had received no further words beyond a message which was brought to us from the hotel by the sympathetic Mrs. Baring. Miss Grey came also, and the Douglas Warwick—casually. We read the wire in a chorus:

"Still tied down with this foot. Stay where you are if you are not a pup. Shall shoot on sight.

Baker."

John was quite calm about this, though I wailed to go. "You wouldn't have me leave, Peg, when he holds out such an inducement," he said reproachfully.

"I still maintain it is a lunatic," said Mrs. Baring.

"Yes, thinks he's William Tell, and you're the boy," decided Douglas Warwick.

"Oh, John, let's go!" I cried.

"No, not for Baker!" replied John.

But we *did go,* and it was he who sent us, or rather it was game Miss Grey. It was the morning of the fifth day. Douglas Warwick had gone on by train, trusting to meet us at Nevers, while Mrs. Baring was preparing to leave at noon for Macon to stay over night at a château and drive on towards Nevers tomorrow. From Macon to Nevers was a long distance, but she seems as mad to cover ground as John is. Besides she said she had promised the painter to be there, and she thought she should. It saddened me to see poor John so sick over her leaving. As usual his motor spirit was the excuse.

"It would be such a lark to drive over different roads, then come bobbing up at Moulins, and race her on to Nevers. Don't you think so?" he offered interrogatively.

But it was Miss Grey who responded. She came rushing in without a knock, and I thought at once that she had abandoned her restraint, and was about to tell him then and there how much she loved him. That wasn't it at all, however. She never mentioned love, although she looked at John all through her speech.

"Oh, the most awful thing!" she panted. "It's a telegram. Baker sent it to the office. The head clerk wasn't there, and they were puzzling over it, as it was in English. I stood in the shadow of the cash desk. I heard. It said:

'Do not let John Ward and wife escape you. Am sending extradition papers to police. Will arrive myself tomorrow.'

That wire was sent last night. His tomorrow is today. You see you must get on."

"John, John!" I cried in loud appeal. John nodded vigorously.

"You're right. I must. The papers may be here. I take my hat off to the police. I'd be tied up in Aix with all sorts of red tape for the Lord knows how long. To think he's coming, too, and I can't even smash him."

Miss Grey fled back, red spots of excitement burning in her cheeks. I envied her. She had saved John. She was a little nearer to the goal.

We made ready feverishly. John's manner was a curious mixture of rage, concern and wild delight in moving on. "We'll meet her yet at Moulins; then have a round-up at Nevers." I didn't answer, but I felt that the rounding up of Baker and our several destinies was near at hand.

The Aix actress with the red hair had said many things I didn't understand. She had talked of "O. P. sides," and of the "gridiron;" also "going up on it," which, it developed, simply meant that she forgot her lines, though how she could when she had played a part a hundred times is quite beyond me. Mrs. Baring's right—she probably can't act. Not that I mind—I can't act either; but when she spoke of troubles I was right there, my heart with hers.

It seems her troubles follow her clear to the stage door, but there to stay. They can't go in, you see, because they're real, so they stay outside and she is carefree while she works, and though they may be waiting for her when she leaves, she's had an evening's respite and can go on. As stage doors are to her, so is the motor car to me. So has it been the last three days as we rushed on from Aix to sad Nevers. I've kept them out through all of our vicissitudes. I just breathed in the glory of the great varied landscape, and once or twice I thought we'd gone so fast that we had left them far behind, but no, they'd bought through tickets for Nevers and waited for me. Still I am grateful for these three days' reprieve. I now take my enjoyment in looking back on happiness, not forward to it.

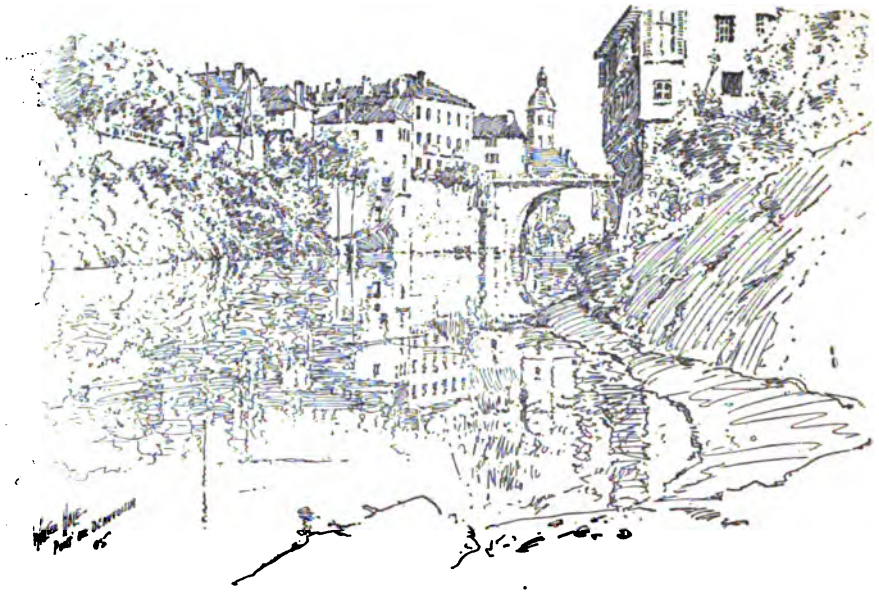
To leave the Alps, the canny Alps, that grow each moment more attractive as they recede, is like being ushered from the presence of a group of royal giants. One should go hat in hand. When an auto is perfected, it will, I know, insist on backing down, making deep courtesies. One of these will be at Les Echelles, not only for the long mountain tunnel, grateful to these royal personages for "letting us down easily," but for the monks of Grande Chartreuse—the monks that were, the fragments of them now in Spain—continuing the distilling of the liqueur which has lost its tang—with the roots and herbs of its old environment.

At Pont de Beauvoisin I bought a postal, depicting the poor brothers as they left the monastery between the rows of French chasseurs. It was the cruellest thing in Pont de Beauvoisin—that postal card; otherwise it was a merry, flippant, upside-downy village. You could take it as it grew originally, or as reflected in the river; either way it was the same, ripples of amusement in the watery village, waves of merriment in the upright one.

From La Tour du Pin, we found comparatively level going over the Route Italien into Lyons, but there is nothing level about Lyons, except where there are car tracks. The difficulty lies not in grades, but in cobblestones, round ones that confront you on all sides. You do not motor up the street you want, but up the street with tracks. In that way we picked our hostelry.

"A hotel, please, that's on a car track," we asked of a small boy who begged to be our guide. He sat down in the bottom of the car, and so enjoyed himself that we had looped the loop of the electrics twice before he was detected. He eventually picked out a good one, and we dined well. At least we started well. We had a brightish waiter, but over keen to air his knowledge. It is great fun to ask a Frenchman to say Ward. The waiter struggled with it.

"Ah, M'sieur," he said to John, "it ees not possible for put ze name of Va-a-r-r-d into zee Franch. *Mias* we have many of word zat go from Franch



PONT DE BEAUVOISIN
"You could take it as it grew originally, or as reflected in the river"

to Angleesh wiz grand *facilité. Par example:* here one calls me zee name of Boulanger, like *le general, M'sieur, et tout le monde* she know zee name ees Bakaire."

"Help! Help!" I cried, making a pretense to crawl beneath the table.

"So, sir, we meet at last," roared John. The waiter backed against the wall, eyes bulging.

"I make M'sieur to *rager?*"

"One question on your life!" demanded John sternly. "Have you,—now have you ever been in Italy?"

"But no, M'sieur. Out of Lyons nevaire. On my life! *Pas du tout,* M'sieur."

I climbed back in my chair. John handed him a two-franc tip. The waiter's countenance resumed its rosy hue.

"*Merci, merci bien,* M'sieur." He bowed; then adding as a proud smile lighted up his face, "It geeve to me mooch of *plaisir* for see at last zat seeng wot you call zoke, une joke American. *Merci, et merci bien,* M'sieur."

"Margaret," said John sadly, as he pushed back his chair, "I think that this will hold us for a while."

We wandered out in the noisy night, endeavouring to sink our poor Americanisms by adopting the habits of the Lyonese. Their principal diversion after dark is to mass themselves into the several open squares and shriek, and as they all use their hands in violent gesticulation, a bird's eye view must give an impression of the fair at Donnybrook without shillalies. Once we turned into a little open *place* close by the water, and found over a dingy doorway a dingy eagle. Its outspread sheltering wings served as a reminder to the hunted Wards that there should be a sweet immunity from all pursuing Bakers since we were under its protection.

John immediately determined to call upon the Consul in the morning, and ask just what list of crimes could procure the extradition papers, and in that delicate manner, discover what he had committed.

"By George, I'll see him!" he concluded, "even if I fail to meet her at Moulins." As one may infer, John wanted very much to see the Consul.

John saw the Consul. We drove the car with the baggage to the dingy building. The dingy eagle looked very cross that morning. I told John so. He said that it was not supposed to be a portrait of the government's representative. The

Consul was a splendid fellow; still if I was afraid I could call later. I retorted that I had no fear, though I thought they might have painted a pleasanter expression on the bird. They put that up there just to scare off Americans. John said that this was nonsense, and would I or would I not go in. I decided I would not, visiting instead the churches—and the silks. Lyons was quite rich in churches although there was very little time for seeing them, because there were so many silks, but, like the fish of Pesaro, not particularly cheap. Still it kept me occupied, and when one's heart is full of dire forebodings, there is nothing like an hour or two of shopping. That's the reason I was late—my mind was so distressed. I had to linger longer than I would have ordinarily. When I returned, I found John in the car running it about the *place* in circles as one would exercise a restless horse, only this time the horse was driving, I mean, of course, John was the restless one.

"Jump in, jump in!" he said by way of greeting. "What did you buy after all this time? A cake of soap?"

"No, not a thing. I didn't know the name for shoe-strings, and that was all I wanted. John, tell me—was the Consul nice?"

"Wait till we get across the river—got the map?"

"Yes, they gave me a city map at the garage. You follow up the tram until you cross the Rhone, and then from here to Paris, 'Route de Paree' is all you have to ask along the way."

John spoke no more until we were in the country. I wriggled impatiently in the silence, but when we were beyond the suburbs, with the city a lovely cup below, he drew two wires from his pocket.

"I sent my card in to the Consul," he began, "and got in quicker than I thought anyone ever could unless he was the President. The Consul was a fine old chap; his eyes looked as though they might twinkle on good provocation, but there was no twinkling at the first sitting."

"'Mr. John Ward,' he greeted me, 'it is curious that you should stumble in on us this morning. I have just received a telegram from Aix; received two in fact, for there was one for me and one for you put in my care. I give you permission to read mine.' Read that one addressed to him, Peg." John handed it to me. I read:

"Hear through mechanic in garage that couple known as John Ward and wife, have left in motor for Lyons. Will bear all expense if hotels are searched and the two detained. I claim this attention as American citizen. They are not man and wife.

Baker,
Hotel Belle."

"And now the one to me," said John, as I looked anxiously into his glowering face. Again I read:

"You worm! Am very low with gout, therefore once more delay in killing you. If you receive this wire, telegraph me your address.

Baker,
Hotel Belle."

"And then?" I questioned.

"I turned right to him. He was an American, and I knew square talk would do. I told him the whole silly story, and why I had called that morning. 'It's not this noisy Baker that I fear,' I added, 'it's the French police. I've not come crying to you for protection, but to ask just what they can corral a man for over here. What does he have to do to cause the Italian government to make out extradition papers? Can you tell me that?' I admit I was a little anxious, Peggy, but the old man was calm."

"'If I am not mistaken, Mr. Ward, while there are several charges for which a man could take out extradition papers, it would be very difficult for an American to get redress for such a cause as his without yards of red tape and a prolonged delay. But,' he continued, 'while this man may be at present putting up a bluff, he could easily have you detained, now that you are both in France, on some slight technicality, such as speeding, or' he spoke apologetically, 'for living, Mr. Ward, with a wife not your own.'"

"John Ward!" I shrieked, "what did you do?"

"Well, I didn't hit him, and I didn't want to. I saw he felt as bad about it as I did, only in a different way. I was sort of dazed and helpless. 'Sir,' I said to him, 'if I'm not married to my wife,

then whose wife am I married to?' 'Why what I should infer,' said the old gentleman, his colour deepening, 'is that you are at present posing as the husband of a certain Mrs. Baker.' "

"You told him, John, you told him all about me?" I felt the shame of it.

"Well, yes, I did. Said we had been married for ten years. I was walking up and down by this time, and I suppose I seemed a little agitated. The minute a man gets earnest, he looks guilty. I should have sat still in a big arm chair, puffing at a long cigar like that calm actor who played Sherlock Holmes."

"What did he say to that?" I relentlessly persisted.

"Peggy," John's voice sunk to a whisper, "he asked to see our marriage license. 'You have it with you, doubtless,' he tacked on, seeing my blank stare. I thought of a story I read once of Bunner's. 'No,' I answered him, pretty hot around the collar by that time, 'of course you've yours?' It was a facer. 'It is doubtless in my house,' he answered vaguely. 'Mine is doubtless in my house,' I retorted. 'When we started on this motor trip, we filled our tool chest, bought a few extra tires, two mackintoshes, and a sun umbrella. But we quite forgot to take along our marriage licenses, and if we had, what if we'd lost as I can make out, the only chance for a decent couple to prove they're decent, is to have their certificate tattooed upon their skin. Hanged if it isn't.' "

"John! to the Consul? What did he say?" I remembered the cross eagle.

"Well, Peggy, that's where the American of him came out. He was a dignified old fellow, but his eyes began to twinkle, and his face creased up in smiling wrinkles, though he went on with the subject very dryly. 'I never cared much for tattooing, Mr. Ward, after I once had a girl's initials done on my arm to show how much I loved her. Before the soreness had gone out, I met and loved another. It's no lasting proof, my friend.' We smiled at each other. 'No, a man's word goes as far with me as India ink. I'll take yours, since I feel it's just as good as Baker's—a little better I should say. He seems to have what the artistic cult calls temperament—that's only once removed from temper, Mr. Ward, and a man in temper will do anything.' So saying he sent off a telegram to Baker, and told him very civilly that he knew John Ward, and had every reason to believe he and his wife were married. I sent him one also; under the restraining influence of Uncle Sam it was quite respectable. I said we were traveling on to Paris, and we couldn't have our Summer spoiled through the mad antics of a jackass. To prove I was no coward, I would wire our address from time to time, and when his gout permitted, he could come on and kill me. I gave him Roanne for this afternoon and a hotel. We'll never make Nevers tonight," regretfully, "just possibly Moulins. But even so, we'll miss her." And, later, as though an explanation was in order—"She'll beat our run."

Then he shook off his gloom. "It all ended with my shaking hands with the old gentleman. 'Remember, Mr. Ward,' he said, 'while I know this extradition story is all humbug, since he didn't speak of it to me, he might detain you for a little on some technicality.' But to tell the truth, Peg, I've put one Baker out of my mind. The man is mad as a March hare. Now let's forget about it and admire the landscape."

So with something of our old time facility in disposing of our difficulties, we opened our hearts to the sunshine and the hills. The sixty miles of rolling farm land before we reached Roanne is like no other bit of country in the world. From every hill crest, and we seemed to be continually on one of them, stretched an unbounded view of more hills. On and on, and on, billowed the land, rich in grains and pasture, true, full-bosomed mother earth. There was no architecture, no villages to speak of, only the checkered fields, the men and women working in them, and us. Us and a nail, I should say; and shortly after the nail became a part of us, a puncture.

We had grown accustomed to punctures by the wayside, not for ourselves, but for others. Over here the bodies of the cars seem too heavy for the tires, and they are always bursting. Besides, contrary to the idea generally accepted, the centuries of stone which form the beds of these fine roads, offer a much

greater resistance than do our younger roads at home—a bump is a bump indeed on an old Roman Way, and there are many bumps over the Route de Paris. Yet the hill roads are invariably fine, and why a nail should come to us (a French shrug here) when we were so near to shaping our destinies before the night was over, only our destinies can say. At any rate it gave us the sunset from the highest hilltop, and an opportunity to discover the indifference of Thomas, U. S. A.

Thomas, U. S. A., rolled by in limousine with a chauffeur and Mrs. Thomas, U. S. A., sitting stiffly in the tonneau, staring at the scenery with unseeing eyes, just as one cuts an acquaintance when driving in the Park. They came upon us as poor John was endeavouring to jack up the car, and when I heard their friendly horn a little higher than the European ones, I got all ready to say: "Thank you, no, we can do it very well ourselves." And then the Thomases of U. S. A. chugged past us, Mrs. Thomas, U. S. A., looking through at a bit of scenery directly back of me, and Mr. Thomas, U. S. A., watching us curiously. I wrathfully looked after them, and saw their white-lettered baggage at the back. "I shall remember you," I said to the white letters; "you are Thomas, U. S. A."

We reached Roanne at dusk, and as I was very tired, John gave up Moulins, and drove to the hotel that he had picked out of the Baedeker, and named to Baker in his wire. We were both madly curious and charged into the hall, exchanging only hasty compliments with our trim landlady.

John leaned across the desk of the cashier and scanned the letters in the rack. There was no telegram among them.

"A dispatch, Madame?" he interrogated in careful French. "Has not one arrived here for John Ward?"

"A dispatch for John Ward, you say, Monsieur?" The little woman wrinkled up her brows. "But surely yes, it came an hour ago."

"Then may I have it, if you please."

Madame grew dignified.

"I fear that you cannot, Monsieur, for they no sooner read it than on they went and took it with them."

"*Who* went on, Madame?" chorused John and Peggy Ward.

"John Ward and wife. Who else, Monsieur?"

(*To be concluded.*)



HISTORY IN ELEGANT EXTRACTS*

A very handsome and elaborate account of the progress of the human race is furnished in "The Historians' History of the World." The plan of the work is amply described on the title page. It is "a comprehensive narrative of the rise and development of nations as recorded by over two thousand of the great writers of all ages." It occupies twenty-five portly volumes, well printed, abundantly illustrated and substantially bound. The editor is Dr. Henry Smith Williams, and he has had "the assistance of a distinguished board of advisers and contributors." These scholars have presumably superintended the making of the extracts from the great writers as well as contributed the introductions and critical notes. Most of them are distinguished authorities on their respective subjects. The coöperation of men like Harnack, Nöldeke, Wellhausen, Müller, Cheyne, Gairdner, Oman and Rambaud is obviously valuable. It would be strange if there were not much in the new work which readers of every class will enjoy and approve. Yet there are grave defects inherent in the scheme itself, and they cannot be overlooked by impartial criticism.

This scheme, it may be explained briefly, is the compilation of the history of each country or epoch by selected passages from the writers who have dealt with this country or epoch, strung together so as to make a continuous narrative. These passages are given verbatim and literatim, and they are linked to one another by passages written by the editors. There are no quotation marks, but a reference to a bibliographical list will reveal the authorship. In addition to the continuous narrative thus offered, introductions and articles by the editorial contributors deal with the general aspect of the particular period under discussion or with some feature of it that requires emphasis. There are chapter bibliographies, as already noted, general bibliographies, chronological summaries and collections of documents. These represent considerable labour and are reasonably complete and accurate.

Now the merits of "The Historians' History" are not to be sought in its most widely advertised feature. The very skill with which the extracts have been arranged makes the fact that they are extracts unimportant. There are two reasons why we wish to become acquainted with any given historian. Either he is a scholar whose authority is as nearly final as possible, or he is a man of letters whose method and style confer pleasure upon the reader. In the former case we desire to obtain his views in their entirety; in the latter case we desire to gain acquaintance with his work as a whole. There have been historians who were both scholars and men of letters. Perhaps Gibbon is still the best example of the combination. He has not been superseded in either capacity. Mr. Bury's recent edition of his great work shows how few modifications, comparatively speaking, of his conclusions have to be made in the light of later research. Macaulay is another example. His scholarship has not stood the test so triumphantly as Gibbon's—or, at least, his partisan attitude has discredited many of his statements; but his literary fame remains, and he will be read for manner, if not for matter, by many generations to come. All this is but another way of saying that the historian is only incidentally a man of letters, and that it is his authority as a scholar which gives him his claim upon our attention. It follows that this authority is precisely what the older historians as a rule have lost. We have at the present day reached a point of tolerable certainty in the investigation of many questions ill understood by our fathers, and it may be that in some of these questions the case may be considered closed. But no one who is familiar with the immense progress made by historical scholarship within the last fifty years will pretend to say that students of English history may safely go to the pages of Hume, or that

*The Historians' History of the World. 25 vols. London: The History Association. New York: The Outlook Co.

there is any advantage in relating this history in a series of extracts from such writers as Lingard, Knight and Vaughan.

Lingard's "History of England" is, indeed, an interesting book, and it still has no small value because it deals with certain epochs from the Roman Catholic point of view. But the reader who turns to it for this reason will wish to have it entire. He will not care for a bit of Lingard here and there, mixed with writers of a wholly different tendency. Briefly, the method of compilation employed in "The Historians' History"—although the publishers lay so much stress upon it—is its least desirable feature. The work does not familiarise us with the writers whose names are used to give it weight. One who has read it cannot say that he has read Macaulay or Guizot or Von Ranke or another. He has read shreds and patches of them more or less ingeniously joined together. It is clear that the editors could have made a better book had they written the "History" in the customary fashion, using their authorities, not by wholesale appropriation, but with a discriminating sense of comparative importance. So far as criticism is concerned, the work must be treated just as if it were an entirely original work; for its usefulness to the reader depends upon exactly the same conditions as would obtain in such a case.

The scale of the work is in the main well proportioned. The first volume is devoted to Egypt and Mesopotamia, the second to Persia, India, Judaea and Asia Minor generally, the next two to Greece, the next three to Rome. France from 842 occupies three volumes, England gets four volumes. Italy has one volume, and Spain and Portugal together one. There are some inevitable repetitions. The fourteenth volume contains an independent account of the Holy Roman Empire—vastly inferior to Mr. Bryce's—while in the last volume on Rome and the first on France, as well as in the chapters on Germany, the same subject also has considerable space. On the other hand, the Papacy has far too little attention; its importance in the development of Europe, whether imperially or nationally, is not made sufficiently clear. The account of the Crusades, too, is inadequate. Generally speaking, however, proportion and arrangement are commendable. It would be easy to criticise details, but this would involve matters of personal opinion merely. For example, the story of France might have been more briefly told, especially as so much of it is bound up with the stories of England, Italy and the Empire. The work as a whole, indeed, is somewhat longer than the general reader, if there be such a person, requires. It may be doubted if anyone who is sufficiently interested in the history of England to pursue it through four bulky volumes will care for it in precisely this form. The time of such an one would be better occupied in consulting the works of the original historians in their original form. For others the work of a writer like Green would probably be ample. As for that, it would not be difficult to select a historical library more suitable for these readers than any bulky undertaking, like "The Historians' History." Mr. Hassall's excellently edited "Periods of European History," Mr. Bryce's "Holy Roman Empire," and the "Story of the Nations" and "Epochs" series would constitute such a library.

Regarding the historians from whose writings this portentous scrapbook has been composed simply as authorities, it must be said that in many cases the choice of the editors has been capricious. Probably the exigencies of copyright had something to do with it. Attention has already been called to the weakness of the work in its citations in English history. But this weakness is even more conspicuous elsewhere. The Crusades are treated almost exclusively by Mills and Michaud. Mills's two volumes were published in 1820, and although Sir Walter Scott, no bad judge, praised the book highly, it has been antiquated by the researches of modern scholars. The introductory essay is a mere preface to a volume published in 1877. It is hardly a "historians'" history in any real sense that ignores authoritative writers. Duruy's "Middle Ages" is not the kind of material, either, for history pretending to be scholarly. The volume on Spain and Portugal is very inadequate. Major Hume has written some excellent books dealing with the former country, and his

experience as editor of the Spanish State papers has made him an authority. His succinct "History of the Spanish People" is worth much more to the unskilled reader than the extracts from Dunham and Robertson given here. Prescott is a more valuable writer, but his books belong to literature and should be read in their completeness. Of native writers comparatively little use has been made; some of the men of the younger school are doing much to elucidate the national history, especially in the way of monographs. The characterization of Philip II. in these pages is altogether too severe, and the account of the Inquisition is prejudiced and imperfect. Reference has been made to the inadequacy of the treatment accorded to the Papacy. Milman, Hallam and Gibbon, each excellent in his way, can hardly be considered as the equals, from the point of view of modern scholarship, of Bryce, Von Ranke, Creighton, Pastor, Janssen and Rocquain. In this and in other cases the Encyclopædia Britannica has been a very tower of strength. The extracts from its broad pages are liberally selected.

The defects of the "Historians' History" may be most conveniently analyzed, perhaps, in the volumes devoted to England and the United States. It is no exaggeration to say that these volumes represent the scholarship of half a century ago. The editorial notes, to be sure, are usually accurate; but it is not these that make the final impression upon the mind of the reader. The work of Freeman, Stubbs and the younger historical writers is practically ignored, although Hallam and Lord Mahon, both authorities of importance, are used freely. In dealing with the controversial Tudor and Stuart periods the editors are particularly unhappy. In these periods the ecclesiastical aspect of events is of essential consequence. We cannot understand the policy of Henry, of Elizabeth, of Charles I., unless we recognise the dominating influence of religious ideas. In fact, it might almost be said that in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the history of the English Church is the history of the English nation. And the English Church is not, as the editors luminously state in a footnote, a "Protestant sect," but the historic ecclesiastical organization of the English people, the Ecclesia Anglicana, which long before the Conquest, was a unifying force in English social and political life. Even the argument that it became Protestant under Elizabeth—an argument the fallacy of which it is easy to expose—does not materially alter the fact of its unity and historic continuity. But writers like Dixon, Hutton and William Hunt are practically overlooked. Then, again, in the difficult matter of the royal divorce and the separation from Rome we are referred mainly to Froude, Hallam, Lingard, and Mackintosh—a quartette well calculated to confuse the mind of the reader! Occasionally, as in the question of Anne Boleyn's guilt, editorial discussion in the light of modern knowledge brings the work up to date. The account of the reign of Edward VI. is decidedly inadequate, and that of the compilation of the Prayer Book is ludicrous.

The United States is ill treated, partly by neglect of important epochs, partly by gross partisanship. The bias against Great Britain which disfigures the pages of Bancroft and the writers of school histories is very marked. There is no fair account of the loyalists, and no adequate criticism of the "patriots." It is unnecessary to enlarge upon this point, because few American readers will turn from writers like Fiske to taste Hildreth piecemeal. Of course, the excellent work of the younger men is left out of the account for copyright reasons. There are limits to the plundering of other people's brains.

On the other hand there is much valuable matter in "The Historians' History." This is usually found in the introductions and special contributions written by modern scholars. The volumes upon Roman and Eastern history are perhaps the best. A number of German writers not easily accessible to English readers are cited here. The introduction written by Dr. Nöldeke, of Strassburg, to the section dealing with the Arabs is an admirable piece of work. It deals with "The Scope and Influence of Arabic History," and is a very important summary of the subject. Other introductions are furnished by such scholars as Cheyne, for example,

but they form no integral part of the history, and their presence hardly justifies the title of the work. In fact, such merits as it has emphasise rather than minimise its defects. As a universal history this "Historians' History," with all its pretensions to use the very words of the best writers, bears no comparison whatever to such a scholarly undertaking as that, say, of Dr. Helmolt. *Edward Fuller.*

FUR, FEATHERS AND INTELLECT*

One of the most remarkable intellectual feats that Darwin ever saw an animal achieve, was the performance of a certain ape who learned to remove the handle of a feather-duster by unscrewing it, and to replace it by the reverse of that operation. To the great naturalist this was a remarkable performance, because it involved not only intellection, but some sort of grasp of a mechanical principle.

What a stupid observation it seems when compared, for example, with Mr. Long's study of the characteristics of the fisher (Pennant's Marten). This fisher has a way of eluding a human pursuer which should make Darwin's feather-duster ape commit suicide in sheer humiliation, as some of Mr. Seton's animals do when they become sufficiently disgusted with fardels and proud man's contumely. Having dined overmuch, the fisher is headed for a retreat wherein he may sleep off his gorge, when he discovers that he is being pursued by a man. He tries all sorts of Machiavellian ruses to baffle his enemy. No use. The villain still pursues him. Then he figures out the situation in this way: A little while before, *he* had been pursuing *his* prey, because he was hungry. Now the man is pursuing *him* because *he* is hungry. *Ergo,* the thing to do is to supply the man with a meal, thereby causing him to abandon the pursuit. Having reached this conclusion, the fisher pulls down a deer, kills it, and goes on his way rejoicing, assured that the hunter prefers venison to weasel meat.

"Startling as was the explanation," says Mr. Long (he had it from his Indian guide, one of the "first-hand and accurate observers" he refers to in his preface), "there was a grain of reason in it, and I give it because I have none other to offer." And he proceeds to bolster up the "explanation," by declaring that afterwards he heard it from a Maine guide—"though more than ten years and two countries and many hundreds of miles separated the two occurrences."

It will, perhaps, be of passing interest to note that the fisher, though next to the largest of the weasel kind on this continent (the wolverine, only, is larger), is usually about two feet long, and feeds chiefly on frogs and small quadrupeds. Neither in Mr. Hornaday's *American Natural History,* nor in the *Royal Natural History,* nor in Dr. Coues's elaborate description, in his *Fur Bearing Animals,* is it recorded that the fisher has ever been known to kill a deer. (The animal, by the way, does not catch fish, and seems to have got its name from its cleverness and persistency in stealing fish-bait from traps.)

These "Northern Trials" lead one through many other evidences of Mr. Long's ability as a naturalist. There is a very elaborate biography of a wolf, for example, whose character (as the type of his species) is whitewashed ten times whiter that John S. C. Abbott whitened Napoleon's. It was a white wolf, to begin with, too—and incidentally the un-

*Northern Trails. By the Rev. William J. Long. Illustrated by Charles Copeland. Boston: Ginn and Company.

Animal Heroes. By Ernest Thompson Seton. Illustrated by the author and Grace Gallatin Seton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

informed reader might easily infer that it represented a distinct species, whereas the "white wolf" is simply a colour variation of the common grey, or timber wolf. One hundred and thirty odd pages are devoted to telling how "white" this wolf could be, and how clever he always was. Once when he was travelling with another older wolf towards a herd of caribou (both were wounded and starving), he suddenly discovered that his companion was planning to make a meal of him. The "frightful flare in his green eyes" and the "horrible stare," betrayed the cannibalistic intent of his companion, who was now "going crazy in his awful hunger. Another moment and there would have been a terrible duel in the scrub; but as the wolves sprang to their feet and faced each other, some deep, unknown feeling stirred within them and they turned aside." Just after that the cub caught a red squirrel, and here is what happened: "Slowly, warily the cub approached, with a friendly twist of his ears and head, till he laid the squirrel at the big wolf's very nose, then drew back a step and lay with paws extended and tail thumping the leaves, watching till the tidbit was seized ravenously and crushed and bolted in a single mouthful. Next instant both wolves sprang to their feet and made their way out of the scrub together."

Although Mr. Seton used to be, and still is, a somewhat conspicuous example of the kind of "naturalist" now under discussion, it is but just to admit that he is in danger of being out-Heroded by Mr. Long. Still, Mr. Seton introduces us, even in his most recent book, to several animals who make Darwin's feather-duster ape look rather silly. His *chef-d'œuvre* in the present volume is the "chronicle" of a homing pigeon, named Arnaux. This story, says Mr. Seton, "is so nearly historical that several who knew the bird have supplied additional items of information"—an indorsement which might seem the more dubious if it were any the less naïve. A curious thing about the story, however, is the relatively small amount of correct information it contains about these really very remarkable birds. Mr. Seton may know a great deal about the homing pigeon, but he tells his reader little enough by means of this "chronicle" of Arnaux; while his obvious determination to be dramatic not only leads him to misrepresent the bird's truly wonderful characteristics, but serves as well to make the story somewhat absurd in spots. "There is no creature with a finer sense of locality than a good homer," says Mr. Seton, and again, when the frenzy is fairly upon him, "We have no means of looking into the pigeon's mind; we may go wrong in conjuring up for it deep thoughts of love and welcome home; but we are safe in this, we cannot too strongly paint, we cannot too highly praise and glorify that wonderful God-implanted, mankind-fostered home-love that glows unquenchably in this noble bird," and so on. Now, perhaps, this is very fine writing, but as an apostrophe it is somewhat stultified by certain very clearly established facts of natural history in general, and about homing pigeons in particular. Homers are *trained* for their feats with much care and calculation. As soon as they have got full use of their wings, the younger birds join the older ones and the flock circle about within a few miles of their home, often flying so high—sometimes several thousand feet above the earth—that they appear as mere specks in the sky. Even a week or so of this kind of trading will familiarise them with the lay of the land for a radius of many miles from their coop. A remarkable memory and very fine eyesight do the rest for the young homer. When he is released for his first homing flight of, say, twenty miles, he rises in broad spirals until he is high enough to command the landscape, with which he is already so familiar, and then he simply flies home *by sight.* If he has not seen, or does not remember the landscape, he *does not come home;* that is proved by the scores of birds that are lost every year in these homing tests. And his familiarity with the landscape is widened by increasing the length of his homing flights.

Why does Mr. Seton get himself into such a fine frenzy over this "wonderful God-implanted, mankind-fostered home-love" in the homing pigeon? The same instinct is displayed, in greater or less degree, by many animals and probably

all of the birds. It is coming to be believed that our common song birds return year after year to the same locality, if not to the precise spot where they nested the year before. It is within my personal knowledge that a certain pair of house wrens have nested in the same bird-house for at least three successive years; the identity of the male bird, at all events, is clearly established in this instance by the fact that he was tamed to take food from the hand the first year he occupied the house, and has promptly accepted food in the same way upon his return each succeeding spring. That little wren spends the winters far to the south, perhaps in Central or even South America. Is his return to that identical nesting-place, year after year, any less remarkable than the homing pigeon's return over country with which he has become perfectly familiar? Mr. Seton would have us believe that a homing pigeon will return to land and to his home when he is released at sea, "two hundred and ten miles out of New York" (though, of course, that need not mean two hundred and ten miles from shore) and in a dense fog. That is not improbable, provided the bird could fly high enough to *see the land,* and in this particular instance could and actually did get above the fog. But if for any reason a pigeon released at sea cannot or does not rise high enough to make out the land, he will return to the ship if that be still in sight. At least, so say the experts. And this is a point that Mr. Seton does not make plain, so intent is he upon the "wonderful God-implanted, mankind-fostered home-love" notion.

There are hundreds of authenticated instances of the return home from long distances of all kinds of domesticated animals—horses, dogs, cows and even pigs. Hobbled horses have been known to make their way for miles, through entirely strange country, back to their stables. It is on record that cats have been "raced home," just as homing pigeons are, but before Mr. Seton uses this idea for a story, it is to be hoped that he will hear Mr. Foy sing the song about how

> They dragged the river for the boy,
> But the *cat came back.*

Perhaps all this doesn't matter greatly so long as the reader is entertained, and the writer doesn't care particularly about his reputation for veracity. Perhaps it matters a great deal that from these stories lots of people, grown-ups as well as children, are getting radically wrong ideas about animals. And perhaps it is well enough, anyway, to stick to the truth when you declare you are going to do so. *George Gladden.*

MISS GLASGOW'S "THE WHEEL OF LIFE"*

For those of us to whom any novel, at all worth considering, is interesting not only for itself but as part of an important whole, a set of well-chosen chapter-heads at once begets a sense of confidence. Our best friends, in and out of fashion, have followed this pleasant custom; it suggests leisure and ripeness. We are not to be raced through in a motor car; if the rest of the world be breathlessly scampering, we shall stroll along with an unhurried guide.

*The Wheel of Life. By Ellen Glasgow. Doubleday, Page and Company, New York.

Miss Glasgow's latest book does not belie the promise of its index. In "The Wheel of Life" she tells her story slowly, seriously. She has risked leaving her familiar Southern field, with its facile charm and somewhat stereotyped picturesqueness, for a plunge into the arena of New York. In doing this she can no longer be matched against the writers of her own school, she boldly invites comparison with all that is most skilful in contemporary American fiction. Not only that, her courage goes farther. While the novel of New York may, of course, be

more limited than the most provincial village tale, she specialises upon no isolated group. Confining herself neither to finance, literature, fashion, sport nor intrigue, she cuts out a cross-section of society, more or less including all of these. And, although each group of people is thoroughly explained, you never feel that she invites you to a cleverly managed peep-show. Back of her groupings, back of her observation of detail, back of her story even, she has her idea, her feeling about the whole of human life. Where, in "The Deliverance" and "The Battle Ground," she agreeably and rather externally told a romantic story, she is now looking at existence in general, seeing it none the less keenly for her romantic bias, but observing, penetrating, digesting. What occupies her today is the larger meaning of things, expressed through whatever class of individuals she chooses as her medium.

The result is interesting, promising, full of apparent contradictions. At a first glance "The Wheel of Life" appears less well written than her preceding books. More unequal it is, but for the reason that at times it rises to a higher plane. She frequently reaches a level of thought and expression upon which provincialisms loom up like misdemeanours. In more commonplace work, such relapses might pass unnoticed. It is because she has in a measure outgrown them that they here come in the nature of a shock.

Her fast, fashionable New Yorkers rarely speak the language of their kind. It is quite in keeping when the young Virginia playwright recently come to town says, "Is that so?" but when Roger Adams, editor of a scholarly review, utters the same ejaculation, you grow doubtful. When old Mr. Wilberforce, representative of mellow, bygone New York, uses it, you are pained. But when it repeatedly falls from the lips of Arnold Kemper, fashionable and cultivated man of the world—when he says "Is that so? then I suppose she lacks a sense of humour." When Gerty Bridewell describes Adams as the "brainiest" man she knows, you simply realize that Miss Glasgow has been too busy deciphering the souls of these people to give time to mastering their vocabulary.

The real point of importance is that, in spite of this, you believe that she has had a glimpse of their souls (Alas! she is perfectly capable of saying *"glimpsed"!*) You believe that they *are* the kind of people she means them to be, notwithstanding certain obvious blemishes. By the time that she tells you that Arnold Kemper "Was not mental" you are sufficiently under her sway to endure this, along with her own invariable "so long as."

I have dwelt on these small things, rather to give force to the fact that her true sympathy and genuine insight hold their own, in defiance of superficial flaws. Since the author emotionally interprets New York through the medium of her own high sensitiveness, with a thousand lapses, her interpretation is after all truer (and how much more interesting!) than a dozen literal transcriptions of the life, seen only as a detached unit, divorced from humanity, past and future.

Like many recent novelists, she aims at showing up the arid and starved existence of pleasure seekers, the weary emptiness of their frivolous days, the terror of ennui rattling up behind, the aching melancholy of souls meant for better things, but not sufficiently courageous to choose another road. None of this is newer than the Book of Ecclesiastes, but the best fiction must always depend upon time-honoured themes freshly staged since these deal with life in general, and staging—treatment—is merely the influence of any particular period upon the same human material.

The fact that Miss Glasgow's frivolous people do not stand isolated, but here and there show a trace of feeling, an appreciation of something they have missed, a gleam of sincere affection, rather emphasizes than weakens the effect of their idle worthlessness, because it presents them, after all, in the light of human beings, not marionettes.

Gerty Bridewell has an unworthy but perfectly genuine love for her inferior husband; she also loves Laura Wilde in whom she trusts as the keeper of ideals which for herself she has quite relinquished, in the struggle to outshine, out-dress, out-flirt the women upon whom Perry temporarily casts sheep's eyes. Miss Glas-

gow here accomplishes the delicate feat of giving an unmistakable picture of the woman who is too good for the life she is leading, but by no means good enough to be happy in any other.

Laura herself is the idealist led astray by a sudden spasm of greed for life, for emotion; the unworldly woman who collapses instantly, lowering standards, losing her poise, her head, her heart, to the first charming pagan who subjects her to his accomplished love-making.

The stage is crowded, overcrowded, with figures, and while certain characters and episodes (the playwright, the struggling girl-writer, even dear uncle Percival and the ghostly Angela) could be removed without leaving a conspicuous void, none of them is in the least stereotyped.

Miss Glasgow's own comments are of that rare kind which, without triteness, continually point and ratify your own observation. Never descending to mere smartness, she hits off a trait, a peculiarity, with the happiest phrase. Take Uncle Percival who "had a simple moonlike face, to which his baldness lent a deceptive appearance of intellect," or the worldly Mrs. Payne, whose "face was like an old and tattered comic mask which, though it has been flung aside as no longer provocative of mirth, still carries upon its cheeks and eyebrows the smears of the rouge pot and the pencil." Those are neat, superficial bits, as befits their subject, but her text, her articles of faith are equally well expressed, when she says of Adams "Too much Nature he had learnt during those months of mental apathy, is in its way quite as destructive as too little—there must be a soul in desire to keep it alive, he understood at last, or the perishing body of it will decay for lack of vital flame."

Sharply contrasted with Adams's serious striving, is Arnold Kemper's pagan view "'Men were not born monogamous'—it was a favourite cynicism of his, for he was inclined to throw upon nature the full burden of her responsibility."

In fact, when Miss Glasgow's people speak for themselves, too often their choice of words leaves you highly sceptical. When she speaks for them, tells you of their actions or the thoughts prompting their actions, frequently you feel only admiration and conviction; although even here she occasionally brings out a sentence that makes you shiver, such as . . . "He then remembered that he had never known intimately a woman of commanding intellect." It speaks worlds for the intellectual Laura's personal charm that an estranged lover and reader do not, after that, leave her to pine unheeded in the old house in Gramercy Park. Perhaps, the reader would have done so, but for the perfection of Perry Bridewell, the fickle, epicurean husband "By nature designed for a lover, and it seemed, broadly viewed, the merest accident of circumstances that he should tend toward variety rather than toward specialization." Of this same Perry, the author delightfully tells that "To offer something to eat to the afflicted was the solitary form in which consolation appeared to him invested with solidity," and "His features were so manifestly intended to wear a look of cheerful self-esteem, that his dejection, honest as it was, produced an effect of insincerity."

With the same felicity she touches every incidental character—Madame Alta, the prima donna—"In the making of her the soul he recognised had dissolved into the senses; and yet the accident of her one exquisite gift had conferred upon her the effect, if not the quality, of genius."—Also "Though there was but one subject upon which he possessed the rudiments of knowledge, the fact that he could speak with authority in one department of life had conferred upon him a certain dignity of manner." All of this is so brilliant with vision and insight that you gladly forget and forgive . . . portraits "in oils," straggling episodes, superfluous characters and unequal work. If the manner be sometimes journalistic, the thought shows no such taint.

"The Wheel of Life" is a serious attempt. If it be only partially successful (as compared with the great works of all time), the quality of success is of the best, it is not cheap. The essentials are there. The story has been planned and carried out with nobility of purpose, moreover, it bears the promise of increasing power and development.

Mary Moss.

SOME RECENT VERSE



MID the welter and confusion of current verse it is possible to detect several more or less persistent characteristics, which are not perhaps very startling in themselves, but which, taken together, point a rather vexatious moral. For one thing there is a growing preference for severe and elaborate types of poetic structure, with prescribed and immutable methods of treatment, such as drama and sonnet, particularly drama. Of course, exceptions abound. There is no lack as yet of simple unpremeditated song, some of it of excellent quality.

"Helen's lips are drifting dust;
Ilion is consumed with rust;
All the galleons of Greece
Drink the ocean's dreamless peace."*

But between the extremes there is virtually no middle ground; in spite of individual exceptions the general drift is away from forms of verse which are at once free and comprehensive. For the most serious and significant manifestations of the "new" poetry it is necessary to look elsewhere, to the precise outlines of Mr. Moody's *Promethean Trilogy* or the formal modelling of Mr. Mifflin's *Sonnets*.

As regards the former sort of performance, however, it would be a great mistake to suppose the movement due to a sudden outbreak of dramatic genius. There is, to be sure, an increasing deal of poetry—and prose, too, for that matter—with theatrical ambitions; it is surprising how much and on what unlikely themes. But the very quality in which the best of it is lacking, even Mr. Phillips's not excepted, is dramatic vitality. Just in the measure that it becomes presentable, it becomes also unpoetic and insignificant. While as for the pieces already referred to, which seem striving to express the deepest aspirations of the younger poets, they are wholly of the closet and hardly pretend to dramatic coherence at all. With their broken and disjointed dialogue, interspersed with songs, tirades, and soliloquies, and decorated with scraps of description by way of *mise en scène*, they are less like plays than hallucinations, the visionary effect of some vague state of feeling or trouble of mind, thoughts of the future possibly, but unconceived as yet or only stirring obscurely on the lap of time, without definite form or feature. While as for their style, though not infrequently admirable as verse, it is wistful, rhapsodical, elegiac—in short, anything rather than dramatic. Such, as a whole, is Mr. Moody's *Fire-Bringer*;* and such, too, are Mr. MacKaye's *Fenris*,† and Mr. Lodge's *Cain*,‡ and Mr. Moore's *Rout of the Amazons*,§ with their pale, impalpable phantoms of the foreworld, their riddling airs, and their shrill, disquieting voices. Indeed, as far as all this kind of writing is concerned, it is drama, if at all, by prescription and formula, not by effect and conviction.

Nor is the case very different with the sonneteers, though, perhaps, less obvious. Mr. Mifflin is far and away the best of them. In point of productiveness and workmanship he has few rivals in his own difficult and delicate manner of art. His recently published *Collection*,** including only a selection of his work, contains three hundred or more pieces of unusual merit—an extraordinary achievement for any poet whatever. But even in Mr. Mifflin's case there is reason to suppose that the form has fully as much attraction for him as the spirit. He is a deft and painstaking craftsman; but his genius is as pictorial as poetic. He is a "visualizer" and a "colourist"; and characteristically enough some of his happiest efforts are transcripts from paintings.

*Love Triumphant. By F. L. Knowles. Boston: Dana Estes and Company.

*The Fire-Bringer. By W. V. Moody. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

†Fenris, the Wolf: a Tragedy. By Percy MacKaye. New York: The Macmillan Company.

‡Cain: a drama. By G. C. Lodge. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

§The Rout of the Amazons. By T. Sturge Moore. London: Duckworth and Company.

**Collected Sonnets. By Lloyd Mifflin. London: Henry Frowde.

"Great fleets of river-clouds intensely white,
Sailing wind-harried 'thwart the lowering sky;
On the wild River where the islands lie,
Long levels of insufferable light;
Cloud-shadows moving in portentous flight,
Dimming the crimson of the steeps near by
And glooming golden ridges crested high,
As the dread pinions of Apollyon might;
Weird slopes of tawny grasses all astir,
As if some monster crept along the hill
Covered with hide of panther-colored fur;
While in the blustering air, grown bleak and chill—
The only wraith of Summer lingering still—
Floats the blown milkweed's ermined gossamer."

How good this is in its way; but why a sonnet? Is it not evident that Mr. Mifflin too, like his *confrères*, the dramatists, is interested above all in the composition, the definite and invariable constitution or pattern of the *genre?* And since the sonnet and the drama are of all forms of poetry the most rigid and arduous, the conclusion appears equally curious and inevitable; it is the problem, not the expression, to which their practitioners are attached.

But there is another matter. The great bulk of this poetical literature is insupportably dull. In itself there is nothing curious about this circumstance; dullness is one of the commonest and most honest of literary failings. What makes it appear remarkable in this case, is the amount of excellent poetry embedded in the general rubbish. Out of every volume published there are usually some few brief verses worth preserving, if only a few. To read only such selected portions you would say that the writers were in a fair way to become poets; they seem to know good poetry and even to be able to secrete it in small quantities. One of the most notable and yet representative pieces in this respect is Mr. Moore's *Rout of the Amazons.* It is full of exquisite passages; and yet, as a whole, it is, like most of this work, extremely slow reading. If it is at all prophetic, the poetry of the immediate future is likely to be anything but thrilling.

Such, then, are the prominent characteristics of the current verse—careful, intelligent, meritorious workmanship; occasional flashes of inspiration; a prevailing effect of tedium or indifference; a general distrust of elastic and flexible compositions, together with a marked preference for drama and sonnet. Such is the situation; and such, too, is just what might be expected of a poetry destitute of ideas. As long as our poets confine themselves to traditional sentiment, to what may fairly be called poetic commonplace, and the forms which it has already shaped for itself, they do very well. But as soon as they attempt to body forth an idea, the result is lamentable. Dr. van Dyke, for instance, has some reputation as a reflective poet, that is, as a poet of ideas. But Dr. Van Dyke, in the exercise of his graceful pastime, has never yet got very far beyond the conventional and the obvious. Not but that the conventional and the obvious may be very desirable in their way; they are, no doubt, eminently safe and comfortable. But with reference to the movement of the time they must be regarded as irrelevant. In default of ideas there are two motives which serve, in varying proportions, as the theme of poetry. There is, first, a feeling of irksomeness and impatience with the existing scheme of morality—that set of conceptions and interpretations which makes up the present sense of life—without audacity to discard the old or originality to construct a new; and as a result there is also a feeling of weakness, uneasiness, and depression, a desire to find relief from the weariness and solitude of self, to shift the burden of responsibility upon society or the constitution of things in general, or else to shirk it altogether, to the utter confusion of all moral values and estimates whatever.

"Let us go hence: the night is now at hand;
The day is overworn, the birds all flown;
And we have reaped the crops the gods have sown;
Despair and death; deep darkness o'er the land,
Broods like an owl; we cannot understand
Laughter or tears, for we have only known
Surpassing vanity; vain things alone
Have driven our perverse and aimless band.

Let us go hence, somewhither strange and cold,
To Hollow Lands where just men and unjust
Find end of labour, where's rest for the old,
Freedom to all from love and fear and lust.
Twine our torn hands! O pray the earth enfold
Our life-sick hearts and turn them into dust."*

*The Poems of Ernest Dowson. New York: John Lane.

In this state of vacillation and bewilderment, with nothing in particular to express, the poets have a single alternative. They must either keep silence or have recourse to something in the nature of a set task which will serve at once as an excuse for writing and as a substitute for the shaping and informing ideas which they lack. Hence the popularity of the drama and the sonnet; in the absence of subject matter they supply a perfectly definite problem or exercise with its own aims, requirements, and regulations. And what is even better, their organization is so elaborate and complete that they at least seem to mean something by virtue of their constitution alone; they create a kind of intellectual mirage, an illusion of design. And, hence, too, the final impression of inanity worked by this poetry as a whole. It reflects insensibly the trouble and uncertainty out of which it has been precipitated. When the form that appeared so expressive is once challenged, it is found to be only spectral, a vain and unsubstantial appearance signifying nothing.

P. H. Frye.

EDUCATION

DISCIPLINE IN MODERN EDUCATION



IF education is the "totality of formative experience," or the "recapitulation of race history," or "preparation for complete living," or the "tradition which each generation passes on to its successor," or "the drawing out of all the faculties," or "the moulding of the perfect man" then there is absolutely nothing more to be said except by eloquent and tautologous professors of pedagogy. For the purposes of rational discussion, however, education is the selection and emphasis of certain limited, and it may be, artificial, experiences in order that by repetition, study, and drill they may be organized into definite knowledge and aptitudes. And, except for avowedly rhetorical or sophistical ends, it is hardly permissible to speak of education at all without at once specifying what and whose education is meant. I intend, then, to discuss the existing dissatisfaction with what is conventionally called general or liberal education as given in American high schools and colleges. I shall deal only by implication with the problems of primary, technical, professional or university studies. These latter propose a relatively definite aim and their results are more directly and conspicuously tested by life. They may, and doubtless do, fall far short of the ideal. But the unsettlement and dissatisfaction of the public mind with regard to them is insignificant in comparison with the ever-swelling volume of discussion and denunciation of secondary and collegiate education. The reasons for this are partly inherent in human nature and to be passed over lightly here, partly peculiar to our time, and the theme of this inquiry.

In the technical or professional school the nearness and definiteness of the goal is a potent stimulus. President Walker used to boast with truth that the students of the Institute of Technology took their work more seriously and were therefore better educated than the under-graduates of Harvard. And we all remember men who idled through college, but went to work in earnest when they entered the law or the medical school. There, as at West Point or on the athletic field, a man is more apt to take his measure, and is less liable to illusions as to what he might have accomplished. But the potentialities of general or liberal education appear so limitless in prospect or retrospect that

men will always be inclined to blame the curriculum or their teachers for their own shortcomings of the ideal. "There is much music in this little organ"—if the teachers had only known how to play upon it instead of fretting it. A volume might be filled with variations on this theme by the ungrateful graduates not only of Harvard or Yale, but of Cambridge and Oxford from Bacon and Locke down to William Morris.

But when all due allowance has been made for these illusions the indictment remains sufficiently formidable. An increasing number of thoughtful observers seriously believe that the net outcome of all our educational reforms, our multiplied apparatus and our magnified expenditure is a type of general education inferior to that given by the little old-fashioned colleges of our fathers.

This may be in part due to changed social conditions. A large proportion of parents have no genuine faith in non-professional liberal education. They are at the most willing that their children should pass a few years in a pleasant atmosphere of culture and social opportunity before settling down to the serious business of life. And if the colleges are willing to cater to this demand there is little more to be said.

But there is something to say regarding other more specific reasons why modern college education fails to educate. Liberal education is taken less seriously than technical or professional training because its professors cannot agree upon any clear or definite conception of its aims and methods. It is less effective because in consequence of this uncertainty of aim, and owing to the unsettlement of elementary truths of common sense by modern pedagogical theory, it is rarely pursued with the persistence and intensity of effort requisite for success in any undertaking. Whatever the defects of the older systems for which no one now has a good word they were not precisely these. We may roughly distinguish three great historical types or ideals of non-professional education in the past: the Greco-Roman rhetoric which dominated the schools of the Empire for at least five centuries, and the influence of which has hardly yet passed away in France; the scholastic logic and disputations of the Middle Age; the renaissance ideal transmitted to us in a somewhat narrowed form through the classics and mathematics of the English universities and the old-fashioned American college. The inadequacy of any one of these types for the needs of the twentieth century is too obvious for me to be suspected of advocating their reinstatement. But, nevertheless, despite the narrowness, or if you please the futility, of their content they all possess one common quality, the lack of which is the one fatal defect in the confused and transitional types of education that prevail today.

They may have presented a ludicrously insufficient picture of the world. They hardly attempted the "harmonious development of all the faculties," but they did propose to the student a definite comprehensible aim. They required and called forth sustained and strenuous effort for its attainment, and success was sharply tested and measured not so much by the amount of information temporarily memorized from day to day as by the finally acquired ability to do something.

To extemporize a brilliant *suasoria* urging Cicero to deprecate the wrath of Antony; to debate in mood and figure the compatibility of the Trinity with *Universalia post rem;* to compose a good copy of Greek iambics or Ciceronian prose —these are achievements which the modern man will not value very highly. Yet the least of them presupposes the mastery of a considerable body of knowledge, and what is more, the acquisition by prolonged and strenuous drill of the power to use this knowledge under high pressure for a definite end. This is far more than can be said of the process of collecting "credits" in whatever number of disconnected "courses" may be prescribed for the desired degree, which is the only definable ideal proposed to the student of today.

The change had to come. It was necessary to substitute a real modern content of knowledge for the fantastic or superseded matter of the older systems. And in the controversies that accompanied the reform it was inevitable that attention should be fixed on the alleged intrinsic, rather than on the tested disciplinary values of the subjects proposed to be taught. But the temporary and transitional out-

come is that for the rhetorical, the scholastic, the classical ideal of education we have substituted what is in effect the worst of all—the encyclopædic—the education of Flaubert's Bouvard and Pécuchet, which leaves its victims in George Eliot's phrase "dizzy with indigestion of recent science and philosophy." Every specialty rightly represented in the university urges its claim to an equal place in the college, the high school, and the kindergarten. A Harvard professor of pedagogy gravely laments that "he knows of no high school in which the history of education is taught as a distinct subject," which is as if he should regret that no kindergarten offers lectures on "what a mother ought to know."

The modern tendency to neglect disciplinary values in the quest for a more useful and entertaining content culminates in the theory of education propounded in Mr. Lester Ward's "Dynamic Sociology." Mr. Ward's educational ideal (I do not profess to quote verbatim) is the direct impartment of the maximum amount of useful knowledge in plain and easily remembered propositions—no time is to be wasted on logical subtleties, philological niceties, or in the "rediscovery" of known truth by the slow and painful processes of the laboratory.

Of course, the idea and the word discipline are not wholly ignored by such writers. They affirm that discipline can be obtained from "useful" as well as from "useless" studies—which is true. They assert that utility is of more importance than discipline—which is doubtful. They claim that all studies are of equal educational and disciplinary value—which is patently false. And they achieve easy victories over superstitious advocates of the classics who attribute some talismanic virtue to the mere vocables of Greek and Latin. But in all such controversies the main point is missed. It would doubtless be an absurdity and a serious impairment of our national culture to reduce Greek and Latin to the place now held by Sanscrit and Gothic in our colleges. And the teachers of the classics in defense of the Sparta which has fallen to their lot naturally protest against such a consummation. But as citizens and intelligent men they are far more interested in the larger question of which this is an accidental aspect. The practical effect of the encyclopædic ideal, and the instruction of large elective classes by popular lectures is the abolition in the mind of the average under-graduate of the very conception of drill and discipline, or of exact, systematized and tested knowledge. And, as if this were not enough, the new pedagogy is at hand to tell him that the pill of knowledge must always be sugar-coated, that voluntary attention is always preferable to involuntary, that "correlation" (blessed name) is achieved by fanciful and emotional as well as by logical and causal associations, that all subjects are born free and equal, that we should "study what we most affect," that the child's will must not be broken, and the memorizing of facts and competitive examinations are exploded medievalisms—all of which is half true in a sense, and wholly false in the sense in which it will be inevitably understood and applied. Plato's saying "teach the young through play," as interpreted by the disciples of Rousseau and Pestalozzi, is supposed to have abrogated the law that there is no royal road to knowledge. That sturdy reactionary Joseph de Maistre provided a far safer practical rule when he said: "There are no easy methods to learn difficult things. The only method is to sport one's oak, say one is not at home and work." Now the studies which the "up-to-date" under-graduate increasingly elects are the most difficult of all, as Plato said, and only seem easy because they are taught by easy-going methods.

There are many classifications of the sciences current among philosophers, but the fundamental distinction of studies in practical education is that between those in which the students are pulled up short by definite tests, and either know or don't know, and know that they don't know, and those in which it is possible to drift along in a haze of half knowledge or false conceit of knowledge. The first effect of recent educational reform has been to increase enormously the preponderance of the second type of studies. The abolition of required classics has not strengthened exact science or mathematics. It has multiplied informational and disquisitional lecture-reading and essay-writing

courses in "literature," history and the least definite of the mental and moral sciences. The matter of such courses may be supremely interesting and modern. Its presentation may demand more talent in the instructor than the old-fashioned recitation in classics and mathematics. But they do not educate, they do not discipline. They do not compel the student to think precisely and consecutively within definite limits. They are rarely under the elective system interdependent and progressive. They muddle the average mind with cloudy precipitates that fail to crystallise into solid acquisition. They are essentially information and entertainment—information such as an encyclopædia will furnish, entertainment that may as well be obtained from a lyceum lecture or the perusal of the magazines. They are a kind of intellectual activity; but they are that kind of which Goethe says "All unconditioned or unlimited activity makes at last bankrupt." And the end of an education picked up by browsing among the unlimited electives of a modern university is bankruptcy of the memory and the reasoning powers. Never was such provision made for the study of history and literature as today. Every epoch and every minor poet has a special "course," and what a hardier breed of students took for arm chair evening reading has become the "work" of morning hours. But the result is a generation whose minds are singularly wanting in true historical back-ground and horizon, and who care for no literature earlier than Robert Louis Stevenson. Never has there been so much canvassing of large ethical, social and economic ideas, and never have undergraduates been less capable of apprehending a distinction, keeping to a point, detecting an equivocation, or using without abusing the vocabulary of abstraction. They attempt the philosophical, economic or sociological interpretation of history with no tested knowledge of economic first principles or fundamental historical facts. They compare literatures and formulate philosophies of literary criticism, though they could not pass an elementary examination on the facts of any literature, and have never read and interpreted line by line under cross-examination any text more difficult than a novel or a ballad. They are encouraged to dogmatize or sentimentalize about the difficult and equivocal abstractions of ethics and sociology before they have submitted themselves to any severe training in the necessary propædeutic disciplines, or acquired through drill in simpler and more exact subjects some conception of the relations of language to thought and of fact to generalization. And so instead of planting the seeds of true Socratic knowledge able to render an account of itself, our teaching too often at the best sows Adonis gardens that bloom prettily for a day, and at the worst instead of reasoned opinions what Ruskin calls "venomous herbage of wind-blown surmise."

The signs of a salutary reaction are beginning to manifest themselves from quarters where we might least expect them—from Harvard deans, and from professors of English. The evils we believe are only temporary and transitional, due to excess of reformatory zeal and the exaggeration of theories that contained a core of truth. I have no educational nostrum or panacea to propose. The remedy lies in the gradual recognition by the intelligent public of certain simple truths of common sense which we had forgotten in the first intoxication of expansion and innovation. In our eager contemplation of the vast potentialities of modern culture we have forgotten that the education of the school room by the inherent limitations of the human mind is and must remain for most of us a narrow and partial thing. We have overlooked the fact that the enormous multiplication of interesting and disconnected impressions that solicit the attention and confuse the memory of the modern youth make it more and not less necessary that the school should insist upon selection, concentration, discipline and drill.

We must renounce the superstititon that it is possible or desirable or even admissible to study in the high school or college a little of everything about which it would be pleasant to know something. We need not reject the part of truth in the elective system in order to qualify its exaggerations. We need not wait till we are all agreed upon one ideal prescribed

curriculum for everybody. We need only recognise that any one of half a dozen types of reasonably progressive consecutive coherent and limited groups of studies, real knowledge in which is to be tested at the end and as a whole as well as from time to time, is infinitely preferable to the parody of education whose only principle is the numerical summation of "credits" collected from the void and formless infinite of the knowable at the student's caprice. We need not imitate the English abuse of the competitive system in order to perceive that some form of final examination is the only possible guaranty of real accomplishment. We need not proscribe "sociology" or "general literature" or other vague and ambitious subjects. We need only insist, as Plato did, that no one shall meddle with them without due and tested preparation. We need not affirm that no one can obtain the education of a gentleman without "wasting" four years on non-professional studies. But we may and must demand that whatever time our young men can afford to devote to general and liberal education should be as systematically and strenuously employed as the years spent in technical or professional training.

Paul Shorey.

REVIEWS

BLACKMAR'S SOCIOLOGY.*

The production of a satisfactory text book on sociology is a matter of peculiar difficulty. Whatever may be the claims of this subject to scientific rank, and however great may have been its advance in the past ten years, the fact remains that no general consensus of opinion prevails as yet with regard to a large body of its principles. An educational writer on one of the more exact sciences, chemistry or physics for example, has to deal with a relatively well defined and coherent mass of materials. His task is chiefly one of compression, arrangement and illustration. In sociology the difficulty is immensely greater; the field is well nigh boundless and in part unbounded, while in addition to the purely pedagogical side of the work there must be a great deal of rejection, reconstruction, and reconciliation of diverse weak and clashing elements of the "becoming science." Otherwise a hopeless and confusing eclecticism will result.

Without a proper appreciation of the above mentioned difficulties no fair judgment of any performance in this field is possible. Moreover, the number of general sociological textbooks is extremely limited. With only one exception of importance the few that have appeared in English prior to Mr. Blackmar's *Elements* are in the nature of popularisations by great leaders and theorists of doctrines which they had previously set forth at impossible length in treatises bristling with technicalities. As controversialists these writers necessarily presented rather one-sided views of many questions—a defect of particularly grave character in the present state of the science. The one exception referred to is Mr. Arthur Fairbanks' *Introduction to Sociology* (Scribners, 1st ed. 1896; 3rd ed. 1903), with which the work before us may fairly be compared.

In general it may be said that Mr. Blackmar has made effective use of the new sources of material and new developments of theory that have become available since the publication of Mr. Fairbanks' book. He has also introduced a series of chapters on Social Pathology (Bk. V), dealing with The Nature of Social Pathology, Charities and Charity Organization, Poverty, Its Causes and Remedies, Crime and Its Punishment, Social Degeneration, and The Public Administration of Charitable and Correctional Affairs. This is distinctly the best portion of his work. Of course exigencies of space require Mr. Blackmar to deal briefly with these questions, but he has not been too brief. The general result impresses the reader with the wisdom of his attempt to handle these topics succinctly and systematically in subordination to the broader subject of the work as a whole. Book VI, on Methods of Social Investigation, is another new feature that teachers will welcome most heartily, although it might well have been supplemented by an extended list of topics suitable for investigation by students. The two chapters on the history of sociology are also useful, but rather too condensed for class-room purposes.

While possessing these distinct advantages, Mr. Blackmar's text is inferior to Mr. Fairbanks' earlier work in precision of statement and arrangement of materials. Vague phrases, such as "the old régime," "little by little," "gradually and almost imperceptibly," "there came a time," and others of similar character, are more in evidence than seems warrantable even after all due allowance is made for the present unsettled condition of sociological study. Moreover, many pages of Mr. Blackmar's book are marred by English not merely faulty, but incorrigibly and persistently so to

*The Elements of Sociology. By Frank W. Blackmar. New York: The Macmillan Company. (Citizen's Library of Economics, Politics, and Sociology). 454 pp.

such an extent that the sense may be recovered only with difficulty. Certain topics, as *e. g.*, moral and æsthetic activities, including the social effects of music (p. 80), luxury (p. 162), and speculation (p. 174), are dealt with perhaps as fully as their importance to the general subject allows, but art critics and economists will hardly find Mr. Blackmar's discussion adequate. Remembering the general recognition by sociologists of the relativity of various religious beliefs to the general social conditions of which they form a part, the reference on p. 166 to the "hydra of paganism" seems rather unfortunate. On the whole, however, Mr. Blackmar's statement of the conditions of social progress and the possibilities of successful social reform seems very careful and well balanced. One exception might be made as regards the following suggestions for limitations upon the right to contract marriage:

"That no persons shall be permitted to marry who have not sound minds, thus excluding the insane and the imbecile; that persons shall have health certificates stating that they are not afflicted with certain hereditary diseases; that persons shall not receive marriage certificates who have not attended certain courses of lectures on physiology and hygiene, the lectures being provided for in each county by the properly constituted authorities, either in regular or special evening schools; that persons having no assurance of means of support shall not be granted marriage certificates; and that a system of registration be kept in every county in which all residents shall be registered, said registration including statistics of age, birth, occupation, ancestry, etc."

Were it not for the "kings-ex" which Mr. Blackmar uses in referring to these suggestions as an "ideal system which might be gradually approximated," and his careful codicil, "if they could be satisfactorily enforced," one might be tempted to criticise his fourth point rather severely and possibly to smile over the third.

Robert C. Brooks.

A HANDBOOK OF GREEK AND ROMAN SCULPTURE.*

The title page of this book informs us that the work was prepared as a companion to a collection of reproductions of Greek and Roman sculpture known as the University Prints. These consist of five hundred plates which, with the forty-five supplementary text illustrations, give the most important remains of Greek and Roman sculpture. It is evident that the author intended to make his book a general introduction to the study of the monuments which would be of service either in a museum, in the presence of the monuments themselves, or when the student is limited to pictorial reproductions. This object has certainly been attained, and it is gratifying to write that the book is what its title declares, a handbook, and not an elaborate treatise which would be a hindrance rather than an aid to the student and traveller. The general plan of the book is that of Helbig's *Guide to the Collections of Classical Antiquities in Rome*, for the material is arranged in the form of brief descriptions of the various plates, which are given in numerical order, so that the reader has somewhat the sensation of being conducted through a gallery of sculpture and of enjoying a peripatetic lecture as he studies the illustrations in their appropriate classification. These brief essays, varying from a half to seven pages in length, are introduced by outline descriptions of the monuments, with details as to their prominence, present location, and the bibliography. So much for the general plan. The book is arranged in eleven parts, which are groupings determined by the historical development of Greek and Roman art. Thus the first part is assigned to the Mycenean age, the second to archaic sculpture, then follow the transitional period, the fifth century, the fourth century, the Hellenistic period and Græco-Roman sculpture. In the remaining five parts we have a treatment of Etruscan and Roman national sculpture, and brief chapters on bas reliefs, portraits and heads. The book closes with a useful appendix, containing an enumeration of the plates according to number and place, a chronological list of important artists and a full bibliography. The impression made by the book is satisfactory, and it will undoubtedly be of service, especially to the beginner in the study of classic art. The advanced student may think it unnecessary to define akroteria, herm, and to differentiate archaic and archaistic, but such information is useful in a book of this kind. Mr. von Mach shows a thorough knowledge of his subject, and there is a pleasing independence of view, although the influence of the great teachers is plainly seen. Among these Professor Furtwängler holds an important place, and his theories have been quite generally accepted by the author. Friends of Roman art, whose number has been increasing of late, will not sympathise with Mr. von Mach's entire disapproval of Wickhoff's views. In fact, Roman art, both in space and general treatment, fares very poorly in this book. It is interesting to note, however, that the frontispiece is one of the beautiful reliefs of the Ara Pacis, recognised as the work of these despised Roman artists of whom it is said that "in spite of their technical skill, when it came to a knowledge of principles they stood where the first Greeks had stood." Before writing his description of this famous altar (p. 372), our author should have looked over recent literature on the subject, for he seems to be ignorant of the excavations of 1904, and his statements are therefore incorrect and incomplete. There are a number of typographical errors, such as "nobility" for "mobility," p. 29; "Virinal" for "Quirinal," p. 118; "Noticie" for "Notizie," p. 214; "inscrptions" for "inscriptions." The following mistakes are unpardonable—"Hadrian's Villa on the Tiber," which is evidently an ignorant modification of Hel-

*A Handbook of Greek and Roman Sculpture. By Edmund von Mach. Boston: Bureau of University Travel.

big's "Hadrian's Tiburtine Villa;" the "Conquest of Campagna" for "Conquest of Campania," and finally the misspeling of "Bon compagni"—given persistently "Boncampagni;" of "Aigisthos" as "Aigistheus," "Mausoleion" as "Maussolleion" and "Mausolos" as "Maussollos." The Greek orthography has been followed quite consistently, but why Mr. von Mach should write "papyros" and "discus" it is difficult to say.

James C. Egbert.

LINDSAY'S PLAUTUS.*

This critical edition of Plautus, which forms part of the Scriptorum Classicorum Bibliotheca Oxoniensis, is a companion to those of Götz and Schöll and of Leo, and is easily the superior of either of these in typography and in general attractiveness. The critical apparatus is called brief, but it is quite adequate, giving as it does not only the important variant readings, but a sufficient number of conjectures, while it is superior both to the edition of Götz and Schöll and that of Leo in recording differences in orthography. The list of sigla, or designations of the manuscripts, is considerably more elaborate than that of previous editions in the way of giving the readings of the archetypes of the various Palatine codices, as well as of the proarchetype of the family as a whole. In this way the relations of the various manuscripts to one another are made very clear.

The text is less conservative than that of the final edition of Götz and Schöll, who have practically banished conjectures, but somewhat more so than that of Leo. On the whole, the editor seems to have shown excellent judgment in this respect. The number of passages branded as hopelessly corrupt is gratifyingly small, quite as small as is consistent with the aims of a really critical edition. As might be expected from the work of the editor in other fields, questions of orthography receive careful consideration, and in this respect the edition marks an advance on its predecessors. His own conjectures Professor Lindsay has often confined to his critical apparatus, although in some cases he admits them into his text. It is not easy to see what principle is followed here, for some of the former are as good as some of the latter. Contrary to the usual practice in such editions, and in editions of Plautus in general, the metrical ictus is not marked in the text, except where some peculiarity is noted, such as hiatus, archaic quantity, and the like. This improves the appearance of the page, and for those who would use such an edition as this has no disadvantage, especially since full metrical tables appear at the end of each volume. In these there are many evidences of independent work, and in not a few cases the more complicated metrical schemes have been considerably simplified.

The work throughout shows the hand of the well-trained, independent scholar, and while one may sometimes differ with his conclusions, one must always recognise that they are based on a thorough acquaintance with his author from every side, as well as with the language and versification of early Latin in general.

John C. Rolfe.

MASTERPIECES AND HISTORY*

A month ago I had the chance to make in these columns some remarks on present methods of dealing with the study of English Literature. The chief thing then noted was the difference between the official method (as we may call it) of studying a number of masterpieces, and the old method, now revived, of studying a history full of (objurgated) names and dates. At the time of writing that article I had not seen the recent book by Professor Gayley and Mr. Young, although it had been already issued. But as it offers some interesting points for mention it may be taken up now.

This book includes an introduction to the study of poetry, the poetical masterpieces of the College Entrance Requirements with some others, historical introductions to them, making a sort of history of English poetry, and notes to the selections. Everything may be readily pronounced excellent: many of the ideas stated or implied are debatable (as will appear) but everything is well and carefully done. It is a book that any student of literature will find useful.

As may have been inferred, the book seeks to obtain the advantages of both the methods noted above. Professor Gayley is quite clear that neither method alone will do. He speaks of the official method when he comments on students who "displayed commendable familiarity with *The Ancient Mariner, or Lycidas,* the *Elegy in a Country Churchyard* or *The Rape of the Lock,* but had not the vaguest idea of the lives or periods of the respective authors. Burns, Wordsworth, Milton, Pope, Chaucer, and Spenser might all have been contemporaries in the latter half of the nineteenth century, for all the rising generation cared." He speaks of the study of literary

*T. Macci Plauti Comœdiæ. Recognovit brevique adnotatione critica instruxit W. M. Lindsay, in Universitate Andriana Litterarum Humaniorum Professor. Tomus I, Amphitruo—Mercator; Tomus II, Miles Gloriosus—Vidularia, Fragmenta. Oxonii, e Typographeo Clarendoniano, Londini et Novi Eboraci apud Henricum Frowde.

*Thee Principles and Progress of English Poetry. With Representative Masterpieces and Notes by Charles Mills Gayley and Clement C. Young. The Macmillan Company, New York.

history when he says: "But it must be remembered that text-book information about authors or masterpieces, if unaccompanied by acquaintance with the works themselves, is worth little to the learner."

This work obviously seeks to combine the two methods and get the advantages of both. In this effort I cannot think it successful. It does something; its chronological tables and its introductions and historical summaries will make it possible for the pupil it teaches who has the time to gain something of an idea of the historical continuity of English poetry. But I cannot think that the average class will learn very much of the matter: if the student is dealing with a masterpiece in the manner advised in the preface he will not, as a rule, be able to spend much time in the historical material. Even if he were able, however, the historical introductions and summaries are on such a scale that it will be very hard to connect them with the character of the masterpiece. For example only the best teachers will be able to bring out the character of the versification of *The Rape of the Lock* from the instructions given on p. iii and in the introduction. And yet that is the chief thing in the historical position of the poem, so far as form is concerned. It is, in fact, a very difficult task to co-ordinate the history of literature and literary form in such a way that the average pupil will understand much about it.

It may be thought that, though difficult, this is as good an attempt as can be made. It is however not worth while to try to connect the two: it is convenient, perhaps, to have them in one volume, but it is best to keep the study of masterpieces and the study of literary history apart. Professor Gayley speaks with scorn of "names and dates" but he feels himself that there would be "an imputation of ignorance" on one who had not read something of *The Faerie Queene* or *Childe Harold*. That is a great reason for studying names and dates: people are supposed to know something of literary history as of history in general. Professor Gayley also speaks with scorn of the idea that Pope and Chaucer (for instance) should be contemporaries. But really, except for dates and facts, this book does not show wherein they are not contemporaries, does not show the spirit of each in so far as it is the spirit of the time.

The idea of the importance of the historical element in any given work of literature has been very much exaggerated, so far as younger students are concerned. It is really no great harm if a boy or girl does not know that *The Faerie Queene* and *The Eve of Saint Agnes* were not contemporary, at least from the standpoint of poetry. From the standpoint of literary history it is important, and from the standpoint of the older student it is important. But if the student knows and likes a score of good things and also knows the general course of the history of English Literature one may be content with him if he have no great idea of the connection of the two. They are much easier to teach well separately.

In other points, some unimportant, I cannot agree with Mr. Gayley. For instance, his view that the pupil should first be made acquainted with the "poetry of the people" and then with literary poetry. It seems to me quite clear that the subject matter is the true criterion with the child: it may be popular poetry or literary poetry; if the subject be good and the form not obscure, it will do. Mr. Young's view that the notes should not tell the student what he can find out for himself, may also be contested on the ground that this book is meant to give training in poetry and not mental discipline. It makes poetry tedious to have to look up every allusion.

I should like to discuss the introduction but it begins with a statement so astounding that it would be impossible. "Art exists because nature so often is not perfect, and because when she does seem to be perfect . . . she is limited to the place and the time and the witness," and later "Art helps man and nature out." I hope that no single school boy or girl will understand the introduction well enough to become the prig that seems the necessary outcome of this mistaken opinion. Fortunately a minor part only of the introduction is taken up with general æsthetic theory: the rest is an exposition of the details of poetic form which will be very useful.

Edward E. Hale, Jr.

EDUCATIONAL BOOK NOTES

COMMERCIAL SCHOOL TEXTS

With the extensive introduction of commercial courses into high schools as well as the multiplication of commercial schools, the supply of text books keeps pace with the demand. While there is much left to be desired in these texts, each successive lot evidences some advance based upon experience or upon a growing recognition of educational principles. Several recent issues have come to the desk. *Commercial Correspondence*,* by A. G. Belding, is an outgrowth of the work of the recently established High School of Commerce of New York City. *Words, Their Spelling, Pronunciation, Definition and Application*,† by R. P. So Relle and C. W. Kitt, is a spelling book, which combines some excellent modern features with an arrangement which reminds one of the spellers of two or three generations ago. *Gregg Shorthand*,‡ by J. R. Gregg, is a new text in a comparatively new system of shorthand, the popularity of which depends upon its use of the word rather than an analytical method.

*American Book Company.

†The Gregg Publishing Company, Chicago.

‡The Gregg Publishing Company, Chicago.

EDUCATIONAL PSYCHOLOGY

*The Basis of Practical Teaching** is the title of a volume by Dr. Elmer B. Bryan, President of Franklin College. In a very practical and untechnical way it treats of certain fundamentals of psychology in their relation to the work of the teacher. Thus, the physical basis of mental life, habit, memory, interest and attention, are treated in very concrete terms, with little use of scientific technology but with many practical observations and applications. While it is not a volume that is worthy the attention of the scientific student, it will be of practical assistance to the teacher struggling somewhat hopelessly with a more technical treatise. And for these latter it is designed.

ENGLISH CLASSICS

Two additions are made this month to the series of edited English classics required for entrance to college. To the *Gateway Series*,† edited by Henry Van Dyke, is added Hamilton W. Mabie's edition of *Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar*. From both the series and the volume editors, one might expect an edition superior to the average of these editions. In this expectation one is not disappointed. The general idea of the series is a guarantee of value. The text is treated as a piece of literature to be read and enjoyed and not as a specimen to be dissected and analyzed. The introductory biography and exposition are singularly clear, helpful and to the point. They give the untrained and little-read student just the biographical material which is necessary to understand the play, and indicate in a concise and brilliant way those characteristics of the dramatic and literary genius of Shakespeare which are necessary for an adequate appreciation of the significance of the work. In fact the introduction compares to the usual stereotyped one as does the tragedy of the master to the earlier chronicles, which gave a succession of events or scenes with no logical connection and no discrimination in emphasis. The division of the notes into those essential to the interpretation of a word and placed at the bottom of the page, and those that are explanatory of allusions, etc., and given in an appendix, is a valuable discrimination.

Ginn and Company have issued an edition of Thackeray's *History of Henry Esmond* in their series of Standard English Classics. The serviceable and scholarly introduction and notes are by Hamilton Byron Moore of the Male High School, Louisville. The text follows the Dent Edition.

GREEK PROSE‡

Pages 9-52 contain a summary of Greek grammar, with references to four Greek grammars published in this country. One hundred exercises follow for translation into Greek. Then comes an English-Greek vocabulary. In general several exercises of short detached sentences for oral translation are followed by a connected paragraph for written translation; all the sentences are based on Xenophon, Anabasis I, Chapters i-viii. This plan of basing the sentences on a classic text, at least as applied in this book, makes systematic presentation of syntax and orderly progression of knowledge of syntax impossible. Further, if the purpose is to make the pupil study his Greek text intensively, in order to derive therefrom the needed syntax and vocabulary, why should an English-Greek vocabulary be inserted? Being human he will resort to that rather than to the text.

MEDIÆVAL AND MODERN HISTORY.

A decade ago the teacher of this portion of history in the high school must perforce use one text. The choice that the college teacher had was not much broader. Excellent pedagogical arrangement was the only merit of the secondary text, and a scholarly massing of facts the chief merit of those used in the colleges. Within the past decade numerous texts adapted to both college and high-school use have been produced by the occupants of chairs in mediæval or modern histories in our universities. All of these texts possess the necessary scholarship, with the material tested by the results of modern criticism and embodying its results, together with such an arrangement and interpretation of the material as will conform to the demands of the teaching process of the class room. The most recent of these volumes (*A History of Mediæval and Modern Europe**) is by Professor Henry E. Bourne of Western Reserve University. This volume possesses the essential requisites of the small class of books mentioned. But it is a difficult task to compass in one brief volume the history of the period beginning with the migrations of the Teutons, and closing with the the Spanish wars. The means adopted for latest stages of those conquests, the Boer and solving this problem form the most striking merits of this text. A multitude of details, often considered essential, are sacrificed; historic movements, rather than individuals and events are emphasised; the unity of the various periods is preserved; and in the modern period, instead of tracing separately the histories of the nations, the unity of the various periods, such as the Enlightenment, the period of wars in colonial empires, and the revolution of 1848, offers the central ideas of the respective chapters.

No single recommendation of the Committee of Seven has been more effective than that respecting the division of study of history at about 800 A. D. and the treatment of mediæval and modern history as a unity in one course. Several most excellent texts upon this period have been noted recently. To the series entitled, *Essentials in History*

*Silver. Burdett & Co., New York.
†American Book Company, New York.
‡Greek Prose Composition, for use in schools, by Clarence W. Gleason, American Book Co.
*Longmans, Green & Company, 1905.

edited by Professor Hart, is now added a volume on the *Mediæval and Modern Period** by Professor Harding of Indiana University. The leading feature of the volume is indicated by the title. It deals with fundamental movements, periods and institutions; gathers around this in subordinate relation a multitude of details and omits a great variety of incidents that cumbered the pages of the earlier type of text books. Especially in the earlier portion of the volume has the attempt been made to get at the mind of men and to portray dominant motives as a key to the understanding of the difficulties in the study of mediæval history.

In the perplexing problem of how to classify the materials of modern history, whether by tracing successively the development of several nations or by treating them all under general movements possessing only slightly different characteristics in each country, Professor Harding follows the former. Thus Italy, France, Germany and England in turn are taken as the central stage in the drama of history. In a supplementary way general movements serve as a basis for treatment also. Each method has its advantages and its difficulties. Few pedagogical aids or suggestions are given. The bibliographies are excellent,—helpful to the pupil rather than exhaustive. Perhaps no single feature of the text will appeal more effectively to the pupil than the references to illustrative material in fiction or juvenile literature in connection with the bibliography of each chapter.

*American Book Company, New York.

SCHOOL TALKS

Under the title *Old Tales and Modern Ideals*,* J. H. Phillips of the Birmingham public schools, issues a volume of brief addresses or talks delivered to high school students. While the publishers express the hope that the volume may find use as a text, it is probably because a publisher has such a lurking hope with regard to every book issued. The talks are suggestive and no doubt helpful, or even inspiring, as delivered. But as there is no continuity of thought, no unusual literary merit as essays, and no relation to any particular subject it is difficult to see where they could be used as texts. Their chief value will be in their suggestiveness to teachers and principal concerning that very difficult problem of "morning exercises."

*Silver, Burdett & Co., New York.



THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

THE ARTIST'S WAY OF WORKING. By Russell Sturgis, A.M., Ph.D. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 1905. $15.00 net.

A Study of the Artist's Way of Working in the Various Handicrafts and Arts of Design, is the full title of these two handsome volumes, printed on enamelled paper, and profusely illustrated, which Mr. Sturgis has prepared for an interested and curious public. In the preface the author thus speaks of his purpose: "It is an explanatory book which is here offered to the reader. It is not a history of art in any sense; it is a treatise on the ways in which the artist conceptions are formed and take visible shape."

In this age of increasing wealth, when amateurs in the fine arts are cropping up everywhere, a book of this character should certainly be welcomed. Garnered here will be found the result of a lifetime's love and study of the various mediums in which the fine arts take expression. Of the very numerous subjects treated in the book, Mr. Sturgis shows the pleasure of the connoisseur in the fitness of the material to the end in view, and touches a wide range of substances that have been impressed into the service of beauty and art. He carefully draws the line when instances occur where mechanical contrivances have done the work which might be regarded by the uninitiated as possessing an element of art, showing where industry and a mechanical skill only had produced the object, and giving the reasons for its differentiation from direct art-inspired work. To find these distinctions clearly stated will be a source of pleasure to the amateur; and this work will be useful in the measure that these differences are well founded and not too finely drawn. It is on this side that the reader will find the book highly suggestive; to the mind alert to objects of beauty in the multiplicity of natural products which yield themselves to forms of art, there is still a controlling genius which says, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther." It is this kind of mentor which books of this character tend to develop; and to find so much information concerning the ways and methods of different crafts, and the uses of materials, natural and those of composition, given between the covers of two volumes only, when ordinarily it would require the delving into innumerable special treatises, is a distinct advantage to the curious and inquiring student or reader.

Apropos of this, the work has a more intimate value, indeed, than that suggested by the above, for, to quote again the writer's preface: "There are no authorities which can be cited as having aided the author in preparing the present work, which is in no sense a compilation. The author's only authorities are the pieces themselves. No statement is made concerning the character of the certain or probable method of production of any work of art without the immediate consideration of a characteristic specimen of that art. There is no mention of ceramic painting except as made in the presence of valuable pieces, showing all the characteristics of the best decoration; and in like manner, no mention of a piece of carving that was not held in the hand at the moment of composing the passage; no word about the essential nature of expressional sculpture except after close consideration of the full statement made by the sculpture itself, of its own nature and origin.

"The undertaking of such work implies, therefore, a lifetime of familiarity with fine art in nearly all its forms, and in nearly all the stages of intellectual development; and in most cases a knowledge also of the processes employed, a familiarity in watching the work going on, if not in practising it. Such experience comes more easily to an architect engaged in decorative work than to most other persons; but a lifelong habit of making notes, mental or other, has something to do with developing power of observation and a retentive memory of such things."

One's interest, then, in many of the natural products of the world, and those which the ingenuity of man has created for his use and convenience, is stimulated by reading this personal description of the variety of beauty that man's genius has impressed upon them. It is delightful, for instance, to follow the making of various forms of pottery in Chapter VIII., on Ceramic Art.

Doubtless the author has his preferences in the crafts, and from the sympathetic way in which he writes upon pottery, from its earliest discovered examples to the latest specimens of French Faience, this is one of the painted plastic arts that particularly appeals to him; but when this is said, we are reminded that

enamelling on glass and metal, surface enamels, cloisonné enamels and coloured glass for windows are topics on which he speaks with unction in his chapter on The Vitreous Art.

The subjects are multitudinous, indeed, which Mr. Sturgis treats, and it seems invidious almost to claim a superiority of handling of one over the other—to name even the titles would lead us beyond the limits of our space.

Such a presentation of the ways and methods of the different arts and crafts cannot but stimulate an interest in, and an appreciation of, those objects that are so often met with in the decoration and furnishing of the sumptuous homes of the present. In this way one has frequent opportunity to study many of these art productions, to note superior or inferior specimens, and to see for himself how different materials lend themselves to the artists' thought, and yield more or less facilely to artistic manipulation. How some, more readily than others, encourage that fluency of workmanship which tends to create beauty without too great an interference of the medium of expression. And it may be possible to deduce from this fact that the greatest of arts is practised through mediums least recalcitrant, those which interpose least resistance between the artist's thought and his immediate, spontaneous and vehement expression of it; and which still will permit and admit of the greatest deliberation in handling, namely, clay and pigment—Sculpture and Painting.

Frank Fowler.

NOVEL NOTES

HANA, A DAUGHTER OF JAPAN. By Gensai Murai. Illustrated. Tokio Hochi Shimbum; The Guarantee Publishing Company, New York.

Novels of Japan are not uncommon, but Japanese novels in English guise are rare. It would seem, at first blush, that we should be grateful to Mr. Unkichi Kawai for his translation of Gensai Murai's *Hana, a Daughter of Japan.* The author is one of the foremost living novelists of Japan. A descendant of the old *samurai,* he rightly inherits the chivalry which has proved so signally victorious in the war just ended, while his own worth has been proved by a life whose success has been well earned after a youth of poverty and toil. A prolific writer is Gensai Murai, the author of *Shosetku-ka* ("The Novelist"), the realistic novel *Koneko* ("The Little Cat"), the *Sakura-no Gosho* ("A Palace of Flowers") and many other historical novels, the *Hinodejima* (a romance which is to be completed in twelve volumes) and such didactic novels as the *Sake-Doraku* ("The Pleasures of Drinking"). He has sought, however, a wider sphere than Japan, and has also written two novels, *Hana* and *The Tale of Akoya,* expressly for translation into English. *Hana* is a novel of much simplicity, not to say childlike naïveté. It contains all the elements for a sentimental novel, the noble daughter of Japan, the embodiment of all virtues and a few besides; the cruel, cowardly, perfidious and traitorous Russian, Mr. Danski; and the noble, heroic American, Mr. Connor of Chicago. The valorous Yankee rescues the heroine's lapdog, and thus gains both her favour and that of her father, Dr. Hayashi, a worthy gentleman, though sadly obsessed by his infallible cure for indigestion. Both he and his children are much given to long quotations from *The Soldiers' and Sailors' Pocket Monitor,* which is, it should be noted, another work by the author himself. The Russo-Japanese war is, of course, described at length, and the treachery and barbarity of the Russians receives the castigation which we should expect. In the entire novel there is but one dramatic moment, when Hana, to win for her country knowledge of the true condition of Port Arthur, promises to marry none but the Russian, and him only in case her father accepts him as a son-in-law. This knot is cut when the villain accidentally shoots himself with his own pistol, thus leaving Hana free to marry Mr. Connor.

When there are so many true Japanese novels untranslated, it is a pity that such a work should be put forth as a specimen of Japanese literature. It is a hybrid of East and West, nor can its beautiful binding nor its Japanese illustrations save it.

The briefer *Tale of Akoya* is far better, for it is genuinely Japanese. The story is told directly, and is free from the didacticism and the national prejudices which mar the larger

work. It is a story which can well be recommended to all who are interested in the literature of Japan. *Louis H. Gray.*

CONCERNING BELINDA. By Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd. New York: Doubleday, Page and Co. $1.50.

Any one who has followed the diverting "Nancy" through her various "misdemeanours" and other sensations will not be disappointed in the new character Belinda. Not content with her experiments in co-education in the West, she was induced to accept a position as English teacher in a fashionable New York boarding-school, at a very low salary, for the sake of fresh experiences. She had a magnetic personality, which tempted the girls to treat her as their confidante. "New girls were her specialty. She was an expert in homesickness, a professional drier of tears and promoter of cheerfulness. When she really brought her batteries into action the most forlorn of new pupils wiped her eyes and decided that boarding-school life might have its sunny side. . . . The masterly effectiveness of her system soon won for her the entire responsibility of 'settling' the new girls, and she knew that as an accomplished diplomat she was of surpassing value, and that her heart-to-heart relations with the pupils were of more service than her guidance in the paths of English."

It will thus be seen that Belinda's opportunities to study school-girl nature at first hand were unrivalled, and there is a great deal of fun to be had from such chapters as "The Musical Romance of Amelia," "The Elopement of Evangeline Marie," "The Blighted Being," "The Passing of an Affinity," etc. The fact that the very first night, while supposedly chaperoning a bevy of homesick girls to and from the theatre, Belinda completely forgot her charges, at sight of an old friend from her home, placed her at once on unusual terms with her pupils and made the confidences mutual.

The author is careful to apologise "to all principals of New York boarding-schools for having approached those excellent institutions chiefly from their humorous side." But we feel sure that no one can fail to appreciate such kindly jesting so excellently done. *G. W. A.*

MRS. RADIGAN. By Nelson Lloyd. New York Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00.

Mrs. Radigan is another book exposing New York society, but in so jocose and headlong a way as not to make much impression until one pauses to reflect how true to life and perspicacious Mr. Lloyd has been. The story of a climber from Kansas is carried with a rush so in harmony with the climber's breezy, good-natured self as to leave one almost too breathless to make notes by the way as he tears along. Yet, while the suggestion is that of broad farce all the way through, from Mrs. Radigan's first introduction to society by her real-estate broker's crafty hint to her final decline among "those who are not worth knowing," the book is full of good hits and acute characterisations, and is quite an unexpected departure from *The Soldier in the Valley.*

The story is told through a young real-estate man, himself a climber of the climbers, who depicts his business as offering the open sesame to society, because "all the cotillon leaders are in real estate or architecture, as dancing is a branch of their business." When Mrs. Radigan inquires of him: "Do tell me, how do people get to know you in New York?" he replies, "They don't," and then proceeds to enlighten her on the quickest way of getting to know them, which is, of course, to cultivate real-estate men by making ostensible business calls at their offices. Notwithstanding these assurances to Mrs. Radigan, he is not at all averse to making assurance doubly sure by grasping one of the points of the Radigan star in its swift ascent, and being carried up himself. *G. W. A.*



THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

AKRON, O.

The Saalfield Publishing Company:

Immortality. By Joseph Jefferson.

The life beyond is the theme of this poem, written but a short time before the death of the actor. H. H. Bennett has made the decorations. It is issued in souvenir form.

Jim Crow Tales. By Burton Stoner.

Jim Crow, who has been captured and tamed by a a farmer, tells stories of his friends and what they do. Among the friends are the fox, beavers, bears, squirrels, raccoons, a woodchuck, alligators, etc. The volume is well illustrated by Carll B. Williams.

Flower Babies. By Elizabeth May.

Juvenile. Over a hundred of the commonest flowers in their natural colours are shown in this picture-book. There is also a group of children and a verse on each page. Ida May Rockwell is the illustrator.

Christmas with Santa Claus. By Frances Trego Montgomery.

Juvenile. A few days before Christmas Santa Claus takes two children in his sleigh and carries them to his home for a visit. Of course they have a good time. The volume is illustrated in black and white and in colour.

ATLANTA, GA.

Authors Publishing Company:

At the Gate of Dreams. By H. E. Harman.

This book includes a number of new poems in connection with "In Peaceful Valley," a collection of verse published by the author in 1901. The volume is well illustrated.

Cole Book Company:

Perdita and Other Poems. By Charles J. Bayne.

A collection of seventy-four selections of verse upon many themes.

BOSTON, MASS.

Oliver Ditson Company:

A Guide to the Ring of the Nibelung. By Richard Aldrich.

This book is intended to serve as a guide to the origin, story and music of the trilogy of Richard Wagner—The Valkyrie, Siegfried and The Dusk of the Gods—and the introductory drama, The Rhinegold.

The Everett Press Company:

Frozen Dog Tales. By Colonel William C. Hunter.

"Frozen Dog" is considered by the author as one of the most beautiful villages in Idaho. The tales which are told in this volume concern this place and the people who live in it, and are said to be a selection of the best and most characteristic of Colonel Hunter's writings. F. Holme and R. M. Hynes have amply supplied the work with illustrations.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

The Development of Religious Liberty in Connecticut. By M. Louise Greene.

The early colonial congregationalism and the relations of Church and State in New England are discussed in the first three chapters of this book. The rest of the volume is devoted to Connecticut, "showing the influence of the Cambridge Platform and the Halfway Covenant, the Saybrook Platform, the Toleration Act, the Great Awakening, and the Great Schism, the growth of political parties in Connecticut, and the other features which aided in the development that went on from the first planting of the colony until 1818."

The Farce of Master Pierre Patelin. Englished by Richard Holbrook.

The author of this farce is unknown, but it is supposed to have been written "about 1469 A. D." It is said to belong to a series of farces which had come mysteriously into being as early as 1277, most of them having been lost. The text is accompanied by suggestions for stage setting, introduction, seven illustrations and notes on both text and cuts.

Letters from the Dead to the Dead. Collected, edited and arranged with notes by Oliver Lector.

The letters of which this book is composed are said to be clever fabrications of correspondence between Jacob de Bruck and Bacon, between Henry Briggs and John Napier, and between Bacon and Shakespeare. The purpose of the letters is to imply that Bacon was the foremost of all mystics, the discoverer of the Napier logarithms, and the author of Shakespeare's plays.

The Pardoner's Wallet. By Samuel McChord Crothers.

The eleven essays included in this collection are said to "treat of aspects of human nature which, while open to friendly criticism, are excusable." Some of the subjects discussed are: The Pardoner, Unseasonable Virtues, The

Cruelty of Good People, As He Sees Himself, The Land of the Large and Charitable Air, etc.

In Our Convent Days. By Agnes Repplier.

This collection of seven papers are reminiscences of the author's young days spent in a French-American convent. The stories depict both child nature and convent life. Marinus, The Convent Stage, In Retreat, Un Congé sans Cloche, Marriage Vows, Reverend Mother's Feast, and The Game of Love are the titles of the papers.

Sidney Lanier. By Edwin Mims.

With the full co-operation of the Lanier family, Professor Mims has written what is said to be the first complete and adequate biography of Sidney Lanier. In addition to the story of his life, the book contains several letters and extracts from his poetry; there is, also, a chapter devoted to the literature of the South after the war. There are seven illustrations.

Little, Brown and Company:

In and Out of the Old Missions of California. By George Wharton James.

"An historical and pictorial account of the Franciscan Missions." In this volume the author has aimed to show several things which it is said have not been presented before. Some of these things are "the direct origin of the Mission architecture, the analysis of the details of the Mission style of architecture, the influence of the Mission style upon modern American architecture, the conditions of the Indians prior to, during and immediately after the Mission epoch, with a brief account of the present state; a careful survey of the interior decorations of the Missions; a pictorial account of the furniture, pulpits, doors and other woodwork of the Missions; a pictorial account of the crosses, candlesticks and other silver and brass work of the Missions; the story of Ramona as related to the Mission, and a pictorial account of the various figures of the Saints at the Missions." There are one hundred and forty-two illustrations from photographs.

Il Libro D'Oro of Those Whose Names are Written in the Lamb's Book of Life. Translated by Mrs. Francis Alexander.

Over one hundred and twenty miracle stories and sacred legends are included in this volume. The selections have been made from four books: "Selections from the Lives of the Holy Fathers, together with the Spiritual Field," Venice, 1623; "Selections from the Lives of the Saints and Beati of Tuscany," Florence, 1627; "Selections from the Wonders of God in His Saints," Bologna, 1593; "Flowers of Sanctity," Venice, 1726.

The Brother's War. By John C. Reed.

This is said to be a "dispassionate survey of the causes leading up to the Civil War. The author, writing from a Southern standpoint, strives to make each section fully recognise that the other was conscientious, patriotic and lovable in the extreme." The slavery question, the consequences of the war and other important questions are discussed.

The Florence of Landor. By Lilian Whiting.

The aim of this book is "to suggest the living drama that was set in the critical reviews of Landor's writings. The work also deals with such writers of prose and verse as: The Brownings, Lady Lytton-Bulwer, Emerson, Harriet Beecher Stowe, George Eliot, the Storys, the Hawthornes, Mr. Lewes, Theodore Parker, etc. Fifteen reproductions from photographs illustrate the work.

Men of Old Greece. By Jennie Hall.

The four important chapters of Greek history and biography covered by this volume tell the stories of Leonidas, Themistocles, Phidias and the Parthenon, and Socrates. The book contains twelve full-page plates and forty-three text illustrations.

The Oak-Tree Fairy Book. Edited by Clifton Johnson. Illustrated by Willard Bonte.

In this collection of fairy tales all the old favourites will be found in a new version, in which "the interest, the charm, and all the sweetness have been retained; but savagery, distressing details and excessive pathos have been dropped." Sixteen of the fifty-four stories are of American origin. There are eighty-five illustrations in the book.

The Reform of Shaun. By Allen French.

These two dog stories, the first of which is the title story, are said to be true to actual observations of dog characters and to be sympathetically told. The second story is "Mystic and His Master." Philip R. Goodwin has made the four illustrations.

Boys Who Became Famous Men. By Harriet Pearl Skinner.

Interesting episodes which occurred in the childhood of eight famous men—poets, artists and musicians—are here told in an entertaining manner. These sketches include stories of Giotto, Bach, Byron, Gainsborough, Händel, Coleridge, Canova and Chopin. The volume is well illustrated.

With Spurs of Gold. By Frances N. Greene and Dolly Williams Kirk.

In these fifteen stories of renowned knights are told the deeds of Roland and Oliver, the Cid, Godfrey de Bouil-

lon, Richard Cœur de Lion, the Chevalier Bayard and Sir Philip Sidney. The book aims "to enliven the study of history by giving the romantic details omitted in text-books, and to enable the readers to form a more vivid and life-like conception of the great men with whom it deals and the turbulent and picturesque times in which they lived."

Wilderness Babies. By Julia Augusta Schwartz.

Children will find these stories of the babyhood of sixteen mammals both interesting and instructive. There are tales of the squirrel, the opossum, the manatee, the whale, the buffalo, the beaver, the elk, the fox, the rabbit, the wolf and others. The volume is well illustrated.

The Ballingtons. By Frances Squire.

A story of modern social relations in connection with married life. Two families are concerned; in one the husband is the financial power, in the other it is the wife. The interest is centred "in the spiritual awakening of Agnes Ballington, her struggle for the rights of the soul, and the steady involvment of other homes and other individuals."

Sidney: Her Summer on the St. Lawrence. By Anna Chapin Ray.

The "Teddy" books having come to an end, Miss Ray has taken new scenes and new characters for this book for girls and boys. It is the story of Sidney Stayres's eventful visit with her four cousins in Canada. "Bungay," her four-year-old brother, who has accompanied her, takes no minor part in the tale. Illustrated by Alice Barber Stephens.

John W. Luce and Company:

The Foolish Almanack. 1906.

The general character of this small book is well described in its title-page, which says that it is "The Foolish Almanack for the year 1906, A. D., and the fifth since the discovery of Race Suicide by President Roosevelt. There is nothin the year *TOO* good to be in it; there is nothing prophesied too bad to happen. Nineteen hundred and six is to be a corker. Read this Almanack and you will realise that if you die before the year is out you'll be sorry all your life. Also an accurate pictorial table of the troubles of the moon, other causes of the so-called weather, seasonable and quite new. Advice to gentlemen and lady gardners, amateur housekeepers, parents, etc., and much foolishness and wisdom not to be found in any other almanack."

George Bernard Shaw: His Plays. By Henry L. Mencken.

The object of this book is "to bring all of the Shaw commentators together upon the common ground of admitted fact, to exhibit the Shaw plays as dramas rather than as transcendental treatises, and to describe their plots, characters and general plans simply and calmly, and without reading into them anything invisible to the naked eye."

Mayhew Publishing Company:

Divorce and Remarriage. By Will B. Osman.

The object of this book is to defend "those unfortunate people who find themselves unhappily mated and desire a legal separation, that their lives may not be a hell from which death is the only relief." The subject is treated from the standpoints of common sense, of morality, and of Christ's teachings.

L. C. Page and Company:

Rambles in Brittany. By Francis Miltoun.

The many journeys and rambles which the author took around the coast of Brittany are responsible for this volume. The manners and customs of the Bretons, the fisheries, the geography of the country, and the various places visited are described. Blanche McManus has made over eighty illustrations for the book, which is picturesque in its make-up.

Rambles in Normandy. By Francis Miltoun.

This book makes no pretensions at recording all the features of Normandy which are interesting from either the æsthetic or historical point of view. "The most that is claimed is that they are the record of a series of ramblings in and off the beaten tourist track, with the addition of a few facts of history and romance, which could not well be ignored." The people, their industries, their manners and customs, their châteaux, and their architecture are all dealt with in this volume. There are also descriptions of the roads and forests of France, and of the country surrounding the Seine. The numerous illustrations by Blanche McManus add much to an otherwise interesting book.

Among French Inns. By Charles Dana Gibson.

Havre, Rouen, Brittany, Touraine, Trouville and Barbizon are among the picturesque and historical points of interest which are included in an automobile tour in this volume. The party is composed of a millionaire, his wife and handsome daughter, and four unmarried men. There are thirty-two illustrations in the book.

Small, Maynard and Company:

Football Grandma. An Auto-Baby-Ography as Told by Tony. Edited by Carolyn S. Channing Cabot.

The joys and sorrows and hopes and fears of a boy three years old, as well

as the impressons which he has formed of his elders, are told by the small boy with the assistance of his youthful grandmother. Thomas Wentworth Higginson has written an introduction to the book. The characteristic illustrations are by the boy himself.

Gumption. By Nathaniel C. Fowler, Jr.

This story of "The Progressions of Newson New" narrates the experiences of a Cape Cod boy, who became interested in newspaper work in Boston. Going to Muchtown, he buys a paper, and after building it up, sells it; he does the same thing in another New England town; then goes West and enters upon his life work in journalism. The volume is well illustrated by Charles Copeland.

CHICAGO, ILL.

M. A. Donohue and Company:

Herbert Brown. By O. B. Whitaker.

A religious and moral story, based on the dissension among the four churches in a village, which arose after a series of union revival services. The subject of creed figures very prominently, and a love-story runs through the book, which takes its title from the name of the hero.

Herbert Brown. By O. B. Whitaker.

A paper-covered edition of the story noticed above.

The Hammersmark Publishing Company:

The Saxons. By Edwin Davies Schoonmaker.

A tale of Christianity in the North "dealing with the attempt on the part of Rome to force Christianity upon the pagans in the forests of the North."

Laird and Lee:

Webster's Modern Dictionary of the English Language. Compiled by E. T. Roe.

A new edition. The object of this book is to furnish the student with a compact, concise and comprehensive lexicon that will meet the needs of the Intermediate grades. The volume is illustrated.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

Catch Words of Cheer. New series. Compiled by Sara A. Hubbard.

Each day in the year is here supplied with a quotation from some of the best writers of poetry and prose. Each page is embellished with marginal decorations. The volume is bound in plaid cloth.

Lady Dear. By Millicent E. Mann.

An historical romance for children. "Lady Dear" is a little Spanish girl who lived in the time of Queen Isabella. Her father follows Columbus to America, and but for the cleverness of a court jester "Lady Dear" would have been killed by a wicked baron, who was anxious to obtain possession of her property.

The Widow O'Callaghan's Boys. By Gulielma Zollinger.

A new edition of this "juvenile classic" attired in holiday dress, and illustrated by twelve full-page pictures in colour by Florence Scovel Shinn.

In the Land of the Strenuous Life. By Abbé Felix Klein.

This work is the author's translation of a volume of impressions formed while travelling in the United States, which were written in response to the question so frequently asked him: "What do you think of America?" While the picture of Americans which the Abbé presents is decidedly flattering, he has not hesitated to criticise and point out defects. Among the places visited were New York, Boston, Chicago, Canada, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Peoria, St. Louis, Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia. There are fourteen illustrations in the volume.

Far Eastern Impressions. By Ernest F. G. Hatch.

This book is the result of a recent tour in Japan, Korea and China, during which the author was careful to "collect and note many facts and opinions bearing on the varying phases of the Far Eastern problem, and particularly upon its commercial aspects." These notes have been corrected and brought up to date by knowledge obtained later. The work is well illustrated.

A Garden in Pink. By Blanche Elizabeth Wade.

A sentimental idyl of nature in which a young married couple follow out a fancy to have only pink flowers in their garden. The story tells how this is accomplished with the assistance of John Brown, the gardener, who is obliged to change his name to correspond with the prevailing colour. The twelve reproductions from photographs and many drawings and decorations in colour by Lucy Fitch Perkins give the book a holiday appearance.

The Moon Princess. By Edith Ogden Harrison.

Unlike Mrs. Harrison's two previous books, which were collections of short stories, "The Moon Princess" is one long story. It tells the story of the marriage of Ethelda, who is the Moon Princess, to the Sun Prince Dorian. The Princess is kidnapped by the black dwarf and is not found until a mermaid assists the Prince in his search. Lucy Fitch Perkins has made the illustrations.

Life of Omar al-Khayyámi. By J. K. M. Shirazi.

The author has endeavoured "to present the life of Omar from the Persian standpoint, and give an account of his philosophy as understood by his numerous admirers in his native land." It describes this writer's birthplace, his birth and parentage, his philosophy, his death and unpopularity, and one chapter is devoted to him as "The Man of Science." The book is well bound and decorated.

Adventures in Pondland. By Frank Stevens.

This is a book on natural history, told in narrative form so as to interest young readers. The subject, which is suggested in the title, covers the dragon-fly, tadpole, newt, water-spider, water-scorpion, water-snake, toad and other inhabitants of "pondland." There are sixty-nine characteristic illustrations in the volume.

Christmas Bells. Words by Mary Drummond. Pictures by Louisa M. Gibson Pratt.

Issued in the form of a calendar, this publication consists of several large pages on which are Christmas verses for different parts of the world. The illustrations, which are in colour, are of children. The South is represented by the negro; the West by the Indian; the north by the Esquimau; while the English child represents the white race.

With Shelley in Italy. Selected and Arranged by Anna Benneson McMahan.

"Being a selection of the poems and letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley which have to do with his life in Italy from 1818 to 1822." The editor has endeavoured as far as possible, by means of illustrations and the grouping of letters and passages from note-books with the poems "to set the poems in their original environment, or to conduct the reader himself into that very Italian atmosphere where they were born." The book is a companion volume to Mrs. McMahan's "Florence in the Poetry of the Brownings," issued last year. There are over sixty full-page reproductions from photographs.

The Face in the Pool. By J. Allen St. John.

The adventures of a gallant knight in search of a royal princess are told in this fairy story. In order to obtain entrance to the home of the princess he has to kill a knight and an enchantress and overcome a wizard. The book is illustrated in colour and in black and white by the author.

The Rooks Press:

The Blood of the Prophets. By Dexter Wallace.

Among these twenty selections of verse are poems on such subjects as: Ballad of Jesus of Nazareth, Samson and Delilah, America, Samuel, Ballad of the Traitor's Soul, Race Suicide, On a Picture of John D. Rockefeller, etc.

The Moods of Life. By William Francis Barnard.

The hundred and more poems which are contained in this collection are upon themes of nature, fellowship, inspiration, courage and the paths of life.

Rand, McNally and Company:

Songs of the Open. Words by Mary Grant O'Sheridan. Music by W. C. E. Seeboeck.

The title of this book is suggestive of the nature of the songs included in it. The appropriate marginal decorations are by Enos B. Comstock and George M. Hurst.

CLEVELAND, O.

The Cleveland Printing and Publishing Company:

The Competent Life. By Thomas D. Wert.

"A treatise on the judicious development, direction and employment of man's inherited ability to aid in the betterment of labour." These twenty-seven essays are accompanied by a number of illustrations.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

The Social Secretary. By David Graham Phillips.

The position of Senator Burke and his family is established in the best society of Washington through Augusta Talltowers, the social secretary. Reduced circumstances compel Miss Talltowers to depend upon herself for a means of existence. She proves herself very capable, and wins the love of "Pa" and "Ma" Burke, and also of their only son and heir.

Tales from Dickens. By Hallie Erminie Rives.

There are at least three, in many cases more, tales recited from the fifteen books by Charles Dickens. For example: from "The Old Curiosity Shop" there are the stories of Little Nell, The Wanderers and The Search; and from "A Tale of Two Cities" are the stories How Lucie Found a Father, Darnay Caught in the

Net and Sydney Carton's Sacrifice. A synopsis of the characters of each book is given, and there is a biographical sketch of Dickens. The volume is illustrated.

The Queen's Page. By Cornelia Baker.

A twin brother and sister, aged eleven, are the chief characters in this story, which is interesting to the adult as well as the young mind. On account of their winning manners and great beauty they are taken to the palace of Navarre and of France, where they serve as page and maid. The story describes their experiences while thus employed. There are several illustrations in the book.

Banjo Talks. By Anne Virginia Culbertson.

An illustrated volume containing nearly fifty selections of verse in negro dialect.

The Best Policy. By Elliot Flower.

A dozen stories in which Life Insurance is the main theme. Among the titles are An Incidental Comedy, An Incidental Question, An Incidental Tragedy, An Incidental Speculation, An Incidental Favour, An Incidental Error, An Incidental Failure, An Incidental Courtship, etc.

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Democrat Publishing Company:

Reform and Nature Verse. By William Hoffman.

"A little book of Democratic poems, taking their theme from modern imperialism and industrial inequality; also containing a number of poems based on nature subjects."

OXFORD, N. Y.

The Irving Company:

Oriental Studies. By Lewis Dayton Burdick.

The four papers included in this collection are: Antiquity of Our Ethical Ideals, Some Variants of the Tale of the Kings, Notes on Faiths and Folk-Lore of the Moon, and Epics Before the Iliad.

The Hand. By Lewis Dayton Burdick.

"A survey of facts, legends and beliefs pertaining to manual ceremonies, covenants and symbols." Among the sixteen chapter-titles are: A Symbol of Life, An Indicator of Fortune, Trial by the Hand, Laying on Hands, Taking an Oath, The Social Hand, The Hand of Evil, etc.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

George W. Jacobs and Company:

David G. Farragut. By John Randolph Spears.

An additional volume in the "American Crisis Biographies." Mr. Sears has had the co-operation of Captain Loyall Farragut, the son of the admiral, in the preparation of the life story of his father. Many historical events are recorded and described. Among them may be mentioned the blockade, the battle on the Mississippi, the battle of Mobile Bay, the siege at New Orleans, etc. The book is illustrated with a portrait of Admiral Farragut and several maps.

Shakespeare's Sweetheart. By Sara Hawks Sterling.

Soon after William Shakespeare's death, Ben Johnson is said to have visited the widow and induced her to describe the courtship of her husband; the conversation was written down and placed in a London vault by Johnson, where it was found many years afterward. This is the thread from which the author has woven the tale. According to the story, Anne Hathaway, on account of obscure parentage, is not received by William's mother, and a separation eventually takes place. Anne learns that she has been supplanted in her husband's affections by a beautiful countess. In order to find out just how matters stand, Anne comes to London in the guise of a youth, and plays in several of Shakespeare's plays. Just what state of affairs she finds is left to the reader to discover. The book presents a holiday appearance.

"That Reminds Me."

This "collection of tales worth telling" is said to be a selection of the best jests and stories which appeared in a Philadelphia newspaper prize competition. A strain of truth is to be found in much of the humour.

Knocks: Witty, Wise and ——. By Minna Thomas Antrim.

The following selections from the hundred or more epigrams contained in this collection, gives an idea of the nature of the book: "Fame? Pull with the Press," The atmosphere of love is mostly hot air," and "Society! Snub, snicker, sneer, sniff. That's all." Clara Elsene Peck and Blanche Greer have provided the volume with numerous illustrations.

The Jewish Publication Society of America:

Jews and Judaism in the Nineteenth Century. By Gustav Karpeles.

These four lectures were delivered in Berlin by Dr. Karpeles before the "Association for Jewish History and Literature" during the winter of 1899-1900.

J. B. Lippincott and Company:

Finite and Infinite. By Thomas Curran Ryan.

"Actus Dei" and "A Finite Universe" are the titles of the two parts into which this book is divided. The first division is an abstract argument on theological ideas and suppositions, in which truth is declared and emphasised; the second part inquires into the construction of the universe, especially the composition and location of the sky.

Oxford. By Andrew Lang.

"These papers do not profess even to sketch the outlines of a history of Oxford. They are merely records of the impressions made by this or that aspect of the life of the University, as it has been in different ages." It discusses the town life before the days of the institution, the early students, the Renaissance and the Reformation, Jacobean Oxford, the Oxford poets, the undergraduate life, and the Oxford of different periods. This new edition is embellished by fifty illustrations.

Facts and Fancies for the Curious. Collated by Charles C. Bombaugh.

This work is similar to "Gleanings for the Curious from the Harvest Fields of Literature," the plates of which were destroyed by fire. It consists of bits of fact and anecdote gathered from various sources, and covers many lines of inquiry. The selections are arranged under sub-heads, such as Our National Airs, First Things, Flashes of Repartee, Comical Blunders, Legendary Lore, Female Poisoners, Toasts and Mottoes, etc.

Chats on Violins. By Olga Ragster.

The early history and the kinds of violins best known are here dealt with. The great makers from Gaspar di Salo, Maggine, Amati, to Stradivarius are described, and there are chapters on violin music and playing. The work is illustrated.

The Household of Peter. By Rosa Nouchette Carey.

Miss Carey's newest book is a love-story, and is written in the same wholesome, clever style which has made "Not Like Other Girls," "A Passage Perilous," "The Highway of Fate" and others of her novels favourites among young women and half-grown girls.

Edinburgh. By Robert Louis Stevenson.

A new edition, bound in lambskin, of a convenient pocket size. A frontispiece is included.

The Life of Mary, Queen of Scots. By Hilda T. Skae.

This biography is based upon a "study of the stories, ancedotes, letters, and reminiscences bearing upon the personality of the Queen from childhood upwards, in her public and private life, wherever such has been obtainable." The volume contains over thirty illustrations.

Letters to a Débutante. By Lady Jephson.

These letters contain counsel and advice for young women. They discuss the Art of Happiness, the Need for Controlling the Tongue, the Ethics of Dress, Country House Visiting, Choice of Literature, Wit, the Advisability of Friendships with Men, and Are Elopements Justifiable?

The John C. Winston Company:

Deerfoot in the Mountains. By Edward S. Ellis.

This story completes the "New Deerfoot" trilogy; "Deerfoot in the Forest" and "Deerfoot on the Prairies" being the first two volumes. The two young men and their Indian friend and guide, Deerfoot, have now reached the Pacific, and together they make the ascent of the Columbia River. Here they encounter tribes of Indians who succeed in making a great deal of trouble for the heroes and in giving the reader a tale of adventure and daring.

The Jews in America. By Madison C. Peters.

One of the main objects of this book is to destroy the feeling of prejudice which the Gentile world has for the Jews. It is also a short story of the part which the Jews played in the building of America. The volume commemorates the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of their settlement.

Only a Grain of Sand. By Charles Maus Taylor.

This mythical tale is the autobiography of a grain of sand from the time it first became aware of its existence. It describes how it is washed up on a beach and becomes the toy of children, how it is taken to a factory and becomes part of a vase which is broken, put in the ash barrel, taken to a junk shop, sold again, etc. Clare Victor Dwiggins has made the marginal decorations.

Vir Publishing Company:

The Bloom of Girlhood. By Pauline Page.

"A booklet designed to impart essential information to young girls."

Parental Honesty. By Sylvanus Stall.

"A pamphlet setting forth to parents the importance and manner of safeguarding the purity of young children."

The Daughter's Danger. By Mrs. Emma F. A. Drake, M.D.

"Prize paper to girls of sixteen and upwards," issued in booklet form.

RICHMOND, VA.

Presbyterian Committee of Publication:

The Lynching of Jesus. By E. T. Wellford.

A review of the legal aspects of the trial of Christ. Among the titles of the twelve chapters are: The Slaughter of the Innocents, The Arbitrament of Reason, The Law of the Land, Springs of Action, Arrest or Seizure, Courts of Injustice, etc.

Modern Mysticism. By Rev. J. B. Shearer, D.D.

The third in a series of lectures at Davidson College, established by the late Rev. J. M. P. Otts. Among the sub-heads under which this discourse is divided are The Trinity, The Supernatural, The Covenants of the Spirit, Is Modern Mysticism Scriptural? Divine Healing, etc.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Paul Elder and Company:

The Matrimonial Primer. By V. B. Ames and Gordon Ross.

A small volume filled with epigrammatic sayings and characteristic illustrations. There are also several pages devoted to pictorial matrimonial mathematics.

TOLEDO, O.

Emery Davis Potter:

Ode to My Pipe. By Emery Davis Potter.

This poem is written in appreciation of the many questions which have been solved, and the many difficulties which have been fought with the assistance of pipe. The marginal decorations and a tried and true friend—the author's full-page illustrations are by Ludwig Bang.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Government Printing Office:

Mexican and Central American Antiquities, Calendar Systems and History.

The twenty-four papers contained in the volume are by Eduard Seler, E. Förstemann, Paul Schellhas, Carl Sapper and E. P. Dieseldorff.

LONDON, ENGLAND

Alfred Holness:

The Final Preservation of the Saints. By Rev. Richard Venting.

If this little book convinces the reader that the relations existing between a Christian and his God are inseparable, it has accomplished its purpose. The titles of some of the chapters, which give an idea of the work, are: Preservation versus Perseverance, Spiritual Life and Its Development, Security Depends upon God's Ability, Final Salvation a Certainty, Christian Character and Influence, etc.

HALIFAX, N. S.

The McAlpine Publishing Company (Limited):

Collections of the Nova Scotia Historical Society. Vol. XII.

In addition to the objects of collection, the rules and by-laws of the Society and a list of its officers and members, this brochure contains biographical sketches of the Honourable Edward Cornwallis, the founder of Halifax; Governor Charles Lawrence, and Richard Bulkeley—both prominent figures in the history of Nova Scotia.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the six most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of January and the 1st of February.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

1. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Karl Grier. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
4. A Maker of History. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

1. The Work of Our Hands. Keys. McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Duke of Devil May Care. Dickson. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Game and the Candle. Davidge. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Reble Prince. Comstock. (John Long, London, Eng.) $1.50.
5. Back Home. Wood. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN
SECOND LIST

1. A Maker of History. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50
4. Barbara Winslow. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Karl Grier. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
6. Princess Priscilla's Fortnight. Author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden." (Scribners.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50
2. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Hearts and Masks. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

1. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50
3. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Hearts and Masks. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Man of the Hour. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. A Maker of History. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
2. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50
4. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. Outside the Law. Barnes. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Northerner. Davis. (Century Co.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50
2. Fair Margaret. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Peter's Mother. de La Pasture. (Dutton.) $1.50.
4. Princess Priscilla's Fortnight. Anonymous. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Wood Fire in No. 3. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Barbara Winslow. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50
5. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50
2. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Man of the Hour. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, O.

1. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50
2. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Man of the Hour. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Yolanda. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50
3. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEX.

1. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50
2. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Deluge. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Man of the Hour. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50
3. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. A Sword of the Old Frontier. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. The Resurrection of Miss Cynthia. Kingsley. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50
3. Double Trouble. Quick. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Man of the Hour. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50
3. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Missourian. Lyle. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Barbara Winslow. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50
2. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. My Friend the Chauffeur. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Hearts and Masks. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Deluge. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Double Trouble. Quick. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50
2. The Wheat Princess. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. The Man of the Hour. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Ben Blair. Lillibridge. (McClurg) $1.50.
5. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50
4. Ayesha. Haggard. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. In the Heart of the Canadian Rockies. Outram. (Macmillan.) net $3.00.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50
2. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. The Divine Fire. Sinclair. (Holt.) $1.50.
5. Louisiana. Phelps. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) net $1.10.
6. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. Barbara Winslow. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. My Friend the Chauffeur. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50

OMAHA, NEB.

1. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50
4. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
5. The Mother. Duncan. (Revell.) $1.25.
6. Yolanda. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50
4. Fair Margaret. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
6. A Sword of the Old Frontier. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50
2. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Conquest. Dye. (McClurg.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. A Maker of History. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Long Arm. Gardenhire. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Karl Grier. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
5. Mr. Scraggs. Phillips. (Grafton Press.) $1.25.
6. Arncliffe Puzzle. Holmes. (Clode.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50
3. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
5. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Fair Margaret. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50
6. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50
3. The Pardoner's Wallet. Crothers. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
4. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Northerner. Davis. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. The Princess Priscilla's Fortnight. Anonymous. (Scribner.) $1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50
3. The Man of the Hour. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
5. The Reckoning. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Deluge. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50
2. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Losers' Luck. Jackson. (Holt.) $1.50.
6. Testimony of the Suns. Sterling. (A. M. Robertson.) $1.50.

SEATTLE, WASH.

1. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50
2. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Yolanda. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Hearts and Masks. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Trident and the Net. Anonymous. (Harper.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, O.

1. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50
5. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50
2. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary. Warner. (Little-Brown & Co.) $1.50.
5. A Sword of the Old Frontier. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50
2. The Debtor. Freeman. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Wood Fire in No. 3. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50
5. The Princess Priscilla's Fortnight. Anonymous. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Fair Margaret. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

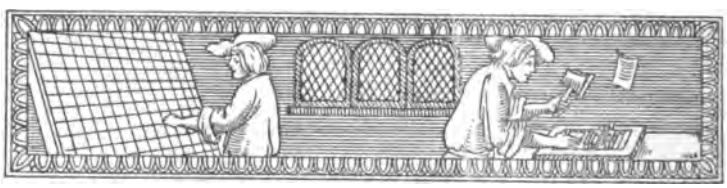
From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

					POINTS
A book standing		1st	on any list	receives	10
"	"	2d	"	"	8
"	"	3d	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

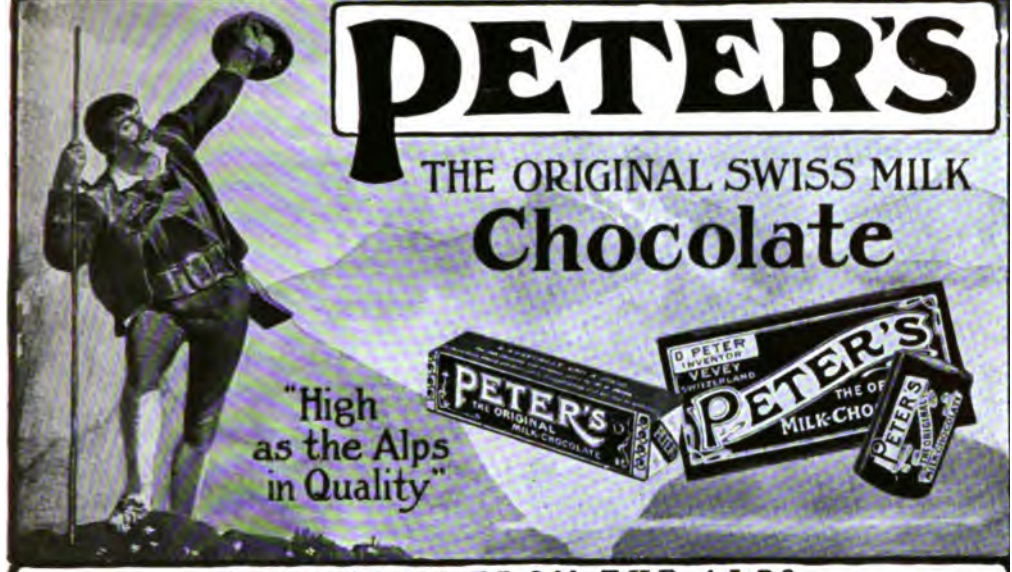
According to the foregoing lists the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50	260
2. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50	206
3. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50	174
4. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50	80
5. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50	76
6. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50	73



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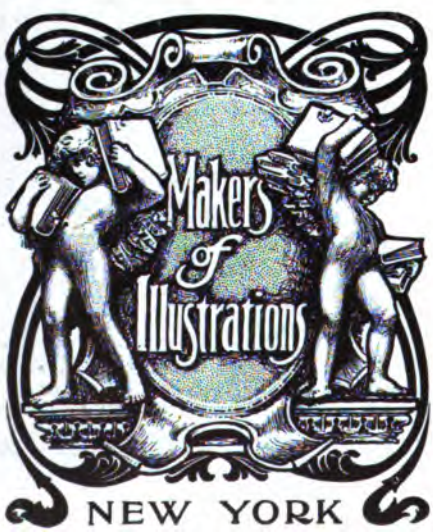
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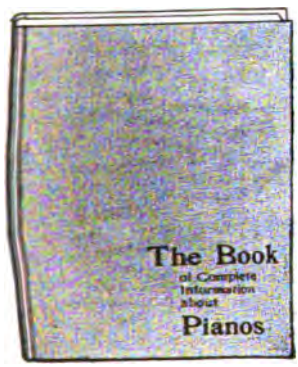
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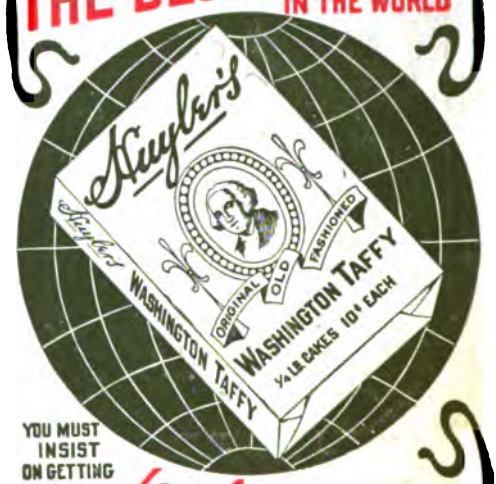
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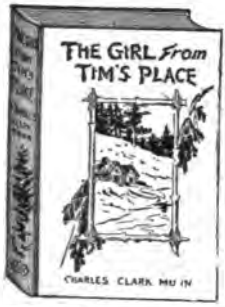
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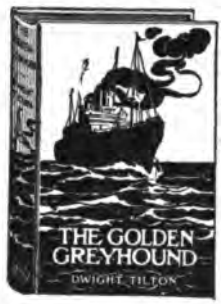
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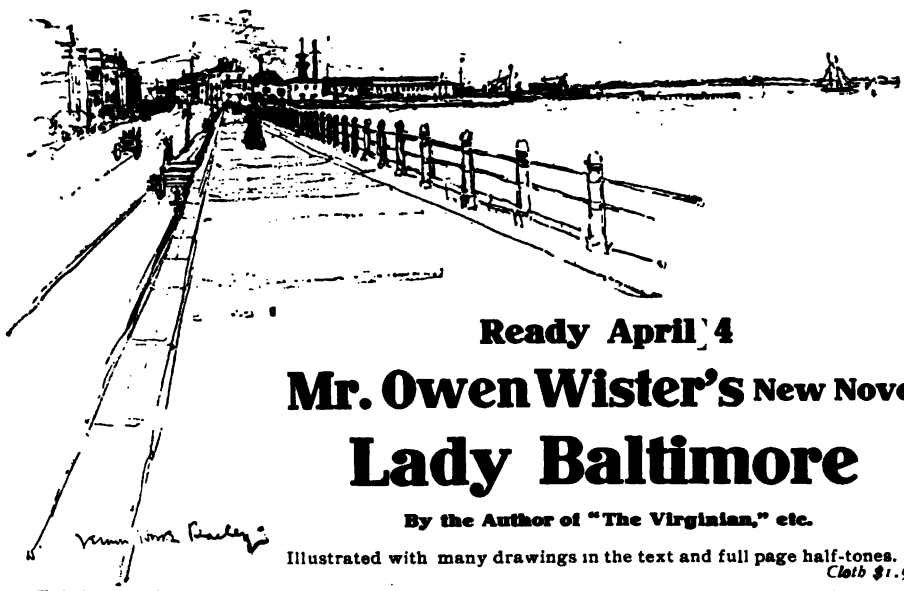
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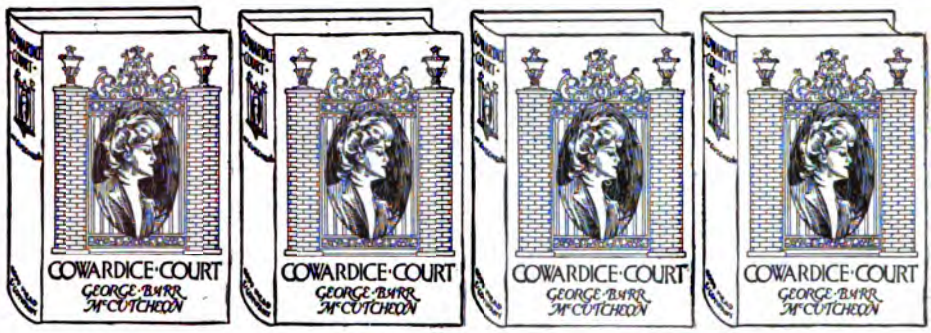
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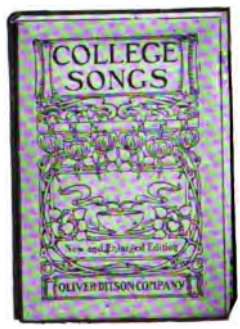
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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Longstreet vs Hardy

In our February issue, a paper written by Mr. Lyndon Orr called attention by means of the deadly parallel to the manner in which Mr. Thomas Hardy's *Trumpet Major* has curiously paralleled a passage from A. B. Longstreet's *Georgia Scenes*. We have received a number of letters asking us for a conjectural explanation of this remarkable coincidence. We confess that we are somewhat at a loss. *Georgia Scenes* was first published about 1836. At that time Edgar Allen Poe was editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, and though he was even then a rather sombre spirit, he confessed that the book made him laugh more heartily than he had done for a long while. *Georgia Scenes* appeared from the press of the Harpers in 1840 and again in 1867. But Mr. Longstreet obstinately refused to have anything to do with either edition and would not consent to revise it. Since writing it, he had become a clergyman; and he regretted that his name should be linked with stories that dealt with dancing, fighting and horse-racing. As a matter of fact, however there were many reprints of the volume; and during the fifties, the book was much sold in England where it was supposed to give typical views of American Life.

Now it is inconceivable that a writer so distinguished as Hardy should have consciously plagiarised anybody's book. Furthermore, the passage in *The Trumpet Major*, which bears so striking a resemblance to the one in *Georgia Scenes* is, after all, not sufficiently remarkable to tempt another novelist to convey it bodily. A learned friend of ours suggests that the passage may have been included in some English school reader, and that Hardy may have had to con it over many times when a boy, so that it became fixed in his mind, even to the phraseology. Then, thirty years or more afterwards, in writing of a militia drill, the Georgia novelist's sentences may have welled up into his mind by a process of unconscious memory, and may thus have passed out through his pen into the pages of *The Trumpet Major*. We give this explanation for what it is worth; and as a matter of fact, we have no other.

In justice to an esteemed contemporary, we ought to mention here a circumstance of which we were quite ignorant when we published the article by Mr. Lyndon Orr. The coincidence between Hardy and Longstreet was really noticed and made public almost twenty years ago in the pages of the *Critic*. We have been rather expecting, indeed, that the *Critic* would point out this fact and have some fun at our expense. For its courteous forbearance, we hereby express our thanks. There is something else, however, which neither the *Critic* nor ourselves discovered, but which has been set forth by Professor W. P. Trent in his *Southern Writers*. Professor Trent makes it clear that Longstreet was not the actual author of

the passage of which we have been speaking. The account of the militia drill in *Georgia Scenes* is noted in that book as having been written by "a friend." Professor Trent identifies this "friend" with Senator O. H. Prince of Georgia. Hence in the literary forum, the case is really not Longstreet vs. Hardy but rather Prince vs. Hardy. We rather wish that Mr. Hardy would condescend to put in a reply.

Mr. Dunbar's Best Book

The late Paul Laurence Dunbar made himself best known by his negro poems, and it is probably by them that he will be remembered longest. Nevertheless, these are not in reality Mr. Dunbar's truest claim to consideration. Some years ago he published a novel under the title of *The Sport of the Gods*. It received comparatively little notice and is now, perhaps, almost forgotten, save by a very few. One reason why it failed to attract attention may have been its title, which is decidedly pretentious and which means nothing in particular. Another reason is the fact that the first few chapters of the book contain only the most conventional material, treated in the most conventional sort of way—plantation scenes, the negro quarters, the careless happy family—in fact, a rather dim replica of the Shelby part of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. It is likely that many readers never got beyond these opening chapters and therefore never reached the portion of the book which is in reality unique. Here, however, Mr. Dunbar out of the abundance of intimate knowledge, has told us things of which one can find no mention elsewhere in our literature. He has shown us the life of those negroes who are not day labourers, who possess various degrees of education, and who may even be comparatively wealthy. Do we ever think of how such people live? They certainly do not live in the city slums. They are barred out from those places which even the poorer whites frequent. What is their mode of life and what are their amusements, distractions, surroundings and dissipations. Mr. Dunbar throws a whole flood of light on this really large section of our population. We see the high-class negro as he is to himself and to those of his own kind—in his home, in his own special theatres and places of enjoyment, in his clubs and churches—and we come to know all about his opportunities and temptations and what he does and thinks from day to day. It is a most curious revelation of a whole stratum of society of which all of us are densely ignorant and of whose very existence most of us are wholly unaware. Our readers will thank us if they follow our advice and look up this exceptionally interesting and often rather startling book.

The Authors' Club and Norman Hapgood

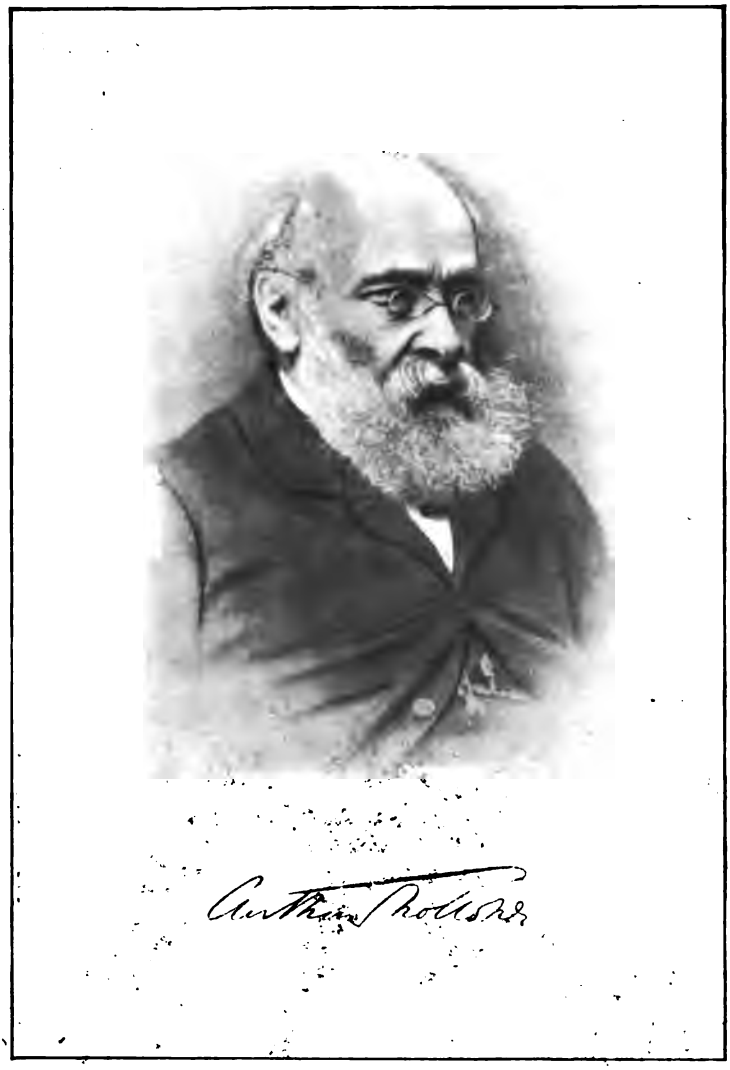
On the evening of Thursday, March the 15th, the Author's Club of New York gave a reception to Mr. Norman Hapgood, who two or three months ago was playing a very important part in what seems to be regarded as a very celebrated case. Officially, of course, Mr. Hapgood was a guest only in his capacity as a journalist and a man of letters. One unusual feature of the reception stamped it as a marked tribute. On only two or three occasions in the history of the Club has a formal reception been given to a man who, like Mr. Hapgood, is not himself a member. The last such reception was that tendered to Mr. Jules Jusserand, the French Embassador, who subsequently was elected to honourary membership. Then, again, we do not recall that the Club has ever before extended this form of appreciation to so comparatively young a man.

Since Mr. Hapgood, at the age of twenty-two, was graduated from Harvard University with the class of 1890, his career as a newspaper man and as a critical writer has been one of almost uninterrupted success. He graduated from the Harvard Law School in the autumn of 1893 and soon after went to work as a reporter for the *Evening Post*. Three years later he accepted the position of dramatic editor on the *Commercial Advertiser*, which at the time was undergo-

ing a decided transformation and under the guidance of a number of the Post's old men was challenging Mr. Godkin's newspaper for its unique position among American afternoon dailies. From the beginning Mr. Hapgood's column was a radical departure from the conventional newspaper dramatic criticism.



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*

Despite his volume on *The Stage in America,* his writing on theatrical affairs is probably only an ephemeral phase of his career. At present he must rather be regarded as a publicist or as a literary critic pure and simple. In the last named capacity he had the unusual good fortune, for an American, of find-

ing, while still a very young man, an appreciative British audience. A good part of what makes up his book on *Literary Statesmen* was first printed in the pages of the *Contemporary Review*. As a biographer, he is best known by his life of Abraham Lincoln. After several years absence from the field of active journalism he returned to it in a measure when, about three years ago, he assumed the editorship of *Collier's Weekly*.

A New Trollope Series

Lovers of Anthony Trollope—and there are very many of them—will be glad to learn that still another series of novels is being issued by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company. This firm has already published in one series the Barchester novels which centre around the life of an English cathedral city, and a second series containing the parliamentary novels which afford so intimate a picture of that society which is the very heart of the great world of Britain. The third series is to be known as The Manor House Series, and it will contain the choicest of Trollope's books, which depict the manners, the interests and the peculiar modes of thought that characterise the English country gentleman in his chosen environment. There is no doubt that the Barchester novels are the ones by which most persons know Trollope; yet if we had to initiate a neophyte into the Trollopian mysteries, we should not recommend him to read first of all *The Warden* or *Barchester Towers*. These are somewhat too special for one who is not already saturated with the English atmosphere. We should rather recommend to him the reading of *The Way We Live Now*—a book teeming with life, replete with pictures of English clubland, and containing a graphic story of speculation and company promotion, which shows that frenzied finance was well



MARK TWAIN—SEVENTY YEARS YOUNG



MARY DILLON, THE AUTHOR OF "IN OLD BELLAIRE"

known in England many years before Mr. Lawson coined that catching phrase and applied it to an American phenomenon of our own day. After that, we should ask him to read *The American Senator* —a remarkably keen study of the husband-hunting girl, who in her eagerness forgets not only the modesty of womanhood, but her breeding and her self respect as a lady of birth and blood. Then there is that poignant story called *He Knew He Was Right*, which we regard as the supreme study, in all literature, of the master-passion jealousy.

Oddly enough, if we were to advise anyone to read these books, he would probably be unable at present to procure them, except perhaps from some large library or by importing them from England. In this country they have been out of print for twenty years; yet for sheer interest they tower head and shouulders above any of the novels that have been produced in the last decade. The same is true of *Orley Farm* and the *Vicar of Bullhampton*. These two are the first that have been selected for publication in the Manor House Series. Of the former, Trollope himself wrote: "Most of those among my friends who talk to me about my novels, and are competent to form an opinion on the subject, say that this is the best that I have written." Trollope remarked on his own account "I do not know that there is a dull page in the book." This is undoubtedly true; for in addition to its scenes in the houses of the gentry, we are taken into the intimate life of commercial travellers, old English inns, the offices of shady lawyers and the cottages of peasants. A remarkable psychological sketch is found in the character of Lady Mason,—a woman who is high minded, upright and genuinely good, and yet who forges a will successfully and reveals the deed only when her generosity is touched by the implicit confidence given her by a gentleman who loves her. *Orley Farm* was so highly thought of that the illustrations for it in its definitive edition in England were made by no less an artist than Millais. *The Vicar of Bullhampton* was written in 1868 and was probably more discussed at the time of its publication than any other novel which Trollope ever wrote. In it a delicate situation is very frankly treated; and the book called forth a shower of protests to which Trollope made a long and full reply. Of this novel it may be said as Thackeray said of *Pickwick:* "It has the flavour of a glass of good old English ale." The succeeding volumes of this new series will be watched for with keen interest, and deserve to be read with appreciative avidity. Trollope and not Thackeray is in reality the English Balzac.

Concerning Egerton Castle

Egerton Castle, whose new novel, *If Youth But Knew,* is just appearing, is eminently characteristic. He is one of the most accomplished fencers and swordsmen in England at the present time having been one of England's international team that lost only to the French fencers, and has made an intimate study of both the theory and the practice of the art. His first book, it will be remembered, was *Schools and Masters of Fence;* and on the literary side at least he is permeated by the ideals and the principles of the days of chivalry. His whole attitude toward life, as represented in his fiction, springs from all that was best in the days when men maintained their beliefs and preferences in accordance with the *code duello.* In consequence of this his tales are all romances in the strict sense of that term; which refers less to actual incidents than to animating spirit. The hero of *The Pride of Jennico* for example, so far from rampaging successfully through its pages in the manner of swashbuckling fiction of the conventional type is not only worsted but nearly killed in his only duel.



EGERTON CASTLE

One of the leading actors of Mr. Castle's new story, *If Youth But Knew,* the title of which is taken from the refrain of an old French song, is an old wandering musician, a man with a deeply tragic past, a mysterious, almost fantastic figure. One sunset hour up in the mountains his path crosses that of a young man, whose qualities of heart, under a languid demeanour, he quickly detects. The musician finds the young man strangely blind to the glory of his years, and undertakes to teach this youth to be young: to realize the delicacy of the spring of man's age, to relish the fragrance of adventure, to hear the music of young love, to know, in short, the beauty of this world before its colours begin to fade in the eyes of age. And the young man under this influence leaves the high-road of everyday life and becomes drawn into romance. The scene is laid among the Thuringian mountains, in that patchwork kingdom which Napoleon in the heyday of his power carved out of old German soil and gave the name of *Royaume de Westphalie* to his brother Jerome.

It has been said of Perceval Gibbon's tales of the Veldt, published under the title *Vrouw Grobelaar and her Leading Cases,* that they give a better idea of the Boer people than any of the host of his-



PERCEVAL GIBBON

torical volumes that the South African war brought forth. This is not strange, since Mr. Gibbon writes from something very much more than the casual knowledge of the Veldt, which formed the basis of most of those hastily written books. He was in South Africa at the opening of the war, representing a London daily and also a weekly. Though he followed every important campaign, he had not had his fill of adventure when the war was over. Remaining in the Transvaal, he went up into the sparsely settled districts around the foothills, where he saw much of the simple farming folk, who with their Boer bigotry and superstition acquired from the Kaffir, give such an original flavour and primitive power to his stories. His heroine, fat, garrulous Vrouw Grobelaar, is a sort of South African Uncle Remus, who has a pat tale to point every piece of advice that she gives to her numerous progeny.

Perceval Gibbon

Mr. Gibbon began his life as a sailor. He was apprenticed as cadet on a merchant vessel, from which he ran away thus incurring parental anger, which threw him on his own resources. Like Joseph Conrad and many other of our leading writers, he developed his talent for story-making in the foc'sle during long voyages. He had his equipment when he presented himself in Fleet Street and made an unusual success. Recently he has been in St. Petersburg for the London *Standard*, and his letters have created a sensation by their account of the terrible privation and suffering and the appalling lawlessness prevalent all over Russia.

Except for *Philosophy Four*, that whimsical yarn of Harvard life, no book has come from Mr. Owen Wister since *The Virginia*. His new novel *Lady Baltimore*, is in an entirely new field, indeed, the stories are as different as two novels well can be. An historic city, society of the highest refinement, and many delightful women, old and young—these

Owen Wister's New Book



OWEN WISTER

elements certainly afford a marked contrast to the open plains, frontier life, and rollicking cowboys of what cold bloodedly may be dubbed the "Second Best Seller" of 1902. If "The Virginian" was largely devoted to men, "Lady Baltimore" may be said to be even more largely devoted to women; and by contrast with that story of action, in a region where a man was what he stood up in, this is a study of manners. In the literary slang of last year "The Virginian" was a story of "muscles"; from it Mr. Wister has turned to a tale imbued with the tone of high comedy. Apropos of *Philosophy Four* some genial person recently suggested that Andrew Carnegie ought to endow every young person in the country with sufficient means to take a course at Harvard or Radcliffe—so that they could appreciate Mr. Wister's tales.



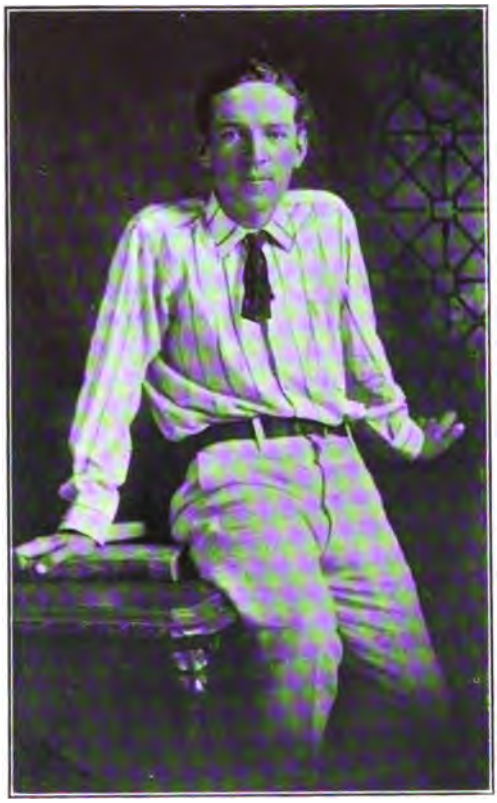
HENRY GEORGE JR.

Mr. John Spargo, the author of *The Bitter Cry of the Children* is an ardent socialist, and was for a number of years editor of *The Comrade*. He is said to have made more extensive and thorough first-hand investigations of the child labour situation here and abroad than anyone else. It has been asserted that if this book should be followed up by other revelations of child labour in this country, the American public would be shamed into action. Important changes have taken place in recent years in the child-labour laws of New York State, partly through the efforts of Mr. Robert Hunter, Chairman of New York Child Labour Committee, who writes the introduction to Mr. Spargo's book; and at least one popular magazine is projecting a series of articles on the subject. Fame, at any rate, has come at once to the author. Hardly had his book appeared ere a cigar makers' union somewhere down in Pennsylvania, for whom he had done a favour, placed on the market the John Spargo Cigar!



JOHN SPARGO

John Spargo



UPTON SINCLAIR,
THE AUTHOR OF "THE JOURNAL OF ARTHUR STERLING," "MANASSAS," AND "THE JUNGLE." A REVIEW OF "THE JUNGLE" WILL BE FOUND ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE.

Henry George, Jr.

Henry George, Jr., is carrying on the work begun by his father in a manner that promises to win him considerable recognition on his own account. He has been in journalism since 1881, and was associated with his father in nearly all of the latter's work. His first book, with the exception of the biography of his father, is "The Menace of Privilege"; which has won commendation in conservative quarters for the restraint with which it sets forth the aims and principles of the single-taxers.

❦

Miss Cholmondeley's New Novel

By the time that a writer has published four or five books he or she is almost certain to have introduced one character that, in the mind of the general reading public, is associated with the author's own self. In other words it is taken as an accepted fact that an author sooner or later is bound to be autobiographical. In the case of Miss Mary Cholmondeley, whose forthcoming story *Prisoners,* is the first long novel she has written since the much discussed *Red Pottage,* the character embodying most of her own experiences is Hester Gresley. It has been practically conceded that when writing in *Red Pottage* of Hester's literary career, Miss Cholmondeley had in view her own years of activity. When, in 1896, owing to the weak health of her father, she was obliged to leave the Hodnet Rectory, in which she was born, she made a bonfire of all her early manuscripts, including two novels, for fear lest later she should be tempted to publish them. It was this episode which suggested the much talked of bonfire of Hester's manuscripts in *Red Pottage.* There have been many other points of resemblance between Miss Cholmondeley and her heroine. Her books have been written in moments snatched from many duties and frequent attacks of illness.

❦

Though differing in many respects from *Red Pottage, Prisoners* has the point in common with its predecessor of being the story of a crime, or rather the consequences of a crime. The criminal and his victim both belong to the English upper class. The sympathies of the reader oscillate between Michael, the young Englishman, in the cell of his Italian prison, and Fay, a gentle, rather shallow young woman, whose cowardice allows him to languish there. The story, which is described as being intensely dramatic in the opening chapters, passes from the prisoner in his cell, to Fay, the prisoner of remorse. Gradually she realises that though Michael may be able to bear his fetters, she can no longer endure "the chain of her sin." The intensity of the situation is heightened by the background of the peaceful homelife in which this part of the tale is set, and by an attachment gradually springing up be-



MARY CHOLMONDELEY

tween Fay and Wentworth, Michael's elder brother. Wentworth's devotion to Michael, his endeavours to get him out of prison are the redeeming features in a somewhat narrow sombre nature. At a point when Fay has made up her mind to confess the younger brother is released and returns to England. He still loves Fay and keeps silence about his imprisonment for fear of lowering her in the eyes of Wentworth, to whom she is now engaged. Gradually a suspicion of the truth dawns upon Wentworth; the story rises to poignantly dramatic heights culminating in a fight between the brothers and the death of Michael.

✻

Mr. Corbett on the Stage and Off

Last month we had occasion to speak of Mr. James J. Corbett's impersonation of Cashel Byron in the dramatisation of the George Bernard Shaw novel, and in a surprised sort of way to commend him as "really a very competent stock actor." Luckily for the stage, Mr. Corbett is happier in histrionic capacity than when he ventures in purely bookish realms. It was not long ago that in a fine oratorical burst he spoke of the old days, the brave days, the hearty days at the beginning of the nineteenth century, when "Rodney Stone was the champion of England." For the benefit of Mr. Corbett, who as a former pugilist of eminence should have known better, and of others who have not had the good fortune to read what in our opinion is immeasurably the best book that Arthur Conan Doyle has ever written, and one of the most dramatically constructed of all historical romances, we call attention to the fact that Rodney Stone, far from being the champion of England, had no connection with the Prise Ring except as a casual spectator at the impromptu encounter between Berks and Jim Harrison in the coach house and the battle between the smith and "Crab" Wilson in the ring on Crawley Downs.

✻

A New Bellamy

Every one remembers how Mr. Edward Bellamy's famous novel, *Looking Backward,* hung fire in 1888. For nearly a year, the public took no heed of it and the publishers regarded it as a failure. Then, all of a sudden, it began to sell by the tens of thousands and became the most read book of the day. Indeed, it may be said to have lifted Socialism from the beer-saloons to the drawing-rooms and to have given an impulse to sociological study, which has gained in intensity ever since. We wonder whether a like fortune awaits a little volume which well deserves it, and the reading of which we have lately finished. It is called *A Knight of the Toilers;* and we are not familiar with either the name of the author—Mr. Arthur Newell—nor with the imprint of the publishers—Messrs. F. L. Marsh and Co. of Philadelphia. The book, however, is one to be read both as a story and for its underlying thesis, which differs from that of Bellamy in expressing a possibility and not a dream. Putting aside the story for a moment, let us see what this thesis is. Hitherto the great industrial struggle has been between Brains and Capital on the one hand, and mere Labour on the other. But suppose there should arise in the ranks of Labour some great organiser of comprehensive intellect—a Rockefeller of the working class who would be true to his class—what might happen then? With his organising power and his bold intellect he would teach Labour to save and to accumulate against the day of the final struggle for supremacy. When that day came, it would witness a contest between Brains and Capital, against Brains, Capital, *and* Labour. Then the first of these two combinations would be overcome and routed. Such is Mr. Newell's fundamental notion; and he works it out in a dramatic story, the scene of which is laid (under fictitious names) in the mining district of Pennsylvania. How the gradual organisation of the miners is perfected; how Trevor, the organiser, works every possible instrument, political, financial, and industrial for his ultimate purposes; how finally the great strike comes on; and how in the end the arrogant mine-owners and railway magnates are compelled to crawl in the dust and to take

their true place of managers rather than owners—this is a tale to stir one, because it tells not merely of the conflict of material forces but of the more thrilling battle of mind against mind. We should like to know something more of Mr. Arthur Newell.

❧

Theodore Roosevelt Chicago '97

Considerable good natured banter has appeared in some of the alumni publications connected with our American universities at the expense of those institutions which seems to think that the bestowal of an honourary degree constitutes a claim upon a man who has achieved something to the exclusion of his genuine Alma Mater. For instance, in referring to recent books by Harvard men a Harvard graduate publication the other day included one by Professor Henry VanDyke and another by Mr. W. J. Henderson. Mr. Henderson, in a letter to the *Princeton Alumni Weekly*, expresses an amused wonder at being on record as an alumnus of Harvard, vintage of '93. This, he says, is indeed joyful news. "It will make my family proud and happy. It will, I think, especially delight my son, who pitched for Cornell three years ago, and who by lightning calculation, must be as much as nine and one-half years younger than his father. Owing to a chronic state of pecuniary debility I never even saw Harvard while I was an under-graduate, and I have never received notice of the bestowal of an honourary degree from that extensive emporium of sociological information." Of much greater interest it is to learn that Theodore Roosevelt is not a Harvard man, as most of us have thought. This is clearly proven in the *Chicago Daily Maroon,* of March 4th, 1905, where an editorial appeared congratulating Theodore Roosevelt, University of Chicago '97 on his election to the Presidency of these glorious United States.

❧

The following letter has been received by us and will be answered here.

"To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN:

In your February number you speak of Mr. Henry Harland's having been mistaken for a Jew, 'because his cast of countenance was somewhat Jewish.' The portrait which accompanied your remarks seems hardly to bear out this assertion. Was the portrait an inaccurate one, or was your statement erroneous?

A. R. M."



HENRY HARLAND

The portrait which we published in our last number was a portrait taken of Mr. Harland not very long before his death. It certainly does not bear out our assertion about his having a Jewish cast of countenance. But we now present our readers with an early portrait of Mr. Harland taken when he was writing his first novels as "Sidney Luska." It represents the artistic Jewish type, which the arrangement of the beard accentuates. This portrait is one of considerable interest. In 1895, when Mr. Harland was becoming known as the editor of *The Yellow Book*, we tried to get a photograph of him, but found great difficulty in doing so. It was only after a long search among his various friends and relatives that we succeeded in borrowing the one of which the accompanying portrait is a reproduction. It first appeared in THE BOOKMAN, and so far as we know, it has appeared nowhere else.



CHILD LABOUR IN LITERARY SWEATSHOPS

I

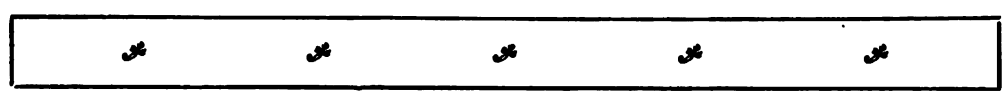
Among the literary mills
Where story-books are made
I saw a sad, anaemic lad
A-plying of his trade.
The novel he was working on
Had such a heavy plot
If it had spilled it might have killed
That willing little tot.

II

"O child!" I cried, "This is no place
For one so very young—
Take care, beware! this close, stale air
May hurt each little lung.
O lay aside your pen and ink"—
The Infant shook his head;
"Ah, would I might—but I must write
To earn our daily bread.

III

"My father, ere he took to drink,
Had literary skill,
But since his fall we children all
Were prenticed to the mill.
My brother Ben (he's almost ten)
Turns out the novelettes
And sister Kate (she's only eight)
Works over storyettes.



IV

"But, being younger than the rest,
They work me like a dog
A-tying knots in half-baked plots
And building dialogue.
And sometimes when the trade is rushed
I labour overtime
At outdoor scenes for magazines
And seasonable rhyme.

V

O sir, to cavil or complain
We're really very loth;
Although this here dense atmosphere
Must surely stunt our growth—
Perhaps them folks what read our books
Can guess our fate so crool;
We want to be like others, free.
We want to go to school!"

VI

I left the literary mill
In gloomy mood indeed—
It makes me wild to think some child
Has written what I read.
Child-labour must be crushed! Reform
Must trace the matter home!
(I'll send these views to Mr. Hughes
And William T. Jerome.)

—*Wallace Irwin.*



For [redacted], a distinguished man of letters who never answers any.

Sincerely Yrs
Richard Harding Davis

REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN STORY TELLERS

I—RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

I.

HIS CRITICS.



IN beginning this series of appreciations of contemporary literary entertainers with the man whose name gives the title to this paper, the present writer has in mind not only an individual story-teller of great dash, spirit, and originality, but also a career which more than that of any other living American novelist, has thrown a glaring and ironic light on the exact value of the so-called judgment, the avowed critical opinion, of what we vaguely term the general reading public. In a certain sense Mr. Richard Harding Davis is a striking exception to the hackneyed rule—in that it is precisely in his own country, in his own world, that he is esteemed a prophet. In other words, despite his immense popularity, for his full meed of serious appreciation and consideration as a literary workman he has had to look to a small class of men of his own profession whose training has enabled them to judge for themselves and to see a talent that is none the less genuine because it is so easily riddled, and has been so often riddled with sarcasm when measured by the elementary and unfledged standards of high school criticism.

In a material way Mr. Davis has had no excuse for complaint. His career has been one of unvarying prosperity. There was, at its beginning, no irritating wait for recognition. He never had cause for the sense of effort wasted, for the feeling of futility. The earliest fugitive sketches, little more than sublimated "Live Topics About Town," dashed off in an hour between two assignments in the newspaper day's work, won him an attention accorded to a certain few writers of genuine talent only after years of endeavour, and to many writers not at all. In his literary career there is no furtive glimpse of Grub Street to awaken the sympathy. It has all been well ordered and prosperous. In fact, one must look to the man's own life in order to find an excuse for the otherwise absurd precocity of a good many of his heroes. In that way one condones Morton Carlton of the *Princess Aline,* who at twenty-six "had become a portrait painter of international reputation;" or Albert Gordon, "The Reporter Who Made Himself King," who after thirty-six months of work along Park Row, and at the mature age of twenty-three, had practically exhausted the possibilities of American journalism. In that way one can regard, without a grin, the garb of pluperfect prosperity which clothes his Van Bibbers and his Traverses, and accept complacently the general importance of his Archie Gordons and his Robert Clays. Along these lines the narrative has been an exceedingly pleasant one.

Yet paradoxical as it may seem in the case of a man who for fifteen years has been floating easily on the highest wave of popularity and who has yet to write a book that has not proved immediately an unqualified success, Mr. Davis is probably the most underrated of American story-tellers. The legend of triviality which grew out of the lightness of some of his early sketches has somehow and in the face of facts grown with the years. The charge of immaturity flung at him in place of concrete criticism, very often because concrete criticism was not easy to find, has not yet been downed. There are tens of thousands of persons who have liked him best and who have read him most who have done so with a half-apologetic air. Accustomed to ready-made opinions in literary matters, timid

almost to servility, they have echoed ungenerously ill-considered verdicts which were first formulated by voices of envy or personal dislike. Perhaps there is no better way of gauging the shallowness of a man or woman in the matter of literary opinion than by sounding them on the subject of Mr. Richard Harding Davis—provided, of course, they will acknowledge to having read him thoroughly. Nine hundred opinions will condemn him in phrases of stereotyped criticism. Seventy-five will confess to a liking for which they can give no reason. The remaining twenty-five have the liking and know its cause, seeing in him, despite the limitations which they recognise and thoroughly understand, a workman with sincerity and strength who has taken and held a place of no mean importance among contemporary American men of letters.

II.

HIS STORIES.

In claiming for Mr. Davis recognition of the gifts which he possesses, one may quite readily concede to his critics in the matter of those qualities which he has not. It would be flatly absurd to measure him, for instance, on the ground of his psychology. The deeper meaning has no place in any of his books. His impressions of men and women and things have been *coup d' œil* impressions. His note has not been the political or the artistic, but the social note, possibly the superficially social. A born observer, and trained in the best school for the cultivation of that faculty, he has been content to jot down in his memory the thousand and one little items that have struck him with particular freshness without attempting to analyse or to classify. And perhaps it is due to his own appreciation of the value of this one talent that his work of to-day is as buoyant and spontaneous as it was at the time when he came up from Lehigh and Johns Hopkins to found a little ephemeral periodical, to work for the Philadelphia press, and to write out his impressions of Gallegher.

An estimate of Gallegher, which was the first story which brought to Mr. Davis any general attention, is an estimate of a great part of all his early work. He had a tale to tell, and a good tale, but he went about it in his own way without any thought of the usual formulæ of story-spinning. Gallegher, a rather disreputable office boy in a Philadelphia newspaper, is equipped with a knowingness in worldly matters and an abnormal amount of information of crime and criminals which compensates for his limitations along more conventional lines. There are two points upon which the story rests; the first, Gallegher's recognition and aid in the apprehension of the murderer at Hade for whom the police of three continents are looking; and second, the means by which he enables the newspaper which has discharged him, but to which he is still loyal, to "beat the country." In the development of this plot Mr. Davis gives a series of graphic scenes and episodes, rather than a narrative with a beginning, a middle, and an end. You feel that each page in itself has been written in the sheer joy of invention, rather than in accordance with any hard and prearranged plan. You are introduced to Gallegher, to his doubtful accomplishments, and to the shortcomings which lead to his discharge by the newspaper. The brief paragraphs which tell that the two great bits of newspaper news in the country at the time are the fight between the champion of the United States and the would-be champion and the murder of Richard Burbank by his missing secretary have prepared you adequately, if not artistically, for what is to follow, and you share the thrill which Gallegher felt when brushing against the stranger with the missing finger. Thereafter the action rushes pell-mell through situation after situation to the very climax. You are made to feel that there is not an impression, not a line of description, that the author has not acquired at first hand. In the account of the fight in the barn you recognise a sureness in the introduction of curious details of which mere imagination would be incapable and which is only the result of the most minute observation.

Gallegher was the story which reflects most vividly his life and impressions as a Philadelphia newspaper man. About

the time of its appearance he had made his way to New York, found employment on the *Evening Sun,* and straightway began to look about him for new types and impressions. He found Mr. Courtland Van Bibber and in a few brief months had raised that worthy to a position of positive celebrity. Someone has cruelly yet cleverly summed up Van Bibber as "the office boy's idea of a gentleman," and in this estimate there is, perhaps, a certain measure of truth. Yet, as a matter of fact, in the beginning Van Bibber was hardly a real character at all or even meant as such. He was simply a very correctly dressed and well manipulated dummy with the right sort of bowing acquaintance on Fifth Avenue and membership in the proper clubs—just the sort of figure that Mr. Davis needed for the expression of the curious whim that might enter his head. He enabled the author to give a point and to work out a solution to all the little "What Would You Do In That Event" problems of everyday life. Mr. Davis sees two young persons whom he suspects of being a runaway couple, dining in a restaurant near Washington Square; he promptly turns it into fiction by introducing Van Bibber as a mouthpiece of his own ideas of propriety; to act as Best Man and to steer off the pursuing elder brother of the groom in the direction of Chicago. He notices a beggar who has repeated the same story of starvation to two or three kindly disposed persons; Van Bibber is brought along as the agent of the proper sort of punishment. He perceives in Delmonico's a servant of dignified bearing holding a table for a master and a master's guests. How does that servant feel? Is not his soul alive to some sensations of mortification and envy? Van Bibber's man comes to solve the problem as Mr. Davis sees it. He muses over the effect an anonymous letter would have upon certain persons. Van Bibber shall try the experiment. Whenever there is a bully to be thrashed, a burglar to be shown the way to a better or worthier life, or a pair of little wan-faced East Side children to be delighted with the joys of the swan boats of Central Park, it is in reality Mr. Davis who is distributing figuratively the rewards and the punishments, with Van Bibber as only the puppet answering obediently to the dexterously pulled strings. There are two stories, however, in which this criticism of Van Bibber must be modified and where he can lay claim to an individuality of his own. These are *Cinderella* and *Her First Appearance,* of which something will be said later.

From Van Bibber and the other tales of that time it is a far cry to *The Exiles,* that strange and entirely charming story of a little group of outcasts which, in far-away Tangier, where extradition treaties hold not, and men and women are free from fear of legal pursuit, builds up for itself a certain factitious society and a social code—in which it tries to believe and tries to believe that its neighbour believes. While, as in the case of Gallegher, the story of the exiles—Holcombe threatening Winthrop Allen into restitution—is purely forced invention, it is questionable if Mr. Davis has ever struck a deeper or sincerer note. The pathos is genuine—a pathos born of heartaches and broken lives and a great yearning for the "home" which has cast these people out—the pathos of the man without a country. Brief as the story is, there are several persons who remain indelibly fixed in the memory—Lloyd Carroll and Mrs. Carroll, the fugitive police commissioner Meekin, Miss Terrell, and Mrs. Darhah, "who would answer to Lady Taunton if so addressed." Mr. Davis has the trick of flinging before you a sentence which contains the suggestion of a life and a life's tragedy and stopping there. Of Miss Terrell, for instance, all we know is that she "had been awakened by night and told to leave Monte Carlo before daybreak," that is all. Yet this brief line clings in the imagination, haunting, persistent, building itself up into a whole tragic edifice of sin and shame and sorrow.

Of lighter fiber was the *Princess Aline,* which told of the pursuit of a princess by an American painter and which showed Mr. Davis's skill in that, without resorting to sword play, secret passages, abduction, or any other of the clap-trap contrivances of the romantic novel *à la mode,* he was able to expand a very slight idea into a tale of respectable length.

The conventional novel of nowadays along this theme invariably shows the American hero on the terms of greatest intimacy with royalty by the middle of the third chapter, slapping majesty irreverently on the back and poring over the red plush family portrait album with the royal princesses, eventually marrying the crown princess and assuming himself the reins of government. But with Mr. Davis it was another matter, and it is not likely that any reader has regretted the twinge of homesickness which sent the Princess back to Grasse and the manner in which Carlton found his ideals realised in the person of an American girl of his own station in life. It was as it should be, and we are sure that by this time the Princess Aline has lost all of that charm which inspired the painter to his whimsical quest and has become fat and pudgy and altogether commonplace.

Having discovered New York and London and Paris and the shores of the Mediterranean, Mr. Davis now turned his attention southward and builded from his impressions of South America *Soldiers of Fortune,* so far his longest and most ambitious book. It has been figured out that the shortest time in which Robert Clay, the hero of *Soldiers of Fortune,* could have achieved the various feats of arms, diplomacy and engineering ascribed to him would be something in the neighborhood of one hundred and fifty years. There is no reason to question the accuracy of this estimate. It is undoubtedly true, and it furnishes the basis of a kind of hostile criticism which is absolutely unanswerable, and which at first sight is bound to assume an artificial importance. We are quite ready to concede that *Soldiers of Fortune* is a perfectly ridiculous book, and at the same time to maintain that the fact of its being ridiculous is of no consequence whatever. What is of consequence is the fine dramatic sweep of the story and the vivid impression of the South American dirt and squalor and heat which it leaves in the mind. This impression can be best expressed by quoting the genial MacWilliams.

"There were three of us," he said, "and one got shot, and one got married, and the third—? You will grow fat, Clay, and live on Fifth Avenue and wear a high silk hat, and some day when you are sitting in your club you'll read a paragraph in a newspaper with a queer Spanish date-line, and this will all come back to you—this heat, and the palms, and the fever, and the days when you lived on plantains and we watched our trestles grow out across the cañons, and you'll be willing to give your hand to sleep in a hammock again, and to feel the sweat running down your back, and you'll want to chuck your gun up against your chin and shoot into a line of men, and the policemen won't let you, and your wife won't let you. That's what you're giving up. There it is. Take a good look at it. You'll never see it again."

After *Soldiers of Fortune* Mr. Davis's books are of interest individually and not as indicated points of development. His subsequent work has proved that in the construction of that story he reached his maturity. His next tale of any length, *The King's Jackal,* is striking first of all in its extraordinary resemblance along certain lines to Alphonse Daudet's *Kings in Exile.* It has been said that before writing *The King's Jackal* Mr. Davis had never read Daudet's story, but this is quite incredible. The resemblance is not merely a resemblance in point of the fundamental idea; it extends to the very characters. King Louis of Messina is a little more blackguardly Christian of Illyria; the Countess Zara a more amiable Sephora Leemans; a composite of Prince Kalonay and Miss Carson would be a composite of Elysèe Meraut and Queen Frederica; Colonel Erhaupt and Baron Barrat correspond to King Christian's dissolute henchmen in the Paris clubs; the little Prince of one book is the little Prince of the other.

III

HIS MEN.

The man who first summed up Courtlandt Van Bibber as "the office boy's idea of a gentleman" said something that was very funny, and in a measure justified. True he might better have picked out any of half a dozen of Mr. Davis's other heroes—Robert Clay of *Soldiers of Fortune,* or Archie Gordon of *The King's Jackal,* or "Masher" Macklin, or

best of all the exceedingly bumptious Lieutenant Ranson, who scorned a fifty cent limit, and found profoundly wearisome the amusements of army life and the Civil War reminiscences of a General forty years his senior. These are all unquestionably "office boy" heroes. But then are not most of the heroes of history "office boy" heroes? We judge them according to their achievements, in the light of their elementary qualities of valour and strength. Posterity has no time to devote seriously to the measuring of a great man by his table manners, his taste in stocks or coats of mail, or the casual indications of social ineptitude. And with fiction the stage of fine discrimination too often means the stage of disillusionment. The man is to be pitied who never regarded Edmond Dantes, the Count of Monte Cristo, in the light of a perfect hero, the very embodiment of romance, but who, from the first, recognised beneath the veneer all the coarseness, the ostentation, the colossal negro-like vanity.

With some exceptions Mr. Davis's heroes all belong to the same race, a race of kindly, generous-souled bounders, gentlemen at heart; snobs only because of an over acute self-consciousness and a constant suspicion of themselves and of what others are thinking and saying about them. It is this uneasiness that is continually driving them to *gaucherie* and braggadocio. They perform a thousand simple, generous, brave actions and then contrive to spoil the effect by bad "breaks." In *Cinderella* Van Bibber and Travers join a party of their friends who are connected with the stage and attend a ball given by the servants of a New York hotel. Genuine men of the world would have stayed away, or else would have behaved easily and naturally. But Van Bibber and his friend, being only half fledged, are obviously awed by the vast social gulf which they feel to be between themselves and the other guests. To emphasise this they find it necessary to guy those maid servants with whom they royally condescend to dance and those men to whom they see fit to talk. In conversation with a bartender, Travers is asked where he works, and replies that he "mixes drinks at the Knickerbocker Club," which is undoubtedly very funny, but by no means evidence of the loftiest courtesy and breeding. A "break" of a different nature, but still a "break" is that which Van Bibber makes in "Her First Appearance," where he calmly abducts "The Littlest Girl" and taking her to her father, reads that gentleman a solemn lesson on the duties and responsibilities of paternity. The tale is a pretty and pathetic one, yet there is a moment when one is inclined emphatically to endorse Mr. Caruthers's characterisation of Van Bibber as a well-meaning fool.

The "breaks" made by the hero of *Soldiers of Fortune* are many, but never irritating. Clay always anticipates your resentment and immediately offers sheepish and good-natured apology for the theatrical aspect of his actions. He turns off the gun display on the occasion of the blackmailing visit of General Mendoza by a remark as to the possibility of having "killed a very good cook." He wears an array of medals that appall even the not over-fastidious MacWilliams, and yet after he has explained that such a one came from the Sultan of Zanzibar, "who gives them away in place of cigars and who happened to be out of cigars the day I called," you see that he has the good grace to be embarrassed and find in his apologetic good-humour a complete excuse for his ostentation. Of the same good sort as Robert Clay is Archie Gordon, the American newspaper correspondent of *The King's Jackal.* Thoroughly amiable and well meaning is he, yet he has to "get in" his "break," and the opportunity comes when he begins to boast about what he is going to do to the blackguardly intimates of King Louis of Messina.

But for the summing up, the supreme type, of Davis heroship one must turn to Royal Macklin, who, if dissociated from the series of extravagant adventures in which he plays a part, will be found a very genuine and clearly drawn character. Here is a man who is struggling to see through himself, who is willing to tell you that he is unpopular among men, and to concede the justice of this unpopularity. The very effort that he puts into his endeavours to win

the liking of his fellows repels them, and half heart-broken at his failure he goes to the other extreme and alienates them all the more. He expresses the belief that it is the easiest matter in the world for the man who has "made good" to be modest, and yet when he has dared lead and steel and Central American fever swamps and become Vice-President of Honduras, he brags all the more, and is ashamed of his comrades of the Foreign Legion and of being in their company when he sees how poor and contemptible their rags appear in the eyes of a chit of a society girl from up in "God's country." To her he must fling his boasts of his shooting cards at West Point. He is always consistent, always conscious and in the limelight. A strange and complex vanity, and so maintained and convincing from beginning to end as to constitute a real literary achievement.

But among Mr. Davis's men there are pleasanter characters to which to turn—gentlemen *sans tache,* in whose lives and deportment one finds nothing to forgive or condone. Where in the lighter fiction of the last ten years can one find a better Don Quixote, a better Sir Roger de Coverley—a figure which better embodies all the ideals, the courtesies, the lofty-minded passions which we like to ascribe to a more chivalrous age—than in General Laguerre? Where has there been a nobler gentleman than the Wyndham Kid, whose father was the champion Regent Royal and whose mother was a black and tan of questionable morals, a vagrant of the streets of Montreal?

IV.

HIS WOMEN.

There is a professional cynic who often discusses Mr. Davis's books and the keynote of their success. According to him, the beginnings of the Davis stories are positive triumphs, because a composite of them all would run something as follows: "Miss Van Knickerbocker was seriously annoyed. The unexpected departure of the butler was most inopportune. The second man was obviously incompetent; the illness of the *chef* and of the coachman had already complicated her household arrangements, and the affair of the third footman and the fifth and sixth chambermaids," etc., etc. Thereupon, argues the cynic in question, the readers in the rural districts straightway sit up and gasp delightedly. They feel that they are being introduced into the very best society. They know that they are getting "the real thing."

Now this is another more than half truth, for while of late years we have been introduced to a good many of Mr. Davis's heroes who have not been dependent on the services of a "man," we have yet to meet a Davis leading heroine without a maid and a brougham. The heroine may be seen, plainly dressed, doing settlement work somewhere on the East Side, but be sure that just round the corner there is waiting the proper sort of equipage, with the dapper little English groom in livery touching his hat. In a general way the impression that most of Mr. Davis's women make upon one is the impression one gets from catching sight of a beautiful face in a passing carriage. They have great charm, but it is the charm of elusiveness and unattainability. They are the kind of women about whom a man wants to muse wistfully in his bachelor den, to idealise, to invest with a thousand attributes of heart and mind and soul—and then to go out to dinner. Socially, they are delightful, from an ornamental point of view; yet somehow you feel that if you were to meet them *en voyage,* to find a seat next to them at the Captain's table in the saloon of an ocean liner, or at a Continental *table d'hote,* they would propound to you long questions with participles in them, and in general overwhelm you with their superiority. Even the Davis heroes who are brave enough to woo them and win them seem in the moment of triumph ill at ease. Even they do not quite understand. The lives of these heroines are all the same. They have their servants and their carriages and their homes on Fifth Avenue overlooking Central Park, and their fathers are sedate, quiet-spoken club-men with large interests in mines and railways. They have all travelled extensively, but always to the right places. They know London, where they always stay at the

Carlton, and Paris, where they may choose between the Bristol and Ritz, and Switzerland, and Rome, and Vienna. Berlin, for instance, is not at all necessary. They have wintered at Shepherd's Hotel in Cairo, and have cruised in private yachts about the Mediterranean, stopping here and there long enough to obtain a superficial knowledge of Algiers and Tunis and Palermo and Tangier. Paint in at hazard a face and figure from Mr. Charles Dana Gibson's sketch-book, and you have a portrait that will do for Miss Alice Langham, or Miss Helen Fiske, or Miss Edith Morris, or Helen Page, or Miss Catherwaight, or Miss Cuyler, or a dozen others. In contrast to this conventional type, however, there are several figures which stand out in sharp and refreshing relief. One is the Ellen in the story of *The Other Woman,* though we knew her but slightly; another is Beatrice Endicott of *Captain Macklin;* and again is Hope Langham of *Soldiers of Fortune,* who perhaps by very contrast with her elder sister remains in the mind as the most tangible, genuine and admirable of all Mr. Davis's heroines.

V.

HIS PATRIOTISM.

There is a man who used regularly, in the stormy days of the spring of 1898, to jump to his feet in the theatre when the band struck up the National Anthem, yet who confesses that he can never really catch the Spirit of the Spanish American War, or at least that part of it which has to do with the operations of our land forces in Cuba, until he has taken up and re-read "The Fever Ship" and had played to him very slowly "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight." Now in a musical way "A Hot Time" was to a small war what "Marching through Georgia" was to a very big one, and if anyone in fiction has given the thrill and feeling of the conflict in Cuba better than Mr. Davis has done in *The Derelict* and *The Fever Ship* the present writer does not know it. In itself, that is not saying a great deal, for the late war has been productive of very little literary fruit, yet allusion to these tales serves to call attention to the great skill with which Mr. Davis has been for years sounding the note of national patriotism. Nor has this note needed the stimulus of a great general feeling or crisis to call it out. It is rather the patriotism born of the memory of some unforgettable nostalgia. You find it perhaps at its best in *The Exiles,* and there is one passage to which reference has frequently been made in THE BOOKMAN, but which is reprinted here because there should be no paper on Mr. Davis without it. Near the end of the story Holcombe, the New York Assistant District Attorney, asks Meakin, the Police Commissioner who had been indicted for blackmailing gambling houses, if he cannot do something for him at home.

"I'll tell you what you can do for me, Holcombe. Some night I wish you would go down to Fourteenth Street, some night this spring, when the boys are sitting out on the steps in front of the Hall, and just take a drink for me at Ed Lally's; just for luck. That's what I'd do. I don't know nothing better than Fourteenth Street of a summer evening, with all the people crowding into Pastor's on one side of the Hall and the Third Avenue L cars running on the other. That's a gay sight, ain't it now? With all the girls coming in and out of Theiss's, and the sidewalks crowded. One of them warm nights when they have to have the windows open, and you can hear the music at Pastor's and the audience clapping their hands. That's great, isn't it?" Well, he laughed and he shook his head, "I'll be back there some day, won't I?" he said, wistfully, "and hear it for myself."

In a somewhat different way Mr. Davis used the same idea in bringing *Soldiers of Fortune* to an end. The ship bearing the principal personages of the story has left the harbour of Valencia and is lumbering along the northern coast of South America. Robert Clay and Hope Langham are on deck studying the stars that lie low upon the horizon line.

"Do you see that long line of lamps off our port bow?" asked Clay. Hope nodded.

"Those are the electric lights along the ocean drive at Long Branch and up the

Rumson Road, and those two stars a little higher up are fixed to the mast-heads of the Scotland Lightship. And that mass of light that you think is the Milky Way is the glare of the New York street lamps thrown up against the sky."

"Are we so near as that?" said Hope, smiling. "And what lies over there?" she asked, pointing to the east.

"Over there is the coast of Africa. Don't you see the lighthouse on Cape Bon? If it wasn't for Gibraltar being in the way, I could show you the harbour lights of Bizerta, and the terraces of Algiers shining like a *café chantant* in the night."

"Algiers," sighed Hope, "where you were a soldier of Africa, and rode across the deserts. Will you take me there?"

"There, of course, but to Gibraltar first, where we will drive along the Alameda by moonlight. I drove there once coming home from a mess dinner with the Colonel. The drive lies between broad white balustrades, and the moon shone down on us between the leaves of the Spanish bayonet. It was like an Italian garden. But he did not see it, and he would talk to me about the Watkins range finder on the lower ramparts, and he puffed on a huge cigar. I tried to imagine I was there on my honeymoon, but the end of his cigar would light up and I would see his white mustache and the glow of his red jacket, so I vowed I would go over that drive again with the proper person. And we won't talk of range finders, will we?

"There to the North is Paris; your Paris, and my Paris, with London only eight hours away. If you look very closely you can see the thousands of hansom cab lamps flashing across the asphalt, and the open theatres, and the fairy lamps in the gardens back of the houses in Mayfair, where they are giving dances in your honour, in honour of the beautiful American bride, whom every one wants to meet. And you will wear the finest tiara we can get on Bond Street, but no one will look at it; they will only look at you. And I will feel very miserable and tease you to come home."

Once in *The Exiles* Holcombe and Lloyd Carroll, who has made rather a nasty mess of his life and stays in Tangier as a fugitive from New York justice, stand together by the city ramparts and through wet eyes watch the flag break out from the stern of the American man-of-war entering the bay. When, in *Soldiers of Fortune,* General Mendoza goes by night to Clay's home near the mines and demands blackmail with the alternative of breaking the treaty between the Republic of Olancho and the Valencia Mining Company, Clay says: "Try to break that concession; try it. It was made by one Government to a body of honest decent business men, with a Government of their own back of them, and if you interfere with our conceded rights to work those mines, I'll have a man-of-war down here with white paint on her hull and she'll blow you and your little republic back up there into the mountains." "A man-of-war with white paint on her hull." In that lies the effect. In *The King's Jackal* there is a fine touch in the manner in which Archie Gordon endeavours to console the discredited Louis. He finds an analogy to the King's fallen fortunes in the fact that "in my country there are just as good men out of office as in." Again, referring to the crown which has been entrusted to him by Prince Kalonay, he says: "There are very few of these left, your Majesty, and the number is growing less day by day. In my country we don't have any at all. And I should think that those who had them would want to take care of them and keep them brushed up and looking clean." Again, when the enterprise was threatened by a danger only a week off and others are dismayed and hesitating, he reassures them. "In my country seven battles were once fought in seven days."

VI.

HIS HUMOUR.

It is not necessary to say much about Mr. Davis's humour, because it has never been seriously questioned. Wherever there has been need of it it has sparkled through every one of his tales from Gallegher and the Van Bibber stories down to *Ranson's Folly, In the Fog,* and *The Bar Sinister.* Perhaps as perfect an example of it as any is to be found in the story of *The Reporter Who Made Himself King."*

In this tale a young man who at the early age of twenty-three has acquired all the journalistic experience and knowledge possible—a condition of affairs which despite Mr. Davis we insist on deeming somewhat extraordinary—finds himself, through peculiar circumstances, the American consul to Opeki, an island in the Pacific, of which the only other white residents were a young man from New Haven, Connecticut, who acted as the local operator of a moribund cable company, and two runaway British sailors. A German warship takes possession of the island, fires on the American flag, and in the little touches by which he contrasts the situation as it really is and as through exaggeration it is made to appear in the United States and Europe in the light of an international episode, Mr. Davis reaches humour of a high order. The cablegram of inquiry from the San Francisco correspondent of the London *Times* is a little gem. At the end of *The King's Jackal,* Louis, after the exposure of his treason and trickery, is sitting in the dim dusk in his private suite in the hotel at Tangier, deserted by all save his two henchmen and the American, Gordon, to whose care the Regent, Kalonay, has entrusted the royal crown. But the burden is one to which he has not been accustomed, and Gordon is visibly embarrassed. He says as much to the unresponsive King, suggests that there should be a royal cushion to go with it, and finally asks directly: "How do you usually carry it?" "On my head," snaps His Majesty; and even Gordon sees the humour of the reply.

VII.

HIS WORLD.

Just as his impressions of men and women are in the main *coup d'œil* impressions, so the various parts of the world, civilised and uncivilised, which Mr. Davis puts in his books, are treated frankly from the point of view of the observant stranger. When he has come to know a city or a landscape too well, when it no longer offers him some new surprise, he passes on. He wrote best of New York when it was fresh to him; when he could walk through a side street and muse whimsically upon the possibility of a mysterious letter apprising him of the maturing of some strange crime, fluttering down from a curtained window. When a greater familiarity took from him the delights of this sort of make believe, he sought out other lands. To-day he is no more a novelist of New York, than he is a novelist of London, or Paris, or Vienna, or Tangier, or Rio Janeiro; the hero of a new story will unquestionably be an American, but we are just as likely to meet him in St. James's Park, or seated at the corner table of the Cafe de la Paix, or in the Hotel Continental at Tangier, as in the Knickerbocker Club or Delmonicos. And in his descriptions of scenes and places he has the faculty of telling you the most elementary things with a gravity and naiveté which is at once astounding and delightful. There is something confidential in the manner in which he imparts the information that *God Save the King* is the British national anthem, or that Washington was our first president, or that Paris is the capital of France and has been called *la ville lumière.* In a writer of less talent this would exasperate; with him it never does for we accept it as only an indication of a genuine freshness and zest. Nine or ten years ago there was a saying to the effect that Mr. Davis's ignorance must have been acquired, since no one could possibly have been born with quite so large a stock of it. Today this epigram has lost completely both point and sting; and yet this broader knowledge has brought with it no diminution of originality. His place among contemporary American story tellers is secure and of him may be said as can be said of no other of his day and generation, that he has never published a dull line.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

LITERARY CLUBLAND



BY RICHARD V. OULAHAN



A club without a home is something of a novelty, but the Gridiron Club of Washington is novel in many respects. Primarily an organization for the purpose of giving dinners, its membership is bound by closer ties than those which might be expected to come from mere occasional gatherings around the mahogany, and there is a strong club spirit that would suggest daily and nightly association. Yet in the twenty-one years of its existence the Gridiron Club has never had permanent quarters, or felt the need of them.

A captious critic might contend that a dining club with no pretensions to interest in letters or to bring together in its membership men of the world of literature, could hardly claim a place in "Literary Clubland." But granting that the pretensions are lacking, the fact remains that those who call themselves Gridironers earn their living by writing, and while their work is confined mainly to chronicling daily events of importance to the nation and the world, many among them have furnished less ephemeral productions in the form of lasting works dealing mainly with history, biography, travel, economics, and anecdotal narrative. A few have taken a try at fiction, and others at poetry, song-writing and musical composition. Their very means of earning their daily bread carries with it the ability and the desire to write, and not a few have followed natural inclination in branching off into the wider field of literary effort than is afforded by furnishing news and views to the daily press.

The Gridiron Club is composed of Washington newspaper correspondents with a limit placed on membership that permits the admission of only about one-quarter of those who compose that body of journalists known by the generic name of "The Press Gallery." Strangely enough, viewed from its present-day popularity with public men, the club had its inception in a breach between the Congress and the press gallery which drew the correspondents into that closer association that naturally arises from interest in a common cause. Thirty odd years ago, Newspaper Row in Washington, then a physical reality, but now almost a mere name although a name that is cherished by the oldtimers and the newcomers and used by them as descriptive of that portion of the Capitol where most of the penworkers have their quarters, was visited frequently during the sessions of Congress by men of national reputation who found it to their advantage to keep in touch with those employed to tell about the doings and the sayings of the nation's representatives. Sumner, Trumbull, Blaine, Conkling, Ben Wade, Colfax, Henry Wilson, and



A Fin de Siecle Reconciliation Right off the Gridiron

many lesser lights did not hesitate to feel the public pulse or endeavour to influence opinion among the people by personal disclosures or hints to the correspondents. Then came the arrest, by order of the Senate, of two members of the Press Gallery for publishing a treaty from which the seal of confidence had not been removed. The Senate insisted that it had a right to punish the offending newspapermen; the Gallery insisted that the Senate was exceeding its authority. Criticisms of the Upper House and those who composed it appeared in the newspapers. What was regarded as an attempt to restrict the liberty of the press was severely condemned. The Senate gave way to the clamour that went up and released the men whose "scoop" had caused the row. But while the battle was on, statesmen held aloof from Newspaper Row, and when the smoke had cleared away, few of them resumed their former habit of visiting the correspondents.

ORGANISING THE GRIDIRON

Then came other differences. The press had become more fearless and from Washington went forth stories of what nowadays we have learned to call "graft." Congress responded with investigations involving the press and the press hammered away harder than ever. This state of things continued more than a decade, with occasional truces. During all that time there had been much discussion among the older members of the Gallery over what they regarded as a regrettable condition of affairs. They felt that there should be a mutual confidence between public men and those of the Fourth Estate. The then-prevailing state of things was particularly distasteful to two of the leading correspondents, Major John M. Carson and the late General Henry V. Boynton, both veterans of the Civil War, and out of their frequent conversations on the subject was evolved the idea of bringing about a union between the more prominent and influential correspondents which would attract the attention of statesmen to the character and the standing of the Press Gallery. Although desiring to confine the membership of the proposed organisation to active newspapermen, Maj. Carson and Gen. Boynton felt that the mere fact of a place in the journalistic profession should not be deemed the sole qualification for admission. Personal and professional integrity should be tak-





en into consideration, they held. They found difficulties, however. Most of their fellow-correspondents who were invited to join with them in the desired association showed little interest. But the idea ultimately gained converts, and in January, 1885, at a dinner given by a public official to some representatives of newspapers, Maj. Carson saw his opportunity, and his proposal that a club should be formed of correspondents for the purpose of giving a dinner once a month, met with instant favor. A committee was appointed then and there, and at a subsequent meeting to which a limited number of newspapermen invited, a club was formed.

They called it first "The Terrapin Club," but before a fortnight had passed this had been changed to the present name at Maj. Carson's suggestion. The first president was Ben. Perley Poore, then the best-known Washington correspondent, who served a year. During that first twelve months of the club's existence its members had learned much and they were quick to make improvements. Following the practices of some older dining clubs they had devoted their efforts at dinners to making life miserable for their guests by frequent interruptions. This was abandoned by general consent, and the club found also that it would be well to taboo the rather broad stories which were supposed to be a necessary part of after-dinner speeches in those days. A rule was adopted that ladies were always present—and at the outest of every gathering of the Gridironers the guests are notified that this rule is in force.

THE CLUB AND MGR. SATOLLI

The club began to attract the attention of public men. Gradually, the original idea of its promoters of bringing together the press and the nation's representatives into better relations was accomplished. From a bare dozen guests at each of its first four meetings, the list of those who came began to grow. For the speeches of the usual kind that furnished the entertainment in the early days the club substituted clever skits, take-offs on events of current importance, that never failed to afford amusement and, at times, instruction to those at whom they were aimed. The Washington newspapers found the club's dinners worthy of notice, and with each succeeding function their accounts were given more space. Today a Gridiron dinner is regarded as a news event not only by the press of the National Capital but by journals all over the country,



some of which devote several columns to description of the sketches performed by the members, omitting only the speeches of the guests. In a newspaper account of one of the early dinners appeared a verbatim report of a speech delivered by Chauncey M. Depew, and this served to call the club's attention to the desire that had been in mind since the inception of the organisation to furnish a guarantee that public men might speak freely at these Gridiron affairs with the knowledge that their remarks would not appear in print. After that the club decided "to exclude reporters in their professional capacity," and at every Gridiron dinner the presiding officer is obliged to inform the guests that "reporters are never present" which is always coupled with the previously adopted rule that "ladies always present." Only one since that time has this steadfast doctrine been violated, and then through ignorance of its existence. Mgr. Satolli, now a Cardinal, the first legate of the Vatican to the United States, was the unconscious offender. He had taken advantage of an invitation to a Gridiron dinner to deliver a serious address of much importance, explaining for the first time the Pope's reason for sending him to Washington, about which there had been considerable speculation. When the Gridironers read in the newspapers of the morning following the dinner a verbatim report of the Papal representative's speech, they were horrified and instituted an inquiry, which resulted in the disclosure that Mgr. Satolli, realising the great public interest in the announcement he was to make, and entirely unaware of the club's rule, had furnished copies of his remarks in advance to newspapers.



EVERYBODY WORKS BUT FAIRBANKS.

The evolution of the Gridiron Club from a mere informal dining organisation to its present position as a notable body of entertainers has been entirely normal. Each dinner taught something that resulted in improvement. If the club has any serious purpose outside of its original desire to bring public men and journalists into a better personal understanding, it lies in its effort to point out to the great ones of the nation, by burlesques upon questions of state, the inconsistencies and foibles of these same great ones. More than one man high in the councils of the government has acknowledged that the club teaches as well as amuses. It must not be supposed, however, that the Gridironers hold their guests up to ridicule and give them no chance to respond in



THE COUNTRY BAND OF 1892



kind. On the contrary, the fun-making is entirely good-natured and all those at whom it is aimed are offered the opportunity of getting back at the hosts with full measure. The practice in the early days of the organization of interrupting speakers with disconcerting comments was quickly abandoned, and no guest, however much of a bore he may prove to be, finds himself subjected to any sort of embarrassment while addressing the club. It is now customary to introduce each speaker through a recitation or a song, or some carefully rehearsed sketch, and the club's entertainers have become so proficient in this that the person thus warned cannot fail to be flattered and pleased. At a recent dinner the Vice-President of the United States was notified that he was expected to make a few remarks, by the singing of a song, "Everybody Works but Fairbanks," a bit of good-natured satire upon the rather inconspicuous attitude which the presiding officer of the Senate occupies in that body, while at the principal celebration of the club this year, the President was brought to his feet by the words of a parody, exceedingly complimentary and respectful, although amusing, with a fine waltz-time refrain beginning, "Mister Roosevelt, Mister Roosevelt."

THE PRELIMINARY PRACTICE.

To the Gridiron Club belongs mainly the credit of making large public dinners really enjoyable occasions. It has revolutionised the practice of not starting the speech-making until the coffee and the cigars. The Gridironers soon found that to withhold the expected entertainment of their guests until the very last brought danger of failure, and it has sought consistently to have the frolic commence with the oysters or the soup. No laughter-inspiring act is attempted until it has been passed upon by a committee, and many suggestions fail to survive the critical inspection to which they are subjected. It is no easy work, this preparation of a programme for a club dinner. For weeks before the date for their appearance in public, those cast for parts are busily engaged in rehearsing. Most of this preliminary practice is done after the day's work is over, and to the active newspaperman that means a time when most people are in bed. The club discovered after several years of experience that impromptu sketches and speeches on the part of its members were not always successful, and nowadays the preliminaries are gone over thoroughly and earnestly. There are few orators among these Washington correspondents, and none of them claims any ability as an actor—openly, at least—but twenty-one years of effort have taught them confidence and given them a knowledge of what is likely to be pleasing and what is not.

THE ORIGINAL ROOSEVELT MAN.

The expansion policy of the United States as a result of the Spanish-American war has been a fruitful source of suggestion for the club's entertainers. Cuba, Hawaii, the Philippines, each came in for a large share of notice at dinners, and more recently the troubles



of the administration over the construction of the Panama canal have been brought forward prominently in the programmes. At the January dinner after the election of President Roosevelt to his present term, the club performed an elaborate skit in the installation of its new presiding officer, intended as a burlesque of the coming national inauguration celebration. Mr. Roosevelt, a frequent guest at the Gridiron table, was present on that occasion, and enjoyed the performance immensely. The Rough Riders formed the President's escort and the inaugural ceremony was performed with due solemnity. It was at the same dinner that members of the club vied with one another in contending for the honour of being the original Roosevelt man, but the claims of all were rejected by the presiding officer who asserted that the genuine article had not been named. "Allow me, therefore," he said, "to present to you the only original Roosevelt man," and he indicated the President of the United States, who sat beside him, and as the President rose, the Gridironers and their guests rose also, and cheered and cheered. Mr. Roosevelt's greeting was no less enthusiastic at the last dinner he attended, but he declined to be regarded as the guest of honour, and maintained that that distinction belonged to Mark Twain, who was present and made a humourous speech, which was punctuated throughout by roars of laughter.

THE PROSPERITY PIE.

In the Gridiron dinners attended by him since he became President, Mr.



GRIDIRON PUNCH



Roosevelt has shown his thorough enjoyment of every skit which contained satires on the doings of his strenuous administration. He and his cabinet have had their acts and actions repeated in entirely new form for the benefit of themselves and scores of lesser lights entertained by the club. At one dinner there was a representation of what a cabinet meeting is supposed to be, participated in by foot-ball players, hunters of wild beasts, Rough Riders, and others of that strenuous life which the President has advocated. Benjamin Harrison was the first chief executive who attended a Gridiron celebration, and Mr. McKinley, who had been a guest of the club when he had been a member from Ohio, also accepted invitations from it after he entered the White House. Mr. McKinley on one occasion saw himself depicted as Napoleon, and the member of the club who assumed the role demanded the immediate production of Prosperity, which was forthcoming in the shape of a pie twelve feet in circumference. Napoleon turned the pie over to Senator Marcus A. Hanna with a request that the latter distribute it, but before the senator could comply a shouting mob of supposed Ohioans rushed in carrying banners inscribed with such legends as "Prosperity's Phalanx," and "Hanna Howlers," and cutting the juicy pastry into sections, ran away with every morsel of it. Mr. McKinley saw also the Dingley Tariff Bill carried, unsoiled and intact, from the House to the Senate; then heard a crash as if a ton of glass were being broken into fragments, and witnessed a bedraggled Gridironer rush madly back toward the House holding in his arms the torn and frayed remnants of the administration's favorite measure. This pointed suggestion of the manner in which the Senate had changed the Tariff





bill passed by the House, appealed instantly to the club's guests. It is such "fillers-in," each telling in a humorous way some story of current national importance, that have never failed to add to the success of the Gridiron dinners.

THE FALSE GRAND VIZIER

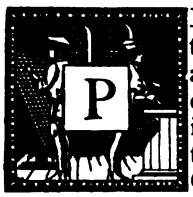
Many of the acts performed by club members have been elaborate, but the present tendency is to make them short and very much to the point. Usually the dinners are enlivened by what may be called "sidelights," so well carried out that even veterans of these unique feasts, ever on the alert for surprises, have been completely fooled. One of the best of these was performed at the January dinner in 1904. The newspapers had announced on the day of the dinner that the Grand Vizier of Persia had arrived in Washington. It was with no hesitation, therefore, that the guests at the Gridiron function that night, accepted the statement that a dark visaged man in flowing garments who reached the dining hall after things had been under way for an hour or so, and was assigned to a seat of prominence, was the Persian functionary. Several distinguished guests asked to be presented, and were flattered to learn in extremely broken English that the Grand Vizier had heard of them in his far-off native land. When the Shah's representative was introduced he drew from the folds of his gown a long roll of manuscript and read and read until the patience of his hearers, none of whom understood what was being said by the orator, was exhausted. It was not until the dinner was over that the disclosure was made that the Grand Vizier had been impersonated by one of the most dignified members of the club, the biographer and close friend of President Roosevelt, and now the holder of an important Federal office.

TWENTY YEARS OF THE REPUBLIC

(1885–1905)

BY HARRY THURSTON PECK

PART XV.—THE LAST YEARS OF PRESIDENT McKINLEY



PEACE negotiations between the United States and Spain were conducted and concluded in Paris by representatives of the two nations.* From October 1st until early in December, the sessions continued, at first harmoniously, but later with so great a divergence of opinion as to threaten an end of discussion, and a renewal of the war.† The abandonment of Cuba and Puerto Rico was, of course, expected and was granted by the Spanish envoys, as was also the cession to the United States of the island of Guam, one of the Ladrones group, over which the American flag had been raised by the *Charleston* on its voyage to Manila.‡ But there were two questions over which the controversy was long and bitter. Spain wished the United States, in taking Cuba, to assume the whole or part of the Cuban debt. The American plenipotentiaries absolutely refused to agree to any such arrangement. This debt had been incurred by Spain in her efforts to crush the Cubans in their revolt against oppression, a revolt which Americans justified and applauded, and which had at last compelled the United States to intervene in Cuba. Spain must, therefore, still bear the burden which her own unwisdom had imposed upon her; and to this her envoys in the end reluctantly agreed.

But the crucial question was that which related to the Philippines. Were these islands to be handed back to Spain in their integrity? Would the United States retain, perhaps, a single island as a naval station? Or, finally, would the whole archipelago pass into the possession of that Western Power whose flag already floated proudly over the conquered city of Manila,. where lay its victorious ships of war, and about which was encamped its triumphant soldiery? Spain's representatives at Paris were intensely earnest in their plea that the Islands should be restored to the sovereignty of their King. The war, they urged, was begun because of Cuba. The surrender of Cuba therefore ought logically to satisfy the demands of the United States. Hostilities in the Philippines had been merely an incident of the war; and to exact from Spain the surrender of even a portion of the archipelago would be at once unreasonable and oppressive. Such was the Spanish view. In the United States, public opinion exhibited a gradual and very interesting change which was reflected in the policy of the Government and therefore in the attitude of the American negotiators at Paris. During the period of actual warfare, there had been no purpose among Americans of permanently acquiring Asiatic territory. Such a thing was opposed to all the national traditions and to the national habits of thought. Few persons knew or cared anything about those distant islands. But when the question was presented sharply to the

*The American plenipotentiaries were Judge William R. Day, Senator Cushman K. Davis, Senator William P. Frye, Senator George Gray and Mr. Whitelaw Reid. The head of the Spanish envoys was Señor Don Eugenio Montero Rios, President of the Spanish Senate.

†Senator Frye cabled to Assistant Secretary of State Adee: "It seems to me that the most undesirable happening would be our return without a treaty of peace Yet that is probable in my opinion." (November 2, 1898.)

‡When the *Charleston* entered the harbour of Guam on June 21st, and began shelling the Spanish fort, the local officials had not yet heard of the declaration of war, but supposed the guns to be fired as a salute. See correspondence of the New York *Sun*, August 8, 1898.

popular intelligence, it crystallised itself into the problem of accepting one of several definite lines of policy. If the American forces were to be withdrawn, this action would not in reality restore the *status quo ante.* It would not re-establish Spain's authority. That authority had been irretrievably lost. The destruction of Spanish prestige and the weakening of Spain's resources by the war, had given to the Filipino insurrection such an impetus as made it clear that Spain could never reconquer even the precarious hold upon the Islands which she had possessed before the battle of Manila. Her envoys at Paris tacitly admitted this when they asked the United States not only to recognise Spain's sovereignty but to restore it by the use of military force.* Hence, the mere withdrawal of the American army from Manila could lead only to a bloody and protracted civil war, of which outcome would probably be the cession of the Philippines by Spain to one of the great Powers†—perhaps and very probably to Germany. With what favour the American people would view such an outcome of the affair, it is unnecessary to explain. The insolence of von Diederich at Manila was only just becoming known in the United States; and the popular resentment which it excited forbade any line of action whatever from which Germany might reap advantage. To take a single island and restore the rest to Spain, ‡ was open to the same objection, still more forcibly presented; for then there would be created a far distant American possession, partly surrounded and continuously menaced by a hostile neighbour.

But why not give the Islands over to Aguinaldo and let him rule them as a Philippine Republic? This course would have exactly paralleled what the United States proposed to do in Cuba. If Cuba were for the Cubans, why not the Philippines for the Filipinos? Such a solution was not regarded as necessarily impossible; but President McKinley and his advisers were not yet convinced that Aguinaldo could be trusted to maintain a form of government under which the lives and property of foreigners would be safeguarded. Too little was known of the Philippines and of the Filipinos to warrant the unqualified committal to them of so great a trust. Aguinaldo himself had already impressed the Americans at Manila most unfavourably. He had drawn his followers off into separate cantonments, and was maintaining an attitude of sullen unfriendliness toward the American officials. His followers made no secret of their intention to kill every Spaniard whom they should capture. It would, indeed, be taking a serious responsibility to surrender the control of civilised towns and cities to men of mixed breeds, whom Admiral Dewey characterised as "passionate semi-savages."

Hence, as the weeks wore on, the duty of the President became every day more clear to him. The ultimate disposal of the Philippines was still an open question; but the determination of that question must lie with the United States, and must be reached in accordance with the dictates both of political wisdom and of humanity. The demand was therefore made that Spain cede the Islands unreservedly to the United States, which would in turn and by way of a solatium, pay into the Spanish Treasury a sum of money to be agreed upon. The Spanish envoys in Paris were moved to strong emotion by this demand.* With passionate Castilian eloquence they argued against the right of the United States to ask this of them. With their plea, all Europe sympathised. Here was seen the passing of an old and gallant nation, a kingdom which had once ruled half the

*Despatch of October 1 1898, from Judge Day in Paris to President McKinley.

†Early in November, rumours were current in Europe to the effect that Spain was to sell the Philippines to France. Spanish securities rose in the market on the strength of this report. As a matter of fact, while the negotiations in Paris were proceeding, Spain did sell to Germany, the three Pacific groups—the Carolines, the Pelews, and the Ladrones, except Guam.

‡This had at one time been considered, and President McKinley had directed Admiral Dewey to select one of the islands for permanent occupation. The Admiral selected the island of Luzon.

*See the long cable despatch to the Secretary of State from Mr. John Bassett Moore dated at Paris, November 18th, 1898, and summarising the Spanish argument.

world, and whose chivalry had been the pride of Christendom, but which was now suing hopelessly for grace at the hands of a raw republic of the New World. Even Americans could feel the pathos of that moment. Yet Spain had no choice except submission. She could not continue fighting even if she would. Her treasury was bankrupt, her armies beaten, her ships destroyed. Not one of the European Powers that wished her well dared go beyond mere words to show its friendship. And so with unspeakable bitterness of heart, but with that grave dignity which the Spaniard has inherited from the Moor, the envoys of Queen Cristina accepted the inevitable. On December 10th, the Treaty of Paris was signed, and the United States became the possessor of Cuba, of Puerto Rico, of Guam, and of the Philippine Islands. In return for the cession of the Philippines, Spain was to receive the sum of $20,000,000.*

The islands conquered from Spain were not the only new possessions acquired by the United States at this time. After the battle of Manila, the little Republic of Hawaii had openly violated international law in order to show its friendliness to the American cause. American ships of war were allowed to take on coal at Honolulu and in fact, to make of that port a naval base. The new importance of Hawaii from a strategic point of view became so obvious that a strong sentiment for annexation was created in the United States. The Hawaiian Congress invited a union of two countries, and this was actually effected on President McKinley's recommendation by joint resolution of both Houses.† A later act of Congress (April 30, 1900), made Hawaii a fully organized Territory of the United States and its citizens were declared to be American citizens. To the new Territory were extended the general provisions of the Constitution and laws of the United States. The first Governor of Hawaii was Mr. S. B. Dole, who had been President ever since the overthrow of Queen Liliuokalani in 1892.*

The American people regarded the immense expansion of their national responsibilities resulting from the war with Spain with a certain proud self-confidence that was characteristic of their robust optimism. While many may have shared the thought of President McKinley that these new obligations were to be assumed as a solemn duty which circumstances and considerations of humanity had forced upon the United States, it is likely that Americans as a whole took no such philosophic view. The brilliancy of their achievements in the war had quickened their imagination, and greatly broadened out their aspirations and ambitions. To rule distant lands, to hold colonies and dependencies, to have their country figure largely on the vast stage of international affairs, appealed to their national love of bigness. When foreign writers and some native pessimists declared the United States incompetent to administer distant possessions,† this only piqued the pride of most Americans, and made them eager to accept the challenge. It was really the instinct for national growth, the ambition for new achievement, which now, like a flame, was fanned by the spirit of successful conquest. Nor was the phenomenon a new one. It was as old as the American colonies themselves. As the sturdy pioneers had hewn their way through the forests, and subdued the Indians; as their descendants had crossed the mountains and then traversed the great Western plains; as they had secured the Louisiana Territory from France, and wrested an empire on the Pacific from Mexico, so now in an even more magnificent westward sweep, they passed beyond the limits of the encircling ocean, and set their standard in

*The payment of this sum made the cost to the United States of the war with Spain aggregate about $300,000,000. The actual expenditures of Spain were estimated at a somewhat larger amount.

†The joint resolutions known as the Newlands Resolutions, passed the House (June 15th) by a vote of 209 to 91, and the Senate (July 6th), by a vote of 42 to 21.

*See Willoughby, *Territories and Dependencies of the United States,* pp. 60-70 (New York, 1905).

†Even the London *Spectator,* though friendly to the United States, remarked after the battle of Manila Bay, in speaking of the Philippines, "Of course, the Americans can not keep them."

the islands of the sea. It was inevitable, because it was in the blood of the race. Mr. Seward, many years before, had expressed a vital truth and uttered a boldly pregnant sentence when he said: "Popular passion for territorial aggrandisement is irresistible. Prudence, justice, cowardice, may check it for a season; but it will gain strength by its subjugation. It behooves us to qualify ourselves for our mission. We must dare our destiny."*

And a foreign political philosopher, von Holst, observed with equal truth:

"It is as easy to bid a ball that has flown from the mouth of a gun to stop in its flight and return on its path, as to terminate a successful war of conquest by a voluntary surrender of all conquests, because it has been found that the spoil will be a source of dissension at home." †

That the questions raised by the war would cause dissension was of course to be expected. While hostilities were actually in progress, factional strife had been hushed. Both Republicans and Democrats had strongly favoured intervention in Cuba, and the initial war measures had received the unanimous approval of Congress.‡ Mr. Bryan himself had accepted the colonelcy of a Nebraska regiment, which remained in camp until peace was thoroughly assured. But no sooner had the Treaty of Paris been laid before the Senate for ratification (January 4, 1899), than the lines of cleavage between the two great parties became again apparent. The Democratic leader, Senator Gorman, opposed the treaty because it practically annexed the Philippines to the United States. In this opposition he was followed by nearly all his party associates, and by two eminent Republican Senators,—Mr. Hoar of Massachusetts and Mr. Hale of Maine. The Philippine clauses of the treaty were highly obnoxious to a small but very active body of citizens in New England who became known as "Anti-Imperialists," or in contemporaneous political slang, as "Antis." An association calling itself the Anti-Imperialist League was formed in Boston, and it began an active propaganda directed against the establishment of a colonial system by the United States. The Anti-Imperialists urged that to acquire foreign possessions by conquest and to hold them by force in the position of colonial dependencies was unconstitutional, a departure from the traditions of the American government, and in itself criminal and unjust.* Senator Hoar would have had the President yield the control of the Islands to the government of Aguinaldo which, he declared, represented the will of the Filipinos. Many of the old-time abolitionists took the same view, and said that any other course would be oppressive and tyrannical.

But President McKinley, pending a final disposition of the question, had by proclamation on January 5, 1899, ordered General E. S. Otis, to extend the military rule of the United States over the whole of the Philippine Islands. The American army in the Far East was steadily augmented until it numbered nearly 50,000 men, and the War Department planned a still further increase. This action moved the Anti-Imperialists to bitter denunciation of the President as a military despot who was bent on crushing out the liberties of a free people. Americans then became divided into "Expansionists" (called by their adversaries "Imperialists"), and "Anti-Expansionists" or "Anti-Imperialists." For a time it seemed as though the Treaty of Paris might be rejected by the Senate; for while the Republicans had a bare majority, a two-thirds vote was necessary for the ratification of a treaty. The discussion was prolonged and often animated. When the day arrived for the final vote (February 6th), the result still seemed more than doubtful. Sixty votes were needed for ratification, and only 58 were surely pledged. Three o'clock was the hour that had been set; and at half-past two, the Administration still lacked one vote. This was finally secured only after the hour of three had struck and

*Seward, *Works*, edited by G. E. Baker, iii. p. 409 (New York, 1890).

†Von Holst, *Constitutional History of the United States*, iii p. 304 (Chicago, 1876-92).

‡See THE BOOKMAN for January, pp. 484-490.

*See a long and very ably written letter in the *Nation* for February 2, 1899, pp. 87-88.

while the roll was actually being called. The Expansionists had won.*

The result was due in part to the attitude of Mr. Bryan, who had used his personal influence in urging the acceptance of the treaty. Mr. Bryan very wisely held that peace with Spain should be formally and speedily assured; and that the United States might fitly assume the temporary control of the Philippines. He agreed with the Anti-Imperialists in believing that the Islands should ultimately be independent, but only after the United States, as a guardian Power, should have effected the creation in them of a stable government. It was, however, Aguinaldo himself who worked most effectively against an immediate recognition of Filipino independence. His oriental vanity had long before obscured his natural intelligence. He styled himself "Dictator of the Philippines," and assumed the airs of an Eastern potentate, decorating his person with various insignia of rank, and decreeing to himself with childish delight a golden whistle as a badge of supreme authority. All this was unimportant though characteristic. But on January 20th, the body which styled itself the Congress of the Filipino Republic, then in session at Malolos, Aguinaldo's "capital," authorised him at his discretion to make war upon the American forces in the island of Luzon. On February 4th—two days before the Senate voted on the Treaty of Paris—Aguinaldo's armed levies tried to "rush" the American lines under cover of darkness. The Filipinos were hurled back with heavy loss; yet they returned again and again to the attack, fighting until daybreak. By that time, General Otis had the situation well in hand, and ordered an advance which drove the Filipinos from the immediate vicinity of Manila. The news of this encounter very naturally hardened the hearts of the American people against abandoning the Philippines to a declared enemy; and the ratification of the treaty was undoubtedly helped by Aguinaldo's wanton act of violence. Only the most extreme among the Anti-Imperialists applauded him as a hero and a patriot. Soon afterwards, the Filipino Congress ordered the assassination of all foreigners residing in Manila, and an effort was made to burn the city. Both attempts were thwarted by the vigilance of the American commanders; though, with a certain poetic justice, the plot to burn Manila did result in wiping out the purely Filipino section of that city. From this time there began a desultory and protracted warfare, an account of which does not lie within the scope of the present narrative. Suffice it to say that the Filipinos, after successive and severe defeats in open battle, betook themselves to a species of jungle-fighting marked by treachery and at times by savage acts which often drove the American soldiers into harsh reprisals. The reports of these were eagerly caught up in the United States and were grossly exaggerated by the opponents of "imperialism." A commission appointed by the President in January, 1899, * to investigate conditions in the Philippines, made a report in November of the same year. † In essence it justified the course of the Administration, and made it plain that Aguinaldo's following represented only a comparatively small part of the very heterogeneous population of the Philippines.

It was the report of this Commission no less than the violence of Aguinaldo's partisans which convinced President McKinley that the United States must, for some time at least, assume the full responsibility of governing the Philippines. The first necessity was the restoration of order by military force. In his message of December 5, 1898, the President had asked Congress to increase the regular army to 100,000 men. This request was met by an increase of the regular establishment to 65,000 men, ‡ with permission to enlist 35,000 volunteers

*Lodge, *op. cit.* p. 232. The final division was as follows:—For the treaty: Republicans, 42; Democrats, 10; Populists, 3; Silver Senators, 2. Against the treaty: Republicans, 2; Democrats, 24; Populists, 2; Silver Senators, 1. These figures do not take account of Senators who were paired.

*Its members were Dr. J. G. Schurman, Admiral Dewey, Professor Dean C. Worcester, Mr. Charles Denby, and General Otis.

†The final report was rendered in December, 1900. It is contained in four large volumes (Washington, 1900).

‡At the outbreak of the war with Spain, the regular army had numbered only 28,000 men.

for service until July 1st, 1901.* The army in the Philippines was therefore augemented to more than 60,000 troops, and all local authority was vested ultimately in the President, who exercised it through his military commanders. This, on the face of it, seemed to many the rankest kind of "imperialism," and Mr. McKinley was denounced unsparingly as a despot who ruled over conquered millions, through satraps and by the terror of his bayonets. Yet nothing could have been further from the truth. President McKinley's own cast of mind and the character of his whole public life alike inclined him in all things to take the civilian's point of view; and it was really by an ingenious interpretation of his military prerogatives that he ultimately worked out a scheme for the non-military administration of the Philippines. Through his constitutional powers as Commander-in-Chief, he was for the present governing the conquered Islands by martial law. Technically his powers were military powers, and thus they merged in one person executive, judicial, and legislative functions. The President's purpose, however, as ultimately set forth in a very remarkable message to Congress,† provided for a separation of these functions and for their exercise by different individuals. "As it is well settled that the military power of the President may be exercised through civil agents * * * it was determined that the part of the military power which was legislative in its character should be exercised by civil agents proceeding in accordance with legislative forms; while the judicial power should be exercised by particular establishments and regulated by the enactments of legislative authority."‡ Under this plan the way was prepared for a gradual change from military to civil methods of administration.§ The first definite step toward this end was the appointment of a second Commission (April 7, 1900) of five gentlemen headed by Judge W. H. Taft of Ohio, who were directed to develop in the Philippines a system which should give to the people of the Islands the largest measure of self-government which they were fitted to exercise. It may be said here by way of anticipation, that on July 4, 1901, civil government took in part the place of military rule, Judge Taft becoming Civil Governor, with a Council and a Supreme Court in which native Filipinos were represented. Just one year from that date (July 4, 1902) the President by proclamation declared the Islands pacified and subject thereafter to the civil authorities alone. To subdue the insurrection had cost the United States nearly $170,000,000.

The cession of Puerto Rico to the United States under the Treaty of Paris raised some interesting constitutional questions. For a few months following the close of the war, military government continued in that island. But in his annual message of December 3, 1899, President McKinley recommended the establishment of civil rule. What however, was the legal status of Puerto Rico? Was it an integral part of the United States? If so, then the Constitution and laws of the United States must already be in force there and the inhabitants of Puerto Rico must be already citizens of the United States. This point was brought out sharply over the question of applying the Dingley Tariff Act to imports into the United States from Puerto Rico. The President himself declared: "Our plain duty is to abolish all customs-tariffs between the United States and Puerto Rico." But the representatives of the protected interests in Congress took alarm at this sentence. Especially did the agents of the Sugar Trust dislike it, since their masters dreaded competition from the Puerto Rican sugar-growers. Congress debated the question at great length while considering the so-called Foraker Bill, providing a system of civil government for Puerto Rico. The Democrats crystallised their opinion in the much-quoted words, "The Constitution follows the flag." But they and the few Republicans who agreed with them were outvoted; and the Foraker Bill, as enacted, treated Puerto Rico as being neither a State nor a Territory, but as a "possession" of the

*Act of March 2, 1899.
†Annual message of December 3, 1900.
‡Annual report of the Secretary of War, 1900.
§Willoughby, *op. cit.*, pp. 171-223.

United States acquired by the treaty-making power, and one which could be incorporated into the United States only by act of Congress.* Hence, for the time being, a tariff tax was laid upon goods imported from Puerto Rico. Thus the President was overruled; and the country witnessed the anomalous spectacle of the supreme champion of protectionism pleading for free trade and being flouted by his own party, which was in this case *plus royaliste que le roi.* The Foraker Act† in its final form gave to Puerto Rico an appointive Governor, an Executive Council composed half of Americans and half of Puerto Ricans, but chosen by the President, and finally a House of Delegates elected wholly by the people of the Island.‡

The relations of the United States with Cuba were, of course, different in essence from those with the other territories ceded by Spain. In the resolutions of Congress (April 19, 1898) which had declared that the people of Cuba were "and of right ought to be free and independent," the following explicit assertion had been made:

"The United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction, or control over said Island, except for the pacification thereof, and asserts its determination when that is accomplished to leave the government and control of the Island to its people."

In the face of this unqualified and spontaneous pledge, it was clear that the United States was bound by every possible obligation of honour to give over to the Cuban people the full and free control of their own political destinies. Nevertheless, there were not a few Americans who made light of this solemn pledge. The nation had experienced, in fact, a certain revulsion of feeling as to the Cubans, who not long before had been extravagantly lauded as patriots and heroes. Close contact with them during the war had not tended to perpetuate this admiration and respect. American soldiers in Cuba found the ragged levies of Garcia and Gomez to be worthless as allies in the field, and not altogether agreeable as near companions. The one military operation entrusted to them, they had failed utterly to accomplish.* For the rest they seemed to the hardy, vigorous fighters of the North more like a swarm of enervated mendicants than a host of heroes struggling to be free. They accepted as a matter of course all that was given them. They flocked about the camps when rations were served out, and they were conspicuously absent when the rifle-balls were singing. Hence, there was little enthusiasm in the United States in response to the cry of "Cuba for the Cubans." Many newspapers advocated the annexation of Cuba to the United States. They spoke of the resolutions of Congress as a mere sentimental outburst devoid of any binding force. They asserted and with some truth that those who represented the moneyed interests in Cuba and the foreign residents as well, would much prefer American to Cuban government.

Fortunately, however, President McKinley took no heed of such sophistical arguments as these. For weal or for woe the honour of the nation had been plighted; and Cuba must be left to the enjoyment of political independence. Hence, it was decided temporarily to occupy the Island until certain reforms could be effected, and after that to permit the formation of a Cuban republic. General John R. Brooke was appointed Military Governor of Cuba from the close of the war until the end of 1899, when he was succeeded by General Leonard Wood. During the American occupation, remarkable improvements were made in the Cuban legal system, in the government of its municipalities, in its sanitation, and in the sphere of public education. On November 5, 1900, a constitutional convention asembled in Havana and framed an organic law upon the model of the United States Constitution. The American Congress, however, was

*This theory was sustained by a decision of the Supreme Court rendered in the case of Dooley vs. the United States.

†The Foraker Act became law on April 12, 1900.

‡For a detailed account of the system of general and local government in Puerto Rico, see Willoughby, *op. cit.*, pp. 79-170.

*This was at Santiago, where Gomez was charged to prevent a relieving force from uniting with the Spaniards in the city.

not willing to grant the independence of Cuba without first receiving certain definite guarantees for the protection of American interests. An amendment to an army appropriation bill was offered by Senator Platt of Connecticut, demanding that the Cubans embody in their Constitution the following pledges: (1) that no foreign power be permitted to control any part of Cuban territory; (2) that the Cuban Government incur no debt not justified by its revenues; and (3) that the United States be permitted to establish naval stations in Cuban ports and to maintain, by force, if necessary, the independence of the Island. The Platt Amendment, as it was called, excited much bitterness of feeling among the Cubans, and many Americans denounced it as ungenerous and unnecessary. Public sentiment, however, sustained it. The United States had made immense sacrifices on behalf of Cuba, and it was thought to be fully justified in demanding some equivalent, especially since the demands were in the main of advantage to Cuba no less than to the United States. Hence, after a long debate, the Cuban Convention accepted the terms of the Platt Amendment and made them a part of the Constitution which was finally adopted (June 12, 1901).*

The last and supreme burst of exultation over the achievements of the war was seen in the magnificent reception given to Admiral Dewey upon his return to the United States. On September 28, 1899, the Admiral in his now historic flagship, the *Olympia,* and escorted by three battleships and ten other vessels of war, steamed into New York harbour. No American, not even Washington himself, had ever received so marvellous a welcome. For more than a year Dewey had been the one great central object of a nation's idolatry. His was the first, as it was the most thrilling victory of the war; and his diplomatic tact, his calm good sense, his firm will, and his imperturbable bearing in the face of German insolence, had won for him the passionate admiration of all his countrymen, even of those who had little sympathy with the war itself. And so, on September 30th, under a cloudless sky, and in the warm autumn sunshine, the Admiral received in the city of New York, a greeting comparable to a Roman triumph. The metropolis was one mass of vivid flags; and a superb triumphal arch, with long lines of Venetian masts, had been erected across the most famous of its thoroughfares. More than two million people were massed along the line of march, up which the Admiral and his officers were escorted by thirty thousand troops and greeted by a continuous outburst of frantic cheering,—men and women alike springing to their feet to give an exultant welcome to the man who had so brilliantly perpetuated the traditions of Bainbridge and Decatur and Perry and Farragut and Foote. At night the entire sea-coast for miles blazed with coloured fires, while every vessel in the harbour was strung with lights. It was the apotheosis of American valour.*

This pageant was only the first of many others in which the Admiral was the central figure. Every great city in the land sent delegations to him begging him to become the people's guest. Congress revived for him the office of Admiral, which had heretofore been held only by Farragut and Porter. It was provided also that he need not retire when he reached the age prescribed by law for such retirement, and that even after doing so of his own volition, his emoluments should not be diminished.

Admiral Dewey was far more fortunate than many of the other officers who served their country with distinction in the war. When the fighting had actually ceased, something like a reaction of feeling swept over the entire country. After all, when compared with many other conflicts, the war with Spain from a military point of view had not been a very great one. That the United States with its enormous wealth, its teeming population, and its vigorous youth should defeat a decrepit and almost bankrupt kingdom was not a matter for excessive wonderment and

*The American occupation of Cuba continued until May 20, 1902, when the Republic was proclaimed and its first President, Señor Estrado Palma, was installed in office.

*See the New York *Sun, Times, Tribune,* and *Herald,* for September 30 and October 1, 1899.



THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH ERECTED IN MADISON SQUARE IN HONOUR OF DEWEY'S VICTORY IN MANILA BAY

exultation. Individual exploits such as that of Dewey deserved the full measure of admiration which they received. But for the rest, popular enthusiasm had gone too far, and a reaction was inevitable. This was strengthened by some unpleasant incidents and revelations which followed hard upon the fighting. The record of the War Department was one which filled Americans with chagrin if not disgust. A commission of investigation appointed by the President in December, 1898, brought out many facts that were most discreditable, and these led to personal controversies between various officers of high rank, which were also much to be deplored. Major-General Miles charged that much of the food furnished to the troops in Cuba was not only unpalatable but unwholesome. Vast quantities of refrigerated beef had been dispatched to Cuba; and this beef was said to have been treated with chemicals which made it nauseous and even poisonous. General Miles, using a phrase current in the army, described it as "embalmed beef." For this he was attacked in terms of foul vituperation by the Commissary-General, Charles P. Egan, who wrote a letter to General Miles* couched in such language as to prevent its publication. Egan was court-martialed and sentenced to dismissal from the service;† but the investigating committee also censured General Miles. Its final report was what is popularly known as a "whitewashing report;" but the country formed its own opinion of the discreditable facts made public during the investigation, and many sneers were heard in foreign countries over the alleged corruption and inefficiency of the American War Department. Thus, the London *Saturday Review* remarked editorially:

"There is a figure of the American eagle over the War Office in Washington. With slight alteration it might be made into a reminiscence of the war. It would not take much to change it from the figure of an eagle into that of a vampire, unpelican-like, feeding on its own children, who, under a strange delusion, and not realising the nature of their Frankenstein mother, are content to sweat and groan under the most heartlessly tyrannical government on earth—the tyranny of democracy."*

And the *St. James's Gazette* of London observed:

"Before the Americans make up their minds definitely to extend the empire of the United States, it may be as well for them to realise how they have managed an army in their own country and the adjacent islands during the late crisis After the glamour of victory has passed, the scandals in their War Department have proved a very unpleasant reverse to patriotic citizens; and the worst of it is that the Congressmen, who ought to make a strict inquiry, form themselves a large part of the scandal they naturally shrink from investigating."

Even more unfortunate was a bitter controversy between the friends of Rear-Admiral Sampson and Rear-Admiral Schley in which it may be said, to the honour of both these officers, that neither took any active part.† At the beginning of the war, the former had been promoted to the chief command of the fleet in Cuban waters although previously he had been of inferior rank to Schley. This promotion was in accordance with the prevailing sentiment of naval experts. Admiral Sampson represented the type of naval officer who is above all else strictly and most commendably professional. Cold in temperament, clear headed, dispassionate and self-controlled, he had many of the traits that were to be found in Moltke, and that contributed so largely to that soldier's phenomenal success. His one thought was to perform with absolute efficiency the tasks assigned him, and in so doing to spare no pains and to leave no detail unnoticed or unprovided for. He had a high de-

*New York *World*, December 25 and 26, 1898.

†President McKinley commuted this sentence to one of six years suspension from duty.

*October 31, 1898.

†Admiral Schley generously wrote of Admiral Sampson: "Victory was secured by the force under the command of the Commander-in-Chief of the North Atlantic Squadron, and to him the honour is due." (Despatch of July 10, 1898.) See also a despatch from Sampson of the same date regarding Schley.

gree of scientific knowledge, and he represented what was best in the traditions of the old navy and in the aspirations of the new. He cared nothing for popular applause and never suffered any thought of it to influence his actions. Those who did not know him well, criticised him as too reserved, too austere, and, in fact, as too professional. His tactlessness, indeed, was at times almost repellant. When upon his tardy arrival at the battle of Santiago, Commodore Schley signalled him a message of enthusiastic congratulation, Sampson made the coldly curt reply: "Report your casualties." But in the navy he was regarded with profound respect, and his promotion was marvellously justified by the event. The smashing of Cervera's fleet was just as much his work as though his own hand had fired every gun upon that memorable day of victory.

Rear-Admiral Schley was a very different type of man. He was, first of all, a man of impulse, of eager action—in fact, more typically French than Anglo-Saxon. He was far more easy-going than Admiral Sampson, less intellectual, less steady, less sure of himself in any sudden emergency, as was shown by his hesitating and dilatory course when ordered to blockade Cervera in Santiago. Admiral Schley kept an eye upon the public and he loved the approval of the public. Applause was very sweet to him, and he knew something of the ways and arts of the politician. His impulsiveness, his easy manners, and his lack of reserve made him liked by many whose standards of judgment were personal and not professional. To these he seemed delightfully human, while Admiral Sampson was possibly regarded as a naval martinet. After the war, his friends very unwisely ascribed to him the chief honours of the victory at Santiago, declaring that he was actually in command, whereas Admiral Sampson had arrived only at the conclusion of the fight. This nettled the latter's friends, and they retorted by pointing to Schley's disobedience of orders, by criticising his manœuvres in the battle, and at last, by accusing him in naval phrase, of being "gunshy." Accusation was met with counter accusation, until at last Admiral Schley very properly demanded a naval court of inquiry which was granted. The court was composed of Admirals Dewey, Ramsay, and Benham; and after a patient consideration of all the facts it rendered a report to the effect that Admiral Sampson was really in command of the fleet at the battle of Santiago, and at the same time that there was no ground for any aspersions on the courage and coolness of Admiral Schley while under fire. The Court declined to consider Admiral Schley's alleged disobedience of orders prior to the blockade of Santiago, holding that whatever his conduct may have been at that time, it had been condoned by the Navy Department in failing to relieve him of his command, and by Congress in advancing him to the rank of Rear-Admiral. The findings of the Court were approved by President McKinley, and the unpleasant controversy gradually came to an end even in the press. A striking tribute was paid to Admiral Sampson by his fellow officers on his retiring from command. The scene has been beautifully described by an eminent man of letters in these words:

"When the time arrived for Admiral Sampson to surrender the command of the fleet he had brought back to Hampton Roads, he came on deck to meet there only those officers whose prescribed duty required them to take part in the farewell ceremonies as set forth in the regulations. But when he went over the side of the flagship he found that the boat which was to bear him ashore was manned by the rest of the officers, ready to row him themselves and eager to render this last personal service; and then from every other ship of the fleet there put out a boat also manned by officers, to escort for the last time the commander whom they loved and honoured."*

Few of those who become conspicuous by their achievements in the war escaped some measure of detraction or neglect. General Shafter's name was soon forgotten. Other generals of the regular army who, in spite of the blunders of the Department, fought so brilliantly in Cuba and the Philippines received only a

*Brander Matthews in the *Columbia University Quarterly* for March, 1906, p. 110.

grudging recognition from the nation as a whole. Lieutenant Hobson whose gallant exploit on the *Merrimac* made him for the moment a popular idol, became afterwards the target of almost universal ridicule. Some foolish girl, among a throng of those who welcomed him on his return, threw her arms around him and kissed him; and other women still more foolish, tried from time to time to follow her example, until the comic papers turned the whole thing into a cheap joke and coined the verb "to hobonize," that is, to kiss a man against his will. One exception to the list of those who were neglected or even vilified was found in the person of Mr. Theodore Roosevelt of New York. Mr. Roosevelt at the opening of the war was Assistant Secretary of the Navy. His active, forceful, and impulsive nature, coupled with an intense enthusiasm, had done much to stimulate the activities of the Department in which he served. When war was formally declared, Mr. Roosevelt raised the regiment known as the Rough Riders (the First Volunteer United States Cavalry) and went to Cuba as Lieutenant-Colonel of this body, the Colonel being Dr. Leonard Wood, until that time an army surgeon. Colonel Roosevelt's personality was such as readily attracted the attention of newspaper writers in search of the picturesque. His spectacular performances at the battle of San Juan gained for him a vast amount of public notice, so that to the popular mind he seemed to have won the day almost single-handed like an old-time hero of romance.* Returning home he narrated his own adventures in various magazine articles and public speeches, and no one was permitted to forget him. Not long after his regiment had been mustered out, Mr. Roosevelt became the Republican candidate for the Governorship of New York and was elected by a plurality of 18,000 votes, his success being very largely due to the prestige of his military service.

When peace was finally declared, the nation leaped at once into an era of unprecedented prosperity. As is always the case, a brilliantly successful foreign war stimulated commercial activity in every quarter. The American people no longer suffered from that intangible ailment which during the second administration of Mr. Cleveland had been styled a general "lack of confidence". Now they were, if anything, over-confident, with the result that the year 1899 became an *annus mirabilis* in the records of American commerce and finance. Capital, which had long been locked up by its timid owners, now came forth and reaped abundant profits. All the staple products of the country were in keen demand, and prices bounded almost from day to day. For the first time in American economic history, the volume of foreign trade amounted to more than two billion dollars. In the iron and steel trade, prices increased more than 100 per cent. during the year. The growth in textile manufactures was almost equally remarkable. "Agriculture shared in the general prosperity, mortgages being rapidly cleared off, savings banks' deposits increasing, new and improved buildings and implements being used, while comforts and even luxuries hitherto unknown were now enjoyed. The price of raw cotton rose, within the year, 30 per cent., while the price of wool almost doubled in the same period."* On October 12th, the stock of gold in the United States Treasury amounted to $258,000,000,—the highest figures since the foundation of the Government; while the gold in circulation reached the enormous sum of $703,000,000. Mr. James T. Woodward, President of the New York Clearing House Commission, wrote:

"All trade reports show that our factories are taxed to their utmost capacity in filling their orders. The railroads are unable to cope with the traffic that is offered, not having sufficient equipment to haul the raw materials to the factories and mills or to carry the finished product to the wholesaler and jobber; and on every hand we hear of a record-breaking business and constantly increasing wages, the latter in many cases as much as 10 and 15 per cent."†

*See Roosevelt, *The Rough Riders*, (New York, 1899.)

*Financial Review in the *New York Times*, January 1, 1900.

†*Times*, l. c.—See an article entitled "The New Prosperity," by R. S. Baker, in *McClure's Magazine* for May, 1900, pp. 86-94.

The winning of a foothold in Asia stimulated American trade throughout the East. Imports from Asia showed an increase in this one year of $40,000,000, as against a smaller increase in exports of about $6,000,000. With the West Indies there was an increase in imports in $14,000,000, and in exports of some $15,000,000. In exports generally the most noticeable circumstance was the volume of manufactured goods sent abroad. The United States began to compete successfully with British ironmasters not only in distant parts of the world, such as India and Australia, but in Great Britain itself. On the whole, the year 1899 saw an almost furious commercial activity, a steady rise in the prices of staple goods, and an unprecedented confidence in the immediate business future of the country.

There were, of course, many causes for this revival of prosperity. In the first place, the people had pinched and saved for years and had, therefore, in a measure diminished the burden of their debts. Again, the surplus stock of manufactured goods had been gradually consumed,—the more speedily, because so many mills and factories had either been shut down or had been working on half-time. Still further, as has been already noted, there was the stimulus of the war and the lavish expenditures by the Government for supplies of every sort and for transportation. But back of all these causes there was another even more important of which, however, only scientific economists recognised the profound significance. The demonetisation of silver and the practical adoption of the gold standard in the preceding decade had limited the medium of exchange for commercial purposes and had tended to cause an increasing contraction in the money market. The enhanced value of the dollar, as measured in gold, would in consequence have sent prices lower and lower and would thus have steadily increased the burdens of the debtor class not only in the United States, but throughout the entire world. As Mr. Charles Francis Adams expressed it, in speaking of the adoption of the gold standard:

Thereafter, in the great system of international exchanges, silver ceased to be counted a part of that specie reserve on which draughts were made. Thenceforth, the drain, as among the financial centres, was to be on gold alone. In the whole history of man, no precedent for such a step was to be found. So far as the United States was concerned, the basis on which its complex and delicate financial fabric rested was weakened by one-half and the cheaper and more accessible metal,—that to which the debtor would naturally have recourse in discharge of his obligations,—was made unavailable. It could further be demonstrated that, without a complete readjustment of currencies and values, the world's accumulated stock and annual production of gold could not, as a monetary basis, be made to suffice for its needs. A continually recurring contest for gold among the great financial centres was inevitable. A change which, in the language of Lecky, "beyond all others affects most deeply and universally the material well-being of man," had been unwittingly challenged.*

This contraction of the currency would naturally have been hastened with the increase of the world's population and also with the growing demand for gold for use in the arts. The disastrous result of such conditions could have been averted only in one of two ways,—either by restoring silver to its former place as was proposed by Mr. Bryan, or by an unforeseen and unexpected addition to the world's stock of gold. It was the second solution which was actually arrived at, and this was due to the achievements of the explorer and the man of science.

In August of 1896, a roving miner named Cormack found himself in the remote Canadian Territory of Yukon, a region thirteen hundred miles northwest of the city of Seattle and almost within the Arctic Circle. In this desolate and nearly unknown region Cormack discovered indications of rich gold deposits. At that time even the rudest habitation had not yet been erected there. A year later, some fifteen thousand fortune-seekers had reared a ragged sort

*Address delivered at the annual meeting of the American Historical Association, December 27, 1901; enlarged and reprinted in Adams, *Lee at Appomattox and other Papers*, pp. 274-338 (Boston, 1902).

of city in this barren waste and were enduring the horrors of an Arctic winter for the sake of the precious metal which the frozen earth reluctantly gave up to them.* Still larger deposits were subsequently discovered in the Nome district of Alaska; while the beach-sands and river gravels at the head of Cook's Inlet proved also to be richly auriferous. During the few years which immediately followed upon these discoveries, the districts mentioned yielded not far from $140,000,000 worth of gold. Almost coincidently, the production of the South African gold mines increased so rapidly as to bring forth nearly $100,000,000 annually. The unexpected, therefore, actually happened. The end which Mr. Bryan had had in view was accomplished in another way—not by the appreciation of silver, but rather by the depreciation of gold, or at least, by the operation of causes which prevented gold from becoming scarcer.

*See Heilprin, *Alaska and the Klondike* (N. Y., 1899); and a paper entitled "Voyage Minier au Nord-Ouest Canadien," by J. M. Bel in the *Memoires de la Société des Ingenieurs Civiles de France*, pp. 580-648 (Paris 1904).



C. T. YERKES



C. M. SCHWAB

This fact explains the comparatively slight friction attending the passage of a very important financial measure in the year 1900. The Congressional elections of 1898 had somewhat reduced the size of the Republican majority in the House; but it had also eliminated from the Senate a number of the silver advocates; so that the upper Chamber for the first time contained a working majority of Senators favourable to the gold standard. What had hitherto been in practice the financial policy of the Government was now embodied in formal legislation. A so-called Currency Bill was introduced into the House on December 4, 1899, and with some amendments became law on March 14, 1900. It declared the gold dollar to be the standard unit of value, and all other forms of money in use to be redeemable in gold. It established a gold reserve of $150,000,000 and directed the Secretary of the Treasury to sell bonds to replenish this reserve whenever it should fall below $100,000,000.* The Currency Act car-

*Another clause of the Act provided for the refunding of Government bonds, then bearing a larger rate of interest, into two per cent. bonds. It allowed national banks to issue their notes to the full par value of the bonds deposited by them as security for their circulation.



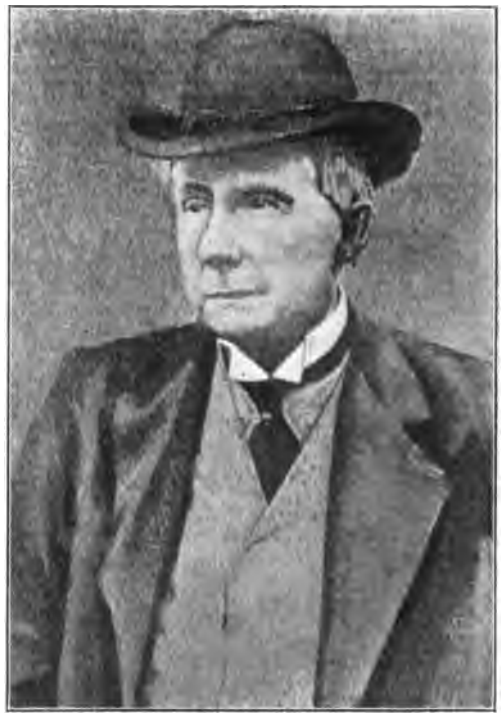
J. J. HILL

ried out to the full the pledges made in the Republican platform of 1896; and both at home and abroad it undoubtedly strengthened the financial credit of the United States.

The buoyant feeling which was perceptible in the business world found instant expression in the centres of speculation. Hundreds of millions of dollars had been added to the market values of the shares listed on the New York Stock Exchange alone, with the result that speculation assumed extraordinary proportions. New enterprises and new combinations of capital were almost daily announced to an interested and eager public. The business done in Wall Street during the first three months of 1899 was greater by nearly 15,000,000 shares than during the first three months of 1898. There was a keen demand for the so-called industrial stocks, and this demand was supplied and over-supplied by the flotation of new companies which were capitalized at sums ranging from $150,000,000 down to $50,000,000. Existing companies also greatly increased their capital, or in popular language, "watered their stocks," in order to form combinations which in effect were Trusts. "Money was easy; profit-making easier; the speculative disposition developed with rushes; the industrial fever was high. Promoters crowded into Wall Street and madly rolled out gigantic capitalisations. The era of consolidation was on all sides proclaimed as present and as full of blessings."* Even a sharp reaction which occurred late in the year was treated lightly, and was optimistically called a "prosperity panic."

At this time there came conspicuously into public notice a number of bold financiers who, being already possessed of great fortunes, amazed the country and, in fact, the world by the magnitude of their operations. The promoter and the underwriter were continually forming new Trusts or "holding companies" into each of which were merged a large number of smaller properties. Thus, the Corporation Trust Company of New Jersey became the agent of seven hundred corporations with an aggregate

New York Times, January 1, 1900.



JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER



J. P. MORGAN



ANDREW CARNEGIE



SENATOR CLARK



H. H. ROGERS

capital of $1,000,000,000. The New Jersey Corporation Guarantee and Trust Company represented five hundred corporations with not less than $500,000,000 capital. The combined capital of such combinations in the United States as were actually Trusts amounted to more than $4,000,000,000. A scientific economist has estimated that the addition to the capitalisation of the country during the brief period which is now under consideration exceeded the total capitalisation of all the manfacturing companies established in the United States during the thirty years between 1860 and 1890.* The underwriters and promoters who effected these combinations reaped huge profits. Thus, Messrs. J. P. Morgan and Company who promoted the United States Steel Corporation and advanced it $25,000,000 in cash, received in return $106,800,000 in its preferred and common stock. For promoting the American Tin Plate Company, a Mr. W. H. Moore received $10,000,000 in the common stock of that concern. The persons who promoted the Distilling Company of America were paid in stock amounting to $24,000,000. The disproportion between the capital of some of these companies and the market value of their securities was startling to conservative financiers. Thus, the United States Leather Company was capitalised at $125,000,000, while the market value of its stock was about $50,000,000. The United States Steel Corporation was over-capitalised to the extent of about $830,000,000.†

The rapidity with which such profits were made and the bigness of these extraordinary figures dazzled men's minds, so that they became drunk with the passion of money-getting and blind to all other standards and ideals. They thought and spoke in millions; and the Napoleons of Wall Street became in a sense heroes and demi-gods. Men and women and even children all over the country drank in thirstily every scrap of news that was printed in the press about these so-called "captains of industry", their successful "deals," the off-hand way in which they converted slips of worthless paper into guaranties of more than princely wealth, and all the details concerning their daily lives, their personal peculiarities, their virtues and their vices. To the imagination of millions of Americans, the financial centres of the country seemed to be spouting streams of gold into which anyone might dip at will; and every Wall Street gutter figured as a new Pactolus.

The men who represented the achievements of this new era were of varied types. Most conspicuous among them all was Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, whose bold conceptions, successfully wrought out, attracted the attention of both hemispheres. Mr. Morgan was a gentleman of cultivated tastes who as a young man had inclined for a time toward the scholar's life. He pursued his studies at the Boston Latin School, where he read the classics leisurely and was grounded thoroughly in the old-fashioned education. Later, in Germany, he spent some time at the University of Göttingen where he heard lectures in history and political economy, and won such distinction by his mathematical work as to receive the offer of a professor's chair in that historic institution. He became in after years a connoisseur of the fine arts, a collector of rare books and manuscripts, and a patron of science and learning. But these were only the diversions, the *parerga*, of an extraordinary career. Wall Street and Lombard Street alike spoke of him and of his achievements with bated breath. His schemes for multiplying ordinary fortunes into colossal accumulations of wealth made him appear to the small fry of finance a modern Midas whose magic touch turned everything to gold. Haughty and often arrogant in bearing, he asserted an irresistible influence over all he met, and he justified their belief in him by the inviolability of his plighted word, no less than by the great success which seemed for a time to be inseparable from his enterprises. It was he who organized in 1901 the United States Steel Corporation, capitalised at $1,404,000,000,—a company which swallowed the plants, the bonds and the

*Montague, *Trusts of Today*, p. 101 (New York, 1904).

†Montague, *op. cit.*, p. 112.

stocks of ten of the largest corporations in the world.*

Of an entirely different type was Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who came to the United States from Scotland when a mere child, and at the age of twelve was set to work in a Pennsylvania cotton mill on a weekly salary of $1.20. Subsequently he became a telegraph operator employed by the Pennsylvania Railroad, and after some years the superintendent of an important division of that road. Mr. Carnegie was "canny" even beyond the proverbial canniness of his countrymen; and little by little through the judicious purchase of stocks, he secured an interest in oil-producing concerns. Through secret rebates granted by the railways, Mr. Carnegie's investments netted him a comfortable fortune, with which in 1865 he began the manufacture of iron. Protected by the high tariff, his ventures proved remarkably successful, and he very shrewdly acquired valuable coal and ore beds. His relations with the railroads also gave him great and special advantages. When the United States Steel Corporation was formed, Mr. Carnegie's company had to be bought out, and it is said that in the negotiations attending this sale the Scotchman outmanœuvred even Mr. Morgan. He did, at any rate, receive in exchange for bonds and stock valued at $217,000,000, an allotment of five per cent. bonds in the Steel Trust of a par value of $304,000,000, constituting a mortgage not only upon the former Carnegie works, but upon all the other plants absorbed by the new corporation. Mr. Carnegie then retired from active business, devoting himself to the endowment of libraries, and posing as an authority upon almost every subject of human interest, from Homeric criticism to spelling reform, and becoming rather famous for his celebrated dictum to the effect that "to die rich is to die disgraced."†

*Montague, *op cit.*, pp. 26, 36, 97, 105, 106, 110; Wilgus, "U. S. Steel Corp." xii. *Ind. Com.* pp. 448-487; and an article by Prof. R. T. Ely, entitled "Analysis of the Steel Trust" in the *Cosmopolitan* for Aug., 1901, pp. 428-431.

†See the autobiographical notes in Carnegie, *The Gospel of Wealth* (New York, 1900); and Bridge, *Inside History of the Carnegie Steel Company* (New York, 1902).

Mr. John D. Rockefeller and Mr. Philip D. Armour, the respective organisers of the Standard Oil Company and the so-called Beef Trust, were men who laid the foundations of their colossal fortunes first of all by the minutest attention to small savings. Mr. Rockefeller studied carefully every possible method of avoiding waste in the handling of oil, while Mr. Armour contrived to convert every part of each slaughtered animal—horns, hoofs, hide, hair, bones, and bristles—into a marketable product. Yet their fortunes would never have exceeded very moderate limits had they not been able to secure secret advantages as against their rivals from the railways. Other exponents of the New Wealth were Mr. H. H. Rogers, the audacious and powerful manager of Mr. Rockefeller's company; Mr. J. W. Gates, who came out of the West at this time and who was a sublimation of the reckless, speculative type of financier; and Mr. August Belmont, Mr. Charles T. Yerkes and Mr. Thomas F. Ryan, who by ingenious management absorbed valuable franchises for street railways in New York and Chicago, which paid their owners immense annual sums while yielding next to nothing to the cities which had improvidently granted them such favours.

These and scores of other capitalists consolidated not only the related parts of particular industries and enterprises, but they massed together unrelated interests. Thus, Mr. Rockefeller, in control of the Standard Oil Company, absorbed also the Amalgamated Copper Company, and in time linked with these corporations two powerful "chains" of banks. Through the National City Bank of New York the combination assumed practical control of more than fifty other banking institutions in various parts of the country, and of at least a dozen trust companies, together with the New York Life Insurance Company. It was estimated that they could influence within New York City alone not less than $108,000,000 of banking capital, $474,000,000 of deposits, and $323,000,000 of loans. In like manner, Mr. Morgan was practically the master of another "chain" of banks and trust companies, of the Mu-

tual Life Insurance Company, and of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, commanding an equal aggregation of capital.

"Together, these two alliances have at their disposal nearly one-half of the banking capital of New York City. Not only are they ready at a moment's notice to loan millions and to undertake any vast enterprise for the favoured Trusts but by their preponderance in the money market they are able to force the rivals of the Trust to borrow at disadvantageous rates."*

It is not surprising that the same wave of materialism which was in full flow elsewhere, should submerge every department of the national Government. The "era of consolidation" which was declared to be a blessing, was ascribed wholly to the Dingley Tariff Law and to the dominance of the Republican party. Mark Hanna was now the spokesman of the Administration and already one of the leaders in the Senate. That body, naturally conservative, looked somewhat askance at the prominence of one who had but just entered the senatorial order. Mr. Hanna, however, while not obtrusive, broke through the unwritten laws which repress the activities of new Senators. His hard-headed, indomitable business sense, and his great force of character, made it impossible to ignore him. Though not an orator, he could speak with force and point upon many questions. He was never abashed, and he had a fund of tough, dry humour at his command. At first, one or two of the older Senators attempted to teach this neophyte his proper place; but none of them cared to make the attempt a second time. Mr. Hanna met all thrusts with imperturbable serenity, and never failed in his *riposte*. Whenever he spoke, his colleagues, and the galleries as well, paid him the unusual compliment of an appreciative silence. Little by little, too, it came to be known that, because of his practical good sense, his services were really valuable upon committees and in the everyday work of Congress of which the public knows and cares but little. Moreover, he was a man of his word, direct, and upright in all personal relations, and courteous to the many strangers with whom he came in contact. It was only because he embodied and typified all the forces of materialism that he was still assailed by a part of the press and by the Opposition. The multiplying of Trusts, the absorption of franchises by the favoured few, and the building up of special interests by special legislation —these things Mr. Hanna honestly believed to be in essence good. And therefore, he favoured subsidies for American shipping and every other form of bounty which would artificially make some classes of Americans more prosperous than others. His spirit was, in truth, the spirit of the day. The nation, for the moment, dazzled by the evidences of material prosperity, accepted the new gospel, and the voice of opposition was little heeded.

In 1899, the Government of the United States had an opportunity to requite, though in a very small degree, the friendliness which Great Britain had displayed during the war with Spain. The Transvaal Republic and the Orange Free State had challenged the British Empire to a contest in which the disparity of the contending forces seemed at first sight almost ludicrous. The bravery of the Boers, however, coupled with their skill in adapting their warlike operations to the physical conditions of the country, led at first to several severe reverses to the British arms. Those Continental nations which had sympathised with Spain and which but for Great Britain's attitude might have attempted intervention on her behalf, now sneered and mocked at English valour. In several chancelleries there were concocted sinister schemes which under some conditions might have been transmuted into action still more sinister. In the United States there no doubt existed a general sympathy with the Boers, springing from an admiration of their fighting qualities and from the natural good will which goes out to the weaker of two antagonists. But the American Government had not forgotten what Lord Pauncefote had done for the American cause in Washington and what Captain Chichester had

*Montague, *op. cit.*, p. 54; Clark, *The Problem of Monopoly*, pp. 3-24 (New York, 1904).

done in Manila Bay. Its neutrality in the Boer War was modelled on the neutrality of Great Britain in 1898. It was frankly benevolent toward the latter power. British agents were allowed to purchase in the United States great numbers of horses and mules for the use of the Queen's army in South Africa, and even to make enlistments in a quiet way. Later, when a number of Boer delegates came to Washington with an appeal for either mediation or actual intervention, President McKinley consented to receive them at the White House only as private individuals. Though he chatted with them pleasantly, he said no word about the war; and when they approached the subject, he blandly called their attention to the beautiful view which could be seen from the windows of his drawing-room. The enemies of England received neither aid nor comfort from the American Government, and presently the crisis passed. Another link however, had been forged in the chain of interest and understanding which united the two English-speaking nations.

In the early months of the year 1900, the impending Presidential election began to arouse the interest of politicians. Yet even among politicians this interest was but a languid one. That President McKinley would be re-nominated without opposition had long been a foregone conclusion. That he would be elected was regarded as almost equally inevitable. The country was so prosperous, and the government had on the whole been so well administered, as to give the Democrats no popular issue, not even the issue of discontent. The four years which had elapsed since 1896 had done very little to unite the demoralised Opposition. No new leader had come to the front. Mr. Bryan, in spite of the defeat which he had suffered in 1896, was still the dominant figure in his party, and it was held that he might have the nomination if he chose to lead what was likely to be the forlornest of forlorn hopes. When the Republican Convention assembled in Philadelphia on June 20th, the only topic of animated discussion was the question whether Governor Roosevelt of New York would accept a nomination for the Vice-Presidency. Governor Roosevelt's position was somewhat peculiar. As Governor he had alienated the sympathy of the great corporate interests by securing the passage of a much-needed law imposing a tax upon corporation franchises. He had also estranged the so-called "machine politicians" of his State, the chief of whom was Senator Thomas C. Platt. Governor Roosevelt strongly desired to serve a second term as Governor in order to carry out the reforms which he had instituted. Mr. Platt was anxious to get Mr. Roosevelt out of the way. The Vice-Presidency of the United States was popularly supposed to be an innocuous and purely ornamental office, the occupant of which passed through it to a species of political oblivion. Senator Platt, therefore, did all within his power to foster a sentiment in favour of Mr. Roosevelt's nomination at Philadelphia. In this he found supporters who, unlike Mr. Platt himself, were enthusiastic friends of the New York Governor. Mr. Roosevelt had lived long on the Western plains. His ardent and unconventional manners endeared him to the people of that section. Hence, the delegates from the far Western States came to Philadelphia bent upon making him the candidate who was to divide the electoral honours with President McKinley. It is now well understood that President McKinley by no means shared this feeling, though he made no open signs of disapproval. Both he and Senator Hanna had a certain distrust of Mr. Roosevelt whom they regarded as too impetuous a person to be wholly safe. Perhaps in President McKinley's heart of hearts there was a slight lack of cordiality based upon reasons that were purely personal. When Mr. Roosevelt was Assistant Secretary of the Navy, he had often fretted over what he held to be the extreme conservatism of the President; and in accordance with his natural impulsiveness he had voiced his opinion to many persons in language that was by no means consistent with respect. "McKinley has no more backbone than a chocolate éclair!" was a favourite saying of his at that time; and and doubtless there were many tale-bearers to carry this and other like expressions to the presidential ear.

But the very fact that Mr. Hanna was opposed to Mr. Roosevelt brought to the Governor friends with whom he would otherwise have had no natural affiliations. Senator Quay detested Mr. Hanna; and therefore, in order to displease him, he came out strongly in favour of Mr. Roosevelt's nomination.

Governor Roosevelt himself was quite sincere in his unwillingness to take the nomination. On June 18th, two days before the Convention met, he read a statement to a large number of newspaper correspondents in which, after expressing his appreciation of the attitude of his many friends he said:

"I feel most deeply that the field of my best usefulness to the public and the party is in New York State; and if the party should see fit to re-nominate me for Governor, I can in that position help the national ticket as in no other way. I very earnestly ask that every friend of mine in the Convention respect my wish and my judgment in this matter."*

Nevertheless, when the Convention met on June 20th, the talk was all for Roosevelt. The proceedings on the first day were purely formal, with no evidence of excitement. The applause given to the speeches was decorous but not enthusiastic. On the following day, the Committee reported a platform which was speedily adopted. It praised the record of the Administration, and renewed the allegiance of the party to the gold standard and to the policy of protection and reciprocity. It advocated subsidies to the American merchant marine, and a more effective restriction of pauper immigration. It commended the reform of the Civil Service and "a liberal pension policy", and put forth the usual number of popular generalities. In order to prevent the Democrats from making a distinct issue of the Trust question, it denounced "conspiracies and combinations to restrict business." On June 22nd, the third day of the Convention, Senator Foraker presented Mr. McKinley's name for the nomination, and it was seconded by Mr. Roosevelt. When the roll was called it showed that every delegate had voted for Mr. McKinley who received 930 ballots. The applause following upon the announcement was hearty but not uproarious, since there had been no contest to stir men's blood. Instead, the delegates indulged in various forms of horseplay; while a mock elephant, the popular symbol of the party, moved clumsily around the hall amid cheers and laughter.

At one o'clock on the same day, Governor Roosevelt was put in nomination for the Vice-Presidency by an Iowa delegate, who was followed by other speakers among them Mr. Depew of New York who spoke of "William McKinley, a Western man with Eastern ideas; and Theodore Roosevelt, an Eastern man with Western characteristics." The noise and clamour and shouting which had hitherto been lacking now broke forth in a tempest which was renewed and prolonged when the annoucement was made that Mr. Roosevelt had received 925 votes—every one, in fact, except his own and those of four delegates who were absent from the hall. Mr. Roosevelt signified his acceptance of the nomination, yielding, as he said, to the will of his party.

The Democratic National Convention met at Kansas City on July 4th, in the midst of the noise and excitement attending the celebration of the national holiday. The Convention was more disposed to join in that celebration than to proceed at once to business. It listened to the reading of the Declaration of Independence, to patriotic orations, and to vocal music. In the evening, Governor Altgeld pronounced a eulogy on Mr. Bryan, and Senator Tillman read out with tremendous emphasis the platform which had been adopted by the Committee on Resolutions. This document denounced the so-called "colonial policy" of the Republican Administration; declared its opposition to militarism; attacked the Trusts and all private monopolies; and called the Dingley Tariff "a trust-breeding measure." The vital paragraph, however, was that which indicated the party's intention to make "imperialism" the supreme question to be discussed before the people.

*Report in the New York *Sun*, June 19, 1900.

"The burning issue of imperialism growing out of the Spanish War involves the very existence of the Republic and the destruction of our free institutions. We regard it as the paramount issue of the campaign."

Another paragraph reaffirmed and endorsed "the principles of the National Democratic platform adopted at Chicago in 1896," and demanded once more "the immediate restoration of the free and unlimited coinage of silver and gold at the present legal ratio of 16 to 1 without waiting for the aid of consent of any other nation."

The platform was received with tremendous cheering, many of the delegates seizing their State emblems and marching with them about the hall; and banners were displayed bearing such partisan inscriptions as "Lincoln abolished slavery; McKinley has restored it." The climax of this temporary frenzy was reached when there was suddenly swung from the iron-girdered roof a gigantic American flag more than seventy-five feet long, which streamed over the heads of the mob, bearing the words "The Flag of the Republic forever, of an Empire never."*

On the following day, in the presence of 20,000 men and women, the Democratic platform was adopted amid tumultuous shouting which continued for more than twenty minutes, after which Mr. Bryan was nominated for the presidency, not by roll-call but by acclamation. His nomination was seconded by Mr. Hill of New York, who could undoubtedly have been made the candidate for Vice-President had he been willing to accept the nomination. As he explicitly declined, the Convention nominated Mr. Adlai E. Stevenson of Illinois who had been Vice-President from 1893 to 1897. The Convention then adjourned, having made it clear that the three issues of the campaign were the Trusts, free silver, and imperialism.

As to the Trusts, the Democratic Party could not hope to make a very strenuous fight. The Republicans had also denounced these monopolistic combinations, and President McKinley in a recent message had devoted a paragraph to them, somewhat vaguely, but still with sufficient point to make his remarks available for campaign use. Moreover, the country still remembered how Democratic Senators had surrendered to the Sugar Trust in 1894. The revival of the free silver question was creditable to Mr. Bryan's sincerity and consistency, but it was exceedingly bad politics. The West was now prosperous. There was no longer an immense debtor class to whom the silver argument could appeal. Even Mr. Mr. Bryan's own following had lost interest in that cause and there was nothing to be gained by its further advocacy. Imperialism, as an issue, was a most amorphous nondescript. The word was one of those party cries which have the exasperating characteristic of meaning anything and everything or nothing. For what was indicated by "imperialism" when the term was analysed impartially? The Democratic orators professed to think that the American Republic was in danger of being turned into an empire over night. Yet in reality, no one had the slightest fear of any such catastrophe. To talk about imperialism in such a sense as this was so ludicrous a thing as to make it quite impossible for Americans to take it seriously. The Democratic platform also identified imperialism with "militarism;" and in the campaign which followed, Mr. Bryan talked in a most portentous way about the fortresses which in imagination he already saw towering above every city in the land, bristling with cannon, and filled with a licentious soldiery prepared at a moment's notice to make the gutters run with blood. His followers professed a horror of what they called the growth of the military spirit in the United States, beginning so they said, in the war with Spain. But as that war had been declared by the unanimous vote of all parties in Congress, the war spirit was scarcely fraught with peril to American independence. Mr. Bryan should have known this, because at the time he himself had felt the war spirit, and it had caused him to volunteer and to get himself appointed colonel of a regiment. Did he and his regiment resemble a licentious soldiery? He would hardly have admitted it; yet his command was typical of all American regi-

*New York *Tribune*, July 5, 1900.

ments; and hence, his vivid picture of frowning forts and blood-bespattered streets failed lamentably in its appeal to the common sense of the American people.

The campaign, therefore, opened with slight enthusiasm; and though Mr. Bryan repeated his spectacular canvass of 1896, and though there was an immense amount of oratory indulged in by the hired speakers of both parties, the issue was never doubtful. During the summer, in fact, attention was largely diverted from domestic politics to a series of dramatic incidents that were taking place in China. The Chinese people had been greatly irritated by the aggressions made upon their territory by France and Germany and Russia. In May of 1900, rumours began to spread regarding a powerful secret organisation in the province of Shan-tung. The organisation was spoken of as "the Boxers," this being a very free translation of the native name. Its object was originally to defend the country against foreign intrigues. Finally, however, it fell under the direction of ignorant fanatics whose watchword was "Exterminate the foreigners!" Sporadic acts of violence were followed by demonstrations so serious that the legations in Pekin finally called upon their respective governments for military protection. Small bodies of marines were sent by various nations in response to this request; but presently the Boxers, who were now joined by a portion of the Chinese army, gained possession of Pekin, cut off its communications with the outside world, murdered the German Ambassador, and besieged the foreigners who had gathered in the grounds of the British legation, which was fortified with skill and defended with splendid courage against overwhelming numbers. But for a time the fate of the beleaguered band was utterly unknown, and the most startling stories were accepted as being true. It was reported that the wife of the Russian Ambassador had been boiled in oil, that the Christians in the legation had been butchered after being put to torture, and that Pekin had been the scene of indescribable outrages. Specific and most alarming details were cabled to Europe and the United States, of which the following is an example:

"In their final attempt to cut their way through, the legationers formed a square with the women and children in the centre. When the Boxers realised that they were being attacked, they became like wild beasts and shot each other in the darkness. The foreigners went mad and killed all their women and children with revolvers. Heavy guns bombarded all night until the buildings were demolished and in flames. Many foreigners were roasted in the ruins. The Boxers rushed upon them and hacked and stabbed both dead and wounded, cutting off their heads and carrying these through the streets on their rifles shouting furiously. They then attacked the native Christian quarters, massacring all who refused to join them, ill-treating the women and braining the children. Hundreds of mission buildings were burned. All China is now menaced. In the provinces of Hupe and Hunan thousands of native Christians have been mutilated and tortured, the women being first assaulted and then massacred."*

Meanwhile, the United States and Europe were astir. Ships of war were sent to Chinese waters, and on June 10th a body of some 2,000 marines and sailors, —British, American, Japanese and French—attempted to march upon Pekin under the command of Vice-Admiral Seymour of the British Navy. This attempt would not have been made had not the American naval representative, Captain McCalla, declared at a council of war: "The Minister of my country is in danger, and I have been ordered to rescue him. I shall march if I have to do so with none but my own men." The attempt was unavailing, however, for the Chinese swarmed by thousands. They were well armed and had cannon of the latest models. On June 17th, the allied ships bombarded the Chinese forts at Taku, and then took them by assault. The result was simply to infuriate the Chinese who massed an army at Tien-Tsin. Upon this place an attack was made by a force of Japanese, Russians, British, Americans, and French, and after much fierce fighting it was taken.

*Despatch in the *New York World*, July 16, 1900.

Then an allied force of 18,000 troops pushed on to Pekin. The march began on August 4th, and, after almost continuous fighting, Pekin was reached, its walls were battered open by artillery, and the legations were relieved. British soldiers had the honour of first entering the beleaguered compound; but the American flag was the first banner to be hoisted on the walls of the Chinese capital.*

Throughout this period diplomacy had been active. Of all the Foreign Offices the American State Department was the only one which had thoroughly kept its head. Since Mr. McKinley's inauguration, several changes had taken place in this important Cabinet Department. Mr. John Sherman, who was greatly enfeebled when he became Secretary, had broken down completely under the strain of the Spanish War. He had lost his memory and remained only nominally at his post until his resignation in 1898, when he was succeeded by Judge William R. Day of Ohio, whom President McKinley characterised as having "a genius for common-sense." Judge Day held office for a few months only, resigning in order to head the American peace envoys at the Congress of Paris. His successor was Mr. John Hay, who soon proved himself to be one of the ablest statesmen of his time. As a very young man he had been private secretary to President Lincoln, and then for several years a member of the diplomatic service in Paris, in Vienna, and in Madrid. Under President Hayes he had been First Assistant Secretary of State; and in 1897, President McKinley had made him Ambassador to Great Britain. Mr. Hay was a gentleman of unusual breadth, intelligence, and tact. His social gifts were very marked. He was an accomplished man of letters, and his experience had given him a comprehensive knowledge of men and of great affairs. When the Chinese crisis became acute, Mr. Hay took and maintained a consistent attitude, and by his skill and judgment won the assent to it of the great Powers of Europe. He chose to regard the Boxer outbreak as a rebellion against the Chinese Imperial Government, and he maintained the fiction that for its excesses that Government was not responsible. During the dark period of the march upon Pekin, the American Secretary was almost alone in believing that the legations were still safe. In the meantime, he laboured to avoid the dismemberment of China,* and he both demanded and secured from other nations written pledges that the "open door" for trade should be maintained after the suppression of the Boxers. In the negotiations of September and October of the same year, the United States through Mr. Hay did much to soften the harshness of the terms imposed by the allies upon China, and he secured the preservation of what he called the "administrative entity" of that country.†

The last few weeks before the presidential election were full of bustle, but only the most optimistic Democrats felt any real hope of Mr. Bryan's success. On Saturday, November 3rd, the great "Sound Money" parade of 1896 was duplicated in New York. More than 100,000 voters marched in the pouring rain. This demonstration is to be remembered chiefly because of the tactlessness of the Democratic managers who hung across the line of march banners bearing the legend: "McKinley's badge is on my coat, but Bryan is near my heart, God bless him!" This insult to the sincerity and courage of the Republican paraders gave so great offense as undoubtedly to lose thousands of votes to the cause which Mr. Bryan represented. Nothing, however, in that year could have been done to turn the tide away from President McKinley. In the popular vote he received a majority over Mr. Bryan of some 850,000 ballots, and in the Electoral College he had 292 votes against Mr. Bryan's 155. Mr. Bryan, in fact, failed to carry his own State, his own city, and even his own polling

*Savage-Landor, *China and the Allies*, ii., p. 178 (New York, 1901).

*Circular note to the Powers under date of July 3, 1900.

†See Foster, *American Diplomacy in the Orient*, pp. 414-434; and for fuller accounts of the Boxer Rebellion and its causes, Krausse, *The Story of the Chinese Crisis* (London, 1900); Parker, *China* (London, 1901); Martin, *The Siege of Pekin* (New York, 1900); Thompson, *China and the Powers* (London, 1902); and Ireland, *China and the Powers* (Boston, 1902); also Savage-Landor. *op. cit.*



JOHN HAY

precinct; and he received the electoral votes of only Idaho, Colorado, Montana, and Nevada, in addition to that of the Southern States. The Neo-Republicanism was everywhere triumphant.

President McKinley's second inauguration resembled his first, though it was still more imposing. His new administration began with the best omens. No perplexing problems existed to burden his mind or to stimulate a purely factional opposition. His personal popularity had become very great. In the early spring of 1901, he made, in company with his wife, a journey westward to California, passing through the Southern States. Everywhere he was received with the utmost cordiality and respect. He spoke to the multitudes who greeted him, not as the President of a party, but as the chosen ruler of a united nation. These days recalled to students of history the second administration of President Monroe which has become memorable as the Era of Good Feeling. The President himself had really risen above the plane of partisanship. The wider field of interest which the United States now occupied had undoubtedly broadened and elevated President McKinley's statesmanship. He gave striking evidence of this in a remarkable speech which he delivered on September 5th, in the city of Buffalo before a gathering of fifty thousand people. In this speech he showed plainly that he was no longer fettered by the dogmas of a narrow protectionism. He spoke words which ten years before would have seemed to him heretical. But they were words of genuine statesmanship, and they should be remembered and inscribed in golden letters upon the temple of American economics.

"Comparison of ideas is always educational; and as such it instructs the brain and hand of man. Friendly rivalry follows which is the spur to industrial improvement, the inspiration to useful invention and to high endeavour in all departments of human activity. . . . The quest for trade is an incentive to men of business to devise, invent, improve and economise in the course of production. Business life, whether among ourselves or with other people, is ever a sharp struggle for success. It will be none the less so in the future. But, though commercial competitors we are, commercial enemies we must not be. The wisdom and



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energy of all the nations are none too great for the world's work. The success of art, science, industry and invention is an international asset and a crowning glory.

"Isolation is no longer possible or desirable. God and man have linked the nations together. No nation can longer be indifferent to any other. . . . Only a broad and enlightened policy will keep what we have. No other policy will get more. By the sensible trade arrangements which will not interrupt our home production we shall extend the outlets for our increasing surplus.



EMPRESS DOWAGER OF CHINA

"A system which provides a mutual exchange of commodities is manifestly essential to the continued healthful growth of our export trade. We must not repose in fancied security that we can forever sell everything and buy little or nothing. If such a thing were possible, it would not be best for us or with those with whom we have to deal. We should take from our customers such of their products as we can use without harm to our industries and labour.

"Reciprocity is the natural growth of our wonderful industrial development under the domestic policy now firmly established. What we produce beyond our domestic consumption must have a vent abroad. The excess must be relieved through a foreign outlet and we should sell everywhere we can, and buy wherever the buying will enlarge our sales and productions, and thereby make a greater demand for home labour.

"The period of exclusiveness is past. The expansion of our trade and commerce is the pressing problem. Commercial wars are unprofitable. A policy of good will and friendly trade relations will prevent reprisals. Reciprocity treaties are in harmony with the spirit of the times; measures of retaliation are not.

"If, perchance, some of our tariffs are no longer needed for revenue or to encourage and protect our industries at home, why should they not be employed to extend and promote our markets abroad?

"Gentlemen, let us ever remember that our interest is in concord, not conflict, and that our real eminence rests in the victories of peace and not in those of war. We hope that all who are represented here may be moved to higher and nobler effort for their own and the world's good, and that out of this city may come not only greater commerce and trade for us all, but more essential than these, relations of mutual respect, confidence and friendship, which will deepen and endure.

"Our earnest prayer is that God will graciously vouchsafe prosperity, happiness and peace to all our neighbours, and like blessings to all the peoples and the powers of the earth."*

President McKinley had visited Buffalo for the purpose of inspecting the so-called Pan-American Exposition. On the day after his public speech, he held a reception in the Temple of Music, giving a personal greeting to all who wished to take his hand. Among these was a young man having the appearance of a respectable mechanic, whose right hand was apparently covered with a bandage. As he approached the President, he rapidly uncovered a revolver, and before he could be seized, he had fired two bullets into the body of the President. Before he could fire for a third time, he was

*Halstead, *Life of William McKinley*, pp. 225-227 (Cincinnati, 1901).

seized and hurled to the ground. Mr. McKinley stood for a moment as though dazed, and then swayed backward into the arms of his attendants. The first words that he spoke were to his private secretary: "Cortelyou, be careful; tell Mrs. McKinley gently." Then, observing the attempt of the maddened people to tear his assailant to pieces, the President said in a feeble voice, "Let no one hurt him."

The assassin was rescued by the police. He proved to be a German Pole named Leon Franz Czolgosz, by occupation a blacksmith in Detroit. He was an unintelligent, dull young man whose brain had been inflamed by listening to the oratory of foreign anarchists, among them particularly a woman named Emma Goldman, who had long been conspicuous as an agitator. In 1893, she had spent ten months in prison for inciting to riot and her views were revolutionary even beyond those of ordinary anarchists. Short in figure, hard featured and frowsy in appearance, she hated women and spent her life chiefly among men. At one time she had been the mistress of Johann Most, though later she had quarrelled with him and had assaulted him at an anarchistic meeting.* It was from her more than from any other that Czolgosz received the impulse which led him to commit the crime for which presently he suffered death (October 29th).

President McKinley lingered for a few days; and the favourable reports which were given out by his physicians led the country to hope that he might recover. This hope proved to be baseless, and he died on the morning of Saturday, September 14th. His remains lay in state in Buffalo and afterwards in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, where they were received with impressive ceremonies. His body was interred in the cemetery at Canton, his native town.

To President McKinley there was accorded a spontaneous tribute of universal grief such as no one in our history, since Washington, had ever yet received Americans sorrowed both for the ruler and for the man; and their sorrow was the more poignant because of the false hope which had been given them by the



THE CONVENTION NOMINATING BRYAN IN 1900 See page 174

New York World, September 11, 1901.



LEON CZOLGOSZ

premature and quite unjustifiable optimism of his physicians. In it all there was nothing official, nothing studied or insincere. Its most impressive feature was found in its quiet intensity, the intensity of a feeling too sacred and too profound for utterance in mere words. At the hour when the simple ceremonial at Canton was proceeding, a great hush came over every city and hamlet in the land. The streets were deserted. The activities of seventy millions of people ceased. Men and women of every type and class felt the shadow touch for a moment their own lives, and they let their sorrow find supreme expression in the solemnity of a reverent silence. It was very human and it was very wonderful.

As a man, Mr. McKinley belonged to the older school of American statesmen —whom he recalled in his personal appearance, in his smooth-shaven face, his customary garb of black, and the suavity of his address. He would have been at home in the society of Clay and Cass and Benton and he will undoubtedly stand as the last President of that particular type. He possessed also the personal dignity of the older days, with the advantage of a change in public sentiment which allowed him to maintain that dignity without offence to the people. The time had gone by when Americans took delight in an assumption of roughness and rudeness in their Chief Magistrate. The orgy which disgraced Jackson's first inauguration would have been impossible in 1901; and Americans no longer expected their Presidents to appear, so to speak, in their shirt-sleeves. Mr. McKinley always managed to keep his purely personal affairs and his domestic life from being vulgarised by the peculiar sort of publicity which the newspapers gave to most of his predecessors. He maintained, indeed, outside of his public appearances, the quiet dignity and reserve that befit a private gentleman, and that are still more to be desired in the ruler of a mighty nation. It is remarkable, indeed, that Mr. McKinley should have been so thoroughly successful in this particular thing; for his early environment was one of the most democratic simplicity; while before 1896, his political associates were by no means sticklers for niceties of form. Probably Mr. McKinley was fortunate in his advisers and at the same time quick too take a hint. At any rate, the fact remains that with the single exception of Mr. Arthur, no President since the pre-Jacksonian days had made things "go off" so well as did President McKinley. And as Americans had begun to learn some needed lessons from older countries, they heartily commended the refined simplicity which pervaded the White House from 1896 to 1901. This satisfaction was heightened by the knowledge that the President's private life and character were not only spotless but exceptionally beautiful.

Intellectually, Mr. McKinley is probably to be compared with Millard Fillmore, to whom he bore some likeness. Not in any sense endowed with originality, he possessed good judgment, shrewdness, tact, and a willingness to listen to advice from any quarter. He was not a reader of books, and the only quotation that one recalls as made by him in public was from some obscure newspaper poet of the West—a woman.

He knew men, however, and he was a close student of political events. As a speaker, he had a pleasant manner and at times could be sententious; but he never made a speech that was at all remarkable for its eloquence. Mr. McKinley, indeed, in oratory, as in his other gifts and attributes represented the Horatian *aurea mediocritas*. He was neither bloodless and cold, like Calhoun; nor, on the other hand, did he possess the compelling magnetism which made Clay and Blaine so wonderful as political leaders. Yet, if he could not rouse great masses of men to a frenzy of enthusiasm, he could always win a hearing. If men would not die for him, as they would for Clay, they would at any rate vote for him; which, after all, was much more to the point. He lacked magnetism, but he possessed a rare benevolence, a genuine kindliness, which made it utterly impossible for even a political enemy to be anything but a personal friend. And kindliness such as this must have been absolutely genuine, or the falseness of it would have been sometimes felt; whereas the popular belief in Mr. McKinley's good intentions grew firmer with every year. In the early days of his incumbency there were many who thought that they detected in his phraseology something which savoured of cant; but they forgot that he was a member of a religious body which makes a freer use of certain semi-religious expressions than is common; and that Mr. McKinley's way of expressing himself was the way in which he had been taught to speak, and was, indeed, a mere *façon de parler*. That he was no bigot, that he exercised a self-respecting independence of thought and action in such matters, is seen in the fact that, in spite of a most bitter outcry from the most extreme of his co-religionists, he stood out firmly for the retention of the army canteen, that he set wine upon his table at diplomatic dinners, and that he was rather immoderately fond of very black and very strong cigars. All these



MILBURN HOUSE IN BUFFALO AT THE TIME PRESIDENT MCKINLEY WAS LYING THERE

things serve to characterise the man—sincere, kind-hearted, firm and sensible, not brilliant, to be sure, but eminently safe—the sort of man who does in general go farther than any but the very greatest genius.

As a statesman, any discussion of Mr. McKinley must centre around the assertion so often made to the effect that he always "held his ear close to the ground." This was for a long while flung at him by his political opponents as a taunt; but in time it was taken up by his supporters and set forth as embodying the highest possible compliment to his sagacity. Yes, they said, Mr. McKinley always has his ear close to the ground so that he may catch the earliest echoes of popular opinion. This shows his statesmanship; for in the American Republic, the President is the servant of the people, elected to do their bidding; and it is by "holding his ear close to the ground" that he learns just what it is that they desire. The best example of this sort of statesmanship, they said, is found in Lincoln, who, like McKinley, also held his ear close to the ground, and this is why Lincoln always had the people with him rather than against him.

There is much truth in this; yet the comparison with Lincoln challenges inquiry and justifies dissent. It is undoubtedly true that a President is elected for the purpose of translating into action the political aspirations of the nation over which he rules. But a distinction must be made between the well-considered policy that has been discussed perhaps for years, and the hasty impulse of the moment. When a sudden wave of excitement surges over the country and sweeps away all sober judgment, is the Chief Executive to ask himself only whether this is what the people want? Or is he to consider whether it is what they will approve when the passions of the moment have died out? Is he to be a reed shaken by the wind, or a rock standing four-square to all the winds that blow, defying obloquy and misrepresentation, when his own brain and conscience tell him that the thing should not be done? Had Washington in 1793 simply held his ear close to the ground he would have found the nation eager for a second war with England. He would have meekly submitted to the insolence of Genet; and the poor little fledgeling of a Republic would have perished in the train of France, then drunken and delirious with the madness of revolution. In 1861, when Captain Wilkes forcibly took the Confederate envoys, Mason and Slidell, from the British steamer *Trent*, had Lincoln merely held his ear to the ground he would have heard the people of the North demanding loudly that the envoys should be kept and that the nation should face a war with England. It was hard for Washington to ignore the clamour of the Jacobins; but he did so at the cost of vile aspersions on his character, which made him say in the bitterness of his soul, "I would rather be in my grave than in the presidency." It was hard for Lincoln to ignore the momentary passion of the North and to comply with the peremptory and arrogant demand of Earl Russell; but he did so, and was charged with having humiliated and dishonoured his country. Both Washington and Lincoln, knew, however, that the supreme mandate which had been given them was in the one case to build up, and in the other to preserve, the State; and they both stood firm against the people's will in order that the people might be saved from its own madness. A true statesman holds his ear close to the ground; but he does not do so for the purpose of catching every murmur that is audible, but rather to detect that deeper note which tells him that the time is ripe for the consummation of far-reaching plans long cherished and long since decided upon. One may admit that the President is the people's servant, but one should not admit that (to use a rather vulgar phrase of Mr. Bryan's, he is the people's "hired man." He is, no doubt, an officer. He is not a lackey.

President McKinley's response to every popular impulse explains the apparent inconsistencies of his political career. These inconsistencies lay in his action, but not in his fundamental theory. He wished to serve the people; and if the people chose to veer from one view to another, then the people and not he was answerable for it all. This was a consis-



MRS. MCKINLEY

tent theory; but the fact that he held it takes him out of the category of high statesmanship. For a statesman of the first rank makes up his mind upon certain questions once for all, and having done so, he remains true to his convictions. He may tack and seem at times to take another course, but one will always find him in the end still sweeping toward the goal. Thus, President Garfield was by study and conviction a Free Trader, and in 1880 he was for the time the leader of the party of Protection. Yet he had not changed. He never once retracted his ringing assertion, made years before in the House of Representatives, "I am for the kind of Protection which in the end leads to Free Trade." He believed in the ultimate triumph of Free Trade, and he looked upon Protection as at the most a mere expedient. But with Mr. McKinley the case was different. He was a high protectionist for many years because his constituents and his party favoured high protection. In 1901, he advocated a limited Free Trade because the people had begun to veer around that way. The passages already quoted from his speech at Buffalo prove his readiness to adapt his opinions to the opinions of the great majority.

It must be confessed that Mr. McKinley clung to his advocacy of silver for a remarkably long time. From 1890 to 1896, he probably did a great deal that indirectly helped to strengthen Mr. Bryan's cause. The main difference between the two men at this time was that Mr. Bryan came out boldly as an advocate of free silver, while Mr. McKinley used the more discreet yet substantially identical phrase "bimetallism;" just as in the Buffalo speech he veiled his partial conversion to a species of Free Trade by giving it the tactful name of "reciprocity." It is perfectly well known that even after Mr. McKinley had been nominated in 1896 he shrank from declaring that "honest money" was understood by him to mean gold monometallism. He hoped to fight the campaign of that year upon the single question of the tariff; and it was only when the issue had been absolutely forced upon him that at last he gave up his "bimetallism," and took the stand which President Cleveland had taken long before.

These facts by no means indicate that Mr. McKinley was weak or inconsistent. They simply mean that his fundamental position was one of compliance with whatever seemed to him to be the popular will. He changed his views whenever he became convinced that the opinion of the majority had changed; for he regarded this as the duty of a statesman. It was not a very lofty view, but it was at least an intelligible one; and it explains his whole political career. It is strange that he was so often and so absurdly misunderstood. The failure to understand him was responsible for a singular incongruity in many of the estimates formed by otherwise intelligent men regarding his character. The opposition press, for instance, used to speak of him at one time as "gelatinous," and at another as unfeeling and implacable. In a single issue of an influential newspaper there once appeared a column devoted to ridicule of Mr. McKinley for being a mere puppet in the hands of his advisers, and another col-

umn devoted to denunciation of him as a sort of political ogre, relentlessly crushing out the liberties of an innocent people in seas of blood. Now it is sufficiently obvious that he could not very well have been at once a puppet and a stern dictator; and it is clear enough that he was really neither. He was not a weak man; nor, on the other hand, was he a man of iron. He could be firm enough in matters upon which his mind had been made up. Witness his manly independence in retaining an upright Commissioner in the Pension Office* despite the venal clamouring of innumerable "old soldiers." But in the main, and in matters of high policy, he conscientiously believed that he must shape his action in accordance with his party's needs and wishes; and this, in fact, he did. For the rest, his statesmanship was often far from brilliant. A more sagacious President, for instance, would not have allowed himself to say that it was "our plain duty" to give to Puerto Rico unrestricted privileges of trade with the United States; or else, having said so, he should have made his Congress say so too. A stronger party leader would not have negotiated an important treaty† only to see it almost contemptuously rejected by a Senate of which his own party had entire control.

Such, then, was President McKinley as a man and as a statesman. His place in history will be greater than that of greater men, because it was his fortune to hold office at a time when the events occurred which made his presidency epoch-making. For the war with Spain Mr. McKinley deserves neither praise nor blame. The conflict had been inevitable ever since the Cubans rose in 1868 against the tyranny of Spain, and since Spanish soldiers shot down the crew of the *Virginius* at Santiago! From that moment, Spain and the United States were like two railway engines heading toward each other upon a single track. A collision between them could not be avoided. The moment of the crash was one to be determined by pure chance. But because that moment came when President McKinley was in power, and because the consequences of it were so far-reaching as to transform the whole genius of our government, the years of his administration must always be a subject of the deepest interest to the student of American history.

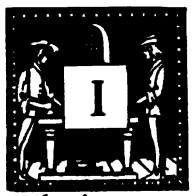
He died at an hour that was friendly to his fame. A foreign war had ended in the triumph of the American arms. The Republic of the West had at last assumed its place among the greatest nations of the earth. Political bitterness had spent itself in the electoral contest of the preceding year, and there had succeeded a lull which brought with it good will and tolerance. Extraordinary material prosperity had enriched the nation, so that men might at some future day look back upon those years as to a Golden Age. And finally, the tragic ending of a useful, honourable life stirred all the chords of human sympathy, and seemed to cast upon that life itself the pathos and the splendour of a consecration.

*Mr. H. C. Evans.
†The so-called Hay-Pauncefote Treaty.



PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

As the most fitting tribute to the memory of the late Paul Laurence Dunbar we reprint the introduction written by Mr. W. D. Howells for "Lyrics of Lowly Life," Mr. Dunbar's first book.



THINK I should scarcely trouble the reader with a special appeal in behalf of this book, if it had not specially appealed to me for reasons apart from the author's race, origin and condition. The world is too old now, and I find myself too much of its mood, to care for the work of a poet because he is black, because his father and mother were slaves, because he was, before and after he began to write poems, an elevator-boy. These facts would certainly attract to him as a man, if I knew him to have a literary ambition, but when it came to his literary art, I must judge it irrespective of these facts, and enjoy or endure it for what it was in itself.

It seems to me that this was my experience with the poetry of Paul Laurence Dunbar when I found it in another form, and in justice to him I cannot wish that it should be otherwise with his readers here. Still, it will legitimately interest those who like to know the causes, or, if these may not be known, the sources, of things, to learn that the father and mother of the first poet of his race in our language were negroes without admixture of white blood. The father escaped from slavery in Kentucky to freedom in Canada, while there was still no hope of freedom otherwise; but the mother was freed by the events of the civil war, and came North to Ohio, where their son was born at Dayton, and grew up with such chances and mischances for mental training as everywhere befall the children of the poor. He has told me that his father picked up the trade of a plasterer, and when he had taught himself to read, loved chiefly to read history. The boy's mother shared his passion for literature, with a special love of poetry, and after the father died she struggled on in more than the poverty she had shared with him. She could value the faculty which her son showed first in prose sketches and attempts at fiction, and she was proud of the praise and kindness they won him among the people of the town, where he has never been without the warmest and kindest friends.

In fact, from every part of Ohio, and from several cities of the adjoining States, there came letters in cordial appreciation of the critical recognition which it was my pleasure no less than my duty to offer Paul Dunbar's work in another place. It seemed to me a happy omen for him that so many people who had known him, or known of him, were glad of a stranger's good word; and it was gratifying to see that at home he was esteemed for the things he had done rather than because as the son of negro slaves he had done them. If a prophet is often without honour in his own country, it surely is nothing against him when he has it. In this case it deprived me of the glory of a discoverer; but that is sometimes a barren joy, and I am always willing to forego it.

What struck me in reading Mr. Dunbar's poetry was what had already struck his friends in Ohio and Indiana, in Kentucky and Illinois. They had felt, as I felt, that however gifted his race had proven itself in music, in oratory, in several of the other arts, here was the first instance of an American negro who had evinced innate distinction in literature. In my criticism of his book I had alleged Dumas in France, and I had forgetfully failed to allege the far greater Pushkin in Russia; but these were both mulattoes, who might have been supposed to derive their qualities from white blood vastly more artistic than ours, and who were the creatures of an environment more favourable to their literary development. So far as I could remember, Paul Dunbar was the only man of pure African blood and of American civilisa-

tion to feel the negro life æsthetically and express it lyrically. It seemed to me that this had come to its most modern consciousness in him, and that his brilliant and unique achievement was to have studied the American negro objectively, and to have represented him as he found him to be, with humour, with sympathy, and yet with what the reader must instinctively feel to be entire truthfulness. I said that a race which had come to this effect in any member of it, had attained civilisation in him, and I permitted myself the imaginative prophecy that the hostilities and the prejudices which had so long constrained his race were destined to vanish in the arts; that these were to be the final proof that God had made of one blood all nations of men. I thought his merits positive and not comparative; and I held that if his black poems had been written by a white man, I should not have found them less admirable. I accepted them as an evidence of the essential unity of the human race, which does not think or feel black in one and white in another, but humanly in all.

Yet it appeared to me then, and it appears to me now, that there is a precious difference of temperament between the races which it would be a great pity ever to lose, and that this is best preserved and most charmingly suggested by Mr. Dunbar in those pieces of his where he studies the moods and traits of his race in its own accent of our English. We call such pieces dialect pieces for want of some closer phrase, but they are really not dialect so much as delightful personal attempts and failures for the written and spoken language. In nothing is his essentially refined and delicate art so well shown as in these pieces, which, as I ventured to say, describe the range between appetite and emotion, with certain lifts far beyond and above it, which is the range of the race. He reveals in these a finely ironical perception of the negro's limitations, with a tenderness for them which I think so very rare as to be almost quite new. I should say, perhaps, that it was this humorous quality which Mr. Dunbar had added to our literature, and it would be this which would most distinguish him, now and hereafter. It is something that one feels in nearly all the dialect pieces; and I hope that in the present collection he has kept all of these in his earlier volume, and added others to them. But the contents of this book are wholly of his own choosing, and I do not know how much or little he may have preferred the poems in literary English. Some of these I thought very good, and even more than very good, but not distinctively his contribution to the body of American poetry. What I mean is that several people might have written them; but I do not know any one else at present who could quite have written the dialect pieces. These are divinations and reports of what passes in the hearts and minds of a lowly people whose poetry had hitherto been inarticulately expressed in music, but now finds, for the first time in our tongue, literary interpretation of a very artistic completeness.

I say the event is interesting, but how important it shall be can be determined only by Mr. Dunbar's future performance. I cannot undertake to prophesy concerning this; but if he should do nothing more than he has done, I should feel that he had made the strongest claim for the negro in English literature that the negro has yet made. He has at least produced something that, however we may critically disagree about it, we cannot well refuse to enjoy; in more than one piece he has produced a work of art.

W. D. Howells.



WHEN ALL IS DONE

When all is done, and my last word is said,
And ye who loved me murmur, "He is dead,"
Let no one weep, for fear that I should know,
And sorrow too that ye should sorrow so.

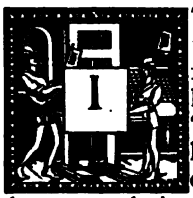
When all is done and in the oozing clay,
Ye lay this cast-off hull of mine away,
Pray not for me, for, after long despair,
The quiet of the grave will be a prayer.

For I have suffered loss and grievous pain,
The hurts of hatred and the world's disdain,
And wounds so deep that love, well-tried and pure,
Had not the pow'r to ease them or to cure.

When all is done, say not my day is o'er,
And that thro' night I seek a dimmer shore:
Say rather that my morn has just begun,—
I greet the dawn and not a setting sun,
When all is done.

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

CROSS SECTIONS OF LIFE AND SOME RECENT BOOKS



IT was a French realist who gave us the formula for fiction which begins like a household recipe, "Prenez une tranche de la vie." But the truth embodied in these half dozen words is more comprehensive than realism; it applies equally to the romanticist, the symbolist, the novelist with the very latest creed, the novelist with no creed at all. One and all, they can do nothing better, nothing bigger than to take one broad, impartial cross-section of life, cutting boldly through the good and the bad, the fat and the lean together. The trouble with our fiction today is that nine-tenths of our writers, far from giving us more than just a cross-section of life, give us vastly less,—broken, detached fragments, from which you can no more reconstruct a complete picture, than you can guess at the size and shape of a soda biscuit from its crumbs. Nine-tenths of our authors have never taken the trouble to ask themselves seriously just what is meant by that trite and glibly uttered formula, "Take a cross-section of life."

A cross-section of life,—not a mere surface inspection if you please, but a deep, trenchant cut, that goes to the very heart, and lays open the inward mysteries for microscopic analysis. You can never tell the whole of a human story; that is the chief lesson of the formula. The life story of a man or a woman begins too far back, for any man or woman to follow it to its ultimate source. It goes back, through parents and grandparents, through all the countless generations from which they draw their inherited virtues and passions, as a tree draws its life through all the countless subdivisions of its remotest roots. And the life story of a man or woman does

not stop with betrothal or marriage or death. It goes on, through the children they have begotten, the good or bad deeds they have done, the influences they have diffused around them, just as the life of a tree ascends beyond the trunk through the main limbs, into the netlike ramification of branch and twig and leaf. You cannot take the whole tree, root and branch and leaf, and pass it in review under your magnifying lens; but you can choose a point somewhere midway up the trunk, and cut a thin, comprehensive slice that will tell you a hundred things about the life history of that tree, its age, its quality, the soundness of its heart. The big novels of all times and countries are symbolised by such a cross-section of a tree-trunk; they are all of them stories that begin in the middle, holding our interest not only by the problem they offer of the present hour, but also by the dimly seen vista of a mysterious yesterday, the prophetic suggestion of an unknown tomorrow.

There is another point worth noting about this formula: A cross-section, it says, not of one life or of two, but of life in general,—the life of a neighbourhood, a city, the world at large. In real life,—the one unfailing, ultimate test for measuring the quality of fiction,—there is no one interest so absorbing as to shut out all other interests. No one can be all lawyer or all clergyman or all financier, any more than one can be all lover, or husband, or father. A case on appeal must be argued, though the one girl in the world has just refused you; the Sunday sermon must be written, though wife and child lie seriously ill at home. Typhoid or pneumonia may strike you down, regardless of the impending crisis in Wall Street. There are no joys or sorrows, hopes or fears so engrossing as not to be broken in upon by calls from the outside world,—the summons of the dinner bell, the insistent tinkle of the telephone, the shrill note of the postman's whistle. It is just this sort of interruption, this intrusion of alien interests, this voice of the outside world, which makes the difference between the complete picture of life and the mere fragmentary sketch in fiction. It is not necessary for the novelist, who wishes to be true to life, to make this voice of the world the dominant note in his book. He does not need to make his pages discordant with the vociferous clamour of the street, the ubiquitous rush and turmoil of trade and finance, the ceaseless strife of human ambition and greed. He may picture, if he pleases, the sensuous seclusion of a woman's boudoir, or the pastoral beauty of some remote and fragrant hillside, full of sunshine and songbirds and the joy of life. But if he would build a firmer structure than the sugared prettiness of the confectioner's art, he must make the reader feel that the storm and stress of the outside world is not forgotten. He must make us feel that, even in their temporary seclusion, the characters of his story have not thrown off the fetters that bind them to the period, the community, the thoughts and ideals to which they were born. It is only a novelist that can consistently do this, who is entitled to the credit of having given us a broad and comprehensive cross-section of life.

It may be said with confidence that the chief defect in American fiction today is a tendency towards the one-sided, incomplete picture, the Cross-Section of lives rather than of Life. And in this respect the average British novelist is distinctly superior to his American confrere. In England you find no such sharp differentiation between the social novel on the one hand, and the business novel on the other. It would puzzle you to sort out the novels of Dickens or Thackeray, Charles Reade or Anthony Trollope, that are exclusively business novels or exclusively social. In the best English fiction, the drawing-room and the counting-house touch elbows, just as they constantly do in real life.

In the best fiction, the author makes you feel how the cares and anxieties of a man's home life follow him to his office in the morning, and spectre-like come between him and the urgent business of the day; and how at night, when his desk lid is closed, the memory of a sudden fall in stocks, the knowledge of a note that must be met tomorrow, follow him to his fireside and shed a gloom over the dinner hour. The big novelist is not he who can set forth some one phase of life, the cotton market, let us say, or the

coal strike or the insurance scandals, with an epic boldness, a flamboyant audacity of phrase and imagery that make you forget for the time being that there is any other interest in the world than just cotton, or coal, or life insurance. The really big writer is the one who knows and uses the power of contrast; who realises how all the various phases of life blend and overlap; and makes you keenly interested in the destinies of his cotton brokers, his coal miners, or his insurance agents, because he has first of all won your interest in them as human beings, quite apart from coal or cotton or insurance policies. This art of keeping the just proportion between the individual and the world at large; of showing just how he fits into the broad cross-section of contemporary life, is better understood in England than in this country. And that is why many a mediocre English novel gives you an impression of thoroughness and amplitude and reality which some of our strongest writers might well envy.

The Idlers

There are few writers now living in England who understand better what is meant by the injunction, "Take a cross-section of life," than Morley Roberts. In his new volume, *The Idlers,* which might well have had for a sub-title "The Wild Oats of Jack Bexley," he has given us a bold, forceful, kalaidoscopic picture of London society, high and low. We bring away from it an impression of busy, crowded, jostling life, with much that is unscrupulous and unsavory. And we retain also the memory of a few characters, bluff, honest men and brave, true women, that go far to offset what is sordid and unclean in the story. Jack Bexley is a stalwart, manly, handsome young Englishman, whom fate in the shape of over-fond parents, has done its utmost to ruin. Sprung from a race of good fighters, he has but one ambition in life, and that is the army. But the family won't hear of it; and as he has no serious occupation in life, he drifts into a fast set of fashionable idlers, and falls into the toils of an unscrupulous woman. Renee Buckingham really loves Jack, or believes she does, for a number of weeks. At least, she runs some extraordinary risks for his sake, considering that she is the wife of a prosaic biscuit merchant, who is just on the verge of being knighted, and a scandal may be the undoing of them both. Luckily for Jack, there is another lover whom Renee believes to be safely buried alive in Southern Nigeria. But instead of staying buried, he comes home at an inconvenient time, and being a violent sort of person, with a fever-haunted brain, he puts both himself and Renee speedily out of existence. The book would be melodrama, if not for the atmosphere of reality it exhales, and the fine sanity of the lesson it teaches.

All That Was Possible

A good example of the thoroughly artistic way in which the voice of the outside world may be made to break in upon the most secluded lives, and compel attention is afforded by *All That Was Possible,* the new volume by Howard Overing Sturgis, author of *Belchamber.* It is a strong story, an artistic story, and in its denouement a cynically logical story. One's only grievance against it is the fact that it is cast in the form of a series of letters. These letters are written by Mrs. Sybil Crofts,—"Mrs." only for the sake to euphemism,—to a confidential friend, after the Earl of Medmenham's marriage has terminated an intimacy of many years' standing. The Earl of Medmenham was Sybil Croft's first serious indiscretion; and when he took her from the stage and agreed to be responsible for her expenses, she justified herself by the belief that she really loved him. But when the Earl married, she realised that she was not in the least broken-hearted, philosophically accepted the modest settlement he offered her, and betook herself to a remote corner of Wales, determined that he should never have a successor. Here for a time she finds peace, if not happiness, even though the village folk eye her with disfavor. She has never tried to make a secret of her former life, and the voice of the outside world has not merely followed her to her retreat, it has even anticipated her arrival. But her peace is of short duration; another man comes into her life, an austere, stern,

rather narrow-minded man, who at first looks upon her with grave disapproval. But even he is gradually won over by the subtle charm of her personality,—for she is obviously both by nature and culture far too fine for the lot that has befallen her; the novelist succeeds admirably in making you realize that. Before she realises how rapidly they have drifted from hostility into love, the mischief is done. She finds herself a prey to a great temptation, a torturing doubt, whether she is doing right in allowing this austere, upright man to care for her and make her care for him,—whether, in short, she has the right to let any good man reinstate her and give her the protection of an honorable name. She might have spared herself the trouble of debating the question, since in the end she learns that such a possibility as marriage had never even occurred to the austere, honourable gentleman. The problem he had faced and struggled with was not whether he might raise her to his level, but whether he should sink to hers. The subtle understanding of mood and temperament stamps this book as a finer piece of art than many a more pretentious volume.

The Eternal Spring

One of the most cordial of many favourable notices of Neith Boyce's first novel, *The Forerunner,* closed by saying, with considerable justice, that the story held the reader's attention so closely that he scarcely realised, even when he turned the final page, that there was practically no plot at all. That is precisely the result which may often be expected from a faithful adherence to the method of the *Tranche de la Vie.* One cannot always find a neat, cut-and-dried plot at whatever point one chooses to make the transverse cut across life. But one does find, instead of plot, an abundance of unfinished ends of plots, an abundance of human nature, and of the joy and sorrow of living,—and that is better material for a novel than the neatest of machine-made situations. However that may be, Neith Boyce's new story, *The Eternal Spring,* forms a curious and not altogether satisfactory antithesis to *The Forerunner,* insomuch as its plot is a much more conspicuous feature than its human nature. In other words, it is not so fine a piece of art as the author's earlier novel, not so fine even as her short stories. And this seems somewhat of a pity, since while there are so many writers who understand the mechanism of a clever plot, there are so few who have the subtle understanding of human nature that Neith Boyce revealed in *The Forerunner.* Not that *The Eternal Spring* is devoid of subtlety; indeed, some of the characters are sketched in with a rare deftness, a delicious irony, of the carefully veiled, Henry James type. But from first to last, one feels that the plot's the thing. And one also feels that while not a bad plot, both the theme and the setting could have been handled more effectively by a veteran romance spinner such as Marion Crawford, who would have had the added advantage of knowing his Italy thoroughly. Just why the author of *The Eternal Spring* found it necessary to cut her cross-section of life in the city of Florence is not sufficiently obvious. When a novelist whose important characters are practically all Americans, takes a foreign country for his stage setting, he ought to have some more important motive than merely a desire for picturesque effect. The essential action of *The Eternal Spring* might happen anywhere. A man who for five years had slaved and struggled to amass a modest capital sufficient to permit him to devote the rest of his life to agreeable uselessness, begins his new epoch by seeking out the woman he has long secretly loved, who is now a widow and free to marry him. But when he reaches her, he finds that he is not sufficiently in love to win her,—the lady is willing enough, but she quite justly objects to a luke-warm wooing. Yet a tepid proposal is better than none at all, and one fells that he would ultimately have succeeded, if he had not suddenly fallen in love, seething, fiery love this time, with a cousin of the lady's deceased husband. All this first part of the book is pleasantly subtle and analytic; but here begins the Crawford-like plot, with its mild savour of melodrama. The cousin of the deceased husband lives in constant fear of becoming insane. Her father, years ago, killed a

young Italian and himself in a fit of jealous rage, and the story was carefully circulated by the wife that his jealousy was a delusion of his disordered brain, the chief feature of his insanity. The girl will not marry, because she believes this story, and is sure that the blight upon her father's brain will descend to her.

All that the hero needs to do is to prove that the father's jealousy was well founded, that he never had a symptom of insanity, and that the guilty wife had deliberately and consistently lied through all the intervening years; and all this he does prove, to the satisfaction of his betrothed, and let us hope, of the average reader. It is perhaps ungracious to ask why all this necessarily took place in Italy, especially as the Florentine atmosphere is admirably well caught, in a superficial way,—well enough to give a qualm of nostalgia to those who cherish pleasant memories of Florence. Yet at most it is only a surface impression; and one can think of a dozen advantages of placing such a plot in a setting where the author is more familiar with the customs, both social and legal. By the way, one wonders whether the responsibility for such abnormal Italian as *Tanto grasia* rests with the author or the compositor.

Folly

A considerable portion of Edith Rickert's new book *Folly,* lays the scene in Spain; but the author is justified by structural necessity. The plot hinges upon the critical illness of one of the characters, and only in a warm southern climate can he hope to drag out a painful existence a few months longer. The book is a study of a woman's temperament,—the sort of temperament that enables a woman to accept a loveless marriage without revolt, and almost without realizing that it is loveless; until suddenly, one day, she discovers that she loves someone else, a frail, undersized man, with a diseased body and a poet's soul. Folly is a nickname for Florence,—with more method in it than in most nicknames,—and she is the wife of Andrew Christie, a strong, sane, patient man, whose generous tolerance and warmheartedness deserve a more assured happiness than seems likely to be his lot, even after what the author meant us to regard as a happy termination. Folly is one of those uncomfortable, introspective women forever feeling the pulse of their emotions, and asking with evident self-approval, "am I not a different woman from what I was a week ago?" Yet she evidently was sane enough to realise her good fortune in her husband, her home and her infant child; and if the latter had lived, she might never have openly defied conventions. But when the child dies, severing her strongest home tie; and when she learns that her poet, Haldane Gore is mortally ill, with his brief remnant of life measured in months rather than days, she risks the world's censure and follows him to Spain, determined that whatever joy her surrender may bring him, he shall have it. But Haldane Gore is by this time too ill to be grateful for her sacrifice, too far detached from life to think of earthly passion. The utmost return he can make her is to hide how her mere physical presence adds to his burden by emphasising his sense of all that has slipped from him. And in the end he does the most surprising, unconventional thing imaginable; he sends for the deserted husband, and bluntly, crudely makes him understand how little cause he really has for jealousy. And having done his utmost to rectify the wrong he has done, Haldane Gore quietly slips out of sight to die alone, where unwelcome pity will not reach him. The book is meant to belong to that class of novels which study the problem of a wronged husband's forgiveness. But as there was here technically no wrong to forgive, the author rather begs the question. Yet the book is interesting as being the product of a vigorous but undisciplined talent. A writer of maturer judgment would surely have been satisfied to let us take the genius of her poet, on faith, and not have hopelessly handicapped him by attempting to give us specimens of his verse. One feels convinced that the reading of a single poem would have won her heroine back to a sane state of mind and resulted in her remaining dutifully at home.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

FOUR BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

The History of American Painting.*

With each volume issued it becomes increasingly obvious that æsthetic criticism as it is understood and practised amongst us is not keeping abreast of the times. There is indeed a certain chagrin in the fact that the valiant lessons taught by Dr. Bode, Professor Muther, Professor Yrjö Hirn, of Helsingfors, Dr. Ernst Grosse, of Freiburg, and a score of similar men throughout Europe have found such feeble acceptance on this side of the water. Even the more lucid and persuasive exposition of Camille Mauclair, the leader of the young French school, has utterly failed to influence our conception of the development and function of art forms. Books on native painting and sculpture succeed each other with imposing frequency, each more expensive and pretentious than the last, yet each written in the same pedestrian and unillumined vein. Thus far there has been no serious attempt to get beneath the surface, to go beyond mere names, dates and periods. The intimate relation between æsthetics and ethnology or sociology has been serenely ignored. A faithful reliance upon chronology has been deemed all-sufficient. It is difficult to say how long this condition of affairs may persist, but as yet there are scant signs of an awakening.

In essence the history of art should not signify a monotonous procession of external facts, but a vivifying record of pictorial ideas. The real physiognomy of a given epoch can only be studied through tracing the evolution of those aims which have coloured and dominated that period, and not through rehearsing the months and years which are its arbitrary boundaries. Contrary to general belief, the movement of art is not a single successive movement; it is a series of parallel progressions. Distinct and sharply dissimilar tendencies spring up side by side during the same generation, in addition to which there are always reactions and reversions that brusquely disarrange the chronological order. The only significant relation to establish is that based upon a similarity or a positive identity of ideas. Less fallacious than the older method, though almost equally misleading, is the division according to subject, the division into landscape, figure, or genre categories. The vital point is not that a certain worthy individual paints a copper pot and a shining string of fish, but why and how he does so. It is clearly possible to transcribe still life with an altogether personal and delicate ideality. The flowers of Fantin-Latour are infinitely more intimate and spiritual than the portraits of Bonnat, and there is often not the slenderest reason for grouping together two strips of water or two stretches of field and wood. Thus through-out the shifting, colourful pageant of art, it is not theme, but interpretation, which is the cardinal factor, and it is only through a sensitive sympathy with those concepts that underlie vision and treatment that the true significance of painting can be appreciated.

Some three years since when a certain firm of publishers of the very first rank planned a comprehensive "History of American Art" in five volumes, securing as editor of the series a man of acknowledged dignity and reputation, there was every reason to hope that æsthetic criticism in this country might reasonably show a marked advance. The scheme is intended exhaustively to cover the graphic, the plastic, the illustrative, the musical, and the architectural arts, and no expense has been spared in the matter of plates nor in the general physical appearance of the product. In order, says the editor's note, "that the opinions ventured should be authoritative the preparation of each volume has been placed in the hands of an expert—one who practises the craft whereof he writes." Three of the volumes have already appeared, the first and second comprising the "History of American Sculpture," by Lorado Taft, and the "History of American

*The History of American Painting. By Samuel Isham. Macmillan Company, New York.

Music," by Louis C. Elson. The third, which now claims attention, is the "History of American Painting," by Samuel Isham. Despite a decidedly bumptious Middle West nationalism, Mr. Taft's book proved both interesting and stimulating. Moreover it succeeded in escaping the commonplace by a refreshing humour and by numerous specific and often suggestive bits of analysis. With Mr. Isham matters do not seem to have gone quite so well. Possessing but a vague and intermittent conception of the social origin and mission of art, and having at his command a singularly infelicitous and often gravely inaccurate literary style, the result achieved can scarcely be called inspiring. A book such as Mr. Isham's at once places in question the advisability of confiding to "an expert" the responsibilities of authorship. It is by no means a foregone conclusion that "one who practises the craft whereof he writes" is qualified to write of that craft. In fact, it is rather the exception than the rule and it is barely possible that Mr. Isham is not one of the exceptions. Such sentences as "Neither of the men were geniuses," and "When he died he is described as 'schoolmaster,' " hardly contribute to one's reputation as "an expert" in the use of English prose.

Along the somewhat obvious and predigested lines of its progress and development Mr. Isham's "History of American Painting" is not, however, so deficient as it might reasonably seem. Dividing native art into three main periods, which he conveniently labels the Colonial, the Provincial, and the Cosmopolitan, he proceeds to trace the thread of his narrative from what he describes as the Primitives to the final chapter devoted to our recent mural decorators. Copley, West, Stuart, and Trumbull are treated fully and with gratifying completeness in the matter of biographical detail. In the succeeding chapters recounting the decline of the English influence and the rise of a native school, Mr. Isham manages to sustain interest, but from Chapter V., which proclaims New York the art centre of the country, the book becomes unduly narrow in tone and in character. About the fortunes of the National Academy of Design, the Society of American Artists, and the men who have lived, painted and exhibited in New York focusses the balance of Mr. Isham's text. There are, of course, fugitive sections covering the French influence and the more prominent native painters living abroad, yet it is difficult, generally speaking, not to accuse Mr. Isham of a constrained and short-sighted localism. Though each has in its way contributed something to the development of American painting, scant mention is made of Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, New Orleans or San Francisco. While it is doubtless difficult in a work of this sort to give detailed analyses of individual artists, praise must be accorded Mr. Isham for his sane, conservative, and yet sympathetic appreciation of Whistler. Of the remaining members of our great trinity, Sargent and Winslow Homer, he has much to say and says it well, though, on the whole, it might be added that the pages devoted to Homer seem a trifle lacking in conviction and in enthusiasm.

Like most of his predecessors in the field, Mr. Isham seems puzzled by what he calls the complexity and cosmopolitanism of American art. Because the elder men flocked to Düsseldorf, Rome, Munich or Paris, because Sargent, Whistler, and Shannon settle in London, or Gari Melchers and George Hitchcock choose the bright tulip fields and stolid peasant folk of Holland, it is the common belief that they necessarily become denationalised. In choice of subject they obviously do, but beneath mere subject lies that deeper, more significant psychological affinity which links each of them to the native race spirit. And it is just this alert, receptive race spirit transfusing canvases frankly imitative or frankly individual which constitutes American art—an art neither more nor less complex and cosmopolitan than the artist himself. There is slender hope that a satisfying history of this art may be written until the type itself shall achieve something akin to definition, until that fluid body known as the American shall begin to solidify. Meanwhile every contribution to the cause should be welcome, and if the present offering is manifestly lacking on the scientific side, it is at least better printed and better illustrated than any previous

attempt in the same fruitful and absorbing direction.

Christian Brinton.

II

The Torch.*

The theme of Professor Woodberry's Lowell Institute lectures is the evolution of the "race-mind" as revealed in epitome of the past. It contains all human energy, knowledge, experience that survives." And as this race-mind is embalmed, so to speak, from age to age in its literary manifestations, from a comparative study of these is to be derived the story of mental evolution.

"It belongs to a highly developed race," says Professor Woodberry in his first lecture, "to become, in a true sense, aristocratic—a treasury of its best in practical and spiritual types, and then to disappear in the surrounding tides of men . . . for a race, as for an individual, there is a time to die; and that time, as history discloses it, is the moment of perfection. This is the largest fact in the moral order of the world; it is the centre of providence in history."

The principle here set forth is the dominant idea of the book. Its analogue in the natural world is to be found in the periods of geological history. In each of these some type of life achieves its most varied and splendid realisation. It then disappears, passing on its general heritage of fitness to the life of the succeeding epoch. The great works of literature are like fossil casts, enabling us to reconstruct the mental life of the past. But this general fact has yet to be interpreted. It demands a moral explanation. This, for Professor Woodberry, is the conception of sacrifice. When by reason of concentration, in a kind of aristocratic seclusiveness, a race or people achieves its supreme literature, it forthwith proceeds to proselyte—the Hellenes redeem the Barbarians. But in this act the node of special culture is dissolved; it is lost in the larger and cruder energies by which it is surrounded and in which it serves merely as a leaven stimulating the next great acme of expression.

The second of the eight lectures, "The Language of All the World," gives a broad analysis of literary motives illustrative of the general principle. Literature is the universal language. Literature epitomises history, or rather it sums up and preserves the net assets of historical epochs. As distinguished from literature, "history is mortal: it dies. Yet it does not altogether die. Elements, features, fragments of it, survive and enter into the eternal memory of the race, and are there transformed, and—as we say—spiritualised. Literature is the abiding-place of this transforming power, and most profits by it."

There have been in the past, we are told, three such great transformations of history. The first is mythology, wherein mankind preserved the significance of "his primitive experience of nature and his own heroic past." The second is chivalry, with the mythical instinct Christianised. The third is found in the Scriptures, which not only embody the life-expression of an ancient people, but have profoundly influenced the language and the imagination of the whole Christian world. Finally, Professor Woodberry asks, may we not be working toward a fourth great transformation, the expression of the democratic ideal, still in its shaping?

It is this question which leads to the topic of the third and fourth lectures, "The Titan Myth." The Titans, heroes of the earth, as opposed to the aristocratic Olympians, are an emblem of democratic forces. Especially is Prometheus, tortured for the enlightenment of mankind, the natural ideal of an upstriving people. It is from this point of view that Professor Woodberry treats the poetic recrudescence of the myth at the period when the spirit of the French Revolution was abroad, and when Goethe, Schlegel, and Herder in Germany, Victor Hugo in France, and in England, Landor, Keats and Shelley, each found inspiration in the Greek story. It constitutes, therefore, a kind of lesson to the main sermon of the

*The Torch: Eight Lectures on Race Power in Literature, Delivered before the Lowell Institute of Boston, MCMIII. By George Edward Woodberry. New York: McClure, Phillips and Company, 1905.

book, showing how the ideal of a progressive humanity, latent in the ancient culture myth, spontaneously springs forth at the appointed time—how the leaven of the Greek ideal refashions the modern mind.

In the second four lectures we pass to individual studies. Spenser, Milton, Wordsworth and Shelley are treated in turn, and each is treated in light of some central idea of which he is the supreme embodiment. Spenser represents the spiritualisation of chivalric tradition; his is the last word of mediævalism. Milton, too, represents a culmination, of the Renaissance, synthesising its paganism with Christianity. Wordsworth and Shelley are representatives of the modern spirit, of modern naturalism, Wordsworth portraying the human significance of nature, Shelley idealising humanity. Each thus expresses some great idea of his time, some controlling motive of the race-mind.

From this brief résumé, and perhaps from the book itself, the reader may gather an impression of over-Platonisation. History, as a serial fact, is painfully concrete, and literature is not always concerned with immutable ideas. Not every poet is an embodied abstraction, nor does every period issue in perfection. It is a necessity of intelligibility, however, that truth must be expressed in its picturesque and striking aspects, and it is hardly to be supposed that Professor Woodberry wishes to be understood without due reservation. The exposition of the course of any evolution consists in first marking off broad distinctions and then nearly obliterating them by filling in with intermediaries. We cannot reasonably complain if here only the first half of this process is undertaken.

It is, however, a matter of regret that the second four lectures—attractive as they are in themselves—should have only a fortuitous hold on the main thesis. Studies of broader scope would have illustrated better and have given more substantial support to the head contention; and one cannot but feel a want of flesh, a wavering unreality, behind the general plausibility of this contention.

Yet there is no question of the author's sincerity, and if but as a narrative of personal faith, the book possesses both charm and force. I cannot better illustrate at once this characteristic eloquence and the breadth and earnestness of Professor Woodberry's thought, than by quoting from the first lecture, where the gist of the central theme is summed up:

> I conceive of history as a single process in which, through century after century, in race after race, the soul of man proceeds in a progressive comprehension of the universe and evolution of its own humanity, and passes on to each new generation its accumulated knowledge and developed energies, in their totality and without loss, at the acme of achievement. I conceive of this inheriting and bequeathing power as having its life and action in the race-mind. I conceive of literature as an organ of the race-mind, and of education as the process by which the individual enters into the race-mind, becomes more and more man, and in the spiritual life mainly by means of literature. I conceive of the body of men who thus live and work in the soul as constituting the intellectual state, that republic of letters, in which the race-mind reaches, from age to age, its maximum of knowledge and power, in men of genius and those whose lives they illume, move and direct; the unity of mankind is the ideal end of this state, and the freeing of the soul which takes place in it is its means. I conceive of the progressive life of this state, in civilisation after civilisation, as a perpetual death of the best, in culture after culture, for the good of the lower, a continuing sacrifice, in the history of humanity, of man for mankind. And from this mystery, though to some it may seem only the recourse of intellectual despair, I pluck a confident faith in that imperishable relation which man and his works contain, and which though known only in the continuity of the race-mind, I am compelled to believe, has eternal reality.

H. B. Alexander.

III

THE JUNGLE.*

Our twentieth century philosopher, Bernard Shaw, tells us that "up to a certain point illusion—or, as it is commonly called by Socialists, 'enthusiasm'—is more or less precious and indispensable; but beyond that point it gives us more trouble

*The Jungle. By Upton Sinclair. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.

than it is worth." It is a sage remark, and nicely applicable to the queer document of Socialist propaganda which Mr. Sinclair has promulgated under the inappropriate title, *The Jungle.* The author has enthusiasm; and up to a certain point—to be precise, up to page 252—it is, as the philosopher avers, precious and indispensable. It has enabled Mr. Sinclair to present, in the first half of his book, a study of social conditions which, if substantially true, should have been made long ago; but it has also carried him off into the wildest rhapsodizing concerning an alleged remedy for these conditions. The faults of *The Jungle,* like those of most writings designed to tell us how evil is the world in which we live, are multitudinous and plain; its great possible virtue is solely dependent on the question of its truth.

Of so much of the book as has any serious significance, the truth or falsity is at least ascertainable. It purports to be a plain, straightforward statement of the lives of workers in the Chicago packing houses, and of the methods by which those enterprises flourish. It is not a pretty story. Those amateur critics who have amused themselves and bored others by taking Mrs. Wharton to task for uncovering plague spots in the body of "high society" ought to find in Mr. Sinclair's book an occupation for many days and nights. It would be unfair to the book to cite only a few of the least offensive details of the "exposé." Their effect is cumulative, and simple justice to Mr. Sinclair demands that you read him at first hand—so long as you can stomach him. Here is our first thorough-going American disciple, on one side at least, of Zola: a novelist with little of the insight and imagination the Frenchman possessed at his best, but with all his industry and no little of his ingenuity in gaining an effect by piling detail on detail, directing attention so persistently to parts that the whole loses all perspective.

There is too much of it to be wholly true. Undoubtedly the impression that persists is that the horrors of the life are exaggerated, that the catalogue of crimes laid at the door of the packers is carried beyond the limits of mere strict, prosaic justice. But another impression remains with equal persistence: that even with very liberal allowances made for the prejudiced statements of a partisan observer, the conditions here described are intolerable, a disgrace to everyone who contributes, directly or indirectly, to their perpetuation.

This, of course, provided the indictment is substantially true. In the end it must be accepted as such or thoroughly, searchingly explained. For the present opinion must rest mainly on internal evidence. And the evidence would be more conclusive if the author had been less ambitious. So long as Mr. Sinclair writes about the stockyards it is difficult to escape the conviction that he has informed himself of his subject; when he betakes himself to other scenes, and attemps to let his characters breathe the air of a more familiar life, it is impossible not to recognize his ignorance. About the middle of the book the leading character, a young Lithuanian, runs away from the hopeless struggle for existence in the stock-yards. In turn he becomes "hobo," thief, political "heeler," strike-breaker and street beggar. Whether or not with intention on the part of the author, the emphasis shifts from *milieu* to character; it is no longer the story of the stock-yards, but the story of Jurgis Rudkus. Nor is it any longer Zolaesque, in spite of a delusion to that effect apparently existent in the mind of the author. A mere fondness for speaking of rather disgusting matters, and particularly for discussing the most sordid facts concerning prostitution in extremely plain terms, scarcely entitles an author to a place beside the French exponent of naturalism. No, Mr. Sinclair's most obvious literary affinity here is the gentleman who once wrote a book entitled "If Christ Came to Chicago."

Yet all of Mr. Sinclair's plain speaking would be justified and even welcomed if it signified anything. Unfortunately it all comes to naught. We do not need to be told that thievery, and prostitution, and political jobbery, and economic slavery exist in Chicago. So long as these truths are before us only as abstactions they are meaningless. Mr. Sinclair has pretended to reduce them to concrete experience, but the pretence is too shallow.

His chief character is a mere puppet. He is too obviously manipulated, his experiences are too palpably made to order, to signify anything one way or the other. Jurgis Rudkus is neither individual nor type. He is a mere jumble of impossible qualities labelled a man, and put through certain jerky motions at the hands of an author with a theory to prove. The whole performance shows how much Mr. Sinclair has yet to learn. And the worst of it is that his large ignorance of life throws doubt even on his competence as an observer and recorder of conditions in a special field.

And after all this there is yet a third section of the book—happily a brief one—which adds the crowning touch of unreality. Probably the author would describe it as the third period in the life of Jurgis Rudkus. The young man strays into a Socialist mass meeting one night and hears one of their great orators. He "gets Socialism" exactly as a backsliding brother in a Methodist camp meeting "gets religion," and the effect is equally revolutionary as to character. At last the true purpose of the book comes to light. Unlike Mr. Lawson of Boston, Mr. Sinclair gives his "expose" and his remedy in a single volume. For forty or fifty pages he discourses of Socialism as the social panacea, and quotes statistics of the voting strength of political parties to show how near the millenium is. It is impossible to withhold admiration of Mr. Sinclair's enthusiasm; and yet many socialists will regret his mistaken advocacy of their cause. His reasoning is so false, his disregard of human nature so naive, his statement of facts so biassed, his conclusions so perverted, that the effect can be only to disgust many honest, sensible folk with the very terms he uses so glibly. It is a misfortune that a book which displays genuine talent, and which is likely to be widely read, should contain so much error to nullify the effect of its merits.

Edward Clark Marsh.

IV

H. W. Phillips' "Mr. Scraggs"

Henry Wallace Phillips' *Mr. Scraggs* bears upon its cover ample indications of a broadly comic intent on the part of its author. The suggestion in its name of humourous disaster, is borne out by the picture of a red-nosed, bald-headed, hard-luck philosopher which adorns the cover. The book consists of sundry experiences of Mr. Scraggs related by him to one Red Saunders, a previous and far more fortunate creation of Mr. Phillips, who evidently relies upon his hero's grotesque name to indicate that his adventures will be funny.

Not content with calling him "Ezekiel George Washington Scraggs" and occasionally alluding to him as "Scraggsy," the author further intensifies the humour of the situation by making him a Mormon, with several wives left behind him in Utah. Now there is nothing in the least funny in the fact of a man being a Mormon, except to those simple souls who consider the existence of a mother-in-law as an intrinsically humourous fact, and to such persons a multiplicity of those connections would naturally be the high-water mark of wit. In the early days of American comedy, Mormonism was a favourite theme with the comic opera librettist as well as with the humourous writer but Artemus Ward was the only man who succeeded in making anything of it.

We follow Mr. Scraggs through various adventures. He goes to New York, meets a green-goods man and purchases from him counterfeit money of the face value of two thousand dollars, but as he pays for it with some nuggets of gilded lead, the transaction leaves all concerned very much as it found them. He visits a "Prohibition, Presbyterian, Vegetarian Colony" where Christmas is considered a Pagan festival, and there plays the part of Santa Claus to a set of unfortunate children, "the offspring of cold water and vegetables"; and adds many kindly offices to the round of drinking, fighting and gambling, so inseparable from the Western novel.

The stories are by no means dull and if they were not so obviously intended to be funny, if our smiles were not literally held up and challenged on every page, they could be read with real enjoyment. Obnoxious as Mr. Scraggs is when seen on the cover, he does say one or two

good things and we recall Red Saunders when we read such bits as "There is a time in the affairs of men . . . when a pair of cold feet beats any hands in the deck," or "Any woman will love any man that bothers her enough." His threat to the Chinaman, "You call me 'Sclaggsee' oncet more, and I won't leave nothin' of you but a rim," is certainly picturesque, and he describes accurately the feeling induced by a protracted drink of *crême de menthe* as "a sensation 'sif I'd been turned inside out and exposed to the wintry blasts," but on the whole the note is forced and we feel it throughout.

We have had a superfluity of these unlettered philosophers of late. They have started up from every woodpile and mining camp from Maine to California, and while we have come to feel that the New England brand may be true to life, we have not yet learned to take the drunken, gambling, red-shirted miner or cowboy as the best exponent of the higher life.

Mary K. Ford.

THE ROAD

Her voice was rich and sweet and bold,
Much like the Sandy Mocker's chime,
With no true reason more than rhyme,
Good mother,
With no more reason sure than rhyme.

We knew the road and wood and wold,
And sang along through change of clime,
With no true reason more than rhyme,
Good mother,
With no more reason sure than rhyme.

Then came the clown and he cajoled
The soul of me—a jolly mime,
With no true reason more than rhyme,
Good mother,
With no more reason sure than rhyme.

Her, at his Puppet Show, I sold—
Yea, by the turning of a dime,
With no true reason more than rhyme,
Good mother,
With no more reason sure than rhyme.

They smiled, took hands and there she rolled—
I'd let my dirk have play one time,
With no true reason more than rhyme,
Good mother,
With no more reason sure than rhyme.

What's life without a house and gold
But love or laughter, game or crime,
With no true reason more than rhyme,
Good mother,
With no more reason sure than rhyme.

John Regnault Ellyson.

A MOTOR-CAR DIVORCE

BY LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

WITH DRAWINGS BY WALTER HALE

CHAPTER XIX.



HEN it penetrated through our dulled senses that there was another couple named John Ward and wife, John reached weakly for the pen, groped his way to the register, and as if in mute apology for his remarkable demand, displayed his signature with the "habit" tacket on also to some advantage.

"*Voyez,* Madame," said John to her, making the most of a good climax. Our landlady saw and gave a little squeal.

"Another, ah how droll! To think that there are two of you!" To our surprise and our delight, she clasped her hands and laughed until the tears rolled down her cheeks. We preferred it to heroics or a gardeniaed clerk. It was a sort of outlet to our perplexed emotions.

"Peggy," said John, speaking rapidly to me in English, "we haven't got the French to explain our troubles to Madame. At least she doesn't look upon us as impostors. That's a relief. She believes there can be two John Wards, and I suppose it's possible. Nature broke the mould, but not necessarily the name when she turned me out."

"Of course, John," I answered him excitedly. "Now it's quite clear; and the other Ward is loving a woman that he oughtn't, too."

"What do you mean by 'oughtn't too'?" demanded John, in a shameless pretense of wonder.

"Oughtn't to love," I hastily completed. "You shouldn't snap me up like that."

"All right," said John, so sure of my stupidity that his fears were easily allayed. "At all events, he's the chap with Baker's wife."

"I wonder if she's pretty," I observed inconsequently.

"She suhtainly is that," a voice answered at my elbow.

I started at the southern accent, and we both turned half indignantly upon a very prepossessing youth, who had evidently been drinking in our conversation. He crimsoned with confusion, and dragged off his leather auto cap.

"I'm shuah I beg youah pahdon. Whenevah we fellows heah English we simply lick it up. We can't speak a woahd of French. You may not know it, but we're from the Saouth."

"Thought it might be possible," said John dryly. "But don't go, please," as the young man bowed and turned to leave. "I'm really glad you heard and so is my wife, I know. We'd like to learn a little of this pair."

"I cain't tell you anything," the boy returned. "They were leaving the hotel just as we stopped hyer—late this evenin'. There are foah of us. They were putting for Moulins. He shuah was young, and she was mighty pretty, but they looked oneasy."

"Guilt!" I murmured.

"Nonsense! my telegram!" said John. "They don't know there is another Ward. They think the old man's on their trail. Well, there's only one thing to do tonight—sleep on it and get an early start. I ought to wire the old man they're at Moulins. It may save us much unpleasantness." John spoke with some reluctance.

"I reckon I cain give you the hotel that they go to in Moulins," said the young Southerner, with a great show of an unwilling spirit. "I heahd them tell it to their chauffeur." There was silence for a moment.

"I know that Baker's been a beast to her," I said reflectively," and I expect she loves this John Ward very much."

"Oh she does, she does! I saw it in huah eyes!" pleaded the Southern boy. My own eyes met John's.

"I guess we'll go on in the morning, Peggy, and have an interview with them instead," decided John. "Now for our rooms." And all of us smiled happily, particularly the landlady, who had grasped nothing.

We had a pleasant evening this last one before Nevers, drinking our long glasses of coffee on the sidewalk behind the arbour. John talked motor with the four southern boys, who, in a hired French car, and carrying two chauffeurs could tell a tonneau from a tire, and that was about all. I won their everlasting favour by demanding and settling up their bills. It was their custom to pay before retiring, for their night's lodging and their breakfast of the next morning.

"It's the only way to save us from the poah house ma'am. If we don't pay ontil we leave, they soak us foh anything that they cain think of. This way is bettah. We sit up till the mohnin' now and ahgue with ouah hands." And so they talked on, while I was pleasantly sensible that if John must leave me there were still Southerners left.

We started early the next morning before they were yet out. There was a determination in John's face that did not encourage dawdling over the coffee cups nor admit of any loitering along the road. John's one idea was the other Dromio, not of Ephesus but Moulins.

He said he thought I would be glad to hurry on from Moulins, and to remove as soon as possible the stigma from my name. Of course I was, but I felt sorry for poor Mrs. Baker, creeping in on her like this, and had John been any other man but John, I should have sent a telegram warning her to hurry on. While they were the guilty ones, I admit to being very nervous when we came within sight of the old Jacquemart in whose shadow the criminals were hiding. As it happened, the hotel that they had given to the mechanician was the same one at which John and Mrs. Baring had arranged to meet in case they both arrived by yesterday afternoon, but that had passed out of my mind, and when John boasted that he could easily kill two birds with one stone, I became alarmed and begged that he would use no violence.

John was nervous too, and a little hasty in his manner. "No, no, child, do use some sense. I mean, I'll see them, and find a note from Mrs. Baring, too."

"Which will you do first, John?" I asked. I thought it was a test.

"Oh, I'll see the Wards, of course. Mrs. Baring's not so slippery," he replied. To think that John would ever be a braggart! However I had very, litttle time for even thinking of my wrongs. John had raced up to the desk and raced back to me before I'd crossed the hall. "They're here, they're here! They're having coffee in the dining-room!"

"John, I'm scared! Suppose he shoots you!"

"Shoot me? He doesn't know I'm in existence. I'll only ask that he will notify this Baker there are two of us, and let me out of this confounded mess. Go in child," opening the door. "Got our cards ready?"

"Yes," I answered, feeling very creepy. And we walked through the door.

What I saw was not alarming. At a side table sat a young girl facing us, and, with his back to us, a man with boyish shoulders, and a brown head that was vaguely reminiscent. The wife glanced up and saw us as we stood there. Fright came into her eyes. "Dear," she whispered, "some one is watching us."

The man turned round with a quick jerk. Then John Ward and wife stared into the young faces of Robert Robbins and "about the nicest girl he knew."

John and I probably felt the same thing instantaneously. It was all plain to us the minute we set eyes on him, but we acted differently. I put my handkerchief over my face and laughed wildly. John advanced upon them. R. Robbins opened up the conversation.

"You said in Rome you thought the best thing for me would be to take another name," he started out, wisely aggressive.

"I said to take another, not to take mine," returned my husband.

"Well, your's is another. I thought it would do well because it is so common."

"Oh, I don't know," visible excitement in John's manner.

"Of course I don't mean that," hurried in Robert Robbins, as his more tactly wife groped madly for his foot. "You see it was this way. But won't you sit down, Mrs. Ward?" His cheek was beautiful. "And you haven't met my wife yet, have you?" John and I bowed and all took chairs as solemn as a minstrel show. "Perhaps you'll have some coffee?"

"You go on with your story!" roared John Ward the first. "I'll pay for my own coffee!"

"All right, all right. Just hear me out," replied the placid youngster. "It's plain enough. You'll admit right at the start, won't you, that this route you're going over was not as you originally planned."

"Yes, I'll admit," started John.

"That's all I want to know," completed Robert Robbins. "Now I'll admit my weakness. When I went to register the night I got to Venice, I took the pen from an old grizzly bear, who had just put down his name. 'Are my wife and daughter in?' I heard him ask, and at that I casually looked up, and there, on the line above, was the name of Dora's father, Joseph Baker,—my one enemy, the man who swore I was a Benedict. I knew it would be all day with me if I wrote down Robert Robbins after that, and I got cold, and the clerk waited, and the old grizzly hung about until I couldn't think of any other name but yours, so down it went. I call it a nice compliment. Shows the strength of your great personality."

John cast a withering look. "Go on!" he said.

"Well we got married, Dora and I, got married in Verona. The knot was tied as hard as knot could be, in our own names, of course. I knew we'd have some trouble. 'Dora,' I said, "it wont be altogether fun, this marrying.' And Dora said she'd take the chance." There was a break in Robert Robbin's voice, and the pretty face of Dora blurred before me for a minute. John was silent. 'Her mother, who is a splendid fellow, was let in the secret, and after we had skipped, told the old chap his daughter had up and married one John Ward, and that John was a fine fellow, which you are, and that I had lots of money, which I have. There the matter should have rested. But no, the strenuous life for him! Over he posts to Verona to stick his nose into the records, and when he sees me in my true colours, Robert Robbins, spasms then, of course, all over the place. Mrs. Baker had already said that I had bought a motor at Turin, and we were about to cross the Alps. She thought it might impress him, but not he. Off he starts to Turin, dragging the poor soul along, and all she could do was to wire on to us at Lans les Bourg, which they knew we would pass through, to tell us Daddy had a gun. When was that, just the day before the race, wasn't it darling?"—this to Dora.

"Probably," said John for Dora.

"But the cream of it has been we haven't had a word from him during all these jim dandy days. We haven't written to the mother—she advised us not to, knowing how safe Dora would be in the hands of such a man as Ward,"—with a low bow.

"A little thick," said John.

"And so we've gone on beautifully, until a wire came to us yesterday at a town Roanne, I think it is, yes"—taking the answer to John's telegram from his pocket. "And how he found us I don't know, but we're hurrying on towards Paris, and in a week it'll be all cleared up, I'm sure."

John and I read the wire that was sent to us:

"Aix les Bains. Consul at Lyons has reason to believe you two are married. Advises me to wait developments. Go on to Paris. Will give you one week there to prove your slate is clean. Baker."

"And can you do it?" said John with twitching mouth.

"Of course I can," asserted Robert Robbins. "I know the Consul very well in Paris. But how Papa Baker got hold of that Lyons Consul, and how that Lyon's Consul ever heard of us is what gets me. However it will straighten out in time." He was still magnificent in his complacency, was Robert Robbins. John hesitated,—then was lost, for Mrs. Dora spoke, with shining eyes.

"But all through our lovely trip," she said to us, "I've been so glad that since we had to be dishonest, it has not in any way hurt you." Both of us wriggled. "How did you find out that we were John Wards also?" John made another start to speak. "But, of course," she interrupted happily, "you saw it on the register."

"Yes," I said after a moment's pause, " we saw it on the register."

"Yes, on the register," said John. I rose to go. She put out her hands.

"The shelter of your name has given us this peaceful time. It has been our only wedding gift," she said. Then in a girlish burst: "Rob tells me you've been married ten whole years. Oh Mrs. Ward, I hope we'll be just like you two when our ten years are up."

I couldn't speak—I kissed her. I dared not echo Mrs. Dora's hope. John hid whatever he was feeling with a bluff cordiality, as he shook hands with the bridegroom.

"When you dine with us some night in Paris, Robert Robbins, I'll tell you a story that's too long to rake up now. It may amuse you and the old gentleman. Just at present," he continued, as we all walked out together, "what I'm keen for is to get a note that should be here, then make Nevers by afternoon."

The bridegroom looked a little guilty and dropped behind with John. "Was —was this your note?" he stammered, rather abashed for him, and fishing Mrs. Baring's hasty scrawl out of his pocket. "The clerk handed it to me. I didn't tell my wife—thought it might worry her. You see I feared I'd made a great impression on some woman. Kate Baring's her name, isn't it? She says be sure and meet her in Nevers, and gives the name of a hotel."

"My note," said John a little grimly.

"I wasn't really going there," hastened the boy. "Sort of a horse on me, isn't it? I thought I'd made a hit. Does your wife know?" I was not listening to Mrs. Dora's harmless prattle.

"Know, of course she does," answered John with a laugh.

"That's where you're foxy," the sage youth commented. "Tell everything you can—that's always been my principle." I busied myself with my books, my ears strained wickedly. John spoke. To one who didn't know him, his tone would have been careless.

"So that's your rule through life, eh? Take mine—tell everything there is to tell—start right, and don't pay my wife the poor compliment of thinking I think there's another woman to compare with her. Goodbye."

"Apologies, old chap," murmured the youth.

"Oh you shut up," laughed John. And we drove out into the glorious country.

I sat up, dizzy, speechless. "No other woman to compare with me!" I whispered to myself. "His tone was careless, but I'm grateful, oh, I'm grateful anyway. No other woman to compare with me! Perhaps I've won, perhaps after all, I've won!"

I must have radiated my glowing spirits. John caught them also. The little children who passed by coming from school, wore merry faces. Dogs barked happily at us. The gypsies camp-along the wayside or driving in their carts answered our greeting. We raced with the train and beat it, and the little locomotive saluted our twinkling motor with three sharp toots. "There is no malice in the air, no other woman to compare, there is no malice in the air," I found myself humming. John not hearing the words, laughed at my music.

"Pretty happy to find yourself the only Mrs. Ward?"

"Yes John," I answered. "I want the name all by myself." John nodded. I certainly had won.

And so the day went, sunshiny mellow. Even in the narrow dark streets of Nevers, with Mrs. Baring by my side, there was no gloom. The town itself is old enough to have housed centuries of heartaches. Its towers, gates, and grim fortifications hint at tragedies, but tragedies that, like mine, were past and gone forever.

Miss Grey also seemed to have shaken off something of her late depression, as with a borrowed guide book, she galloped from one ancient land mark to another. I had endeavoured to avoid Miss Grey's enquiring eyes. I feared she might read the happiness in mine. I

didn't want to hurt a living creature all through this day. I even asked John to walk with Mrs. Baring when we went out for a nightcap of fresh air after late dinner. That was magnanimous. Miss Grey had refused to go at all, and I was glad. I felt a little guilty about Miss Grey. I knew she would be sorry now that I had won, that she had talked to me so freely. One is willing to confess oneself a failure, if the other one's a failure too.

I went with the painter. Ordinarily it seems to make no difference who goes with him, so long as we shriek our admiration over caryatides or gargoyles, or anything he says is good. I was willing to do this, and yet it didn't seem to please him. He kept wondering where the others were as if he feared we would get lost, and in my desire to get him safely back to them by a short cut, he did. Of course I was lost too, but I had every right to be more lost than he, since I had just arrived, and yet he was the loster. His head went along with his direction. I kept that member.

I recalled that one need never be lost in a river town, for one has only to find the river, and then one is all right. The Loire is a large river, and Nevers is a small town, yet while we never for a moment lost Nevers, we never for a moment found the river.

"There are four ways to find a river," I told Douglas Warwick, "North, East, South, West."

But when we had gone over sixteen ways, and still not found it, then the artist said to me: "After all, it's not the river that we want; suppose we go to our hotel; we'll meet them there."

He always spoke of "them" when he referred to John and Mrs. Baring. I didn't let it wear upon me; I was too glad to see the artist displaying such intelligence. Of course I had thought of the hotel, but to tell the truth I had quite forgotten—in fact—I'd never known the name. John had read it out of Mrs. Baring's note, and that was quite enough for me. I seized the suggestion of the artist, and we walked up a narrow street with great alacrity. After three blocks it ran into a wall.

"The thing for you to do," I said to Douglas Warwick, "is to ask somebody where it is."

"All right," said he, with a pretense of energy, "I will—er—er—what did you say the name was?"

I looked at him.—"I didn't say."

"Well, what is it, Mrs. Ward?"

"I do not know."

The painter behaved foolishly.

"Good Heavens, I don't either!" he exclaimed. "I knew I shouldn't have gone out with you." His was a craven spirit. I controlled myself.

"Then the thing to do is to walk until we find it," I decided, "and if we have to, we can ask some passerby where the hotel is with the oleander kegs in front." The Douglas Warwick stopped his walk, and spoke slowly and impressively:

"I beg your pardon; the hotel with the vines in front."

It was a little difficult to keep my temper, but I did so.

"Mr. Warwick, don't make it any harder than it is already by romancing with the front of our hotel. They are kegs of oleanders."

"Mrs. Ward, if you wish to see your husband before the morning, we will say that they are vines."

I never saw such stubbornness. We stalked on aimlessly, he wondering in plaintive tones what Mrs. Baring would be thinking of us, and I looking for the passerby. After some blocks of this, it came over me that all Nevers had gone to bed; at least they had put up the shutters and turned out their lights if they were not asleep. It was most eerie to walk through the dim mediaeval streets and hear a loud cough or voices in conversation, and sometimes a sudden cackling laugh without the vestige of a human being within sight. I suggested to the artist he might call through the wooden blinds, and ask for a hotel with oleander kegs.

"When I ask for a hotel," he responded in freezing accents, "it will be for one with vines." I stormed at this.

"You've spent two days in this town, and don't know where you're staying!"

My jeering touched him.

"I've been at this hotel just half a day. I wasn't very comfortable where I was

stopping, so Mrs. Baring drove me over to her place, while the porter followed with my traps."

"What was the name of your first hotel?" I asked in great excitement.

"The Crown, of course," he answered wonderingly.

"Let's ask for that, and when we've found the place, bribe the servants to take us where they took your things."

He was humbled by my wisdom.

"That's not bad, Mrs. Ward. The thing now is to walk until we hear some voice behind the shutters, then I'll stop and promise it four francs if it will kindly come out and show the way."

For the next ten minutes Nevers was still as death. We prowled along like Indians straining for noises. At last a burst of laughter greeted our ears, but it was distant.

"It's not here!" cried my companion in a shaking voice. "It's around this corner! Come!" We plunged around the corner into a glare of light, and there in the shade of a group of oleanders sat John Ward and Mrs. Baring in front of our hotel.

"Oleander kegs!" was my only comment to the artist.

"The vines were at The Crown," said Douglas Warwick crushed.

"Where have you been?" said Mrs. Baring petulantly. And yet there was a soft radiance in her eyes that I had not seen before. It shook me just a little, but I had been magnanimous and I should remain so.

"Mr. Warwick perhaps will tell you. I'm going to my room. You coming, John?"

"Quite soon, child; run along."

"I think I'll get my pipe," the artist said.

But I ran on ahead of him, and to my room. Then having waited quite a little while for John, and eager to tell him my side of the adventure, I stepped into the hall. The lights were out save for the candle on the stair landing, and, by its glow, I saw Miss Grey bending above the banisters, watching something, some one in the hall below. My footfall roused her. She turned to me with her hands out as though to keep me back. Her eyes were sick with pain and truth that could not be denied.

"Go back, go back! It's over, it's all over! She's in his arms! *He's kissed her!*"

I started towards the stairs. She stopped me and pressed her hands against my breast.

"Don't! Don't make a fuss! Stand it! I've got to! We're too old for scenes!" I tried to push her to one side, but she was strong. "Dear woman, don't!" she whispered.

That one breath of sympathy weakened me. "All right, I wont, I wont!" I said. "Go to your room!"

"You'll do nothing?"

"No, not tonight," I promised wearily. "In Paris things can straighten out."

There was a rustle of a gown upon the lower stairs. Without another word Miss Grey turned and ran into her room as I went into mine. Three minutes afterwards, John knocked softly on my door. "Peggy, are you asleep?" he called in a low tone. I held my beating heart with both my hands, and after a short pause, he moved quietly away, and went to his own room.

I guess I made a big mistake about John's feelings for me. I guess I'm pretty lonely in Nevers.

CHAPTER XX.

There is no doubt about it, I'm a goose. With all the broadening influences of these weeks, I'm still a goose, but I don't mind. John says he much prefers that kind of bird to any other—for a wife, at least.

Then I'm a heroine as well, although that didn't happen until after luncheon yesterday, and it seems that I was born a goose. No one must think that life is all corn meal and mill ponds for these domestic fowls. They have their bitter moments. I don't believe a sadder goose of a woman than I ever took the river road out of Nevers, and drove on to Paris with her husband by her side.

Shame was in my heart,—a deeper shame than I could feel for any sin of my committing. I might do something shocking, and not be so much surprised

because I am a weakling, but John has been my strength,—my guide, helping me over the rough places, and when I was about to make some of the sharp turns in life, there always, to,—well, to advise my switching into the low speed for fear I'd skid. I've known all this for years, but the truth of it was never such a crying truth as when it ceased to be one.

And we went on, with my sick, shamed eyes steady on the road ahead, never once raised to John's, so that he laughed at me and said that I was playing shy, which had been a trick of mine in our engaged days. That brought a flood of memories but I fought back the tears. I dared not let John know, not while I was travelling by his side, that I had drunk the dregs of his own degradation. When we reached Paris,—yes,—when I could leave him after the truth was out. but not while I was with him. It would have been too bitter a humiliation for us both.

I was glad that John's duplicity was so perfected that he had every reason to believe I was still blind to his great passion for this woman. The development of the attribute which had once turned me faint I now rejoiced in. "One would think to look at him that his heart was centered in his tank of gasoline instead of lying at the feet of an unworthy woman," I reasoned to myself, as we passed on through Pouilly, Bonny, Solterres and came to Montargis. It was at Montargis that we killed the little dog.

We were going through the village slowly, and there lay the fault. Had we been going faster, the machine would have responded to John's effort to turn out, but grown up people don't know that, and how should little dogs? He was such a friendly little fellow, and I was so in need of friends that day, and he came waggling out to welcome us to Montargis. He was so sure of us, knowing by his sixth sense all those who love his kind, that he didn't think the juggernaut which John controlled would be allowed to crush him as he came to welcome us.

There wasn't any cry—no sound at all. I looked back, not believing it could be, and there lay the little crescent of his body,—a mute reproach to the things of life that must go on. John turned the car into a sort of open space for the street was very narrow, and we ran back.

There was a a knot of people gathered about the little fellow, and now I remember that they observed our coming with some surprise. At the time I thought only of the puppy, and I knelt down beside it, and lifted the warm body in my arms. The tears which I had not shed for John rained down my face, and John was scarcely less disturbed.

"Don't Margaret, don't dear," he kept repeating, his voice choked. It was just a little dog, I know, but it had looked up in a friendly way, and wagged its tail, and we had killed it.

I have told the story since, and always I've been asked, "And the villagers, they stoned you as you left?" But the villagers did not; we thought nothing of it then, for our minds were on the doggie. The *gendarmes* were there, and John asked them if they knew the owner, but they did not. All of the people watched me wonderingly, John recollected, and one old woman laid her hand upon my shoulder, saying to me, "Weep not, Madame, for it is just a little dog."

But of course that only made me cry the harder. They couldn't understand, and so bewildered were they that there was no room left for a feeling of resentment. Once before we left America, John and I were stoned by roughs, but beyond the low browed French carter, who claims the centre of the road, the European, unless justified, could teach us many lessons in good conduct.

We were not long delayed. The final disposal of our canine friends is not attended with much ceremony. Then John drove on to old Nemours, sunning itself on the river bank, and here we lunched. There must have been good things to eat at the Nemours *déjeuner,* for I remember we passed through the kitchen as is the custom in French inns, and Monsieur in a white cap, was manipulating copper saucepans from which rose steamy odours. Madame, as always, was the bookkeeper and cashier, and I wondered, as, red-eyed, I sat watching

the maid change untasted food for food untasted, how I ever could have flattered my poor wits into believing I was cut out for any other business than that of being married. These women are the bulwarks of France, yet not one of them has ever heard of a Minerva Club.

That was during luncheon, while I was fully realising, yet not rejoicing in the fact I was a goose. It was after luncheon I became a heroine. To be a real one, one musn't know about it, until one is all over being it. I didn't know it, and I don't see now how it could possibly have happened. Moreover I'm quite sure it never will occur again, but it was glorious to be a heroine; besides it was for John.

We had gone on immediately after our late luncheon. I understood John's eagerness. He had given Mrs. Baring his solemn promise that he would be with her in Paris by nine the following morning. I heard him doing it as I was taking my first breakfast in my room in Nevers, and she was driving off with Douglas Warwick, her face glowing. She had let her hand linger in John's, and he was murmuring something about "happiness." I saw them through the blinds, and also poor Miss Grey, who had asked that she might go by train. She walked over to the railroad station, and her face was stern, but perfectly composed. "Miss Grey, at least will never be a laughing stock," I thought.

So from Nemours we hurried on through the straight avenues of poplar, pine and linden, like one long parkway into the forest of Fontainebleau. Here the Fates made a twist in their long thread, and neatly lassoed John and me.

Their outward cause for turning our car off the highway into the depths of the green forest was the youngness of the afternoon. Mad as John was to get to Paris, he did not wish to make his way through the suburbs that are the horror of all motorists until the traffic had grown less. The wisest driver enters Paris with the dawn, but John would take no chances of missing his appointment at nine the following morning.

So we drove over narrow, unused ways, into the heart of the deep forest until we had reached a little circle which was the closing of the road. A pile of rocks filled up the centre of the circle. They rose in a pyramid and there had evidently been an attempt to grow lichens on them. The moss was thick and beautiful, and at the top a little mountain plant was rather weakly putting forth some buds. The bloom was white and waxen.

"They look like orange blossoms," John said to me.

I laughed a little harshly. "I'll get you some," and I jumped down.

John left the engine thumping, descended leisurely and followed.

"Don't fall, you kiddy," he cautioned, as I began to climb.

The Fates choked me a little with their noose. "How wonderful" I thought, "for John to keep up this pretense,—this mummery of gentle words!"

I climbed on. Some of the small stones slipped and rattled to John's feet. He started after me.

"Be careful, Peggy!" he entreated.

"What for?" I called defiantly.

"Do you want to make a widower of me?" he answered, but a little anxious.

The Fates choked me again. So after all the end was not to be in Paris. I took another step, balanced myself on a large rock imbedded in the top, then turned and looked down upon him. Being above him gave me a sort of power.

"Well why not make a widower of you?" I asked of him. "Come, give up this shamming, John, and let's talk truths."

"Why Peg!" the remonstrance seemed guilty in its weakness. I rushed on:

"For weeks I've seen what you and Mrs. Baring think has been hidden from us all,—that you love each other." John made a movement forward. "Don't move, please, and don't speak!" I cried, my hands raised as though to ward him off. "I've waited a long time for this; it's my turn now, and you must hear me out. I really never thought that you were keen about this divorce of ours, John, until I suggested that we give it up in Placenza, and you refused to."

"Peggy!" cried John.

I must have slipped slightly on the mossy surface, for he made another

start. In three more leaps he would be by my side.

"John, if you take another step, or make one more attempt to speak, I'll throw myself down headlong." I was trembling terribly filled with an awful fire I didn't know that I possessed. I'm not sure but I think I would have done it. It checked John. I saw fear in his eyes. I thought that it was guilty fear, so I went on: "Then I knew that what had been half unformed in my heart ever since that day in Rome, in the Borghese gardens—that you loved Mrs. Baring, was quite true. I tried, oh, how I tried, John, to make you care for me. And, poor fool, I thought things were at last coming my way. I thought it all through yesterday at Nevers,—that perhaps I would win out. I thought it until late last night, but when you held her in your arms, and—kissed her,—"

"Peggy!"

"Don't come near me!" I shrieked out. For John had started towards me, because I, again, had slipped, but once again managed to regain my feet—and it was John who fell.

A boulder had turned under him, and he had gone back helpless, and crashed on to the stones. There he lay still, white, staring up at me with sightless eyes.

I thought as I staggered down to him that I must let him lie that way, with his head down, until help came. I had learned this somewhere. And then the second thought came crowding on the other—how dared I wait for help when John might now be dying—dead. Dead? My wicked heart for just one moment beat out a throb of triumph. John was all mine now. Yet, even as the thought zigzagged across my brain, I screamed out in horror and disgust, and lifted my dear love's head, and pressed it to my heart.

I knew, then, that there was just one thing I wanted, and that was for John to live. He could be the husband of any woman that he chose. That didn't matter to me. I wanted John to live. I looked at him beseechingly. It would have been natural, even in that moment, for me to have turned to John, and to have asked him what to do; but this was a time when I must act, and act alone. I held my breath and listened. There was no voice—no sound of life, only the sullen pounding of the engine of our motor car.

The sullen pounding of the engine! It came like an answer to my cry for help. But how could I? John had always been with me when I had driven it. How could I guide that car to Fontainebleau? I looked at John again. His face seemed to be taking on a more deathly pallour. There must be no question whether or not I could. I arose, placed my coat under his poor head, saw that the limbs were not cramped or twisted, and sprang into the car.

Everything that John had ever said to me, which I had seemingly forgotten, as I had carelessly accepted, came back into my mind. "Begin with the low speed, start slowly, no matter what your haste," John had once said. I set the clutch, and the car moved on. My thoughts outstripped it. My mental pictures and impression of all sorts, all subjects, moved like a biograph, quickly and yet not one before the other.

Now I'll go to the high speed. It doesn't set in. Oh dear, what is the matter? Hold on now, Peggy, don't get panicky! There, it's going faster. But what does it need to give it power. Why fuel, of course. That must be gas, and that's the throttle. I must open up the throttle. Now, it's bounding. But the road is bad. John would never have gone this way over ruts. Yes, John would for me—I will for John. Oh please, God, let me do this for John. Don't let anything go wrong. Heavens! that rut! What if we should burst a tire. Why do I say "we," I wonder? It's force of habit. There never can be another we—there never will be without John. Now I remember what I should do when I come to a rut—put my foot on the brake. It delays us a little, but I may save a tire. "Without John," did I say. Why he's got to live. Fate wouldn't be so cruel as to have me be the one to kill him—I who love him—he must be saved.

How we are crawling, or do I just imagine it? Yes, I've grown accustomed to our pace. That's the reason

people speed and never know it. Once on Eighth Avenue I saw a most surprised man—What am I talking of! John's hurt and we are crawling. Now let me think just what does this car run on—on gasolene and electricity. The throttle's open, so it has gas. What it wants now is more of that electric spark—that's it. I must advance the spark. It's the little brass thing here. How it responds. But what's that thumping noise? John said, "Listen to your engine—it will always tell you what is wrong." But it doesn't tell—it only thumps. Didn't this happen once when we were leaving Rome? Oh, if John were only here to ask. But he can't be here—I'm saving him He's dying.

Dying? He's *not* dying. Oh that thumping. I remember, I remember! I have advanced the spark too quickly. I must retard it, and then move it forward, gently—slowly. That was it—the noise has stopped. How we are whizzing. If John were here to see me—Margaret Ward! You are exulting! You feel elated! Are you a friend, or are you like the rest of poor humanity? What things thoughts are. I'm glad that no one knows them but inner selves. How long ago that was when I reasoned that all out. We were going up the Alps. I was happy then. John was with me. Oh, John, live, live!

Here is the main road—now for trouble. How can I steer and do all the other things as well. Is that a motor coming? Yes! What shall I do, *what shall I do!* It's past. I put my foot on the reverse. It was right, too. John told me once. But that car didn't sound their horn. My goodness, I'm not sounding mine. I can't help it—I'll get a doctor to see John, and then they can do just anything they please with me. If John should die, I must give whatever money he may leave to Mrs. Baring. I know that he would want it so. I wonder if she cares as much as I do? Just think, I'm saving him for her. I don't care. Oh John dear, live!

Here is a down grade, and a steep ascent beyond. What must I do? I know—it's just the same with sleds when one's a little girl, fly down without the brake so as to gather strength to go up the next hill just as fast. Here we go now. How the air cuts my face. That was a *gendarme* way back there. What did he call to me? "Vite, trop vite?" Why I know what that means. It's "fast, too fast." I guess he don't know John or just how dear he is. What's that sound inside of me. I'm laughing. Of all the times to laugh. There's no joke about John's dying. Dying? He's not dying—I'm saving him.

Look out. There's something on the hill crest? It's a cart, and on my side. They are uncertain what to do. If they start over to the left we'll crash. How dare I take my hand from off this wheel and motion to them to stay where they are? I did it. I see it can be done. Perhaps in a little while I can sound the horn. Where is this town? It seems I've been doing this forever. There's not a tower in sight. These circles in the park are hard to go around, and there's another *gendarme.*

Stop? No, I won't stop. In the first place, I don't know how. There, I laughed again. How horrible! They don't seem to understand I'm making this quick run for John. Do they suppose I'm doing this because I like it? Well, don't I like it. Don't I? Now the truth. Heaven help me, yes, I *am* enjoying it. Oh, God, don't let John die to punish me for this. Hurt me some other way, please, God! I can't help feeling sort of drunk, but it isn't happiness, it's power—it's—

What's going on way down the road? They're all police. What are they doing? They've got a rope. They've stretched a rope across the road. Why, it's for me—to stop me. That first officer has 'phoned on from his sentry box, and I can't get a doctor—and I must stop or I'll be wrecked. How do I stop? Oh John, *help me.* I know now—throttle down—pull out the clutch—put on the brake—

"You want me, gentlemen?" I said to the policemen.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Even then I didn't know I was a heroine. I seemed at the moment to be only a felon—one trying very hard to explain to the *gendarmes* what had hap-

pened, and how John must be reached right away, even if she, the felon, had to hang for it afterwards. I remember leaning out of the car and clinging to the epaulettes of one of the officers, saying a number of times "A doctor first, a doctor first, a doctor first." And I must have been saying it much louder than any polite person would, for a motor drew up alongside and a very quiet man got out and said he was a doctor, and wanted to look at my tongue or something of that sort, under the impression that I was quite delirious.

Of course I wouldn't be rattling on in this giddy way if John wasn't sitting up in bed now, pretty well except for a bump on his head, and ordering me around outrageously, as all convalescents do.

The doctor and I (with a *gendarme*, if you please) flew back in the doctor's car, although I don't remember any of the getting there at all. I was sitting with my eyes shut, praying, and when I opened them, there was John with the colour back in his face, his eyes lifelike again, and wondering what it was all about. Then we drove on to Fontainebleau, the felon holding the hand of the wounded man, and he not knowing that she was a felon, patting her feebly, which made her cry hard in the *gendarme's* handkerchief.

He was a very kind policeman, and told the doctor that I would not be troubled; that he would explain the "so remarkable event" to his captain, and I begged the doctor to do anything that was right, or that wasn't right, for that matter, and to put it in his bill. So he gave the man some gold and arranged to have the car pushed along the road to a garage. They wanted me to drive it, but I said I hadn't the ghost of an idea how it worked, which made them laugh, and I was then called a heroine.

All that happened after dear John was put to bed in the little hotel opposite the palace, with the glisteny lake betwixt us and royal ghosts, and after I knew that it was only a bad bump, I slipped out and sent Mrs. Baring a dispatch, telling her that John was hurt, but not seriously, and to come on any time she wanted to. I made it as cordial as I could, and I almost meant it, for it was John's happiness—not mine—that I was striving for. And I was praying that I would have the courage to tell John that I was willing for him to marry her, when he sent out to ask if he might talk with me.

I was pretty frightened, for it was the first time that we had been alone, and I knew that there was much to say, but I walked in as brave as anything, and was going to start off with something fine, like "Take her, John, she's yours!" when John just opened wide his arms, all weak and propped up on the pillows as he was, and I crept into them. Then began this most extraordinary and unexpected conversation, my nose flattened against John's cheek, and his voice all husky as he spoke.

"There's been some big mistake, dear little love. Tell John about it."

"Oh, John, you adore her—you know you do!"

"You can't mean Mrs. Baring, Peggy?"

"I do, John, the giraffe. Of course I shouldn't call her that—"

"Stuff and nonsense! That describes her perfectly! And I don't love her, and I never have. What put this in your head?"

"Why, John, you always talked with her."

"Well, yes, of tires."

"Of really tires, John? Not just pretend ones when I was around."

"Of real, round, rubber tires, dear."

"But, John, you ought to marry her. She's every qualification."

"Name one."

"Well, she can crank a car."

"So can a horse."

"And she can run one."

"She can't touch you. You don't seem to realise that you're a heroine."

"Oh John,—not really."

"Sure you are! I'm married to a wonder,—that's what I'm married to. The doctor told me all about it. Pluck! Gee whiz! Why nothing but!"

"Then you love me now because I run a car?"

"No Peggy, I love you, and I loved you, now and always, because you're just a goose."

"Men don't love geese, John."

"Don't they? That's all you know about 'em."

"Not the strong men. The strong must love the strong—I've figured that all out."

"You were always pretty bad at figures, dear. You've got to do that over. I tell you the strong love the weak, and the weak love the strong, and pretty soon I'm going to prove it to you."

The proof came sooner than he thought, and in a way that he had not expected, for the little Buttons knocked at the door with two dispatches in his hand. He barely gave me time to get up from the floor where I was kneeling by John's bedside with my face all shiny from this general housecleaning of the heart. But my high hope died out a little when I saw the wires. One was for John, and one for me. I handed his to him, but crushed mine in my hand.

"John, I wired to her, I expect she's coming."

"Very likely," chuckled John, reading the message.

"She loves you madly,—even Miss Gray knew of it. She saw you,—John!" The shameful recollection of Nevers swept over me. I almost struck his hands in anger, as he laid down the wire he had read. "That's something that you can't explain—Nevers! Who was it in the lower hall that Miss Gray saw?"

He handed me the telegram. "That must have been the weak kissing the strong," John answered.

Dazed, I read the message:

"Distressed to hear that you are down and out. Dare not postpone our marriage fearing ill luck. After wedding ceremony, Douglas and I will come to you. Let Mrs. Ward into the secret now. Love to you both.

Kate Baring."

I sat speechless, gasping, staring at the bit of paper.

"Miss Grey didn't mention any names, did she?" asked John, breaking the long silence.

I endeavoured to get some order out of the chaos in my brain. Things were growing clearer. "No," I answered, "we never mentioned *any* names."

"That's been the trouble."

Overwhelmed by a new thought, I opened the envelope addressed to me. It was from poor Miss Grey:

"They are to marry. I leave by French boat from Havre. Will keep your secret if you will keep mine. G. Gray."

"Yes," I echoed John after another silence, "that's been the trouble. We *never* mentioned any names." Things had grown appalling in their clearness.

"What's in your telegram?" asked John.

"It's from Miss Grey," I answered, tearing it up slowly. "She sails to-morrow. I want to send her a long message."

"Yes, do," said John, "I think she was a little hit in the direction of that painter, too. She may be leaving with a heart ache."

"Oh no, Miss Grey has too much strength." I would keep her secret if she would keep mine.

John laughed. "The strong love the weak, my dear."

I made a gesture of disgust. "How any one could care for him with you around, John."

"Oh shut up," said John, much pleased, pulling my head down against his shoulder.

I rested there in bliss for a few seconds, then I remembered the divorce. I spoke of it, and how I had thought of going home by Genoa. I even confessed, with a wicked giggle, to driving on the barrel staves so as to get a puncture. It was John's turn to be amazed.

"Peggy, as I'm a Yankee, I never thought of that divorce from the day I cranked the car in Naples. The motor beam was in my eye, the gasolene was in my nostrils, the whirring of the engine in my ears. Oh Peg, now that you've run a car alone, perhaps you'll understand how a man can be such a blind ass as I have been."

"Do you know John," I answered him, mindful of my wild joy, even while I feared that John was dying, "I think I can."

"Now had you mentioned any names when we had our talk in Placenza," John reproved—

"Yes, John, I see, I *never mentioned any names.*"

"Too delicate by far, my dear. Use the bludgeon, not the rapier, when dealing with a motor fiend. I thought you wanted to give up the run."

We patted each other in the dark in mute understanding. Then a small cloud of dust marred the spotlessness of my soul's renovating.

"John, the diary! You made me carry it around."

He frowned perplexedly.

"What diary?"

"Why, the green book."

John wriggled with discomfort.

"That blank book?"

"Yes."

"Was that a diary? Really, dear, I'm sorry. You know you said you only needed a few of the first pages." John's apologetic tone was mystifying.

"I never opened it, and I'm never going to, no matter how you may insist that we carry it around. But, John, why do you?"

John put the sheet over his head and shook.

"Go get it, it's among my things," he managed to articulate. I found it. "Look in the back," commanded John. I looked, and there in neat rows was John's gasolene expense list!

John and I beat each other with weak fists and wept with laughter. Then there followed another hand clasping silence.

"Peggy, this is just as good as any story. Why don't you make it into one?"

"Well, I might—I've kept a book of inner thoughts."

"It could be a sort of hand book on Meanders with a Motor."

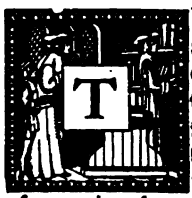
That was like John, to think of motor cars. But I shook my head.

"No, my book would be to prove to the Minerva Club that a ten years' marriage contract is just foolish when John Ward's the husband."

John Ward, the husband, kissed me.

EDUCATION

SEX IN EDUCATION



HE general practice of systematic and home education has been to treat boys and girls differently. Unreasoning tradition has for the most part been the basis of practice, but recently as the result of a growing tendency, strongest in America, to eliminate differences of training, there has been a conscious effort to attain a theoretical basis for both the old and the new practices. This effort has been guided more by hopes, fears and prejudices than by calm logic and pure scientific curiosity, and the literature representing it is not of the most satisfying candour.

Apart from the errors of prejudice and special pleading there are two almost unavoidable fallacies in the greater part of our thinking about sex differences. We tend to accept differences found under present social and industrial conditions as differences inherently characteristic of the sexes; we forget, for example, that the conventionality of women may be a product rather than a producer of our social customs. We tend also to judge the sexes by such convenient comparisons as 'the men I know—the women I know' or 'men physicians—women physicians' or 'poets and poetesses.' But such easy comparisons are bound to be inaccurate in the majority of cases. The average of women may equal in intellect the average of men, though the scientist who investigates his acquaintances would doubtless find the men superior. His acquaintances amongst men are a selection of the intellectually remarkable; his acquaintances among women are the wives of

these. And since the correlation between husband and wife in intellect is nowhere nearly perfect, our scientist of course finds the women inferior.

The first of these two fallacies is the bane of arguments concerning sex differences in general instincts, interests and propensities. Men and women, even boys and girls, surely differ widely and in many respects in their likes and dislikes, attitudes and achievements, habits and ideals, but again and again one finds evidence that the qualities in question are not so much born in women as taught to them by the conventions of our present mode of life. Indeed, apart from the specific instincts of sex and maternity in the narrow sense, one can hardly be sure of any clear and wide difference in instincts other than the strength in the male of the fighting instinct, and in the female of the nursing instinct. The out and out physical fighting for the sake of combat is preeminently a male instinct and the resentment at mastery, the zeal to surpass and the general joy at activity in mental as well as physical matters seem to be closely correlated with it. It has been common to talk of women's 'dependence.' This is, I am sure, only an awkward name for less resentment at mastery. The actual nursing of the young seems likewise to involve equally unreasoning tendencies to pet, coddle, and 'do for' others. The existence of these two instincts has been long recognised by literature and common knowledge but their importance in causing differences in the general activities of the sexes has not. The fighting instinct is in fact the cause of a very large amount of the world's intellectual endeavour. The financier does not think for money nor the scientist for truth nor the theologian to save souls. Their intellectual efforts are aimed in great measure to outdo the other man, to subdue nature, to conquer assent. The maternal instinct in its turn is the chief source of woman's superiorities in the moral life. The virtues in which she excels are not so much due to either any general moral superiority or any set of special moral talents as to her original impulses to relieve, comfort and console.

The fallacy of unfair selection of representatives from the sexes is the bane of arguments concerning the differences of the sexes in sheer capacity. Comparisons are usually made of the most gifted of both sexes. Such a method is for reasons to be stated later, probably always unfair. In studies of some thousands of cases of boys and girls from nine to twenty years old tested by the author, and I believe in all studies so made as to compare a fair selection of individuals from both sexes, the differences in sheer intellectual capacity are too small to be of any great practical importance to educational theory or practice. Girls are better in the perceptive processes and in such studies as spelling which depend upon these processes. Boys are better in quickness and control of movement, and in the powers of sense discrimination except for colour. No difference worth considering is found between the average abilities in the academic work of grammar school, high school or college. We may say roughly that the difference in any purely intellectual capacities between the average for men and the average for women will be less than *one twentieth* the difference between the highest and lowest four per cent. of men.

The common impression that the average man is superior to the average woman intellectually at least in originality, inventiveness, reasoning power and the like is beyond doubt due to the common habit of judging each sex by its most superior representatives. This seems fair enough and would be fair enough but for the difference between the sexes in *variability,* that is, the range of spreading down from and up above the average. In intellectual traits at least the male sex is the more variable group: the very highest and very lowest marks in a mixed college class will commonly be given to men: the variability found among boys in the numerous mental tests which have been given by psychological investigators is from 5 to 10 per cent. greater than that found among girls. Of the thousand most eminent intellects of history 97 per cent. are men, the variability which causes the monopoly of genius causing also the existence of twice as many male as female idiots! Says Professor Cattell, from whose study of the

eminent characters of history this fact is taken,

"I have spoken throughout of eminent men as we lack in English words including both men and women, but as a matter of fact women do not have an important place on the list. They have in all 32 representatives in the thousand. Of these eleven are hereditary sovereigns and eight are eminent through misfortunes, beauty or other circumstances. Belleslettres and fiction—the only department in which woman has accomplished much—give ten names (of which three are in the first 500) as compared with 72 men. Sappho and Joan d'Arc are the only other women on the list. It is noticeable that with the exception of Sappho—a name associated with certain fine fragments—women have not excelled in poetry or art. Yet these are the departments least dependent on environment and at the same time those in which the environment has been perhaps as favorable for women as for men. Women depart less from the normal than man—a fact that usually holds for the female throughout the animal series; in many closely related species only the males can be readily distinguished."

This one fundamental difference in variability is more important than all the differences between the average male and average female capacities. For even if the average male capacity were slightly lower than the average for women, still a slight excess of male variability would mean that of the hundred most gifted individuals in this country not two would be women, and of the thousand most gifted not one in twenty. Thus though the women should capture the teaching profession, they would hardly fill its most eminent positions; women may and doubtless will be scientists and engineers, but the Joseph Henry, the Rowland and the Edison of the future will be men; even should all women vote they would play a small part in the Senate; a female clergy is a psychological possibility but a female pope is not.

Thus the function of education for women, though not necessarily differentiated by the small differences in average capacity, is differentiated by the difference in range of ability. Not only the probability and desirability of marriage and the training of children as an essential feature of woman's career but also the restriction of women to the mediocre grades of ability and achievement should be reckoned with by our educational systems. The education of women for such professions as administration, statesmanship, philosophy or scientific research, where a few very gifted individuals are what society requires, is far less needed than education for such professions as nursing, teaching, medicine or architecture, where the average level is the essential. Elementary education is probably an even better investment for the community in the case of girls than in the case of boys; for almost all girls profit by it, whereas the extremely low grade boy may not be up to his school education in zeal or capacity and the extremely high grade boy may get on better without it. So also with high school education. On the other hand post-graduate instruction, to which women are flocking in great numbers, is, at least in its higher reaches, a far more remunerative social investment in the case of men.

Our present arrangements for the education of the sexes are of course not perfectly adapted to sex differences in physique, intellect and character; but they are probably adapted better to sex differences than to most of the other limiting conditions of educational effort. It is true that the special problems of the health of girls are hardly realised and certainly not provided for by schools, but neither are some of the special problems of the health of boys. Nor are the schools so unwise as homes. It is true that the schools fail to differentiate instruction and discipline to fit the man's instincts of independence, conflict, mastery and leadership, or the woman's instinct to nurse, protect and console, but the schools fail still more to fit their work to individual differences apart from sex.

Opinions about sex in education commonly confuse two issues, namely the desirability of special education for girls because of the specialised life they will lead as wives and mothers, and the desirability of special education for girls because of the advantages given and limits set by their inborn nature. Thus it has often

been argued that because women do or because women should manage households and rear children, they cannot learn to be lawyers, editors or engineers. But the fact that some doctrinaire chooses or even that society as a whole chooses that women should be mothers and housekeepers rather than engineers does not prove that by nature they *cannot* be engineers. Experience indeed is rapidly making this *'We wish not, therefore women cannot'* fallacy ridiculous. Apart from the limits set by the infrequency of very high and very low amounts of capacity, women differ little from men in the intellectual prerequisities to learning anything which any school teaches.

Again it is argued that because women are by nature less aggressive and more emotional they should be restricted to an education in the more kindly and less competitive arts and should be taught to feel nobly rather than to judge rationally. But the proper action of education may be to diminish rather than to intensify the sex differences of temperament. Girls who have been trained to a measure of scientific accuracy and logical consistency may be less alluring to devotees of *'Whatever was, is right'* but they can hardly be less fitted for the real world.

Common opinion also misapprehends the first of the two issues, the proper aim of life and hence of education for women. The commonest opinion seems to regard as an ideal the plan by which the poor do drudgery, housework and baby tending; the less poor, housework and baby tending; the higher in the financial scale, baby tending; and the rich nothing worthy of note. A professedly expert opinion is that men should be the producers of wealth and women its economizers in consumption. This semi-rationalisation of the *'Let man earn; let woman spend'* doctrine leads in many cases to beneficent results but of course it is logically indefensible as a general ideal. Shall a girl who can earn two dollars an hour as a dentist spend two hours a day to save twenty cents a week in coal or potatoes!

Nearly all opinions about the aim of education for girls beg the question in a perversely stupid way by supposing the one thing which almost surely will not be, namely that the present modes of social, industrial and domestic life will endure. The present training of young ladies would be an insanity if men selected their wives for fitness to be mothers or business partners, as in the future they very well may do. The present sanctity of the preparer of meals and darner of stockings will be as unintelligible as a negro's fetich if we all come to live barefoot in hotels!

The wisest practical course for education, here as elsewhere, is to encourage rational experimentation, and give play for the survival of the fit. Speculative and a priori reasoning are nowhere so risky and wasteful as in facts of human social life. If society should agree to act permanently on a plan elaborated by the most gifted student of education of the present we should probably be not so well off in two hundred years and almost certainly should not in a thousand years, as we should be if we left an intelligent anarchy of experimenters to work out our salvation by trial and error. Even unwise experimentation is, from the point of view of the future, more valuable than the inertia of conventionality.

Edward L. Thorndike.

REVIEWS

A NEW TRANSLATION OF LUCIAN*

We are already abundantly supplied with wretched so-called literal translations of the ancient classics, the abuse of which is unfortunately too familiar to call for comment. One of our most urgent needs is a series of thoroughly good versions of these writers, the legitimate uses for which are numerous. They may profitably be put into the hands of those students who are mature enough, or conscientious enough, to make proper use of them, either to serve as models for their own versions, or to extend their acquaintance with

*The Works of Lucian of Samosata, translated by H. W. Fowler and F. G. Fowler, four volumes, Oxford, Clarendon Press (American Branch: Henry Frowde), 1905.

those writers whose works are commonly read only in selections. They are useful too for those whose acquaintance with the Grecian and Roman literatures must be made at second hand. The number of this latter class is becoming so numerous in our colleges, that many of our classical departments provide for their needs by courses in which translations are wholly or in part substituted for the original Greek and Latin. This is at best somewhat unsatisfactory, but it is better than nothing at all; it is impossible without readable and accurate translations, and of such works the number is at present very small.

A good translation can be made only by a scholar, one who knows his author thoroughly, and has at the same time a broad acquaintance with the literature which he represents. To this must be added a command of English and a literary style which all scholars do not possess. The making of translations therefore, though undertaken lightheartedly by those who have none of the requisite qualifications, is a difficult task, worthy of the best efforts of the best scholars. A translation should be accurate, based on the exact words of the writer, though of course these can rarely be rendered word for word in English. It must be thoroughly idiomatic. And finally it must reproduce as far as is possible the style and the flavor of the original.

A translation of Lucian is especially welcome, since he is a writer who is by no means so well known as he deserves to be, while the volume of his writings is so great that he must be read, by the undergraduate student at least, in selections which give a very inadequate impression of his versatility. The simultaneous appearance of Allinson's excellent edition of *Selections* (see Jan. BOOKMAN, p. 534) and this satisfactory translation of the entire works makes it possible for the student who wishes to do so to become familiar with the whole of Lucian without an excessive amount of labor.

The translators have followed a good standard text, that of Jacobitz, Teubner, 1901, and they have omitted only pieces which are generally admitted to be spurious, together with a few others for which those interested in pornographic literature must consult the original Greek. The question of expurgation is one on which there is a difference of opinion, but not many readers will be inclined to criticise the translators for this feature of their work.

A brief introduction of thirty-eight pages gives us the little which is known of Lucian's life, an estimate of his position as a writer, the probable order of his works, based on Maurice Croiset's *Essai sur la vie et les oeuvres de Lucien*, and an account of the circumstances of the times during which he lived and wrote. The pieces are translated in alternation by the two editors and each is signed with the initial of the translator. The style is, however, remarkably uniform, and one is hardly conscious of the transitions.

The versions are very readable and at the same time bear comparison with the Greek text. The writers have not shrunk from the use of some modern colloquialisms, to which no exception can be taken in the translation of an author like Lucian. How their style differs from the formal rendering of the class-room may be seen by comparing one or two of their translations with those of Allinson in his *Selections*. The latter renders τοῦ βελτίστου Θανάτου "my excellent colleague, Sir Death!" while F. G. Fowler calls him "good old Death," which though an Anglicism, seems more in Lucian's vein. Allinson translates συνεστᾶσι καὶ κινοῦνται καὶ φρονοῦσιν καὶ φωνὴν ἀφιᾶσι "they have consistence and powers of locomotion, of thought, and of articulate speech;" H. W. Fowler says: "they stand and move, think and speak." Allinson renders the first word more accurately, but the rest is surely unnecessarily polysyllabic. Occasionally the Fowlers' rendering seems to be somewhat remote from the original without any compensating gain in force or simplicity, as when ἐχθροῖς φοβερός is translated "silence an enemy," and τοὺ κρείττονος ἑρμαιον, "a prey to your enemies." At the close of the *Charon* the entire sentence βασιλεῖς πλίνθοι χρυσαῖ ἐπιθύμβια μάχαι is omitted without any apparent gain in effectiveness. But these defects, if they be defects, are slight and few, and the translation as a whole is an excellent one, well reproducing the meaning and the spirit of the Greek.

At the end of the last volume are some fifty pages of "Notes Explanatory of Allusions to Persons, Etc." These are in the main good, though sometimes they are so brief as to be somewhat obscure. In some cases the proper accent of the words is indicated by marks of quantity on the penultimate syllables. It is not easy to divine the principle which is followed in this, for the class of readers to whom the marks would be serviceable need far more guidance than is given.

The volumes are attractive in binding and typography, but do not lie open well.

John C. Rolfe.

MISS PUFFER'S PSYCHOLOGY OF BEAUTY.*

Understanding of human experience in its diverse forms, is one of the strange needs of human intelligence. Not content merely to breathe and run, see and think, we must know the mechanism of breathing and running, the routine of perception and thought. And unappeased by the plenitude of beauty, we demand of it the right by which it holds us thrall, the rationale of its bond.

With a sense of this need Miss Puffer undertakes an analysis of the experience of beauty which shall give "a complete and consistent æsthetic theory" and shall at once satisfy the metaphysical demand, take account of recent psychology, and afford tangible basis for criticism of art.

The crux of her work is the definition of the nature of beauty, which is very rightly

*The Psychology of Beauty. By Ethel D. Puffer. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, 1905.

given in terms of the individual's reaction to the object. Beauty is not in itself perfection. It exists in the relation of means to an end—the varying stimulations arising from the objects called beautiful are the means; a moment of perfection, the unique æsthetic experience, is the end. This experience combines excitement and repose—excitement issuing from the stimulation; repose due to the balance of equilibrium of the exciting forces. Hence it is a tension characterized by a heightened organic tone. Moreover, because of the evenness of the opposing impulses, mutually inhibitive, the experience is self-contained and unitary and it involves loss of that sense of personality which the dualism of ordinary experience entails. Thus, repose, balance, unity, impersonality (watchwords of æsthetic analysis) harmoniously interlock.

One is not disappointed in looking for astute applications of this general conception. Especially valuable are the chapters on the beauty of fine art, where the relations of colour and form to the conditions of perception are discussed, and the chapter on music where Miss Puffer advances the original theory that music creates a subconscious expectation of tone-sequence which in the moment of its fulfilling brings about "the illusion and the exaltation of the triumphant will." This constant high pitch of expectancy, felt as tension and yearning, is what gives music its poignancy.

A theory less satisfactory is that whereby "confrontation"—the bringing of two persons or groups face to face in some sort of duel—is made the fundamental principle of drama. This seems to be confusion of a rather elementary condition with explanatory principles. With a less formidable name the fact is sufficiently obvious, and it is not one that greatly enlightens æsthetic appreciation. True, Miss Puffer explains the emotion of the spectator as due to balanced sympathies, his inability to take sides. As in other æsthetic experiences, this enforced abstinence from action in the presence of stimulation results in tension and exalted emotional tone, here the "nameless ecstasy of tragedy." Add to this the stern joy of realisation of the inevitable (again the "triumphant will"), and we have our author's interpretation of katharsis. Yet it is not apparent that more than the limiting conditions of a state of mind are given. Katharsis indubitably represents mental exaltation, but it is as certainly more than mere maceration of the mind by contending agonists. The soul of the phenomenon is yet to seek.

The truth is, there is a prime defect in Miss Puffer's theory—a somewhat zealous unwillingness to allow for ideal significance in beauty. The final chapter of the book—on "The Beauty of Ideas'"—is devoted to showing that symbolism, suggestiveness, moral meaning, are purely adventitious as æsthetic values. The best to be said for the idea is that "in so far as we accept the moral idea which a work of art presents, in so far that idea has the power of bringing us to the state of harmony, and in so far it is beautiful." Plainly here again is a condition rather than a content of æsthetic experience; the argument really rules out from beauty its ideal element.

How disastrous is this defect only appears when one tries to fit Miss Puffer's formula to the context of life. For the æsthetic experience she describes is too withdrawn to serve even as an end in itself. Led up to by nothing, it leads to nothing, and there is no place for it in the largeness of reason. Further, it is untrue to fact. Our most ordinary experience, even of sensuous beauty, is far more of promising than of fulfillment; it is awakening, inspiration, growing and expanding life, which we feel in the presence of great art, and in these is the art's cherished value. Had the author taken fully into account the creative mood, the artist's imagination in the fervour of conception, so conspicuous a fault could hardly have occurred nor should it be necessary to add that without taking into account this mood no final account of the æsthetic experience can be written.

Yet the book is not one with which the equipped critic can dispense. The psychophysical factors are justly apportioned; the main theory is at least a right account of important elements; and the concrete applications are a distinct advance on the road towards an efficient science.

H. B. Alexander.

THE PRINCIPLES OF MONEY AND BANKING*

Thirty years ago Mr Jevons noted in the preface to his *Money and the Mechanism of Exchange* that the literature of money "is quite appalling in extent." Subsequent years have witnessed the elevation of the currency question to a "paramount" political issue in the United States, and while its discussion in other countries has not been accompanied with the same degree of partisan heat it has nevertheless called forth everywhere a flood of books and pamphlets which makes Mr. Jevons' term "appalling" seem a mild 1875 positive in comparison with some immensely stronger 1906 superlative which we shall not attempt to supply. Few men can arrogate to themselves the mastery of this field. Mr. Conant's *Principles of Money and Banking,* however, shows every evidence of familiarity with all the more valuable contributions to this extended literature. Indeed the reader feels at times that less quotation and more direct formulation in the writer's own language would add to the force while it would somewhat reduce the bulk of the work. This, however, is a small fault, one moreover that leans to virtue's side in that it everywhere gives full credit where credit is due. In addition to his wide reading, Mr. Conant as a banker by profession and a member of the Commission on International Exchange has had the rare advantage of experience at first hand with the monetary systems of the United States and many foreign countries. This gives his work a breadth of

*The Principles of Money and Banking. By Charles A. Conant. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1905. 2 vols.

view and a freedom from partisan bias not frequently found in monetary treatises. His discussion of "The Metals and the Money Supply" may serve as well as any other to illustrate these qualities. As the result of an extended statistical study Mr Conant comes to the conclusion that the increasing gold output of the world need cause no alarm. Nor is he pessimistic regarding silver, believing that it will be held indefinitely at something like the present price because of the increasing need of it in the subsidiary coinage of the principal commercial nations and as the chief constituent of the currency in the present silver nations even should they, as Mr. Conant hopes, adopt the gold exchange standard. On this latter point the writer's many references to our own successful system in the Philippines and the possibilities of similar action on the part of China and South America are most interesting.

Discussions of the quantity theory of money are "caviare to the general" however toothsome they may be to the theoretical economists. The latter, indeed, are fighting over this question more vigorously to-day than during the height of the sound money campaigns. One of our largest, probably the most enterprising, of our universities seems to have taken a brief for the demolition root, branch, and leaves of any monetary principle labelled "quantity." To all those, however, who are fighting less for names than for explanations Mr. Conant's very thoughtful application of the doctrine of marginal utility to this subject will seem a noteworthy contribution.

R. C. B.

EDUCATIONAL BOOK NOTES

CIVICS

*City Government for Young People,** by Charles D. Willard, Secretary of the Municipal League of Los Angeles, is offered as a substitute for the usual general texts in civics for high school classes. As a guide this little volume is serviceable in its information, suggestive in its comment, practical in its point of view. But as a text, it must be admitted, that the almost unlimited variability in the information dealt with renders it very inadequate and unsatisfactory. It, however, will serve as a working laboratory guide to the teacher. When the teacher has the equipment and the interest in the subject, guided by this manual, the study of city government might frequently supplement or even replace general civics. That the book does not emphasize or even give attention to the pathological aspect of the subject is to be commended. Since there is such wide diversity among American cities, even the anatomical or analytic aspect can not be dwelt upon very fully. Hence as most helpful, it is the functional aspect—the one that lends itself most to interesting and profitable laboratory work by the student—that mainly gives character to the text.

EDUCATIONAL PIONEERS

Pioneers of Modern Education,† by Professor John W. Adamson of King's College, London, is the first to appear of a series entitled *Contributions to the History of Education in Mediæval and Modern Europe.* It is odd that the subject of teaching and of education itself is about the last to attract students and investigators of scientific training. This reproach, which is valid for the English speaking world if not for the German, is being removed by such works as these by the editor and the contributors to this series. The volume deals with the chief educational writers of England, Germany and France of the 17th century. In this period began the movement generally though somewhat vaguely termed realism. This revealed itself in philosophy through Descarte, in science through Francis Bacon, and in education through Comenius. But in each field there were many less noted workers and writers. Those in education are discussed by Professor Adamson. Thus Brinsley, Hartlib, Milton, Dury, and Hoole among the English; Ratich, and Francke among the Germans; Montaigne and La Salle among the French are adequately presented. The volume is not one for the teacher, but one preëminently for the student of the history of education.

ENGLISH TEXTS FOR THE GRADES

*Modern English, Book,** by Superintendent Henry P. Emerson and Miss Ida C. Bender of the Buffalo Schools, is a practical text in vernacular study for the intermediate grades. Its purpose is found in the belief that the daily speech of the child is to be shaped, not by the study of formal grammar but by practice in speaking, reading and writing about the things which interest him and come within his experience. Through a series of topics beginning at home and leading out through more or less familiar experiences of school and occupation, the child is introduced into the remote interests of life. Meanwhile, emphasis is laid upon the importance of interpretation of language as a means of expression of this widening experience, and the child is introduced into a knowledge of forms of language. The first part deals with sentences: the second with simple letter writing; the third the simpler forms of the paragraph. Lessons are arranged in inductive order around

*The Macmillan Company, New York.
†Cambridge University Press, Macmillan Company, New York.

*The Macmillan Company, New York.

illustrations, supported by excellent literary selections. Thus a working knowledge of grammatical construction of sentence and paragraph structure and the simpler rhetorical forms is to be gained by the pupil.

*English Grammar for Beginners,** by James P. Kinard, Professor in English in Winthrop College, is a text of a different kind on the same subject and for approximately the same grades.

While it is a text on formal grammar it omits much of detailed structural analysis common in older texts, and departs radically from the old logical deductive arrangement. Each language form is built up out of a large number of illustrative sentences arranged in parallel columns. Definitions are at a minimum; examples and practice at a maximum. The entire treatment is simple, clear, and direct, and is made to hinge in its entirety upon the sentence. The text is well worthy of examination by every teacher or principal.

GERMAN TEXTS

There are already a goodly number of editions of "Tell" on the market. The publishers and editor of the present book† evidently see, however a good fighting chance for a new one. The press-work is exceedingly well done; the map of the forest cantons and the well selected illustrations certainly add to its attractiveness. The quality of the editing, however does not seem to warrant another edition. Work of as good a quality has already been done. The introduction is almost equally divided between a brief account of Schiller and "Tell," and selected critical opinions from the writings of Bryant, Carlyle, Bayard Taylor, Thomas, Hosmer, and a few German critics. Opinions may differ as to the appropriateness of incorporating long quotations in an annotated text of this kind. The editor's specific treatment of the play in the introduction is limited to a very brief account of its historical and traditional background. The notes read very well and are, on the whole, well chosen. The vocabulary also seems to be complete.

Nollen's edition of Schiller's poems‡ is a comprehensive and critical edition. The introduction treats in a scholarly way of the development of Schiller as a lyric poet from the "Lehrjahre" of 1776-1784 to the "Meisterjahre" 1794 until his death in 1805. The voluminous notes which also include the most important variants, following the text, afford the teacher an immense amount of critical apparatus for study. The student, it is to be feared, will find a great deal of ballast for which he has neither time nor inclination. In short, some of the texts annotated lately seem to be gotten out largely for the teacher with limited library facilities rather than for the needs of the average student of German literature. It certainly seems as if a middle course were the more desirable, leaving minute details for separate commentaries, very much as the Germans have done..

*The Macmillan Company, New York.
†Schiller's Wilhelm Tell, edited with introduction, notes and vocabulary by R. A. von Minckwitz, New York, Maynard, Merrill & Co.
‡Schiller's Poems, selected and edited with introduction and notes by J. S. Nollen, New York, Henry Holt & Co.

HISTORY FOR SCHOOLS.

A *School History of the United States**, by Henry W. Elson, is a text for grammar grades along the traditional lines. The book possesses two decided merits. The first of them is an effort at proportion in dealing with events. Many facts usually incorporated in such texts are here omitted with a corresponding emphasis upon more important ones. This policy is particularly evident in dealing with men. Nevertheless, this sense of proportion is not displayed in dealing with the larger outlines of the subject. More than 200 of the 443 pages are given to the period preceding the organization of the nation. The French and Indian wars are treated as of old, with only two brief sentences to indicate any connection with European conditions. The advance made of late in the organization of American history for teaching purposes, finds little recognition. The chief, if not the only justification for this addition to the stereotyped texts is found in the second of its two merits, namely, a pleasing style and a continuous narrative presentation.

HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES

Our Own Times, a History of the Twentieth Century,† edited by Hazlett Alva Cuppey, Vol. I, by Bannister Merwin. To one somewhat skeptical of the feasibility of such a plan and of the possibility of its successful realization, the volume comes as an agreeable surprise. The volume of some 450 pages covers approximately the years 1900 and 1901, and gives a surprisingly full and adequate treatment of the world's activities and progress during those years. We have tested it at a number of points and have found it adequate and just in its treatment and comprehensive in its view. Dealing with the events of those two years of political and economic expansion the first part of the volume smacks somewhat of bombastic Americanism and of materialism. The former, however, is tempered by an adequate treatment of the world history, not by special countries, but rather by special topics. Thus the chapter on *The Year's Legislation, Conflicting National Elements, Political Changes, Diplomacy,* and similar topics treat the most important events falling under the given heads in all countries. The value of the work can be more readily seen from a brief statement concerning the remaining portion of the book. Part II deals with man's attempt to learn more about himself and his surroundings. There are chapters upon Exploration, upon Achievement in Science and upon archaeology. Part III

*The Macmillan Company, New York.
†J. A. Hill & Co.

deals with man's endeavour to improve his surroundings, in chapters on Inventions, Control of Diseases, Religion, Education and Social Betterment. The last division of the work is devoted to chapters on Art, Music, Literature and the Drama. No fuller comment on the work is needed than to indicate its purpose, outline its plan, and to state that the purpose is accomplished and the treatment of the plan is adequate.

MODERN EDUCATION.

..*The Point of View of Modern Education,** by Harriet A. Marsh, consists of a collection of lectures delivered before Mothers Clubs. It is an attempt to state in simple concrete terms the changes in ideas in education brought about by fundamental, philosphical, scientific, social and religious thought. Despite the naive manner in which most complex problems of science, of ethics, or of social, practical or economic relationships are settled, the lectures are at least suggestive and give a point of view of education differing from the formal and mechanical one. It is indicative of progress that such critical attitude toward traditional school work should be most frequently taken by those engaging in the work.

PHYSICAL NATURE OF THE CHILD

The revised edition of "The Physical Nature of the Child,"† by Stewart H. Rowe, of the Brooklyn Training School, is justified by its serviceableness to teachers in general. There are few if any books that one may advise all teachers to read. But this is a subject at least with which all teachers of children should be familiar. And nowhere else can one get an acquaintance with the subject so concise, clear, and adequate. The treatise is based upon the principle that activity is the cause of growth, that individuals vary enormously in their capacity for different kinds of mental and physical action, and that physical conditions affect fundamentally that power of action in most various ways in different children. Therefore, the teacher, and the parent as well —should know and pay constant attention to the physical condition of their children. To do this it is necessary to have knowledge of those conditions and of methods of treating them. Each chapter, upon defective hearing, sight, motor ability, etc., is accompanied by a discussion of causes of disabilities, and practical suggestions for testing conditions and for remedying defects. The wide use already accorded the treatise is sufficient comment on its serviceableness.

*The Public School Publishing Company.
†The Macmillan Company, New York.

POPULAR SCIENCE

Giant Sun and His Family, *by Mary Proctor. Under this title the author has brought together the substance of a number of popular talks on astronomy delivered as free evening lectures in the New York schools. While there is little scientific exposition and no logical arrangement in the presentation of the subjects, yet topics, such as the planets, eclipses, etc., are discussed in a fresh and interesting way. The book will appeal to children of the upper grammar grades.

SOCIAL ECONOMICS

Under the title *Efficiency and Relief,* the Columbia University Press has issued the inaugural address of Edward T. Devine, the incumbent of the newly founded chair of Social Economy. In the brief compass of forty pages is stated the main problems of social economy; first, those of increasing the industrial efficiency of those individuals that lack self-reliance, or are under unnatural or degrading conditions of dependence upon others; and, second, of giving remedial assistance to those unable to meet the rigorous demands of modern industrial conditions. The necessity of the scientific study of these problems in the analysis of conditions and the fomulation of principles of action are clearly and forcefully stated.

*Silver, Burdett & Co., New York.
†The Macmillan Company, New York.



THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

NEW YORK CITY

D. Appleton and Company:

Outside the Law. By James Barnes.

Lorrimer, the hero, is an expert photographic etcher and engraver who makes a livelihood by reproducing rare engravings and mezzotints so perfectly that the copy cannot be told from the original. The old German assistant, whose death has just occurred as the story opens, has been for some time forging thousand-dollar-bills. Robberies follow the forgery, and affairs have arrived at a crisis when the situation is saved by a woman.

The Journal of Latrobe. By Benjamin Henry Latrobe.

Irregularly kept diaries covering only a few years are the chief sources of information concerning the life of Benjamin Henry Latrobe, the architect of the National Capitol at Washington. These notes include descriptions of Virginia, its people and its hospitality; of George Washington in his home at Mt. Vernon; of Philadelphia, where Mr. Latrobe introduced the waterworks and built the Bank of Pennsylvania; of the National Capitol; of his voyage to New Orleans; and the City of New Orleans, its people and its customs. There are, also, chapters on Limitations of Louisiana and on Fragmentary Criticisms. The volume is well illustrated.

A. S. Barnes and Company:

The Journeys of La Salle and His Companions. 2 vols. 1668-1687, as related by Himself and His Followers. Edited with an Introduction, by Professor I. J. Cox.

The original narratives of Tonty and other members of that brave exploring band are edited by Professor Cox. In the first volume are miscellaneous documents relating to the Mississippi and the Texas expedition; the second volume contains Joutel's narrative of the latter. The work is an addition to the "Trail Makers" series.

Brentano's:

The Author's Apology from Mrs. Warren's Profession. By Bernard Shaw.

"The Tyranny of Police and Press" is the name applied to the introduction which Mr. John Corbin has written for this brochure. The "Author's Apology" is published in answer to the critics of the press and to the New York Commissioner of Police, who forbade the production of "Mrs. Warren's Profession" from the American stage. This "apology" was first published in London on a similar occasion, about four years ago.

The Century Company:

In Old Bellaire. By Mary Dillon.

Although Mrs. Dillon has given the place in which the scenes of her new novel are enacted as Tomlinson College, in Bellaire, the reader soon discovers that Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pennsylvania, is in reality the correct name. The heroine is a prim little New Englander, who comes to live in the home of the college president. The hero is a young man from South Carolina who pays homage in fun, at first, but it soon ceases to be a joke, and he goes to fight the cause of his people in the Civil War without the knowledge that his affections are reciprocated. Peace is declared before he is able to win her hand. Into the story are woven glimpses of college life, of the trials of war and of the lives of lovable people.

Zal. By Rupert Hughes.

A Polish pianist, who comes, as a stranger and without money, to America, is the central figure in this romance. The homesickness and sorrow of the Polish emigrants are of two kinds: when a man is homesick for the home to which he eventually intends to return, he calls it tesknota; but when he knows that he has broken all ties forever, there being neither a home to go to nor a relative to welcome him, and yet longs to go home—that is zal. The story tells how Ladislav Munuiszko wins both name and fame in New York and how he secures Rose Hargrave for his wife, despite the fact that he has bitter odds to contend against.

Consolidated Retail Booksellers:

Minna. By Wilhelmina Wittigschlager.

This story of Jewish life turns on the enforced marriage of a young girl, twelve years of age, to a Jewish student whom she has never met, and from whom she flees soon after the wedding. She comes to America, but the desire to find out who are her parents sends

her back to Russia. There a young nobleman, who is afterwards found to be her brother, makes her his guest of honour. Minna's tendencies toward nihilism cause her to be banished to Siberia and result in the death of the Czar, whose daughter she proves to be. The happy end to which Minna comes is left to the reader's discovery.

Robert Grier Cooke:

Great-Grandma's Looking-Glass. By Blanche Nevin.

Annis Dunbar Jenkins has made the full-page silhouettes which accompany this quaint poem. The work is designed as a gift book.

T. Y. Crowell and Company:

King Lear. By William Shakespeare. Edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke.

In this "First Folio" edition of "King Lear," which reproduces the text of 1623 and gives Shakespeare's original spelling and pronunciation, the editors have included explanatory notes, an introduction, a glossary, a list of variorum readings and selected criticism.

Vital Questions. By Henry D. Chapin, M.D.

The result of Dr. Chapin's study of the problems relating to society and to the individual is given in this volume. Some of the topics discussed are: Vital Questions—Who Shall Answer Them; Poverty—The Question of Subsistence; The Child—A Hopeful Question; Health—The Question of Vigour; Education—The Question of Achievement, etc.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Tree Book. By Julia Ellen Rogers.

"A popular guide to a knowledge of the trees of North America and to their uses and cultivation." From the description given by Miss Rogers in this manual the novice may become familiar with the trees of this country; and from the instructions which are given for their care, the lover of trees may find some valuable suggestions. The sixteen plates in colour and one hundred and sixty in black and white, from photographs by A. Radclyffe Dugmore, are no small addition to the book. These pictures show the bark, leaf, bud, flower and fruit of almost all the trees, and are of material aid in their identification.

Flashlights in the Jungle. By C. G. Schillings.

A record of hunting adventures and of studies in wild life in Equatorial East Africa, translated by Frederic Whyte, with an introduction by Sir H. H. Johnston. By means of flashlights and specially equipped cameras Dr. Schillings was able to photograph such wild animals as the lion, tiger, zebra, hyena, giraffe, rhinoceros, elephant, leopard, hippopotamus, etc., both day and night in their original haunts, and in their natural state of freedom. The book is the work of a naturalist who made four journeys into the African jungles before he was able to get the results from his camera which he desired. Many of the three hundred and two illustrations included in the book were obtained by Dr. Schillings at great risk to himself and to the one hundred and seventeen men who accompanied him. The work is deserving of the praise it is receiving.

The Country House. By Chas. Edw. Hooper.

The purpose of this book is to serve as a practical manual of house-building in the country. It gives suggestions concerning the site, the plans and construction; concerning the inside and outside finish, the style of doors, windows, fireplaces and stairways; concerning the plumbing, heating, lighting, ventilation, water supply, drainage; and concerning the style, size and equipment of every room. There is, also, a chapter on specimen contracts and specifications.

R. F. Fenno and Company:

The Weight of the Crown. By Fred M. White.

It is almost impossible for the reader to imagine the numberless complications and mysteries which arise in this tale as happening within the short space of forty-eight hours. Among the characters are a distressed queen, an intoxicated king, two girls who bear a striking resemblance to each other, a noble general, and several others who figure prominently in the story. The plot turns on the intriguing of England, Russia and Germany over a fictitious little monarchy.

Funk and Wagnalls:

Charlotte Temple. A tale of Truth. By Susanna Haswell Bowson.

"Reprinted from the rare first American edition (1794), over twelve hundred errors in later editions being corrected, and the preface restored." The editor, Mr. Francis W. Halsey, has added an historical and biographical introduction to the book, a chapter on Montraville, a bibliography, etc.

The United States in the Twentieth Century. By Pierre Leroy-Beaulieu.

This work, which is the result of the author's visit to America, has been translated from the French by Mr. H. Addington Bruce. The parts into which the book is divided are: The Country and the People—which discusses the environment, the origins and characteristics of the American people, the composition of the white population and the distribution of its different elements, the negro population and the race question, the natural increase of the American people and their birth rate; Rural America—dealing with the natural conditions, ownership and operation, the value and distribution of various products, the production of cereals and cotton and other important staples, the livestock and dairy industries, and the irrigation and opening up of the West; Industrial America—treats of the general characteristics of American industry and how it is organised, the role which capital plays in American industry, the motive forces and the relative importance and distribution of different industries, the mineral, iron and steel, vehicle, electrical, textile and food products industry and the reward of labour; Commercial America—is devoted to the railway system, the foreign trade and the merchant marine.

The Castlecourt Diamond Case. By Geraldine Bonner.

The disappearance of the Castlecourt diamonds is the pivot upon which this detective story swings. Each one of the six characters tells his or her part of the tale, the ending of which is rather unusual. To enter into the plot would be unfair to the reader.

The Boys' Life of Christ. By William Byron Forbush.

In this story in which Christ is considered as the boys' hero, there has been no attempt made to tell everything that Jesus said or did, nor to touch upon the theology or the philosophy of His life; but it does aim to present the "manly, heroic, chivalric, intensely real and vigorously active qualities of Jesus in a way to appeal to boys."

The Grafton Press:

My Lady of the Searchlight. By Mary Hall Leonard.

The story which this verse tells is said to have been revealed to the author by the face of the Statue of Liberty during a moment's illumination by a searchlight from a vessel in New York Harbour. The theme of the poem is womanhood in its relation to humanity.

The Dream Child and Other Verses. By Norma K. Bright.

Readers of the "Book News" will find several familiar bits of verse as well as many new ones, in this attractive volume which comes to us from the pen of the editor of that magazine. The first selection gives the book its title. The poems are upon various themes, such as: life, love, nature, friendship, prayer, faith, inspiration, seasons, etc.

Harper and Brothers:

The Long Arm. By Samuel M. Gardenhire.

The reader who was introduced to DeDroit Connors in Mr. Gardenhire's "The Silence of Mrs. Harrold" renews the acquaintance in this collection of eight detective stories by the same author. Connors is a wealthy artist, who paints pictures as a diversion and delves into the problems of the mysterious for the fascination which the work has for him. Around Connors himself there hangs a mystery, which is not cleared away until the book is nearly finished.

The German Struggle for Liberty. Vol. IV. By Poultney Bigelow.

This volume records the notable events in Germany during the epoch from 1844-1848. It carries the history up to the rebirth of the national spirit, the declaration of Frederick William IV, and the German National Assembly, at Frankfort.

Hinds, Noble and Eldredge:

Children's Letters. Collected by Elizabeth Colson and Anna Gansevoort Chittenden.

"A collection of letters written to children by famous men and women." This sub-title adequately describes the nature of the small book. Among the well-known persons whose letters to young friends and relatives are here included are: Phillips Brooks, Martin Luther, Sydney Smith, Charles Kingsley, Helen Keller, Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Greenleaf Whittier, Mendelssohn, Dickens, Scott, Lincoln, Longfellow, Anderson, Hawthorne, Lewis Carroll, Edwin Booth, etc.

Henry Holt and Company:

On Ten Plays of Shakespeare. By Stopford A. Brooke.

The ten plays which are dealt with in this volume include comedies, histories and tragedies arranged in chronological order. The main objects of the work seem to be an endeavour to give enjoyment to the reader, to give him a better understanding and bring him into more

intimate touch with the plays which he has already found interesting. The titles of the plays are: Midsummer Night's Dream, Romeo and Juliet, Richard II., Richard III., Merchant of Venice, As You Like It, Macbeth, Coriolanus, Winter's Tale and The Tempest.

Animal Snapshots and How Made. By Silas A. Lottridge.

The author expresses the hope that this collection of sketches and pictures of birds and mammals representing the work of several years will extend the reader's interest in the animals about him. Among the mammals are descriptions of the woodchuck, skunk, raccoon, opossum, muskrat, fox, squirrel and mouse; the descriptions of birds include the robin, bluebird, chimney swift, bobolink, woodcock, crow, white wing, horned-owl, screech owl and hawk. The illustrations are seventy in number.

B. W. Huebsch:

In Peril of Change. By C. F. G. Masterman.

"The essays in this book represent an effort made in the time of tranquillity to estimate forces which are making for change. Some are attempts to examine the ideals of the age immediately past, as one by one the voices of the nineteenth century have sunk into silence. Some deal with the life of the present, endeavouring to reflect some immediate impression of the panorama of life as it passes by. And some are concerned with the future, seeking to interpret, in literature, in religion, in social ideals, those obscure beginnings which are to direct the progress of the years to come." The foregoing quotation from the preface gives a general idea of the character of this book. Some of the papers are upon Henley, Shorthouse, Sidgwick, Gissing, Spencer and Carlyle, Disraeli and Gladstone and Myers; others are upon such subjects as June in England, The Burden of London, The New Revolution, The Challenge of Time, etc.

John Lane Company:

Great Japan. By Alfred Stead.

"A study of national efficiency." The aim of this book is to give illustrations from the various sides of the national life in Japan, which show the advantageous effects to be derived from a universal and practical patriotism. The chapters discuss such subjects as: A Nation and Its Head, Ancestor-Worship, Education: The Foundation of the Nation, The Army and the Navy, The Position of Women, The Moral Question, etc. The Earl of Rosebery has written the foreword to the book.

Selections from the Poetry of John Payne. Made by Tracy and Lucy Robinson.

This volume of poems, so says the introduction, is published as "an appeal to all lovers of poetry on behalf of one of its uncrowned kings—widely known, it is true, as a translator, but as a poet receiving less than insular recognition." The selections include blank verse, ballads, sonnets, etc. A photogravure portrait of the poet appears as the frontispiece. Mrs. Robinson has written an introduction to the book.

Edward Grieg. By H. T. Finck.

A biography of this well-known composer has never been published before. From the numerous letters written by Grieg have been selected those which are now made public for the first time. These are self-revealing. Mr. Finck has endeavoured "to assign to Grieg the rank which the author is absolutely convinced future generations will give him; in order to do so it was necessary to destroy several absurd myths that have for decades been handed down from book to book and newspaper to newspaper like hereditary maladies." The book is well illustrated.

Longmans, Green and Company:

New Collected Rhymes. By Andrew Lang.

Mr. Lang's "New Collected Rhymes" are composed of "Loyal Lyrics," "Cricket Rhymes," poems "Critical of Life, Art and Literature," "Jubilee Poems," "Folk Songs" and "Ballads."

Aurelian. By Spencer Moore.

A drama of the Third Century. Upon what he considers good authority, the author has changed the sequence of some of the events. There are four acts and an interlude in the drama, which is written in blank verse.

The Macmillan Company:

A History of the Inquisition of Spain. Vol. I. By Henry Charles Lea.

The story told by Dr. Lea in his "History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages" is continued in the present work. From the vast amount of material preserved in the archives of the Spanish Government, the author has sought to trace "the character and career of an institution which exercised no small influence on the fate of Spain and even, one may say, indirectly on the civilised world." The subjects dealt with in this volume are:

The Castilian Monarchy, The Jews and the Moors, The Jews and the Conversos, Establishment of the Inquisition, The Kingdoms of Aragon, Relations with the Crown, Supereminence, Privileges and Exemptions, Conflicting Jurisdictions and Popular Hostility. The work will be complete in four volumes.

The Menace of Privilege. By Henry George, Jr.

"A study of the dangers to the Republic from the existence of a favoured class." The object of this work is "to show in a brief, suggestive way how privileges granted or sanctioned by government underlie the social and political, mental and moral manifestations that appear so ominous in the Republic." The work claims to make no outcry of pessimism; it is a word of warning and, also, of hope. See Chronicle and Comment.

In the Heart of the Canadian Rockies. By James Outram.

This book describes the Canadian Rockies from Mount Assiniboine to Mount Columbia, a distance of more than a hundred miles. It also traces the history of this region from the first explorers seeking a way to the Pacific. Among the different points of interest with which Mr. Outram deals are: Lake Louise, Mt. Lefroy, the Yoho Valley, Mt. Forbes, Mt. Bryce, the Ottertail Group, etc. About fifty illustrations and three maps enhance the value of the book.

The Life of Oliver Ellsworth. By William Garrott Brown.

In this study of a New England Federalist statesman and of New England life and civilisation, Mr. Brown says of the man who was once Chief Justice of our high court: "If any one man can be called the founder, not of that court only, but of the whole system of federal courts, which many think the most successful of the three departments of our Government, Ellsworth is the man." A good deal of the information contained in this book has been gleaned from his letters and from near relatives.

Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. By W. Holman Hunt.

These two volumes, which are published uniform with "The Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones," are devoted to the lives and work of that band of men who did more than any other to restore life and vitality and meaning into English art during the last century." The work is autobiographical, the author being one of the three founders of the Brotheredhoood. Among the one hundred and fifty illustrations are forty photogravures, by Mr. Hunt Millias, Rossetti, Leighton, Ford Madox Broown, etc., are also represented.

In Memoriam: Annotated by the Author, Lord Tennyson.

This edition of a celebrated poem contains notes which were written in part by the author himself, and were in part dictated to the editor, Hallam, the poet's son—the present Lord Tennyson. The editor has written an introduction to the notes. These notes contain passages which were originally in the poem, but which were not published. They also include the opinions of Gladstone, Henry Sidgwick and Westcott in reference to "In Memoriam," and give different views of Tennyson's religious belief.

Efficiency and Relief. By Edward T. Devine.

The inaugural lecture of the Schiff Professor of Social Economy, delivered at the opening session of the School of Philanthropy for the current academic year, has been somewhat revised and is here published in book form. President Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia University, in his brief introduction to the book, says that the address "states plainly and with directness the large philosophical conception which underlies the attitude of the modern university in its relation to problems of social efficiency."

Recollections. By William O'Brien.

The story of Mr. O'Brien's life from the time of his birth, in 1852, to 1883, when he entered upon his political career, is timely and interesting. Some of the things which he recollects are: "The Fenian Circle, the Cork Press, his arrest for so-called political offenses, his organisation of the Irish National League, the beginning of his paper, United Ireland, and his election as Member for Mallon in 1883." Many well-known men are spoken of.

The Work of Preaching. By Arthur S. Hoyt.

The purport of this volume is to "attempt the interpretation of preaching as a living message." The author expresses the hope that the work "may be found helpful as a book of reference and supplemental reading, and that it may find acceptance beyond the walls of the seminary with busy men in the ministry, helping them to measure their work and to renew their ideal of preaching and their faith in its power."

Life of Lord Randolph Churchill. 2 vol. By Winston Spencer Churchill.

The biography of Lord Churchill, by his son, is said to disclose the actual working of the modern British political machine. Mr. Churchill has secured the information for his work from the letters preserved by his father, and from a series of scrap-books covering the whole epoch of Lord Churchill's active political life. About two hundred of these autograph letters from such prominent persons as Queen Victoria and Lord Salisbury, are reproduced. These show the exact relations between the Queen and the Prime Minister, the Prime Minister and the Secretary of State, the Secretary of State and the Foreign Secretary etc. There are twenty illustrations in the book.

Vikings of the Pacific. By A. C. Laut.

"The adventures of the explorers who came from the West, Eastward: Bering, the Dane; the outlaw hunters of Russia; Benyowsky the Polish Pirate; Cook and Vancouver, the English navigators; Gray of Boston,the discoverer of the Columbia; Drake, Ledyard, and other soldiers of fortune on the West Coast of America." The information, from which Miss Laut has woven a narrative that makes interesting history and biography, has been gleaned from old manuscripts and logbooks of Russian hunters and explorers and from other reliable sources. This work on the first great period of the American West is a companion volume to the author's "Pathfinders of the West."

Salve Venetia. 2 vols. By Francis Marion Crawford.

It has not been Mr. Crawford's purpose to write a history of Venice. He has gleaned the principal points which have affected the rise and progress of this city and arranged them chronologically. He has also had in mind the traveler who is looking for new pleasures. The second volume describes the decadence of the "Queen of the Adriatic."—giving sketches of her criminal history and diplomacy; the last homes, the last great ladies, the last amusements, the last magistrates, and, finally, the last hour. The two hundred and twenty-five drawings, by Joseph Pennell, greatly enchance the value of the book.

The Neale Publishing Company:

The Awakening. By C. Wickliffe Yulee.

The hero, Hon. Arthur Montresor, is an Englishman who is on a pleasure trip to America. Most of the scenes of the story are laid in Washington and portray contemporary life. The three women who are concerned are a lovely widow, a flirt, and a quaint Virginia girl. Which one of the three Montresor married is left to the reader to find out.

Her American Daughter. By Annie T. Colcock.

This story turns on a wager made by three Spaniards, in Madrid, to the effect that one of them might, without an introduction, induce Raven Woodward, an American girl, to sup with him unchaperoned at midnight in a fashionable café. Whether he succeeds or fails is the story itself.

The Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence—May 20, 1775—and Lives of Its Signers. By George W. Graham, M.D.

The chief aim of this volume is to prove the text of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence as re-written by John McKnitt Alexander to be substantially correct, the original document dated May 20, 1775, having been burned. There are, also, short biographical sketches of its thirty signers.

A Maid of the Foot-Hills. By J. W. Daniel.

Into this novel are woven some missing links in the story of the Reconstruction period, told by an eye witness. The story deals with the South in general, South Carolina in particular, and is said to give the proper placing to the "Red shirt movement." As suggested by the title, a romance runs through the book.

Beside a Southern Sea. By Elizabeth May Montague.

The scenes of this story are laid in Charleston. The heroine is a woman who never learned to love the man whom she married when but a mere girl. Her husband's brother, in whom her affections are centred, is the hero.

Ku Klux Klan. By J. C. Lester and D. L. Wilson.

Dr. Walter L. Fleming has written an introduction to and supplied notes for this history of the origin, growth and disbandment of the mysterious order existing in the Reconstruction days, known as the "Ku Klux Klan." To the description of this band by Captain Lester and Mr. Wilson has been added appendices containing the precepts of the order, specimen orders and warnings, and other details supplied by various members of the Klan. The volume is well illustrated.

J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company:

The First County Park System. By Frederick W. Kelsey.

The intention of this volume, which the sub-title states is a complete history

The Greatest Trust in the World. By Charles Edward Russell.

The articles by Mr. Russell, which have been appearing from month to month in a well-known magazine, are here presented in book form. The trust which the author considers as the greatest in the world, and the development of which he traces from the invention of the private refrigerator car, is the Beef Trust. Mr. Russell tells why there has been no competition, how it has been the means of closing the doors of thirty-two banks, etc. An interesting feature of the work is Mr. Russell's attack on Commissioner Garfield's report.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Last Spike. By Cy Warman.

This collection of seventeen railroad stories takes its name from the first selection. Conductors, engineers, trainmen and passengers are the principal characters in these ghost stories and tales of love, adventure, faithfulness to trust, heroism, etc.

Henry Moore. By Frank Maclean.

An imported volume issued in "The Maker of British Art" series. Mr. Maclean has secured the material for his book almost entirely from the relatives and friends of Henry Moore. A photogravure portrait of the sea-painter appears as the frontispiece, and the work is illustrated by reproductions of twenty of his scenes.

The Russian Court in the Eighteenth Century. 2 vols. By Fitzgerald Molloy.

These two volumes, based on authentic despatches, records and memoirs, tell a story of schemes, plots, crimes, inhumanities, tragedies and other brutalities carried on, for the most part, by Germans, who did not understand or feel any affection for the empire under their control. The following reigns are covered by the work: Catherine I., Peter II., Anna, a niece of Peter the Great, Elizabeth, Peter III., Catherine II. and Paul. Eighteen illustrations are divided between the two volumes.

Etchings of Charles Méryon.

An appreciative sketch of the life-story of this artist has been written by Mr. Hugh Stokes and included in this book. This is followed by a list of the one hundred and five etchings done by Méryon. By no means the least important part of the volume is the reproduction of about fifty of these etchings. The volume is an importation.

The Faerie Queene. 2 vols. By Edmund Spenser.

These two imported volumes are issued in the well-known "Caxton Thin Paper Classics" series. Another volume, now in preparation, will contain the Shorter Poems. The three books will form a complete edition of Spenser's Poems. The frontispiece to the first volume is a reproduction of a portrait of Spenser; to the second volume, a drawing of Queen Elizabeth, by Edmund J. Sullivan, from the picture by F. Zucharo.

Life of Froude. By Herbert Paul.

Mr. Paul has had the assistance of Miss Froude and of Ashley Froude, the only son of the historian, in this study, which is both literary and biographical. He has, also, had access to papers in possession of the Froude family. An interesting chapter in the study is that dealing with Froude's childhood. Other important points in the historian's life are the Oxford days, his relations with Freeman and with Carlyle; the part he played in Irish history and politics; his books and travels; his professorship at Oxford, etc.

Poetical Works of Lord Byron. Edited, with a Memoir, by Ernest Hartley Coleridge.

This work, which has been imported by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, states in the subtitle that it is the only complete and copyright text of the poetical works of Lord Byron issued in one volume. Although the text is based on the seven-volume edition, published during the years 1898-1904, the punctuation and orthography has been thoroughly revised. The editor has supplied explanatory notes and has included practically all of Lord Byron's personal notes. The frontispiece is a portrait of the poet reproduced from an engraving after a drawing by G. H. Harlow.

Mary Queen of Scots. 2 vols.. By T. F. Henderson.

The aim of this biography of the environment and tragedy of a woman who needs no introduction to lovers of history is "to deal with the more personal aspects of the Marian period and to deal with them apart from ecclesiastical prepossessions and on the understanding that the praise and blame of the twentieth century are not quite applicable to the sixteenth. Indeed, the more the present writer has concerned himself with the career, of Mary Stuart, the more has he been impressed with the inapplicability to it, in the strict sense, of praise or blame. Whatever may be the rights or wrongs of Protestantism or Catholicism, Mary appears to have been very largely the mere victim of a bitter religious quarrel." In the two volumes are one hundred illustrations and two photogravure portraits.

The Plays and Poems of Christopher Marlowe.

An imported volume in the "Caxton Thin Paper Classics." Seven plays and several poems are included in the book.

Captains All. By W. W. Jacobs.

This latest collection of sea-stories is said to be quite as entertaining as the previous volumes by Mr. Jacobs. One of the stories—"Over the Side"—is rather gruesome, the other nine have the spirit of humour for which the author is noted. In addition to the first tale, which gives the book its name, some of the titles are: The Boatswain's Mate, Bob's Redemption, Four Pigeons, The Madness of Mr. Lister, The White Cat, etc. The decorations and ten full-page illustrations are by Will Owen.

Drawings of Menzel.

This imported work is uniform with other volumes of drawings by Modern Master Draughtsmen." In addition to the twenty-five full-page reproductions in tint and in black and white, Professor H. W. Singer has written a lengthy introduction in which he has given a short biographical sketch of the artist and a description of his work.

Silver, Burdett and Company:

Songs of Mother and Child. Edited by Lida Brown McMurry and Agnes Cook Gale.

Mothers and all lovers of children, generally, will find in this collection of poems a large number which are well-known, as well as many which may be new to them, but which they will be glad to read the second time. Among the authors are: Swinburne, Tennyson, Margaret Sangster, Bryant, Edwin Markham, Watts, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Ibsen, Scott, Wordsworth, Mrs. Browning, Longfellow, Whittier, Hood, and many others.

The Smart Set Publishing Company:

The Czar's Spy. By William Le Queux.

The first volume to appear in the "Red Novels" series is "The Czar's Spy." This series, to which it is proposed to add a novel a month, is to be sold at a reduced price. The mystery of a silent love is the theme of this first story. Two murders, a strange yacht, an obscure robbery, two lovely women, thieves, villains, a horrible Russian prison, and the daring rescue of the heroine unite to make an interesting story.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

The Memories of Rose Eytinge.

These memories include recollections and observations of men, women and events during half a century. Miss Eytinge was the associate and personal friend of Edwin Booth, J. W. and Lester Wallack, E. L. Davenport and Augustin Daly; was an acquaintance of Dickens, the Prince of Wales, Abraham Lincoln and other well-known persons; the wife of the Consul General at Alexandria; and a popular actress. The volume is illustrated with photographs of Miss Eytinge and some of her professional friends.

The Unit Book Publishing Company:

Letters and Addresses of Thomas Jefferson. Edited by William B. Parker and Jonas Viles.

This addition to the popular "Unit Book" series is for the greater part based upon the complete works of Thomas Jefferson, published under the auspices of the Jefferson Memorial Society, the text of which has been followed in making the extracts. The book is made up largely of Jefferson's letters and addresses. A biographical sketch of his life, the inscription which he planned for his tombstone, and the story of the book are also included.

Frederick Warne and Company:

The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.

The fifty-seven illustrations in this volume are preceded by an introduction by J. Ernest Phythian. The Brotherhood, which was composed of Ford Madox Brown, William Holman Hunt, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and Sir John Everett Millais are each represented by at least six illustrations. In addition to these there appear several under the general heading of "Italian Pre-Raphaelite Painters."

A. Wessel's Company

The Wonderful Wishes of Jacky and Jean. By Mary A. Dickerson.

Juvenile. A fairy who had turned himself into a sparrow is responsible for the wonderful things which happen to Jacky and Jean.

The Perfume of Eros. By Edgar Saltus.

This novel of New York life appeared serially under the title of "The Yellow Fay." Murder and divorce play their respective parts in the story, and there are a number of tangles which have to be straightened out. It has been said that the tale may be regarded as a covered satire.

The Lewis Carroll Birthday Book. Selected by Christine Terhune Herrick.

Juvenile. The selections which accompany the blank pages for birthday

insertions are designed especially for children.

Thomas Whittaker:

The Holy Christ-Child. By Archibald Campbell Knowles.

A devotional study of the incarnation of the son of God. The author gives a double aim for his work: "First, to present in a devotional manner the scene and story of the Nativity; secondly, to show forth in simple yet suggestive words the fact and doctrine of the Incarnation.

Whittaker's Churchman's Almanac and Parochial List, 1906.

This annual contains information which is valuable to all connected with or interested in the Protestant Episcopal Church. It includes the parochial list; lists of bishops, priests and deacons, arranged alphabetically; statistics of the Church and its work; names of various homes, institutions, hospitals, etc., which it governs; important dates, etc.

The Bible for the Sick. A Compilation by Henry King Hannah.

It is intended that the sick should read this book for themselves. Although the King James Version has been used there have been a few changes suggested by the Marginal Reading Bible. These changes have been made to explain the meaning of the older version, thus rendering footnotes and comments unnecessary. The selections show no paragraph divisions.

The X Commandments in the XXth Century. By Dean H. Martyn Hart, D.D.

Each one of the Ten Commandments has been separately explained and adapted to the conditions as they at present exist, by Dean Hart.

Rightly Instructed in God's Holy Word. By Rt. Rev. Charles Minnigerode Beckwith, D.D.

This is not a study of each question and answer in the Church Catechism, but its object is "to present the teachings of the Catechism as a whole, thus laying the foundation for the future study of those who feel an interest in the Church and her welfare."

A Church Calendar. 1906.

A weekly calendar giving the order of service for every day according to the usages of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, and quotations upon the christian life and the church's ways.

AKRON, OHIO.

The Saalfield Publishing Company:

The Silver Pin. By Alfred Wilson-Barrett.

This mystery story has its beginning in a silver pin which falls from a window and hits a gentleman sleuth while he is walking in a London fog. When he endeavours to restore it to its owner he discovers a murdered man at the feet of a beautiful woman, who claims to have been the murderess.. The sleuth and a Scotland Yard detective encounter many mysteries and go through many exciting experiences before the matter is cleared up.

ANN ARBOR, MICH.

The Ann Arbor Press:

On the Limits of Descriptive Writing Apropos of Lessing's Laocoon. By Frank Egbert Bryant.

The purpose of this work "is an attempt to get past the mere externals of criticism to the fundamental principle, and by means of this principle to discover the æsthetic and linguistic limitations of descriptive literature." The monograph is issued in pamphlet form.

BOSTON, MASS.

Richard G. Badger:

Hartford: An Epic Poem. By William Colegrove.

It is to history, tradition and the imagination that Mr. Colegrove has looked for the material from which he has constructed this epic poem. Although the style may show some similarity to Virgil, Homer and Longfellow, the work is said to be highly original.

The Song of Youth. By Blanche Shoemaker.

The majority of the ninety poems in this collection were written when the author was between ten and fifteen years of age—she is now only sixteen. A glance at the following titles, chosen at random, will give some idea of the scope of the book: Awakening, Sea Change, Reluctance, Love's Humility, Desolation, Carpe Diem, Faithlessness, The Nomads, Love Alien, Unlived Hours, Repletion, Vita Nuora, etc.

Alfred Bartlett:

The Valley of Dreams. By H. Hayden Sands.

The name given to this collection of fifty-two poems and fifteen sonnets is appropriate, as indicated in the following titles: The Dreamer, The Dream,

"Why sit you, Dreamer, thus alone," Day Dreams, etc. There are, also, many verses on various subjects. The author considers the primal design of poetry "to illume, to awaken with her colour, music and subtilly wrought imagries, those faculties of perception which * * * shall open, not to the realistic beauty which is ever before us, not to the appreciation of some exact descriptive reproduction of earthly loveliness, but rather to the more definite and delicate fields of creative beauty beyond." A number of drawings illustrate the book.

Oliver Ditson Company:

Songs and Airs. By Frederic Handel. Vols. I and II. Edited by Ebenezer Prout.

The latest additions to the Musicians' Library are the Songs and Airs of Handel, in two volumes, arranged for high and low voice. Some of the songs in this selection of eighty, are not so great favourites as they were once, while others give every promise of continued popularity. Each volume contains a biographical and critical preface, descriptive notes to each song, a chronological index, and a reproduction of the composer's portrait.

Ginn and Company:

A League of Peace. By Andrew Carnegie.

A rectorial address delivered to the students in the University of St. Andrews last October. It is issued in the form of a pamphlet.

War Inconsistent with the Religion of Jesus Christ. By David Low Dodge.

In this volume are included the first two pamphlets written by Mr. Dodge: "The Mediator's Kingdom not of This World," published in 1809; and "War Inconsistent with the Religion of Jesus Christ," published in 1812. Mr. Edwin D. Mead has written an introduction, in which he has given a short biographical sketch of this great peace philanthropist.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

In the March and Borderland of Wales. By A. G. Bradley.

This book describes a summer's ramble from Hereford to Gower, and is intended to cover those portions of Wales not dealt with in Mr. Bradley's "North" and "South Wales." The reader accompanies the author on his visits to the old churches and castles, to the ruins of abbeys and priories which were in their zenith in mediæval times, and with him makes the acquaintance of many whom it is desirable to know. History and legend are intermingled with romance and tragedy in the text. W. M. Meredith has supplied over one hundred and fifty illustrations and a map on which is indicated every place described.

Little, Brown and Company:

On the Field of Glory. By Henryk Sienkiewicz.

The author of "Quo Vadis" has laid the scenes of his new historical novel in Poland, during the reign of King John Sobieski, just prior to the Turkish invasion when the military power of Poland was at its height. The heroine is Panna Anulka, the beautiful ward of an old Polish nobleman—Pan Gideon. The story relates many bitter experiences through which Panna and her lover, Pan Yatsek Tachwski, are obliged to go before they are finally married. Four brothers, by whom the heroine is saved from wolves in the beginning of the book, give humourous touches to the story. The tale has been translated by Mr. Jeremiah Curtin, the official translator of Mr. Sienkiewicz.

Lothrop, Lee and Shepard:

Right and Wrong Thinking and Their Results. By Aaron Martin Crane.

If this work aids the reader to make the most and best of what is in him, and to understand his own personality or individuality so as to estimate it at its true value, it has accomplished its purpose. It is , as is stated in the sub-title, the "undreamed of possibilities which man may achieve through his own mental control."

Small, Maynard and Company:

John Fiske. By Thomas Sergeant Perry.

While this excellent biographical sketch tells the main points in the life-story of John Fiske, special stress is laid on his historical work. The book is one of the well-known "Beacon Biographies." A portrait of Mr. Fiske appears as the frontispiece.

The J. K. Waters Company:

Sarah Bernhardt Brown and What She Did in a Country Town. By Charles Felton Pidgin.

The principal one of the one hundred and fifty characters in this study is a poor girl, of obscure parentage, who makes a great success as an actress in a country town. Romances, mysteries, and even murders are combined in the plot. There are twelve illustrations by F. A. Lappen.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Progress Publishing Company:

Metamorphose. By Orlando K. Fitzsimmons.

The regeneration of individual and race, and the solution of the great problem of poverty are dealt with in this book. "The sole purpose of the work is to set forth clearly the existing evils, their causes and their purpose, and then to point out an inviting method whereby Evil can be replaced with Good." A portrait of the author is the frontispiece.

CHICAGO, ILL.

American Medical Association:

The Medical Features of the Papyrus Ebers. By Carl H. von Klein.

The address delivered by Dr. von Klein before the Thirtieth Annual Session of the American Academy of Medicine at Chicago, 1905, and published in "The Journal of the American Medical Association," is here reprinted in pamphlet form.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

Historic Illinois. By Randall Parrish.

The one aim of this book, which is said by the author to be "The Romance of the Earlier Days," is that the history of Illinois may be made interesting to those persons who rarely find it so. Mr. Parrish says: "Illinois history has been crowded with events well worthy of perpetual remembrance, events stirring and heroic, tinged by romance, events having vital bearing not only on the State but the nation, of far too great importance to be lost in the haze of careless years." Among the thirty-one points of interest enlarged upon in this history are: Old Indian Villages and Battlefields, La Salle and His Voyageurs, The Fascinating Story of Tonty, The Mormons at Nauvoo, The Battle Against Slavery, Border Outlawry, The Coming of the Railroad, etc. The volume contains nearly fifty illustrations.

Mandel and Phillips Company:

The Confessions of John Allen.

That John Allen is an iconoclast no reader of the confessions which he makes in this volume of verse will dispute. The outlining of the mission which the author feels to be thrust upon him is sprinkled with poems on such subjects as: The Seasons, A Nun's Temptation, The Steamboat, etc.

Physical Culture Extension Society:

Growth in Silence. By Susanna Cocroft.

This is the first of a series of twelve lectures whose purpose it is to uplift womanhood—to help women acquire perfect physical development, health and vigor, and perfect mental poise.

Rand, McNally and Company:

The Choral Song Book. Arranged and Edited by William M. Lawrence and Frederic H. Pease.

In the preparation of this book "the special needs of students in the higher educational institutions have been kept constantly in mind, as well as the intrinsic musical value and correctness of the various settings. An earnest effort has been made to relate the songs very closely to the work in literature and the languages." The collection contains male and female trios and quartettes, songs in unison, two-part, three-part and four-part arrangements. They are divided into the following sub-heads: Patriotic Songs, Songs of Nature, Student Songs, Songs of Sentiment, and Devotional and Ethical Songs.

The Rooks Press:

The Moods of Life. By William Francis Barnard.

The hundred and more poems which are contained in this collection are upon themes of nature, fellowship, inspiration, courage, and the paths of life.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

The Burrows Brothers Company:

A History of the United States. Vol. II. By Elroy M. Avery.

Champlain and New France, from 1600-1635, is the first subject dealt with in the second volume of this commendable work. The epoch covered extends to the year 1661, the last chapter giving a glimpse at Plymouth. Some of the items of importance with which this particular volume treats are: The Evolution of a Colonial System, Virginia under the Charter, The Settlement at Manhattan, Maryland Before the Restoration, Roger Williams and Anne Hutchinson, Connecticut Plantations and the Pequot War, Massachusetts Troubles, The Puritan and the Heretic, and many others. The book is well supplied with illustrations and maps.

DENVER, COLO.

The Reed Publishing Company:

Dalmar: Daughter of the Mill. By Charles W. Cuno.

The courtship of a gallant knight and a miller's daughter is here told in verse. Illustrations by the author enchance the interest in the story.

H. P. Replogle:

The Philosophy of Egoism. By James L. Walker.

This discussion is summed up by the author in the last three lines of the work: "The real livng Egoism is the fact of untrammeled mind in this or that person and the actions resulting, the end of the tyranny of general ideas." A portrait of the late Mr. Walker appears as the frontispiece.

FRESNO, CAL.

Rahill, J. J.

Corporation Accounting and Corporation Law. By J. J. Rahill.

To this new edition much new material has been added, making it twice its former size. "While positively disclaiming the role of moral preceptor, the author has not failed to call attention to what he has conceived to be defects in the law, and flaws in business ethics, and to point out alike to incorporations, stockholders and accountants the standards to be attained and the evils to be avoided in respect to corporate organisation, management and auditing." The book explains what are said to be the best methods of corporation organisation, management and accounting; draws special attention to the issuing of all classes of bonds and their amortisation; discusses the creation and extinction of Sinking Funds; and gives a full set of questions and official answers on C. P. A. examinations.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company

The Storm Signal. By Gustave Frederick Mertins.

The scenes of this story of the South are laid in an Alabama village. The negroes, who far outnumber the whites, play a prominent part in the tale. Having formed a secret organization, they plan a general uprising and but for a warning to the whites, a massacre would have taken place. The hero of the romance is Martin Wentworth, and the two girls are Virginia and Jessica. At the beginning of the story Martin hates Virginia but likes Jessica. He eventually likes Jessica and loves Virginia. In order to secure the affections of Martin, Jessica resorts to extreme measures and a tragedy is barely averted.

The Story of the Three Dolls. By Josephine Scribner Gates.

Juvenile. The first of the eight stories in this collection gives the book its title. Gold beads, a candy heart, an island of candy, and borrowed feathers, are some of the things which the other stories tell about.

Tarbell's Teachers Guide to the International Sunday-School Lessons for 1906. By Martha Tarbell, Ph.D.

This work, the nature of which is explained in its title, gives the Bible text of the lessons, explains the words and phrases, quotes helpful thoughts from various writers and explains phases of Oriental life. There are, also, suggestions for teaching the lesson, three lesson thoughts with illustrations, sentence sermons, the personal thought, the lesson summary, lists of subjects for Bible class discussion, and suggestions for the assignment of work. The general subjects included in the book outline the life of Christ, give the purpose and authorship of the Gospels, and describe the geography of Palestine. The illustrations consist of maps, diagrams and pictures.

Double Trouble. By Herbert Quick.

The blow on the head which Florian Amidon, a very popular bachelor of Wisconsin, receives just as he is starting on a journey for rest and recreation is responsible for Mr. Quick's story of double personality. Five years after the accident Amidon finds himself passing as a Pennsylvania oil millionaire, by the name of Eugene Brassfield and as the fiancé of pretty Elizabeth Waldron. The fight for supremacy of the two personalities and the situations into which they plunge their victim is the plot of the story.

MECHANICSBURG, OHIO

The True Light Publishing Company:

The Divine Man. By Joseph Ware.

The theme of this epic is "the progressive creation and the coronation of the highest life in man." In the first of the twelve books into which this poem is divided, "the foundation of our confidence is laid in the nature of Divine Love. In the second, we follow this progression through the creation of the world, and the growth of life from a single cell to man, as Adam. The third, advances it from the faintest moral perception, guided by the most obscure promises, through mists of superstition and idolatry up to the clear prophecies and revelations. The fourth links progress with the dominion of the world and the universe. The fifth is the incar-

nation of the Divine Love. The sixth gives some glimpses of its power. The seventh book, in the debate of the Sanhedrin, shows the futility of the endeavor to hinder it. The eighth book opens the door into the kingdom of heaven. In the ninth Jesus teaches of this kingdom. In the tenth is the coronation of the life. In the eleventh and twelfth you have some glimpses of its future progress."

NORTHPORT, N. Y.

Edward Thompson Company:

Citizenship. By John S. Wise.

This work is an endeavour to put the "origin, nature and obligations of the citizen in form sufficently attractive to enlist a more widespread understanding among educated Americans of their rights and obligations as American citizens. The volume is divided into seven parts: Of Citizenship Generally; How American Citizenship May be Acquired; Of the Obligations and Duties of the Citizens to the Nation and the State; Of the Rights, Privileges, and Immunities of the Citizen; Privileges and Immunities Under the War Amendments; Of the Protection of Citizens Abroad; Of Expatriation, Aliens, and Who May Not Become Citizens.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The Dolphin Press:

The Writings of Saint Francis of Assissi. Translated by Father Paschal Robinson.

In this book are said to be translations of all the writings by St. Francis. Father Paschal Robinson, of the Order of Friars Minor, has used the Douay version of the Bible as the references of St. Francis are to the Latin Vulgate. The writings which are supplied with notes and an introduction, are followed by a bibliography.

George W. Jacobs and Company.

William T. Sherman. By Edward Robins.

This is the fourth volume to be issued in the series known as "American Crisis Biographies." The purpose of this series is to present a "complete and comprehensive history of the great American sectional struggle in the form of readable and authoritative biography." The life of this man is told from his boyhood—his life at West Point, his commission as a first lieutenant, the four years spent at Fort Moultrie, his resignation from the army and the trials which he made in banking and law, in both of which he failed, his success as a superintendent of a new military school in Louisiana, the great part he played in the Civil War, and his death.

Jewish Publication Society of America:

A Renegade and Other Tales. By Martha Wolfenstein.

Jewish scenes and Jewish life are depicted in the thirteen stories included in this collection. Two of the best are said to be the title story and "A Monk from the Ghetto." Others are: The Beast, A Goy in the Good Place, Dovid and Resel, A Sinner in Israel, Nittel-Nacht, Genendel the Pious, etc.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

The Life of Christ. By Rev. Alexander Stewart, D.D.

An addition to the "Temple Series of Bible Characters and Scripture Handbooks." The aim of the book is "to furnish such an epitome of event and utterance as may be a guide in reading the Gospels, by giving something of unity to the picture there represented, and especially to lay stress on such features of the life of Jesus as shall help to an understanding of His character and purposes."

Lippincott's New Gazetteer. Edited by Angelo Heilprin and Louis Heilprin.

A well-known and valuable work is here presented in an entirely new edition from new plates. It has been thoroughly revised, long articles have been shortened, unnecessary material omitted, new discoveries and important information included, and all the data brought down to the year 1905, some even extending into that year. Statistics of population, production, mining, manufactures, physical history, exploration, general history, etc., have been gathered from all parts of the world.

What of It? By Nettie Seely Murphy.

The epigrams of which this volume is composed are by the author of "Isn't it So?" The following selections give an idea of the general character of the book: "Men marry expecting all the virtues. Women marry knowing they are lucky if they find one." "Dead people are always monuments of goodness, oracles of wisdom, paragons of virtues." The drawings by Mr. Swinnerton add to the humour of the book.

The Nunc Licet Press:

The Bible: Its True Character and Spiritual Meaning. By Rev. L. P. Mercer.

A new and enlarged edition of a series of six lectures, which aim "to present

the teachings of Swedenborg, concerning the Sacred Scriptures, in a form likely to reach those who might otherwise remain in ignorance of it."

Marriage. By Jane Dearborn Mills.

A fair idea of the character of this book may be formed by glancing at the titles of the various chapters, which are: Its Purity, Its Service, The Marriage of the Unmarried, and Marriage Laws.

READING, MASS.

A. M. Bliss Publishing Company:

Smile and Sing. By Annie Marie Bliss.

The eleven bits of verse which are gathered together in this small volume take their title from the first selection. Quiet ude, rest, and an appreciation of Nature are expressed in most of the poems.

RICHMOND, VA.

Presbyterian Committee of Publication:

John Knox—His Field and Work. By Rev. R. C. Reed.

A pamphlet containing an address delivered before the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States at Fort Worth, Texas, May 21, 1905.

The Creed of Christ. By Rev. R. V. Pancaster.

A study in the gospels. "The claim is simply that at a turn in the arduous way I have caught a glimpse of Jesus from what, to me, is a fresh view-point. And on the spot I set up this wayside shrine, that others, also, in passing may look and see and be refreshed." Some of the topics of discussion are God, Satan, Sin, Redeemed Men, The Second Coming, etc.

The Blue Flag. By Rev. Robert P. Kerr.

An account of the origin and history of the Covenanters who contended for Christ's crown and covenant. The purpose of this book is to show the supreme importance of striving for the truth of God, and, also, that *The Cross* is the road to victory for the church and the Christian.

SEATTLE, WASH.

Lowman & Hanford:

Pioneer Reminiscences of Puget Sound. By Ezra Meeker.

The sub-title gives an outline of the ground covered by this book: "An account of the coming of the first Americans and the establishment of their institutions; their encounters with the native race; the first treaties with the Indians and the war that followed; seven years of the life of Isaac I. Stevens in Washington Territory; cruise of the author on Puget Sound fifty years ago; Nisqually House and the Hudson Bay Company." Twenty-five full-page illustrations add to the value of the book.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

At the Sign of the Leech:

The Faithless Favorite. By Edwin Sauter.

The foundations upon which this mixed tragedy stands are events which have a place in old Saxon history. The characters are such personages as King Edgar, Athelstan, Athelwold, Elfrida, etc.

TOLEDO, OHIO

The Toledo Newsboys' Association:

Boyville. By John E. Gunckel.

In his history of fifteen years' work among newsboys, Mr. Gunckel, the president of the National Association of America, relates many episodes occurring in the lives of newsboys with whom he has come in contact which are humourous and pathetic; all show how the Association has raised the ideal of the poor boy and how it has encouraged honesty and a feeling of self-respect. The membership of the Association in Toledo, which had ten charter members, now numbers nearly four thousand. The volume contains thirty-three illustrations. The entire proceeds from the sale of the book go into the fund of the National Newsboys' Association.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Government Printing Office:

Haida Texts and Myths. Recorded by John R. Swanton.

The texts and myths in this volume were obtained on the Queen Charlotte Islands, British Columbia, five years ago. One text is given in the Skidegate dialect, the language spoken in southern Haida; and one in the language of northern Haida, the Masset dialect, with interlinear translations. There are twelve myths with translations on the opposite page, and a large number of which the English versions are only given.

Twenty-Third Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology to the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. 1901-1902. J. W. Powell, Director.

In addition to an extensive report of the director, this volume includes a lengthy paper by Matilda Coxe Stevenson on the Zuñi Indians: Their Mythology, Esoteric Societies, and Ceremonies. There are, also, brief descriptions of the daily life, arts, manners and customs of this race. The book is profusely illustrated with full-page pictures in colour and in black and white.

TORONTO, CAN.

Morang and Company:

New World Lyrics and Ballads. By Duncan Campbell Scott.

The themes of the verses in this volume are varied. The following titles give an idea of the character of the poems: The Sea by the Wood, Peace, The Forsaken, Indian Place-Names, Catnip Jack, Life and a Soul, The Forgers, The House of the Broken-Hearted, The Wood by the Sea, etc.

DONEGAL, IRELAND.

Donal O'Molloy:

The Woman of Seven Sorrows. By Seumas MacManus.

A metrical, allegorical drama, originally produced at the Samhain festival. It is bound within paper covers.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the six most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of February and the 1st of March.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

1. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. A Maker of History. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Barbara Winslow, Rebel. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

1. The Portreeve. Phillpotts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Lake. Moore. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Barbara Winslow, Rebel. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. An Angel of Pain. Benson. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
5. Concerning Belinda. Brainerd. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Work of our Hands. Keays. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN
SECOND LIST

1. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. A Maker of History. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
3. Barbara Winslow, Rebel. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Lake. Moore. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Scarlet Pimpernel. Orczy. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. Princess Priscilla's Fortnight. Author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden." (Scribner.) $1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. A Maker of History. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
2. Barbara Winslow, Rebel. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. In Old Bellaire. Dillon. (Century.) $1.50.
5. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Hearts and Masks. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. Barbara Winslow, Rebel. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Divine Fire. Sinclair. (Holt.) $1.50.
5. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Heart of Lady Anne. Castle. (Stokes.) $1.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

1. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. A Maker of History. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
5. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Hearts and Masks. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Peter's Mother. De La Pastuer. (Dutton.) $1.50.
2. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. A Maker of History. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
4. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. In Old Bellaire. Dillon. (Century.) $1.50.
6. The Eternal Spring. Boyce. (Fox, Duffield.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. A Maker of History. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
2. Double Trouble. Quick. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Life of Lord Churchill. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $9.00.

CINCINNATI, O.

1. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Deluge. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. A Maker of History. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Barbara Winslow, Rebel. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEX.

1. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Deluge. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. On the Field of Glory. Sienkiewicz. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. In Old Bellaire. Dillon. (Century.) $1.50.
6. A Sword of the Old Frontier. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Quickening. Lynde. (Bobbs, Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. A Maker of History. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
5. On the Field of Glory. Sienkiewicz. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
6. Double Trouble. Quick. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Barbara Winslow, Rebel. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Northerner. Davis. (Century.) $1.50.
5. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Wilde's Plays. Wilde. (Luce.) $2.50 net.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Double Trouble. Quick. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Arncliffe Puzzle. Holmes. (Clode.) $1.50.
5. The Long Arm. Gardenhire. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. Barbara Winslow, Rebel. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Long Arm. Gardenhire. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Sage Brush Parson. Ward. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. On the Field of Glory. Sienkiewicz. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
6. Elwell's Advanced Bridge. Elwell. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Barbara Winslow, Rebel. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. On the Field of Glory. Sienkiewicz. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
6. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Crimson Blind. White. (Fenno.) $1.50.
5. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Barbara Winslow, Rebel. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. On the Field of Glory. Sienkiewicz. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
6. St. Cuthbert's. Knowles. (Revell.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Man of the Hour. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Social Secretary. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. A Sword of the Old Frontier. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. Ben Blair. Lillibridge. (McClurg.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. On the Field of Glory. Sienkiewicz. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
2. A Maker of History. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. In Old Bellaire. Dillon. (Century.) $1.50.
5. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Weight of the Crown. White. (Fenno.) $1.50.

RICHMOND, VA.

1. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes Co.) $1.50.
5. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton & Co.) $1.50.
6. Life of T. J. Jackson. Henderson. (Longmans, Green & Co.) $4.00.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Hearts and Masks. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Man of the Hour. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Reckoning. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Barbara Winslow, Rebel. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Yolanda. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Divine Fire. Sinclair. (Holt.) $1.50.
5. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. In Old Bellaire. Dillon. (Century.) $1.50.

SEATTLE, WASH.

1. On the Field of Glory. Sienkiewicz. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
2. Barbara Winslow, Rebel. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. A Maker of History. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.

SPOKANE, WASH.

1. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Barbara Winslow, Rebel. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Man of the Hour. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. In Old Bellaire. Dillon. (Century.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. In Old Bellaire. Dillon. (Century.) $1.50.
3. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Fair Margaret. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Man of the Hour. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. On the Field of Glory. Sienkiewicz. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Northerner. Davis. (Century.) $1.50.
6. Princess Priscilla's Fortnight. Author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden." (Scribner.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, O.

1. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. In Old Bellaire. Dillon. (Century.) $1.50.
5. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Double Trouble. Quick. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

TORONTO, ONT.

1. Barbara Winslow, Rebel. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Truth about Tolna. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. My Friend the Chauffeur. Williamson. (Musson Book Co.) $.75.
5. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.

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1. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. A Maker of History. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
6. On the Field of Glory. Sienkiewicz. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.

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1. A Maker of History. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
2. Lady Bobs, Her Brother and I. Chamberlin. (Putnam.) $1.25.
3. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Barbara Winslow, Rebel. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Arncliffe Puzzle. Holmes. (Clode.) $1.50.

From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

					POINTS
A book standing	1st	on any	list	receives	10
" "	2d	"	"		8
" "	3d	"	"		7
" "	4th	"	"		6
" "	5th	"	"		5
" "	6th	"	"		4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50	238
2. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50	175
3. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50	160
4. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50	156
5. Barbara Winslow, Rebel. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50	100
6. A Maker of History. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50	88





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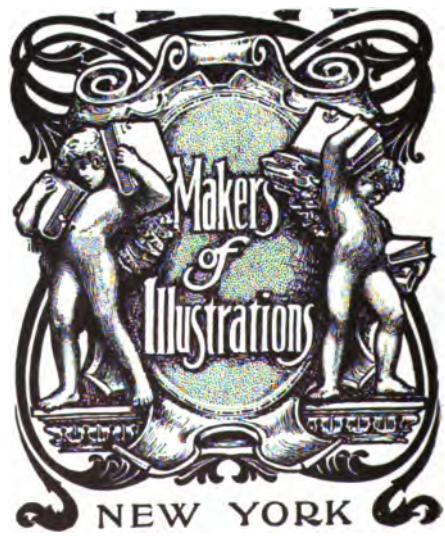
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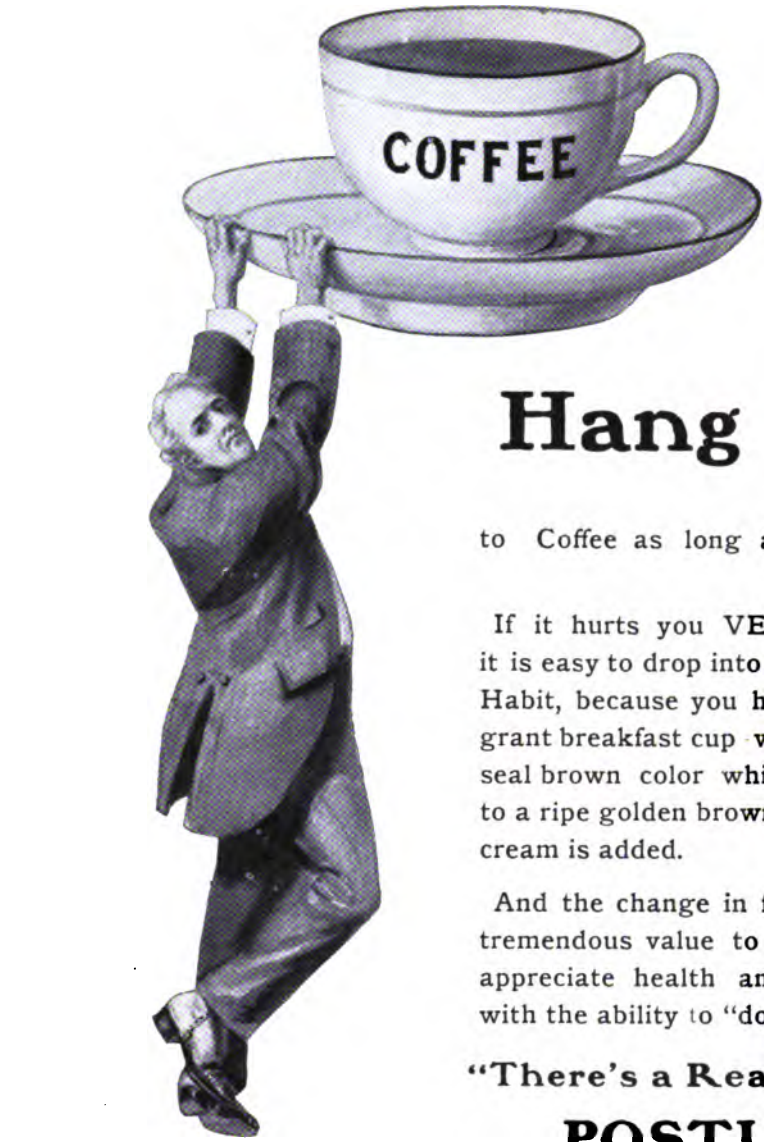
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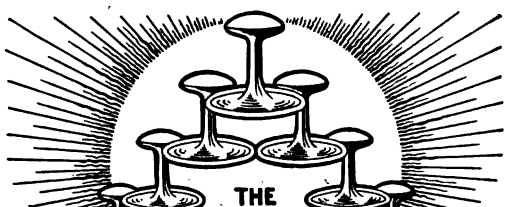
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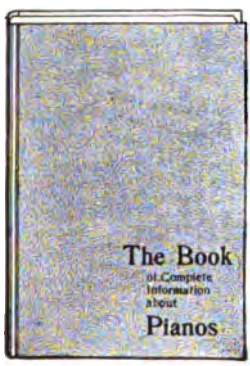
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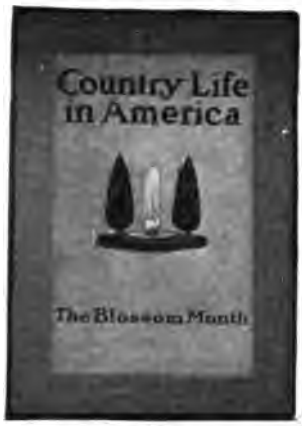
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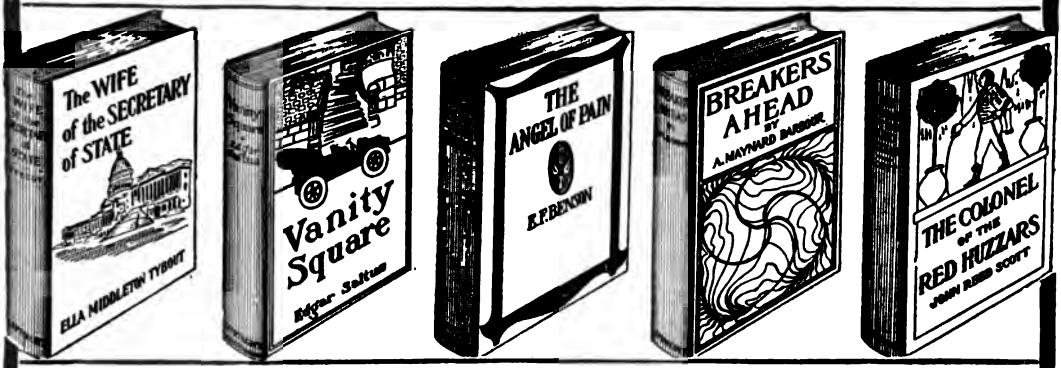
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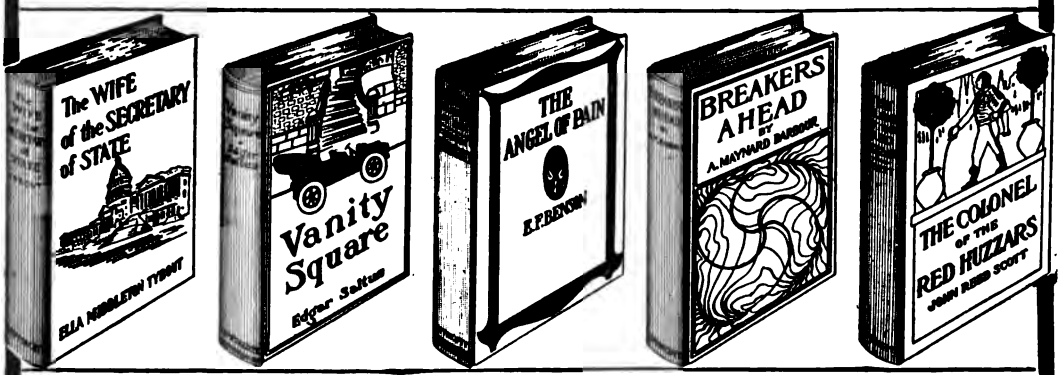
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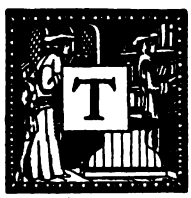
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Collectively, the journals of the captains covered each and every day the expedition was out—largely, of course, a double record, although there are occasional periods when we have the journal of but one of them. It had been the intention of the two leaders of the company to publish their own journals; they had presented no official detailed report to the government, it being left to them by Jefferson to make such literary use of their material as they saw fit. During the year following the return Lewis issued a prospectus announcing the speedy publication of the official narrative by a Philadelphia publisher. The first volume was to contain the "narrative of the voyage," the second to be devoted chiefly to an account of "the Indian nations distributed over that vast region," and the third "exclusively to scientific research." There was also to be published "Lewis and Clark's map of North America from longitude 9° west to the Pacific Ocean, and between 36° and 52° north latitude, with extensive marginal notes; dimensions, five feet eight inches by three feet ten inches, embracing all their late discoveries, and that part of the continent heretofore the least known."

Unfortunately for this enterprise, both explorers, soon after their return, had received, together with commissions as generals, important government appointments, and the onerous duties appertaining to these offices in the vast territory through which they had journeyed were necessarily absorbing. In consequence, the task of publication of their journals under such circumstances was easily deferred. Lewis's death just three years after the return of the expedition proved another very serious blow to the publication of the records. Jefferson, however, was indefatigable in his efforts to put the

records of the journey in permanent form, and he now prompted Clark to get the work under way. After rather lengthy negotiations, Clark secured the aid of Nicholas Biddle of Philadelphia, who was then but a young man, although he had already attained considerable reputation as a financier, lawyer and man of letters. In little more than a year Biddle had completed the work of "editing" the manuscripts, and then was experienced the difficulty of securing a publisher. At last, in the early part of 1813, Biddle closed arrangements with Thomas Bradford for printing the work, and a year later the two small volumes were actually published.

The great amount of scientific matter contained in the notes of Lewis and Clark, aggregating one-fourth of the journals as a whole, had at the outset been eliminated by Clark and Biddle. This material was to have been edited for a special volume by Dr. Barton, an eminent naturalist in Philadelphia. Owing to the latter's illness and consequent death, however, this work was never carried out, and the scientific data so laboriously kept by the captains has not heretofore been published.

The task which Biddle undertook was by no means an easy one. He had the manuscript journals of the two captains and of Sergeant Ordway (the last named having since been lost) and the printed journals of Sergeant Gass, together with the verbal statements of Clark and of Private Shannon, who was also a member of the company of explorers. It was Biddle's task to weave this mass of heterogeneous data into a readable paraphrase, which should have unity and a simple and forceful literary style. The nearly 1,500,000 words of manuscript he condensed into 370,000 printed words. So skilfully is the work done that probably few have realized in reading his volumes that they had not before them the veritable journals of the explorers themselves written upon the spot.

About three years later we find Jefferson instituting a search for the manuscript journals of the explorers with a view of placing them in the archives of the American Philosophical Society. After meeting and overcoming many difficulties in his search, and after lengthy and voluminous correspondence with Clark, Biddle and others, he at last secured the following result of his labours as is shown from this minute of the 8th of April, 1818, in the records of the corporation of the society: "Mr. Nicholas Biddle deposited the original journals of Lewis and Clark, with an account of them and of those journals and documents which he was not possessed of." The deposit consisted of eighteen note-books and twelve parcels of loose sheets; of these, thirteen are in red morocco covers—seven by Lewis and six by Clark.

Here the records of Jefferson's search suddenly cease. Neither the federal government nor the American Philosophical Society having decided to publish them, these precious manuscripts slumbered untouched for nearly seventy-five years in the library vault of the society, practically unknown to historical scholars outside of that institution. In 1892 they were used by Dr. Elliott Coues in preparing a new edition of Biddle. The principal use which Dr. Coues made of the original journals, however, was in the form of notes to his text, in which, as was his custom, he freely modernized the original material. After he returned them to the society the manuscripts were left untouched for another nine or ten years, when it was determined, in view of the forthcoming centennial of the Louisiana purchase, at last to carry out Jefferson's suggestion, and publish the Lewis and Clark journals direct from the original manuscripts.

In the course of consequent investigation into the sources by the editor of the present work there came into view in the society's library a few other Lewis and Clark items besides those which Coues had used. Further investigation brought to light in the possession of direct descendants of General Clark several manuscript note-books of the explorer and a number of very valuable and interesting letters bearing directly upon the famous expedition. In addition to the above a most important discovery was made among this material of more than fifty detailed maps, for the most part made by Clark while on the trip. These maps are of the very highest importance, as they determine unquestionably the exact route followed by the expedition across the mountains, a point



UPPER BITTERROOT VALLEY, MONTANA

Reduced from one of the illustrations in the work

which has long been under dispute. Thus, so long after Jefferson's quest, and within the centennial year of the departure of the Lewis and Clark expedition on their journey, there have at last been located presumably all the literary records now extant of that notable enterprise in the cause of civilisation.

The press comments on what it describes as "this admirable and definitive edition of the journals" have been unanimous in their commendation.

The Chicago *Evening Post* says that "this magnificent contribution to Americana deepens the impression that no library of serious pretensions, public or private, can well afford to do without Dr. Thwaites's work, which is destined to occupy a place among the most important sources of American history."

The New York *Sun*, in speaking of what it calls "this splendid and superb edition of the journals," says that "it is an exciting tale of adventure that gains much by being told in the explorers' own words. It is the most fitting memorial for the centenary of the crossing of the continent."

The New York *Tribune* says: "It is hard to express a full appreciation of this work without seeming to indulge over much in superlatives. It is marked throughout by the most thorough reverent yet unobtrusive scholarship."

The Philadelphia *Public Ledger* has said: "Aside from its importance as the first complete and exact reprint of the precious documents, the work is a superb piece of craftsmanship, creditable alike to editor and publishers. So perfect and complete is this reprint that it may confidentially be considered as final and definitive from the historical viewpoint."

The Portland *Oregonian* states that "the material is of the highest importance and interest. Dr. Reuben Gold Thwaites, the editor, is especially fitted to edit this very important work because of his long and careful study of everything relating to the early settlement of the West."

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THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

MAY, 1906

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

We Disrespectfully Decline

We have received two circulars, a letter, and an accompanying postcard, from a group of persons who call themselves The Simplified Spelling Board, and who are now doing business at No. 1 Madison Avenue, in this city, with money supplied to them through the mistaken generosity of Mr. Andrew Carnegie. The letter,which addresses us as "Dear Sir or Madam" calls our attention to a list of three hundred words given in one of the circulars. The Simplified Spelling Board would like to have us spell these three hundred words in their way rather than in the way to which we have been accustomed. They say that to do this will lead to "the advancement of commerce, of democratic ideals, and of intellectual and political freedom." We should not have supposed that spelling three hundred words in a queer way would do all that. Then they ask triumphantly: "Is it not a matter which appeals to common sense, to patriotism and to philanthropy?" We are afraid that we must answer 'No' to this very naïve question. The matter certainly does not appeal to common sense, because we already know how to spell these three hundred words in a proper fashion, and we can't spend the time to memorise three hundred freakish forms just to please a Simplified Spelling Board. Certainly, our sense of patriotism would prevent us from encouraging anything which might lead foreigners to suppose that the United States is populated by cranks. As to philanthropy, we are not so sure. Mr. Carnegie's money as used by the Simplified Spelling Board is probably maintaining some worthy young men and women who are engaged in preparing these circulars and posting them to other citizens. But that fact affords no particular reason why we should accede to the appeal addressed to us as "Dear Sir or Madam."

*

The members of the Simplified Spelling Board are an able band. There are several university presidents among them, and also the president of a Dime Savings Institution. Of course Mr. Carnegie is there; and Mark Twain, as is most fitting, since the whole thing is a stupendous joke. Our old friend Brander Matthews is the Chairman. It is a curious circumstance, but we have often received letters from many of the gentlemen who make up the Simplified Spelling Board and we have never observed that in these letters their spelling was any different from ours. Their proposed reform would be so much more convincing to the average man if they would only heroically lead the way in it themselves. Yet even Mr. Carnegie, who is putting up the money, wrote us a letter not many weeks ago, and he spelled his words according to accepted usage. Professor Matthews has, we believe, lately advocated a perfect freedom in the matter of spelling, advising every one for awhile to spell exactly as he pleases, until finally a definite simplified cacography shall be evolved. If we were to ask him why he does not spell as he pleases, he would probably say: "I do; only it happens to please me to spell in the usual way." In other words, he prefers to spell like a gentle-

man rather than like a boor. But so does everybody else, so far as he can; and that is what is going to knock the bottom out of this Simplified Spelling business. So long as Mr. Carnegie supplies the funds, a perfect cataract of circulars will go swirling out of No. 1 Madison Aveue. The newspapers will for a time say something about it. But presently it will be forgotten. The much shorter list of barbaric spellings which were approved by the American Philological Association many years ago has confessedly failed to make its way into general use and there is much less chance for these three hundred forms which Mr. Carnegie has, so to



STEWART EDWARD WHITE, AFTER A PAINTING BY ROB WAGNER

speak, endowed. In the end it will be found that Simplified Spelling will not seriously appeal to any one but simpletons.

✖

An Unsolicited Testimonial

Several months ago we outlined the weird sea yarn about which Stewart Edward White and Samuel Hopkins Adams wrote *The Mystery*, the first instalment of which, as a serial, appears in the current number of the *American Illustrated Magazine*. Perhaps it is owing to the long and strong friendship that exists between these two collaborators that Mr. White pretends to refuse to accept Mr. Adams *au grand serieux* as a reformer of various evils of American life. Mr. Adams's articles exposing the frauds and dangers of patent medicines have been read and discussed by a great many persons, but Mr. White, to their author at least, professes to find in them a source of huge amusement. Not long ago he entertained himself by concocting the following screeds, the first of which purported to be from the Board of Trade of Santa Barbara, California, where Mr. White resides in what he calls "the Jumping Off Place;" and the second, a business communication from Mr. Samuel Hopkins Adams to the management of E-ta Be-na, the Great Nerve Food.

Mr. Samuel Hopkins Adams,
Auburn, N. Y.

Dear Sir;

The enclosed letter was found in a bottle washed up on our beach in a storm some days ago. Naturally the contents have created great excitement among our citizens, and the consequences are like to prove serious. The sale of *Collier's* has been tremendous; and the druggists have done an all night business. Our jail proving inadequate for the Peruna jags, we have been forced to use the Christian Science Cathedral for that purpose. A coward of this town named White has dared to insinuate that our rejoicing may be premature, and that the document may be a forgery. We therefore call on you to refute this slander by return mail.

Most sincerely your's,
Board of Trade,
Santa Barbara, Cal.



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Ditto, ditto, with copy of government regulation	250.00

Awaiting your further commands, I remain,

Sincerely
Samuel Hopkins Adams
"Pe-ru-na Polemics."

✖

Through an oversight we failed to give credit to the Century Company for the portrait of the Dowager Empress of China which appeared on page 178 of the April issue, in connection with Professor Peck's "Twenty Years of the Republic."



UPTON SINCLAIR'S HOME IN PACKINGTOWN



WHERE "THE JUNGLE" WAS WRITTEN

The Jungle and its Critics

Mr. Upton Sinclair's *The Jungle,* which has been considerably discussed lately, is a book which needs a little plain talk. In the first place, the very nature and method of the story made inevitable a certain amount of hysterical commendation and criticism. For instance, the other day a minister—in fact he is Mr. Haines, pastor of the largest Cong. church in New Haven—gave vent to an extravagant and quite meaningless outburst in which he acclaimed Mr. Sinclair as a prophet and as a realist infinitely greater than Zola or Tolstoy or Gorky. We have no intention of arguing the matter; we simply say, politely but firmly, to the reverend gentleman that Mr. Sinclair is nothing of the kind. He has, however, unquestionably some talent and in *The Jungle,* despite its perfectly obvious crudities, has achieved a book that is not without power.

The first question that strikes readers of *The Jungle* is the question as to its truth, for the piling of one abomination upon another provokes a shudder in the most hardened. We are inclined to believe that up to a certain point Mr. Sinclair really "stands pat" on this score and that there is probably not an incident in the story for which he could not adduce documentary proof. Only while each of these horrors, taken by itself, may be absolutely accurate down to the last detail, the accumulation of them, one following another almost without breathing spell, gives an utterly false and preposterous picture of life. Then, too, while it is a far cry from the *Journal of Arthur Stirling* to *The Jungle,* the memory of the former book cannot but affect one's opinion as to the reliability of Mr. Sinclair. Just as in some intense and terrifying moment of a play we lean back and console ourselves by remembering that after all, it is only make believe, so, in the most harrowing chapters of *The Jungle,* we find a certain relief by recalling the gross distortions of the *Journal of Arthur Stirling* and thereby base a conviction that the horrors of Packingtown are in the main just as imaginary, or at least, just as much overdrawn.

Thomas F. Millard

Though still in his thirties, Mr. Thomas F. Millard, the author of The New Far East, has had a variety of experiences that constitutes an unusual equipment for work out of the usual lines. He was born in Phelps County, Missouri, in 1868, was educated in the public schools and high school of Rolla, Missouri, and then entered the University of Missouri. After graduation from the University he studied law and was admitted to the Bar in 1893, but never practiced. Financial reverses compelled him to seek employment, and after a year or two in mining camps on the Western frontier, where he



PROFESSOR SANTAYANA OF HARVARD

caught a glimpse of two Indian campaigns, he entered wholesale dry-goods house in St. Louis, where he remained nearly three years. Seeing little hope of beginning the practice of law under favourable circumstances, he turned towards journalism, and in the spring of 1895 he secured employment on the *St. Louis Star,* an afternoon paper. For three years he worked on the St. Louis press, being connected with several papers. He witnessed the Greek War as a correspondent for the *St. Louis Republic.* When the war between Spain and the United States seemed a certainty, he was employed by the *New York Herald* to go to the front. On his return to New York he became assistant, and later Sunday editor of the *Herald.* The revolutions in Santo Domingo and Venezuela during the summer of 1899 took him south, and he returned to the United States just as the war in South Africa was beginning. He hastened to the scene, and was with the Boer armies until the fall of Pretoria. He then went to China, where he gathered much of the material for the present book.

William Allen White

To many people it has been a matter of wonder that a man like William Allen White should be content to remain a simple country editor in Emporia, Kansas, when his ability and reputation would undoubtedly bring him position in any of the large Eastern cities. The reason, however, is very simple. Mr. White likes—it may be said without stretching the proprieties that he loves Emporia, Kansas. The seemingly larger rewards that he might obtain in New York or Boston are to him insignificant compared with the satisfaction of contributing through the influence of the Emporia Gazette columns to Emporia's welfare and, incidentally, the welfare of the state. His pen is most happy when this state and its people are in question. When he appeared with his editorial "What's the matter with Kansas?" the whole country listened, laughed, and was convinced. Since then the Emporia *Gazette* and its



T. F. MILLARD, AUTHOR OF "THE NEW FAR EAST," SITTING ON THE IMPERIAL THRONE IN AN AUDIENCE HALL OF THE FORBIDDEN CITY. GENERAL WINT AND MAJOR SIGSWORTH ON EITHER SIDE.

editor have been a recognised factor in journalism. Mr. White's affection for his country people is shown by his newest book, *In Our Town,* where the editor of the daily in a typical Western town writes reminiscently of his village, its history, its characters and their humourous or pathetic stories.

❦

Benson's "Walter Pater"

Mr. A. C. Benson's life of *Walter Pater* is announced for early issue in the English Men of Letters series. Mr. Benson, who wrote the *Rossetti* in the same series, has, in the absence of any official biography, collected the information as to the events of the life from Pater's relatives and friends. A more sympathetic biographer Pater could hardly have had; and Mr. Benson has woven the incidents of Pater's secluded life, with his few close friendships, his teachings, his studies, and his writings, into a worthy addition to recent literary biography. The first chapter, for example, pictures the "grave, silent, and friendly boy" through the impressionable years, showing his temperament, his early taste for symbolical ceremony, and his early habit of ob-



CHARLES KLEIN, THE AUTHOR OF "THE MUSIC MASTER" AND "THE LION AND THE MOUSE," IN HIS LIBRARY

serving and apprehending beauty. Beauty and sorrow were for him the two great facts. So Mr. Benson goes on to picture Pater's retired, almost ascetic life at Brasenose, devoted to quiet literary study; and in later chapters reviews his literary work, the influence of his Oxford life, and his personal characteristics. It is of interest, by the way, to note that Pater's father was born in America, whence the household returned to England early in the nineteenth century.

❦

The announcement of Mr. Edgar Saltus's new book, *Vanity Square,* which is described as "a novel of love and mystery



JAMESON LEE FINNEY, NOW PLAYING THE PART OF BILLY WOODS IN THE DRAMATIZATION OF JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS'S "THE STOLEN STORY"

of the Fifth Avenue of to-day," recalls the Edgar Saltus of the eighties who was, in a way, an exceedingly interesting literary personage. Twenty years ago Mr. Saltus, then a very young man, was engaged in writing a number of novels, most of them having to do with what may be called the psychology of love. These books were passably clever, contained considerable colour, and smacked of polite erudition, but beyond that there was only a little that would be likely to stir us nowadays. Then, however, they were deemed startling by their boldness and their departure from conventional lines. Not only were they rigorously kept out of the hands of the *jeune fille*; even among people of mature years they were whispered about as dealing a little too frankly with the sinister shadows of social life. For example, there was *The Pace That Kills.* For a brief

Edgar Saltus in the Eighties



FRANCES POWELL, AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE ON THE HUDSON" AND "THE PRISONER OF ORNITH FARM"

day this book made a great impression. The name itself was significant and the story was then held to live up to its title. Nowadays it would probably cause hardly a ripple, yet then *The Pace That Kills* and Mr. Edgar Fawcett's *The Evil That Men Do* were regarded as indicating the last extreme to which an American writer could possibly go along certain lines of realism.

Mr. Saltus was born in 1858 in New York, of which city he is still a resident. He was educated at St. Paul's School, Concord, and studied abroad at Heidelberg, in Munich, and at the Sorbonne. Although he has never practiced as a lawyer he holds a degree from the Columbia University Law School. Beside *The Pace That Kills* may be mentioned *Balzac, a Study; The Philosophy of Disenchantment; Mr. Incoul's Misadventure; The Truth about Tristram Varick; The Pomps of Satan; The Anatomy of Negation; When Dreams Come True; A Transaction in Hearts;* and *Purple and Fine Linen.* He has also written a History of Love, Ancient and Modern, which is said to be the only thing of its kind in the English language. Some time ago he wrote a novel based on the life of Mary Magdalen. On its appearance a Western man wrote to a literary paper charging Mr. Saltus with taking the idea of the novel from a story of his. "That is very interesting," said Mr. Saltus when the charge was shown him, "but it would be more interesting still if the gentleman had stated which one of the four evangelists he considered himself to be." Recently being asked what books had helped him most, Mr. Saltus, with a modesty worthy of Bernard Shaw, promptly replied, "My own."

Parnell and Others

Americans in general have almost forgotten that there ever was an Irish Question—at least in Ireland—owing to the years of comparative peacefulness that have intervened since the stormy days of the Land League agitation. A recent book entitled *Recollections,* written by Mr. William O'Brien, the well-known Irish journalist and political leader, recalls some memories of the interesting personality of Parnell, who must always remain a remarkable figure in the history of British politics. Mr. O'Brien has some stories to tell about Parnell's visit to America in 1880 in quest of money to relieve his starving countrymen. At that time it was noticed that the great leader was seldom seen in public and appeared to court seclusion. When received by a procession on entering a city, he would very soon slip away and remain invisible until the business meeting in the evening, when he would speak and take part in the collection of funds. This led many persons to think him unsociable and unpleasantly exclusive. It was, really, however, due to a bit of very shrewd calculation. He himself explained it to a friend in these words: "All that half the people in an American town want to see in these shows is the man. If they can see him for nothing, you won't find them turning up for the collection." Parnell told a rather amusing anecdote of the Governor of a certain Western State, who presided at one of the meetings, presumably with an eye to the Irish vote, and without much knowledge about the distress in Ireland for which the relief funds were to be collected. After the meeting was over, the Governor made some remarks in the hotel where he was staying:

> "Somehow," he said, "Parnell did not impress me a bit. When I saw this sleek young dude, as well fed as you or I and a darned sight better groomed, I said to myself, 'The *Herald* knows what it's about. The idea of sending out a man like that to tell us they are all starving!' But when the other man, poor Dillon, came along with hunger written on every line of his face, I said, 'Ah! that's a different thing. There's the Irish famine right enough! and I guess my five hundred dollar bill would not wait in my pocket any longer."

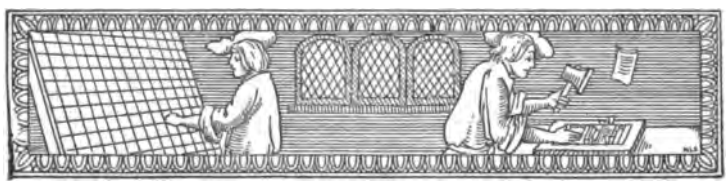
Another anecdote concerns Joseph Biggar who really invented the policy of systematic obstruction in the House of Commons. Biggar was by trade a dealer in bacon, and was as thick-skinned and as indifferent to the amenities of life as any

of the porkers in whose flesh he dealt. As an orator he was dull and prolix to an extraordinary degree. On one occasion, after he had droned along for three long hours, reading page after page from official documents, the Speaker, hoping to discourage him, intimated that he could not hear what the honourable member was saying. "Quite right, Mr. Speaker," said Biggar stolidly, "the acoustic properties of this place are very bad. I will come nearer." And so he gathered up all his documents and, moving up nearer to the Speaker, began his three hours' speech all over again. One of the really awful things which Biggar did was in the case of a speech made by Gladstone. Mr. O'Brien tells the tale as follows:

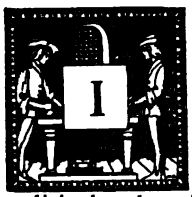
"Gladstone started up to make one of his pathetic appeals for more kindly feelings between the two peoples, which melted the hearts of the most reckless of our rough-riders. 'Honourable members,' he said, in one of the softest stops of his noble organ-voice, 'will perhaps give more indulgence to my appeal because, in the nature of things, I cannot hope that this voice will be heard much longer in this House.' 'Hear! hear!' rang out Biggar's harsh crow of exultation, horrible as a pistol-shot in the midst of the solemn hush. I am bound to say that the cry instantly cut short the Grand Old Man's sublime flight, and brought him down to the level of poor human frailty. His lion-head pricked up, as at the smart of a bullet-wound."

Maurice Barrès, who has lately been elected to the French Academy, is at once a novelist, a politician, and a psychologist. When he began to write, he was professedly a disciple of Paul Bourget; but whereas Bourget infuses psychology into his fiction, Barrès may be said to have merely infused some fiction into his psychology. He was one of the most prominent writers of Young France, seeking to find some line of thought which should lead the mind away from the animal-like naturalism of Zola without falling into the rather fatalistic teaching of men like Taine. Therefore he evolved what may be called a sort of egoistic idealism, urging that each human being should "develop his own ego; and then humanity will be a beautiful forest,—beautiful because all trees, plants and animals develop freely there and grow according to their own nature." Barrès felt the influence of Renan rather strongly, so that one of his critics gave him the nickname of "Mademoiselle Renan," implying that he was weak and shallow. His early novels, *Sous l'Oeil des Barbares, Le Jardin de Bérénice,* and *Un Homme Libre* are all more or less autobiographical and are written in a style that makes them hard to read. It is probably in Barrès that George Moore found the model for his *Confessions of a Young Man.* The detached paragraphs, the irrelevant reflections, the interspersed and very tantalising bits of autobiography, all remind one of Barrès. Of late years Barrès has given up his philosophy of egoism and has advocated in a spirited way a species of fraternalism. His best novel *Les Déracinés,* which appeared in 1897, has been called "a romance of national energy." In it he shakes off the narrowing and enervating traditions of Paris and urges his younger countrymen to remain in the provinces and develop a broad and inspiring patriotism.

Maurice Barrès



IMPERIALISTS—BRITISH AND GERMAN



IT is not inconsistent with a considerable degree of faith in imperialism, we trust, to note certain foibles on the part of those who most vigorously champion that political doctrine. In some cases, Russians and Germans are usually the worst offenders of this sort, they do not hesitate to proclaim the right on sundry grounds of their particular nation to inherit the earth. With a better knowledge of one's neighbors, however, and the disappearance of the superstition of "chosen races," this attitude is becoming rather too naive for general display. Instead, a masterly policy of indirection is more frequently employed. This consists in the praise, often beyond all measure, of the virtues and attainments of rival nations, and the condemnation, usually more or less restrained, of certain vicious tendencies and deficiencies in the life of your own people. It is an old dodge, as old as Herodotus or Tacitus at least, and doubtless effective to a degree, in rousing emulation and renewing endeavor. Frequently,—for your imperialist is of necessity an optimist,—this Fabian device is coupled with the comfortable intimation that all is bound to come right in the end, or, to be perfectly frank, that world-empire under British, German, Russian, or American auspices (as the case may be) is certain of ultimate attainment.

From the two volumes before us many illustrations could be drawn in support of the above contentions. Mr. Goldman's admirable and extensive compendium on *The Empire and the Century* contains over fifty contributions by recognised experts, dealing not only with the general aspects of the British Empire, but also with the special imperial problems to be faced in connection with Canada, Australia, South Africa, India, Egypt, and the other constituents of this great political aggregate. Mr. Eltzbacher's *Modern Germany* deals in more modest compass with the political and economic problems of the Kaiser's realm, special attention being given to possible future conflict with English ambitions. Taken together the two volumes present admirable general discussions, from a strictly British point of view, of the imperialisms of Britain and Germany respectively.

In accordance with the imperialistic foibles gently referred to above, one would expect the English to come in for more or less reproof on the "flanneled oaf" order both from Mr. Goldman's associates and from Mr. Eltzbacher. Conversely, the Germans in particular, but also the Americans, Russians, and Japanese, might anticipate many complimentary notices, deserved and undeserved. It is evidently with such reservations in mind that one must take Mr. Eltzbacher's pungent and thorough-going statement that "the sturdy English race of former times is being replaced by a puny, stunted, sickly, sterile, narrow-chested, weak-boned, short-sighted, and rotten-toothed race." Not for all the statistics, showing the drift of population to great cities and the improvement in municipal conditions in all the progressive nations of the world, would we subtract a single adjective from that bristling array! Even more unkind to the English and flattering to ourselves is Mr. Eltzbacher's explanation of Germany's attitude toward his own country and the United States. "The Germans have come to the conclusion," he writes, "that Great Britain is a senile nation which is declining, and that the United States are a young and vigorous nation, whose political future and military potentialities seem unlimited unless, indeed, their progress be arrested by force."

The Empire and the Century. Edited by Charles Sydney Goldman. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co., 1905.

Modern Germany. By O. Eltzbacher. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co., 1905.

Nevertheless, Mr. Eltzbacher does not despair for the British Empire. Fortified by an extended and absolutely worthless array of newspaper clippings, he comes to the conclusion that Germany and Russia are fated to destroy each other at some time in the not distant future, although this pleasing forecast is rather weakened by the next chapter wherein England is indicated as the possible prey of the Kaiser. Also Germany suffers greatly, according to Mr. Eltzbacher, because of the repression of individualism inherent in her governmental system. A reckoning must come with the social-democrats whose virtues are extolled at length, not however including the very commendable degree of conservatism that has been brought into that party by increasing numbers and the influence of Bernstein. At this point one may be permitted another digression upon the shortcomings of the more radical imperialists. As a general rule they are far too much inclined to deal with the world of political ideas as a fixed quantity. Obviously, however, in the very considerable period of time necessary to the complete realisation of any of the imperial schemes now before us the scale of theoretical political values may be greatly changed. For instance, it is hardly probable that at the end of the great reconstruction now going on in Russia the colonising policy of that nation will continue in exactly the same directions, and with exactly the same force. It may be vastly strengthened; it may be weakened or even abandoned. A more universal example is furnished by the increasing tendency toward socialism, or if a colourless word be preferred, toward collectivism. It is as unmistakable as the drift toward imperialism, and together the two developments are beyond comparison the mightiest and most interesting of all the movements that occupy the thought of civilised men to-day. What of their reaction upon each other? Clearly, the imperialists have given little attention to the matter. For the most part, they seem to rely implicitly upon the existing order. Social readjustment at a time when nations are grasping for the world's markets they regard as little less than suicidal. Trade unionism, especially in the guise of restriction of output, is a terror; powerful industrial manipulation, even if it be at the hands of great trusts, is eagerly applauded as an admirable means, especially when fed by bounties, to beat the foreigner. On the other hand, socialists have too often contented themselves with an unthinking pledge to make short shrift of imperialism immediately upon the advent of the *Zukunftsstaat.* Foreign adventure appears to them a capitalistic or monarchistic device to distract attention from crying evils at home. Even the working classes are corrupted by it and insensibly acquire the aristocratic habit of looking down patronisingly upon "subject" races.

But are the two positions really so irreconcilable? Certainly not in essence, for both mean an immense extension of governmental powers. Moreover, it is a commonplace of political theory that successful assimilation pre-supposes a healthy digestive apparatus on the part of the assimilating nation. Imperialism, therefore, cannot support itself permanently upon a régime open to the attack of many powerful forces of social reform. Nor can successful internal readjustment take place without liberating power for the civilising organisation of larger territories. The two impulses must in the end absorb each other more or less completely. Indeed, the procee has begun, nor is it by any means confined to dialectics. In Germany the growing social-democracy is realising the necessity of being prepared with a foreign policy against the day of its more or less complete accession to power. English "new" Toryism makes great professions of social reform at the same time that it cherishes the dream of empire.

There is more than a hint of this conception in Mr. W. F. Monypenny's eloquent essay on *The Imperial Ideal,* although here and elsewhere in Mr. Goldman's volume the "chosen people" idea is implicit if not expressed. As for the United States, it is a "one-sided product of nationality and democracy," and hence "contains no suggestion of the new Imperial ideal." We are also very properly reminded by the writers on Canada that our pig-headed, high-protective policy in rejecting reciprocity with the Dominion

is at the bottom of the preferential and imperialistic sentiment now held so devoutly by our northern neighbors. In general the writers on Canada impress one as combining two rather incongruous ideas, the one all loyalty and confidence in their country's future, the other a rather petulant whine at England's neglect. Thus Sir Wilfrid Laurier's truly "picturesque" saying that "the nineteenth century was for the United States; the twentieth is for Canada" is paraded on every occasion in that impressive land-boomer style with which, being adepts at it ourselves, we are so thoroughly familiar, while at the same time the mother country is mildly reproved on several grounds including the sweetly unselfish plaint that by this time British capital should have "got over its shyness of sound Canadian investments."

Mr. J. L. Garvin's powerful exposition of Chamberlainism will impress many readers as the best essay in Mr. Goldman's volume. Particularly interesting are his expressions regarding England's ally, Japan. On Far Eastern trade he writes: "The 'open-door' is there indeed, but even 'open doors' are sometimes blocked by that portion of the crowd which is in front. While she [Japan] must not obstruct the foreign trade passing through the 'open door,' she can and will secure the same comparative advantage by subsidising her own." According to Mr. Garvin, Japan's further plans along this line are not yet thoroughly appreciated by western nations. "We are about to see what the world has never seen before," he writes,—"economic competition organised by the State with the same weapons which the Western nations, less logically, have hitherto wielded in full efficiency for the sole purposes of war. Japan is about to create industries just as she creates battleships. She is about to purchase and construct the economic apparatus of a great power, just as she acquired the fighting apparatus of a great power. She did the latter part of the work in a single generation; she will do the former part within another generation." Possibly these statements must be somewhat discounted on the ground that Mr. Garvin's interest in a great British trade-awakening has led him into exaggeration. On the other hand, Japan's recent feverish activity in pushing the nationalisation of her railroads at a time of grave economic distress lends a high degree of probability to this noteworthy prediction.

Robert C. Brooks.

BESIDE THE MARTYRS' MEMORIAL.

Their sterner God we have long since forgot;
We creed to shifting creed our wonder give,
Yet from the ashes of dead faiths that lie
On Age we whisper: Theirs the happier lot,
Who found this narrower faith, by which to live,
Who knew this darker God, for whom to die!

Arthur Stringer.

his shoulders,—from the Albany to the House of Commons,—have rather more strikingly illustrated to him the "intense meanness of a lie!"—he also reminded her—that having got every shilling of her little property, she was utterly dependent on his will and pleasure for her daily bread. Since then, he has unremittingly placed every impediment in her way, to prevent her increasing, by her own hard work, that daily bread, and hunted her through the world with conspiracies—and outrages,—so dastardly, that "he alone can be their parallel!" And her greatest crime of all is, that amid all the sharp tortures of this penury and persecution, and over the precipices of this cruelly false position he has never been able to push her from the proud eminence of her own self-respect though had he driven her,—as many a weaker woman might have been driven, to walk the streets, she would still have been far —far too good for such a man,—with whom vice is a system, and vengeance a calculation.

From the day of this separation until her husband's death in 1873, Lady Lytton never ceased to make him the object of an unrelenting denunciation. When he stood for Parliament, she wrote letters and sent circulars to his constituents; she delivered harangues about him before the lyceums and other gatherings; and in short, she left nothing undone to render his life miserable, so far as it lay within her power to do so. She even wrote two novels—*Very Successful* and *The World and his Wife*—in which under thin disguises he was held up to reprobation. Many sympathetic persons at one time and another espoused her cause; but they soon became alienated by her obvious unreason and by the unwomanliness of her vindictive hatred. In 1857 she wrote a long "Appeal to the Justice and Charity of the English Public," which was written in wild, vituperative and recriminating language. This she printed at her own expense, as her lawyer found it impossible to obtain a publisher for it; and she appealed to everyone to purchase the pamphlet or to contribute to her support by sending her gifts of money. In its pages she describes her husband as "A literary Cagliostro, a political Titus Oates, and a marital Henry the Eighth." Bulwer-Lytton took no active steps to restrain her in all these manifestations, though she accused him of trying to prevent the sale of her books. There is no evidence, however, that he did anything of the sort; and, indeed, most publishers of repute were unwilling to have anything to do with her frantic outpourings. She survived her husband by nine years, dying in 1882; and then it might have been supposed that this long protracted controversy would be allowed to pass out of the public mind. In 1883, however, the second Lord Lytton, who had sided with his father, published a memoir of him in the course of which with great delicacy and feeling he touched very briefly upon the domestic infelicities of his parents.

Immediately there came forward a Miss Louise Devey, the former friend and now the executrix of Lady Lytton. To her had been confided a packet of two hundred and ninety-eight letters, representing the correspondence of Bulwer-Lytton with Miss Wheeler in the days of their early courtship. Miss Devey published these with a preface, stating that she took this action in order to vindicate the memory of her dead friend. In what manner the letters could be regarded as a vindication it is difficult to see; though they serve as a remarkable contribution to the literature of epistolary love-making. The extravagant absurdity of some of them is almost beyond belief, and two passages may be quoted as illustrative of many others. In the letters Bulwer-Lytton addresses Miss Wheeler as "Poodle" and signs himself "Puppy" or "Puppo."

"My Adored Poodle: Many, many thanks for oo darling letter. Me is so happy, me is wagging my tail and putting my ears down. Me is to meet oo to-morrow. O day of days! I cannot tell you how very, very happy you have made me! No, my own love, don't come before 12; but really I shall meet you! Oh, darling of darlings . . . O zoo love of loves, me is ready to leap out of my skin for joy! Adieu. Twenty million kisses."

"And so they dressed my poodle in white and black? O zoo darling! how like a poodle! And had oo oo's bootiful ears curled nicely, and did oo not look too pretty, and did not all the puppy dogs run after oo and tell oo

what a darling oo was Ah! me sends oo nine million kisses to be distributed as follows: 500,000 for oo bootiful mouth, 250,000 to oo right eye, 250,000 to oo left eye, 1,000,000 to oo dear neck, and the rest to be equally divided between oo arms and hands.

"Ten million more kisses, my own darling, for your letter which is just arrived. It is read, and now before it is answered, take the following (marks of kisses). Pray, darling, shall we not kiss prettily to-morrow, darling (d) (a) (r) (!) (i) (n) (g)?

"Adieu, my own Rose, my life of life, very poodle of very poodles, adieu!

"Adieu, oo own idolatrous puppy.



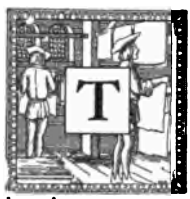
ROSINA, LADY LYTTON
FROM A DRAWING EXECUTED IN 1852 BY A. E. CHALLON, R. A.

"Ever my dearest, dearest, dearest, fondest, kindest, bootifulest, darlingest, angelest poodle. Oo own puppy."

English law vests the ownership of

letters in the writers of them and in the legal heirs of the writers. The second Lord Lytton, therefore, took immediate steps to suppress the book of Miss Devey, so that very few copies of it were ever circulated. It is now a bibliographical rarity of great price. This marked the end of a most lamentable and almost tragic story of which the development extended over fifty-five years. There is no doubt that to some extent it cast a cloud upon the reputation of Bulwer-Lytton as a man; for thousands of persons who did not know the facts were led to regard him as an exceptionally selfish and tyrannical husband, and he was often spoken of in this way purely through general impressions rather than through definite knowledge. These impressions were certainly unjust. The best vindication of his character is found in the Memoir written by his son, who is best remembered in the world of English politics as having been made Viceroy of India by Lord Beaconsfield, but who is much more widely known as "Owen Meredith," the author of *Lucile*. He, so far as was possible, excused his mother's violence and lack of reason, and he spoke with warmth and true affection of his father with whom he always made his home and whom he evidently respected as well as loved. The unhappy story of the two Lyttons is in reality the record of a clash of temperaments. The circumstances ought to be understood as a matter of simple justice to a man who, while claiming no superiority over his fellows, did not deserve the harsh reproaches from which he suffered and which he bore with manly resignation. *Lyndon Orr.*

THE FRENCH ROOSEVELT



HE French people are great hero-worshipers, and above all else they worship a hero on horseback. It was this that made Boulanger the idol of his day, and the feeling is so strong to-day that if there was a Bourbon prince with a spark of energy or daring he would have a good chance of stirring the blood and hearts of Frenchmen into looking upon him as a serious pretender to the rulership of France. Even the Kaiser has his French admirers, for despite the old war prejudices there are many who love the tinsel and pomp of a martial figure like William II, whose imperial surroundings vaguely recall the days, not so long ago, of the glitter and glory of the French Empire. But of all these world-heroes, who stand forth so prominently in public attention on both sides of the Atlantic, none has attracted so much interest and admiration as the President of the United States, Theodore Roosevelt. And following the strange psychological process which creates in the mind's eye a distinct image of people we have never seen, the French people have formed a very definite image of the American president, his appearance his traits, and all his surroundings. This image may not be the real Roosevelt, but it is the French conception of him, and a very strong one it is.

The French public has never had the advantage of seeing Mr. Roosevelt in the flesh and blood, as the American public sees him at Washington, New York, Oyster Bay, or wherever chance or his sporting tendencies may take him. But none the less the French public has formed a distinct picture of the American president,—a picture which is a sort of composite of all that has been written or caricatured or delineated in the pictorial press concerning the renowned college athlete, Western cow-boy, naval under secretary, Santiago rough rider, governor, president, *littérateur*, idealist, philosopher, and arbiter of the world's peace. This forming of mental pictures is a most interesting process, and often it may prove quite misleading. But in the case



of Roosevelt, the French conception is a faithful likeness in its broad general lines, even if the details are somewhat Frenchified. Like Claude Monet's famous impressionist pictures, the small details do not count, and only the striking effect remains. This effect, in the French Roosevelt, is a combination of fiercely dominating visage, fiery eyes looking through eye-glasses, glittering teeth set in a square, stern face, massive shoulders fit to rival those of Atlas in carrying the world, with swords, cutlasses, rifles, war accoutrements, bucking ponies, dancing Indians and other elements of noise and disorder scattered about this conception of human energy, as a sort of *mise-en-scène*.

A distinct impression of the French Roosevelt will be had by passing Widow Sergeant's portrait gallery of celebrities. This gallery is almost as well known as the Salon, although less patronized by savants. It is on the grand boulevards, opposite the Madeleine, and is known to all American tourists and Parisians. The shop is quite modest, in point of size, and the huge columns of the Madeleine add to its diminutive appearance. Yet, sad to say, there is always a greater crowd massed before this shop than there is at the portals of the sacred edifice across the way. The crowd is gazing at the gaudy pictures, and it requires a *sergeant de ville* to keep a passage open for the boulevard shoppers. The pictures which thus draw the gaping crowds show all the great personages of the day,—the Kaiser, the Czar, Roosevelt, the Mikado, Loubet, Delcassé. The man who has done the latest "big thing" occupies the centre of the stage. One day it is Thery, the automobile champion, winning the Gordon-Bennett cup. The next day it is Delcassé, resigning, and how ignominious his fall is pictured. Then the Kaiser comes forth in all the glory of mustaches and helmet, with one foot planted on Morocco; the




TSOUSHIMA
1905
ROOSEVELT: Asses? — Enough? — Game?


Mr ROOSEVELT SÉPARE LES COMBATTANTS.
L'ARC-EN-CIEL (Paris) N° 22.

Czar is shown escaping from flying bombs; King Alfonso is presented, reviewing a regiment of marriageable princesses; or Witte is pictured with a broad smile, while Komura's teeth chatter during the final peace crisis at Portsmouth.

But it remained for Roosevelt to relegate to the rear all these kings, emperors, mikados and princesses, and to take the very foremost place in this gallery of celebrities.

"*Voilà* Roosevelt," shouts the French crowd, pressing up to the window of celebrities. The entire front of the broad double glass front is resplendent with Roosevelt, in many postures. His *coup de théâtre* in bringing Russia and Japan to terms, made him, in the French eye, the first citizen in the world, and they are intent on seeing him in all his moods, peaceful or ferocious.

"*Voilà le lutteur!*" they exclaim, gazing at a French conception of Roosevelt as a fighter, stripped to the waist, with bulging muscles, the very personification of Mark Twain's "Child of Calamity," uprooting the mountains and snatching the very lightning from the sky.

Then the scene changes, and the French Roosevelt takes the form of a peace-maker—a very robust and determined peace-maker—who takes by the nape of the neck the Czar and the Mikado, knocks their heads together until both of them see stars, and brings them to a final realization of the blessings of peace.

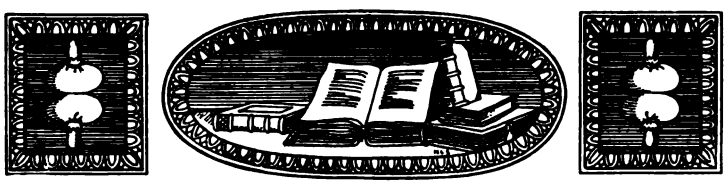
"*Voilà* Roosevelt, *le pacificateur!*"

There is an infinite variety of these French conceptions of Roosevelt. The face is usually a fair resemblance of the president. But the unmistakable French characteristics always accompany the pictures, for a Frenchman does not understand that he is the only man in the world who shrugs his shoulders in the French way, and who takes on an unmistakable appearance of the boulevardier. But this is all the same to the crowds, who drink



in the Roosevelt pictures, paying a franc each for them as souvenirs. Some of the drawings are by artists of fair repute—here is one by Orey, another by Robert, and others by Nemo and Mille. These are not great names, to be sure, and one is not likely to see their pictures in the Salon. More likely they belong to the happy-go-lucky bohemian artists of the Quartier Latin. Anyway they paint and draw well, and their work is a fair representation of the French view of the American president. It is for this reason that a half-dozen of these Roosevelt pictures were gathered from the collection of celebrities, in order to show Americans the conception foreigners have of the American president.

Bruce McLean.





THE GRAND CANAL IN VENICE, SHOWING THE TWO CONSULATES OF MR. W. D. HOWELLS AND THE HOUSES IN WHICH BROWNING AND CHATEAUBRIAND LIVED

AMERICAN POLITICAL WORKERS ABROAD

THE AMERICAN CONSULAR SERVICE

I



O speak of our Consular Service is to speak of things which to-day are and to-morrow are not. It is passing through a period of transition so searching that no contemporary account can have more than a general accuracy. And such an account will naturally be more at home with the phase not quite passed than with the phase not quite attained. For the moment, however, the Service remains one of the latest survivals of our Arcadian period, which may be said to have closed with the Spanish War. Our slowness to put it upon a reasonable basis represents a last stand—for the Asiatic seclusion of our fathers, against what they believed to be pernicious monarchical ideas. Strictly speaking, therefore, this characteristic institution of ours is no Service at all. For while it comprises some three hundred establishments in all parts of the world, employing over a thousand persons, it is organised upon so provisional and inadequate a system that we could scarcely have invented a more preposterous one if we had set out with the express purpose of doing so.

But the halcyon days of the theory that any American was by virtue of his enfranchised estate competent to discharge any duty which heaven might stoop to put upon him—provided he didn't get too familiar with it—are no more. Less and less does the conduct of our public affairs resemble nothing so much as the good old game of stage-coach, with presidential inaugurations to start the general scuffle for seats. No longer do ward heelers, poor relations, country editors, superannuated clergymen, young gentlemen ambitious to explore foreign lands at the least possible expense, or persons whose friends hope that a change of scene may prove beneficial—one of the reasons has been exploited in that amusing musical comedy "The Yankee Consul"!—freely obtain forage at the consular end of the public crib. Moreover, it must be admitted that some such providence as the one reputed to watch over children and drunkards has kept a kindly eye upon us. Of course it would be idle to expect that men with no special equipment, and removed from office as soon as they had obtained that equipment, could do the work of highly trained officials like those of England, Germany, or Japan. But our system, or lack of system, has at least contrived to bring together a far better class of men than a bureaucracy with the same salaries could have done. The freshness they have brought to their work, too, has gone far toward discounting its disadvantages. And if there have been men among them who were a public disgrace, there have also been many who were a public honour.

Of these latter it is interesting, in a magazine like *The Bookman*, to recall that no small proportion have been men of letters. If that was another sign of an Arcadian period it was one of the most engaging. A country that would scorn so monarchical a proceeding as to lend official countenance to the arts could yet feel pride in bestowing, with the left hand as it were, an ephemeral government post upon a son who held commerce with the Muses! One may wonder a little how this policy was supposed to consort with the scriptural dictum as to serving God and Mammon; but it offers its testimony as to a state of society and a relation to the world at large.



THE GRAND CANAL IN VENICE, SHOWING IK MARVEL'S (D. G. MITCHELL) CONSULATE IN 1853

Hawthorne's name, in this connection, is the one that comes most readily to mind. His friend and classmate Franklin Pierce, whose ascent to the presidency he had in a manner forwarded, appointed him in 1853 to the consulate at Liverpool. What he made of his double allegiance, in that dreary town, we know from *Our Old Home* and the English Notebooks. *The Marble Faun* and the Italian Notebooks are only less direct results of the experience, for unless Hawthorne had gone to England when he did he probably would never have seen Florence or Rome.

Another appointee of President Pierce was Mr. Donald G. Mitchell, better known and loved as Ik Marvel. He was sent to Venice, where his lines might seem to have been cast in pleasanter places than those of Hawthorne. But if Liverpool was at that time the most lucrative post in the service, Venice was probably the least. At all events Mr. Mitchell found it necessary to retire within the year, and his amusing paper "Some Account of a Consulate" (*Harper's*, 1855), throws light upon the left-handed generosities of an Arcadian period. His story "Count Pesaro" commemorates the quarters he occupied—the unfinished Palazzo Venier, with its one row of windows opening upon the Grand Canal and its cypresses rooted where the great *sala* should have been.

Mr. Howells, who went to Venice in wartime, fared more fortunately. He staid out his four years, and to them we owe *Venetian Life* and *Italian Journeys*, to say nothing of *The Lady of the Aroostook*, *A Fearful Responsibility*, and much else in his work that is less easy to isolate. In this case there was the happiest conjunction of Arcadian periods, for not only did Mr. Howell's years make him so susceptible to the enchantments of Venice that his young impressions remain true to the most protean of cities in spite of all the changes through which she since has passed —Maurice Hewlett, indeed, says that no one else in our day has written a readable book of travel—but Grand Canal rents were then of an idyllic conformity to the meagerest consular incomes. That he could have a balcony of the stately Palazzo Giustinian, with its magnificent outlook upon the first two links of the canal, and that certain of his successors could inhabit such celebrated palaces as the Palazzo Dario and the Ca' d'Oro, is evidence enough of other times to the humbler gentlemen of to-day who plant what *pied à terre* they may in the side canals.

The next of our better known writers to go abroad with a consul's commission was Bret Harte, who went to Crefeld in 1878, and two years later to Glasgow. We have little from his pen to commemorate this part of his life; but his own estimate of its importance is evident enough from the fact that upon retiring from the Consular Service in 1883 he chose to end his days in England. After him there are many other names that one might mention. Albion W. Tourgée, author of "A Fool's Errand," was consul at Bordeaux for six years, and at the time of his death had recently been transferred to Halifax. John J. Piatt, joint author with Mr. Howells of "Poems by Two Friends," was sent by Mr. Arthur to Cork, where he remained as an example to all mankind until 1894. W. J. Stillman, so long the Roman correspondent of the London *Times*, attended to our consular affairs in Rome and later in Crete. The Honourable John Bigelow, editor of Franklin's works and author of many of his own, was so successful a Consul General at Paris during the war that he was promoted to the Legation. Mr. George Horton, of poetry and of the Chicago *Record-Herald*, went to Athens during Cleveland's second administration and is now there again. "Modern Athens" and "In Argolis" are records of his observations by the way, and very pleasing ones at that. Another gentleman now in the service who has contributed to its literature is Mr. Benjamin H. Ridgely, Consul General at Barcelona. His experiences have furnished some entertaining stories to the magazines. And in this connection we must not forget Professor Luigi Monti of Harvard, the original of Longfellow's Sicilian Student, who served us in Palermo for many years and whose book "The Adventures of an American Consul Abroad" is the classic of the



HARPUT, TURKEY

Arcadian period. Then, if one might branch out into the kindred arts, there was Hiram Powers, there was Thomas Nast, there was— But it is time that we proceeded to some account of the Service itself.

I

While it is possible to speak of the Consular Service as a homogeneous organisation, and to describe it as such, there are differences of grade and function within it which are not always understood by outsiders. Thus there are three principal classes of consular officers carrying on the same general work but differing between themselves in important particulars. A consul-general—there are fifty-nine in the Service—is the highest of these, ranking with a brigadier-general in the army, or a commandant in the navy. He is likely to be established at the capital and to exercise a certain amount of jurisdiction over the consulates in the same country. This is not always the case, however. In Austria-Hungary, Belgium, France and Great Britain, we have two consuls-general each, in Germany six, and in China seven. Next come the consulates, of which there are now 246. A consul ranks with a colonel in the army or a captain in the navy. He is not allowed, with certain exceptions, to communicate directly with the Department of State, with his own Embassy or Legation, or with the central government of the country in which he is situated, but must forward his despatches through the consul-general, who can withhold them if he sees fit. Otherwise, however, his functions do not differ from those of his superior officer. He is located in the principal city of his district and his jurisdiction extends over a region corresponding with local geographical divisions. A commercial agent is a consul of lower rank, appointed directly by the President, without bond. There are only twenty-six in the entire Service, stationed generally at places where the work is too great for a consular agency, but not of a nature to require a regular consulate. A consular agency, it might be explained, is a small branch office dependent upon a superior consular establishment of one of the three preceding classes and carried on by a resident of the district who receives no salary but who is allowed to retain half the fees he collects.

The most important differences between consular establishments, in the eyes of those who occupy them, consist in the salaries. These at present range, in the case of consuls-general, from $1,500 to $5,000 a year. The pay of consuls and commercial agents varies from $1,000 to $5,000, those in receipt of the former sum being allowed to engage in business. There is also a class of consuls and commercial agents who receive no salary but who are allowed to engage in private business and to retain all fees. Thus the happy incumbent of Suva, in the Fiji Islands, reported $12.50 as the sum collected by him last year, while the plutocratic commercial agent at Carlsbad



CONSULATE, BEIRUT, SYRIA

took in $5,202.90. In addition to their regular salaries consuls have hitherto been allowed to retain what are called the unofficial fees, and half the income of their dependent agencies. In Paris and London these fees have exceeded $10,000 a year, and in perhaps twenty-five other posts they have amounted from $1,000 to $3,000. But in general they add little to a consul's revenues.

While our government is less liberal in money matters than almost any other it does not compel its foreign agents to depend altogether upon their slim stipends. A consul is allowed twenty per cent. of his salary for office hire, and the State Department pays the contingent expenses—when Congress happens to feel disposed to appropriate the necessary funds. And while contingent expenses are not understood to include service, most consulates are allowed from $300 to $600 a year for clerk hire. The sum varies of course according to the size and importance of the consulate.

We might speak, in this connection, of the subordinate officers of the Consular Service. Each establishment has one vice-consular officer and at least one deputy-consular officer, appointed by the Secretary of State on recommendation from the chief of the office. As these



CONSULATE, SIERRA LEONE



TAMATAVE, MADAGASCAR

positions are not paid they are usually held by the same person, a clerk or a messenger who draws his salary as such. Either or both of them, however, may be held by persons outside of the consulate. The difference between the two is that a vice-consul can act only during his superior's absence. In that case he is entitled to half the consul's pay while on leave, but not in addition to any salary which he may be drawing from the consulate. Such being the pecuniary inducements offered by these posts, they are not greatly sought after. As a matter of fact it is extremely rare to find an American in any subordinate capacity in our consulates.

There is, however, a small class of subordinate officers, thirteen in number, officially designated as Consular Clerks, who are appointed by the President and who are always Americans. This class was originally created with a view to training young men for the Service; but as its members happen to be the only persons in the entire Service who are not removable except for causes they have usually preferred their intermediate position with its safe salary of $1,000 and $1,200 to the uncertainties of a more exalted post. They are employed by the State Department for special details of various kinds, being ordinarily distributed among the more important offices in a vice-consular capacity.

The Interpreters and Marshals of consulates enjoying extra-territorial rights form another limited class of subordinate consular officers, less homogeneous and less permanent than that of the Consular Clerks, to whose special functions we shall have occasion to refer again.



MONROVIA, LIBERIA

II

Although the Secretary of State administers this great organisation—through the First Assistant Secretary, to whom consular correspondence is addressed, and the Consular Bureau, which disposes of that correspondence—he has little more to do with the superior appointments than to provide candidates with the proper forms of application. The appointing power rests with the President, whose nomination must be confirmed by the Senate. But the President, naturally, can know little or nothing of the vast majority of candidates. He must therefore take advice, and those whose advice should be most trustworthy are the candidate's friends. So, since such of the candidate's friends as happen to be known to the President are likely to be the Congressmen from the candidate's state, it has come about that consular appointments are more than anything else a political matter. In the Register of the Diplomatic and Consular Service the names of officers are accompanied by the names of the states from which they were appointed, and it has always been held proper ground for refusal of a candidate's claims to tell him that there were already more men in the Service than his state was entitled to.

This is the chief peculiarity of the American system. Ours is the only civilised country which avows the theory that the best man for a consulate is the man who has the most influential friends. And the insecurity of a consul's tenure is a direct corollary of this system. For since appointments are personal with the Executive, and since the Executive himself enjoys but a brief period in office, a Pharaoh will frequently arise who knows not Joseph. It happens, however, as is sometimes the case in other departments of life, that our practise does not altogether correspond with our theory. President Cleveland and Secretary Olney were the first to set their faces against indiscriminate appointments and removals, and this policy has been amplified by their successors until we have to-day, thanks to the resolute occupants of the White House and the State Department, something very much like a real Consular Service. Not only does it contain men who have served continuously for ten or fifteen years, or even longer, but in accordance with the Executive Order of November 10, 1905, extending the similar order issued by President Cleveland, vacancies in all consulates paying $1,000 or more are filled by transfer, by the appointment of persons who have formerly served under the Department of State, or by persons who have passed a satisfactory examination. As these examinations are not competitive the important thing is to be designated for them by the President—wherein the old system finds its last stronghold. And of course no Executive Order is binding upon succeeding Presidents. But conditions are infinitely better than they were in the palmy days of the Arcadian period.

After a candidate is designated for examination he passes into the jurisdiction of the State Department. There he is examined as to his knowledge of languages, of the country to which he is going, and of a consul's particular functions, as well as with regard to his general education; and there, if successful, he receives his instructions. He is also required to take an oath of office and to furnish bond in any amount between $1,000 and $10,000. Although his instructions are rarely very weighty the presentation of them does something for that *esprit de corps* which is so tenuous a factor of our Service. This period is chiefly valuable, however, as permitting a new consul to draw pay for thirty days between taking the oath of office and starting for his post. For it is another peculiarity of our system that a Congress so solicitous with regard to the "constructive recess"

and the mileages appertaining thereto makes no direct provision for the travelling expenses of its foreign agents—unless they happen to die at their posts. It merely allows them in addition to their pay during the period of instruction a further allowance for the period of their journey. Under no circumstances may this be drawn in advance, however, and the consul is not permitted to exceed a fixed number of days in reaching his post. As the sum thus received rarely suffices to cover the expenses of one person, it may be imagined to what embarrassment a man with a family is sometimes put.

His first duty upon arrival is to notify the consul-general of that fact—or if he himself happens to be the consul-general, the Embassy or Legation. He must then await his Exequatur, for until his commission has been recognised by the government of the country to which he goes he has no legal status as a consul. If he should happen to be *persona non grata* his Exequatur would be withheld, and he, for proper cause, would be withdrawn. Usually, however, there is no delay about this document, for which the State Department has previously applied through its diplomatic representative in the country in question. When it is transmitted to him, by the consul-general or by the local authorities, he is ready to take possession of his office. His first official act is to draw up with the retiring consul a joint inventory of the furniture of the consulate, and a joint account of whatever fees may be on hand. He must notify the Auditor of the State and other Departments of this fact, in order



CONSULATE IN WARSAW



CONSULATE AT YOKOHAMA

that he may begin to draw his salary. The inventory he sends to the First Assistant Secretary of State, with a full descriptive report of the office and those employed in it. And after taking over the seal, arms, flag, etc., he must send due notification thereof to his consul-general and to his fellow consuls in the same country.

It should perhaps be added that the retiring consul is not necessarily on hand to assist in these operations. It used often to happen, indeed that an out-going consul had no warning of the appointment of his successor until that gentleman appeared in the flesh brandishing a commission. But such incidents are now happily rare, and the incoming consul is likely to gain his first acquaintance with consular affairs from the subordinate in charge. He is not required to take over either subordinates or quarters from his predecessor—or allowed, for that matter, to make a long lease. For this reason, and because American consuls are worse paid and less stable than most others, they are usually installed with considerably less dignity than their colleagues in the same town.

III

So much vagueness exists as to the nature of a consul's duties that tediousness would be a virtue if it made an account of them explicit. It is too often supposed by persons who should know better that he is a sort of diplomatic officer and that his chief end in life is to "protect" those of his fellow countrymen, who, in such formidable numbers, are wont to frequent foreign shores. This perhaps arises from the fact that there is a class of consulates to which we have alluded as enjoying extra-territorial rights. These include the majority of consultates in independent African and Asiatic countries—Japan is an exception—and they have certain resemblances to diplomatic establishments. Moreover they exercise judicial functions in addition to their commercial ones, having a part in all trials involving the citizens or the laws of the United States and being intrusted with the custody of Americans arrested by the courts in which they sit. Then a few other consulates happen, for convenience, to combine diplomatic functions with their own. And there is a certain amount of "protection" which a consul can afford to American seamen. He can only "protect" them from an American master, however, and he cannot even give help —officially—to the most deserving



CONSULATE IN CALCUTTA

American seaman who has shipped under a foreign flag. The most he can do is to take charge of the effects of an American citizen dying in his district. For the rest there is no more reason why Americans should require protection abroad than at home—except under circumstances that would generally make a consul as unwilling as he would be powerless to help them. Any serious intervention between an American citizen and the laws of a civilised country is a matter for diplomacy.

It cannot be strongly enough insisted upon that, with the exceptions we have noted, a consul has no representative function whatsoever. That function belongs to the senior branch of the foreign service. And the separation between the two is so complete that while a consular officer is greatly outranked by a diplomatic officer, he is in no way responsible to the latter. A consul is primarily and essentially a commercial scout. His chief duty is to familiarise himself with commercial conditions in his district, to learn what commercial relations exist or might exist between his district and his own country, and to give publicity to all such information. He is accordingly required to submit at least one annual report covering these facts very fully, with the latest statistics and any other intelligence or suggestions of pertinence. In addition to this long and formal paper, which covers much the same ground every year, he is expected to report on his own initiative any phase of the commercial situation of which prompt knowledge may be valuable to Americans. Then he is frequently called upon by the Department to report on given subjects. As this is not seldom done at the instance of some private interest it can be seen that the State Department maintains a bureau of information of an invaluable kind. These reports are published daily and monthly by the Depart-

ment of Commerce and Labour and are distributed gratis.

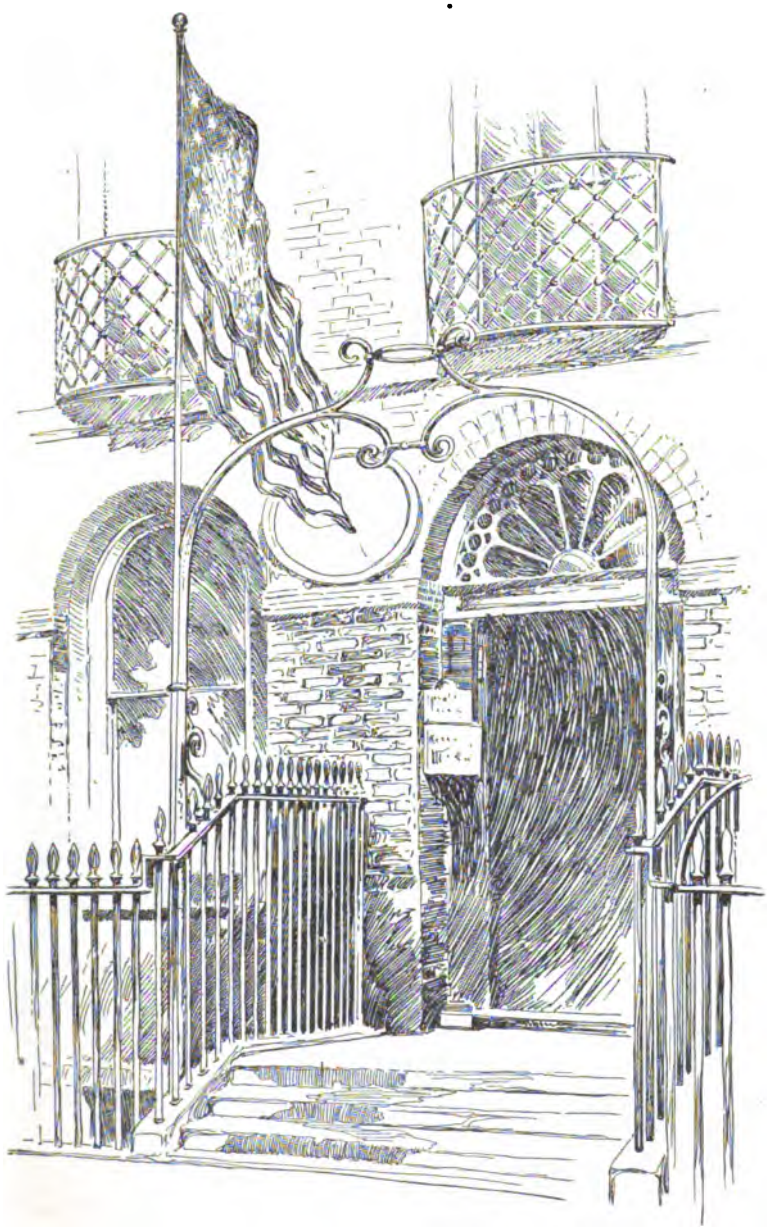
While these are a consul's chief duties, there are others that go to fill up the routine of his office hours. The most important of them is the certification of invoices. Every shipment to the United States of merchandise worth $100 or more must be invoiced in triplicate—or in quadruplicate it sent in bond—on forms provided by the consul and certified by him and by the sender. Since of course he cannot inspect the shipments in person, and since the invoices are often very numerous, this means that he has to keep a sharp eye on current prices in order to protest an invoice which he suspects of being undervalued. He may refuse to certify it altogether or he may communicate privately with the Collector of Customs at the port of entry to which the merchandise is bound. Undoubtedly a great deal of undervaluation escapes detection—there is occasion enough for the trick to be tried, with duties at fifty and sixty per cent. *ad valorem*—but consuls nevertheless save considerable money to the country. Mr. Francis B. Loomis, in a recent article in *The North American Review,* estimates the figure at $2,500,000 a year.

While this work is common to all consulates, seaport consulates have certain



THE CONSULATE IN TANGIER

additional functions. Services to shipping and seamen were once a consul's most important duty, but with the extinction of our merchant marine there are comparatively few ports where much remains to be done in the way of swearing in and paying off crews, looking after stranded seamen, attending to wrecks, etc. Almost every seaport consulate, however, has more or less occasion to issue original or supplementary bills of health, and landing certificates. Any ship sailing for the United States must obtain from the American consul at the port of departure a bill of health, stating the exact number of persons on board and whether any cases of infectious or contagious disease exists among



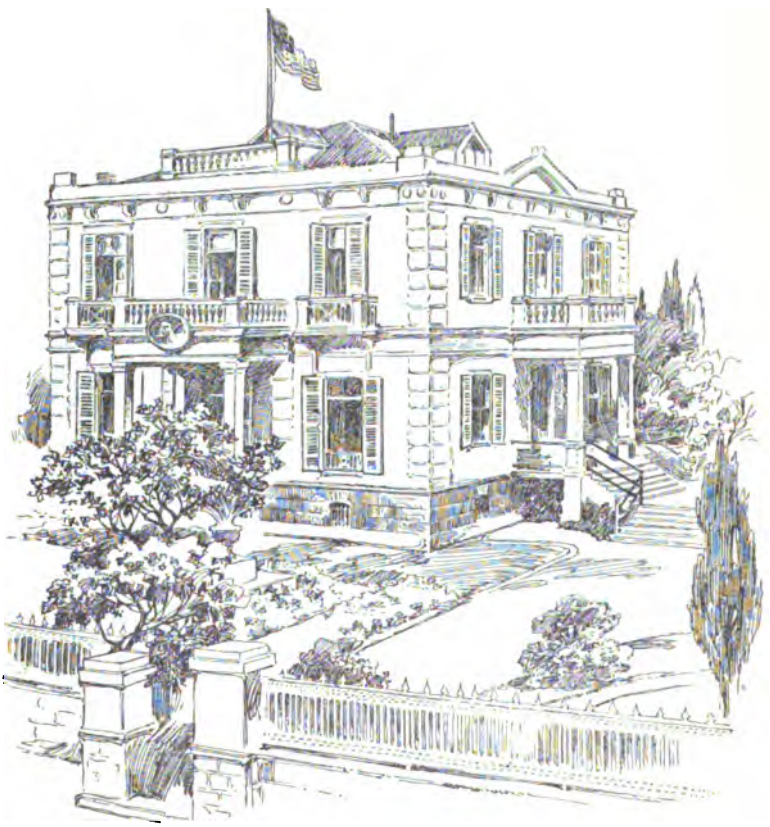
ENTRANCE TO THE LONDON CONSULATE

them. The consul is not expected to verify this declaration. He merely witnesses the master's oath, to whose interest it is to tell the truth.

For these and other official services, such as visaing a passport or issuing a marriage certificate, a consul collects fees of different amounts from one to five dollars. The registry of these according to their several categories involves no little book-keeping. The money is held until the end of the quarter, when a general account of salaries, expenses, and fees must be promptly sent to Washington. The sum in hand is then applied toward the sum required for disbursement, and the consul draws for or remits the balance, as the case may be. In all the larger consulates he remits. The fees go far toward paying for the Service—chiefly in driblets of $2.50 for certifying invoices. Last year, according to Mr. Loomis, consular officers took in over a million dollars, while the government was obliged to spend for their maintenance only $144,152. With these accounts the consul is obliged to submit sworn statements as to the number of days he may have been absent from his post, and with regard to the accuracy of such of his accounts as cannot be accompanied by vouchers. As certain of the accounts and returns go to the State Department while others go to the Treasury Department, and as all bills have to be reduced to American gold and accompanied by vouchers in duplicate, the quarterly accounts of a consulate are often complicated out of all proportion to the sums involved.

IV

In addition to his strictly official duties a consul has others that occupy perhaps even more of his time. There is



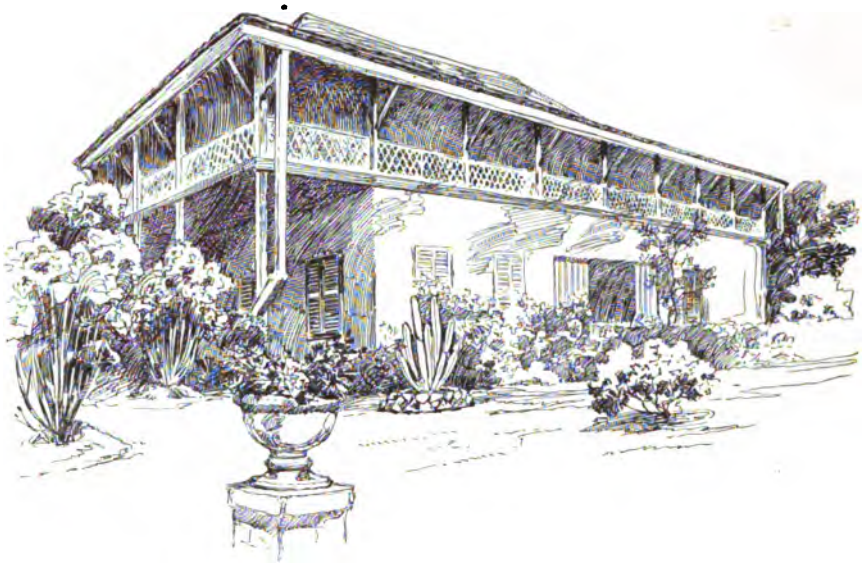
CONSUL'S RESIDENCE, SALONICA, TURKEY

for instance a class of services, of a notarial or semi-legal nature, which have hitherto been regarded as so foreign to a consul's regular work that their performance, and the collection of fees for them, has remained optional with him. While he retains these so-called unofficial fees, however, he is obliged to account for them as strictly as for the others. But it is merely a matter of time before the distinction between the two classes of fees will be abolished. The witnessing of signatures and the certification of manifests of emigrants are the most frequent services of this nature.

Then a consul carries on a considerable correspondence, part of which relates to the routine affairs of his office and part of which it would be more difficult to classify. He receives many requests for information of various kinds, which it is incumbent upon him to answer. In case the information relates to commerce, however, and is of an important kind, he replies through the State Department. He is also frequently called upon for information or advice by local merchants and by travellers, commercial and otherwise. It thus lies in his power to do a good deal toward bringing importers and exporters into touch with each other. But while he does what he can toward investigating dishonesties—as often in the one country as in the other—he is expressly prohibited from making himself in any way responsible for any person of any nationality. A class of Americans upon whom this prohibition falls most heavily is that of persons intending matrimony. A consul is not empowered



INTERIOR CONSUL-GENERAL'S OFFICE IN PARIS

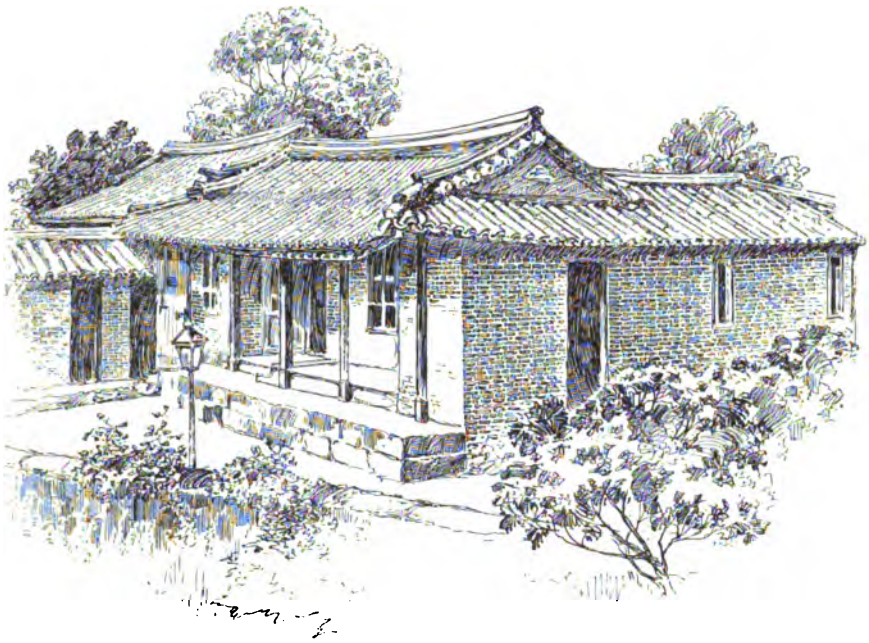


CONSULATE AT BANGKOK, SIAM.

to perform marriage himself. He may only witness it, and issue the proper certificate. When therefore in European countries Americans are required to furnish birth certificates and evidence that there is no legal impediment to their marriage, they are often surprised, in the lack of such documents, to learn that a consul cannot help them out even though he may happen to have personal knowledge of the facts.

Work of this kind, while not of a consul's regular routine, belongs more or less directly to it. It naturally tends, however, to become a matter of personal relation. And perhaps even more vagueness exists as to what may be expected of a consul in informal ways than with regard to strictly official affairs. This vagueness is rather fostered than otherwise by Congressmen, who have a habit of commending their travelling constituents to diplomatic and consular officers. The Secretary of State, too, sometimes issues such a letter at the request of an office-holder. But these missives are so numerous that no consul can take them very seriously. Moreover the Consular Regulations expressly limit their use as follows: "An official letter of introduction, when given to a citizen of the United States, is valuable to the holder for prompt identification in case he needs the intervention of a consular officer in his behalf. But in no case must the letter be understood or taken as implying any claim upon the consul for hospitality or personal courtesies beyond the politeness always due to citizens of the United States when they have legitimate business with a consul."

What constitutes legitimate business with a consul seems to admit, especially in the travelling mind, of the widest possible interpretation. Many look upon a social call as such, and make it a point to "pay respects" to their "representative" in each town they visit. Others look upon a consulate as a tourist agency, applying to it for information with regard to local attractions and using it as a depot for mail and baggage. Some even expect a consul to offer them personal entertainment; and murmurs are not infrequently heard against the patriotism of the consular officer who fails to give a public Fourth of July reception or Thanksgiving dinner. While all consular officers would doubtless be happy to do so if they could, the fact that they have no representative function, and that far from receiving any allowance for entertainment their salaries in most cases barely suffice for the most economical



JAIL OF THE CONSULATE-GENERAL, SEOUL, KOREA

personal needs, sternly limits their social relations. These may be confined to the local authorities and to his colleagues of other countries upon whom a consul is expected to call immediately after receiving his Exequatur. The consular corps, which is informally organised with the consul longest resident as dean, has a recognised social standing in any large town and is invited to all functions of a public nature. In this way very pleasant acquaintances are sometimes formed. Then seaboard consulates have a prescribed etiquette for the arrival of American men-of-war, the commanding officer either calling first upon the consul or sending a boat for him, as their relative rank may determine. This is often a great pleasure to a consul in a distant port. He is received with ceremony as well as with cordiality, being entitled to a salute of five, seven, or nine guns, according as he happens to be a commercial agent, a consul, or a consul general. The traditional freedom of sailors ashore, however, sometimes makes such an occasion—particularly when an entire squadron comes to port—rather to be dreaded. Some of the men are sure to get into trouble, and while the trouble is generally of the milder kinds it devolves upon the consul to be their intermediary, at the most untoward hours, between the local police and the officers of the day.

Although this prevalent vagueness as to a consul's duties is the source of no little annoyance, the incumbent usually recognises that the spirit of the law must be considerably more elastic than the letter. Then of course he is often genuinely glad to meet people from his own country. And if he happen to be interested in human nature he enjoys excellent opportunities for observing some of its manifestations. The private annals of almost any consulate would furnish copy of the most interesting kind. That it does not oftener get into print is evidence of an admirable regard for professional confidence—unless it be that Hawthorne's charming paper in "Our Old Home" is the despair of his successors. No one who did not know the facts would believe what demands are constantly made upon consulates.

Relief in time of trouble is only the most frequent of them. No sailor who has shipped on a foreign vessel and has deserted because he didn't like the fare, no wanderer of vague antecedents whose remittance fails to arrive, no weeping lady who has mislaid her pocket-book, can be made to understand why so rich and genial a gentleman as Uncle Sam can refuse to provide transportation to any quarter of the globe or to advance sums of varying size in return for elegantly executed notes of hand. As a matter of fact the desired aid is often forthcoming, but Uncle Sam does not sign the check.

A consul is also considered legitimate prey by young persons at home who collect stamps, postcards, souvenir spoons, and other unconsidered trifles whose value they consider it insulting to remit. Others conceive that a consul has nothing to do but match ribbons or discharge similar commissions for a distant well-wisher. Not a few come to him for counsel—that indeed is the way they frequently pronounce his title—in affairs of the heart, or in affairs yet more surprising. The writer happened once to hear of two ladies who presented at one of our Italian consulates a request that they be procured admittance—temporary!—to a neighbouring insane asylum, from which they had been debarred on account of their sex and their unprofessional status. Discreet inquiries as to their motive elicited the fact that their consciences troubled them on account of the wanton delights of the tour they were enjoying, and that they accordingly hoped to turn it to the advantage of mankind by investigating the connection between pellagra and *polenta,* and thus eventually to bring about a concerted action of the Powers which should prohibit the overconsumption in Italy of the delicacy last named! An equally useful inquiry was once presented under somewhat different circumstances to a consul in the same country. Happening to be away on business at a minor city of his district he was urgently telegraphed for to meet a gentleman who demanded to see the consul in person. He accordingly dropped everything in order to keep an appointment for the following day. As much, however, could not be said for the visitor. In fact he kept the consul waiting as much as an hour. Having then, with the circumstance befitting his urgency, been ushered into the consular presence, he proceeded to set forth his business. "I have been informed," he said, "that Cardinal Sarto is to be the next Pope. Will you kindly tell me whether this is true?" Cardinal Sarto, as it happened, did become the next Pope—to the credit of the gentleman's information, if somewhat to the surprise of the world at large. But as this incident took place several years before the death of Leo XIII, and as no one then—not even the Vicar of Christ upon earth—happened to be in the confidence of the Most High, the interview was not particularly satisfactory to caller or consul.

V

The medal has, of course, its reverse. A fair account of the Service could not ignore the fact that there are cases in which the occupant of the consulate figures less advantageously than his visitor. It can at least be said, however, that they are less common than in the days when shirt-sleeved gentlemen of the frontier, whose chief qualification for advancing the commerce of their country was expertness in getting votes and expectorating tobacco juice, afforded the most enlivening contrast to their colleagues of more sophisticated climes. One would hardly expect, for instance, to find in a consulate-general of to-day the gentleman who a generation or two ago adorned the cosmopolitan society of Rome. His taste for strong waters being commensurate with his leisure for gratifying the same, the consequences were not always conducive to the expedition of international commerce. When in a convivial mood, indeed, he was rather given to abandoning his official chair; and it became quite a habit of the Papal police to deposit his person, after such an absence, at his own door—taking from his gratified subordinates, with a true Latin appreciation of law and order, a receipt for one Amer-

ican consul-general. Nor is it likely that there will take place again such an incident as once made the incumbent of an insalubrious African post *persona non grata*. This gentleman, being native to a locality where the human form divine is less subject to casual exposure than is likely to be the case in equatorial regions, was much annoyed by the persistence of certain ladies of the country in using the beach in front of his consulate for bathing—particularly as they did not happen to share the northern prejudice in favor of a costume for such rites of lustration. Having failed to arouse their slumbering susceptibilities by such means as might suggest themselves to a gentleman of delicacy, he resorted to those of increasing persuasiveness, until a counsel of desperation at last suggested the expediency of a shotgun. His aim was only too good. For it transpired that the erring dames whom he had so copiously peppered with bird-shot belonged to the household of the local potentate. And far from interrupting their pastimes, he found it necessary to transfer his own energies to lands where they would be more highly appreciated.

The failure of a consul to adapt himself to his surroundings has latterly become of a less picturesque nature, and such unpleasant words as incompetence and dishonesty must nowadays be used in describing the inadequacies of the Service. One reason, for instance, why our South American trade is so far behind that of certain other countries is that our consuls have been inferior in number and in quality to theirs. Then there are various little ways by which consuls occasionally increase their revenues. Although the majority of them are expressly prohibited from engaging in business, they sometimes find it impossible to resist their opportunities. An actually dishonest man, too, may very well find it worth while to wink at the undervaluation of invoices, to profit in the keeping of his accounts by the general lack of inspection, or to allow the government to shoulder contingent expenses that do not properly devolve upon it.

The wonder, however, is that such dishonesties are not more, rather than less, frequent. The system under which they occur is alone sufficient to produce them. The method of a consul's appointment, his insecurity of tenure, the meagreness of his salary, the humiliation to which he is so often put before his colleagues of other countries, are little calculated to attract the most desirable class of candidates or to fortify either their pride in the service or their sense of responsibility thereto. And if this be true of the principals how much more is it true of their wretchedly paid subordinates, who being generally natives of the country can scarcely be expected to have American interests very deeply at heart. While this may not seem of much importance, it must be remembered that consuls are nominally entitled to an annual leave of two months, which, in case they visit the United States, is increased by the time required for the journey. Thus important consulates are periodically left for several months in the hands of young foreign clerks. Or disadvantages of a more serious kind are suggested by a case which comes to the writer's mind—of our former vice-consul at a by no means obscure European port, who was not only a German but the consul of his own country as well. As that country happens to be one of our most powerful commercial rivals it may be imagined that American commerce with the district in question did not receive its strongest impetus when this gentleman had charge of our affairs.

Of course the system has yet to be devised which will keep knaves and fools out of public places. And the besetting danger of highly organised systems is from strangulation by red tape. For which reason the present régime is in many ways a highly effective one. Under such men as Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Root the Service combines the better elements of the merit and party systems. But we have as yet nothing in law to assure their policy any permanence. A chance personal equation is all that saves our system from its face value as one which gives a bad consul an equal chance with a good consul and which dismisses the latter as promptly as the former. And the salaries we pay are preposter-

ously inadequate to the kind and quality of work we require.

It would naturally be too much to expect a complete or immediate *volte-face*. Our vice-consuls, for instance, will probably wait some time before they fare like their English colleagues, who receive $1,750 a year, with annual increments of of $75 up to $2,250, and are eventually promoted to consulates of their own. And there are questions of principle involved in certain details of the continental systems, such as the pensioning of retired officers, which we have yet to settle. But such improvements as are most pressing have been embodied in Senator Lodge's bill for the reorganisation of the Consular Service, now before Congress (March). This bill provides for the classification of the Service, for a small but general increase of salaries, for the suppression of unofficial fees for frequent and regular inspection, and for a system of appointment by examination and promotion. The first of these features is probably the only one that will require any explanation. Under its provisions a candidate would be appointed not to a particular post of his choosing, as is now the case, but to a class of posts drawing the same salary. In this way the Department would be free to employ its men to the best advantage. If such a system had been in force ten or fifteen years ago we might now have a different story to tell with regard to our South American trade.

The experience of this bill in Congress discloses what obstacles lie in the way of any change. Its most important provision—that for taking the Service out of politics—met with short shrift at the hands of our Conscript Fathers. They would naturally be loth to give up any of their prerogatives, and the prerogative so long established as the one of supplying men for the foreign service happens to be the one which most invests them with outward and visible power in the eyes of their constituents. If this touch of nature give one to suspect, however, that the authors and protectors of our liberties are not so completely wrapped up in the loftier problems of statecraft as might conceivably be the case, one must nevertheless acknowledge that the greater enemies of the Consular Service are the aforementioned constituents. For what they insist upon Congress has to accord. And they do not, as yet, insist upon a competent Consular Service. They do not realise what that Service is or might become. Many of them look vaguely upon it as a curious institution whose origin is veiled in obscurity, but which, since it unaccountably exists, may be exploited for the most fantastic ends. Even the business men for whom primarily this great organisation is maintained are extraordinarily slow to take in its possibilities. They are often the last to see that there are sound practical reasons why all other civilised countries, and several which we are pleased not to consider as such, train men to become scouts of commerce, pay them on the same scale as their higher public servants, retain their services as long as possible, and pension them upon retirement. So it is that our Consular Service is one of the last survivals of our Arcadian period. We have become a great nation without knowing it. We are like those who carry the customs of the village into the life of the town. We have a first-rate country, but our imaginations are still fifth-rate.

H. G. Dwight



THE STAGE SETTING AND SOME RECENT BOOKS



HE average author would be far less apt to yield to the pleasant flattery of an interview, if he could realise that his confessions regarding his literary methods usually throw less light upon his merits than upon his defects. The fact that one novelist works eight hours a day, and another works when the spirit moves him; that one writes only with a stub pen, and another dictates to a typewriter; that one goes to the solitude of the mountains to concoct his plots, and another does his best thinking in a crowded trolley car,—may seem to some people to be interesting gossip, but certainly never yet explained the popularity of a successful book. But, on the other hand, when a writer consents to talk about himself, he is almost sure, sooner or later, to make some naïve admission, some enlightening self-betrayal, which repays an alert critic for the trouble of perusing a column or two of innocuous self-complacence. It may even happen that the light shed by these unconscious revelations may be out of all proportion to the relative importance of the particular author who makes them, in that it sets one wondering how many other writers suffer from the same shortcoming. A case in point is furnished by Margaret Horton Potter, who is best known for the flamboyant colouring of her Oriental stories, and who recently consented to speak for publication concerning her new novel, *The Genius*. The setting of this story happens to be Russia, but, so far as the plot goes, the author is reported as saying it might equally well have been laid in any other country. And she goes on to confide the information that she has often been urged to lay her scenes in America, and indeed has often tried to do so. But in spite of her, the story would seem to take the matter of stage setting into its own hands, and obstinately enact itself in Babylon, or India, or Russia. Indeed, she concludes, it is surprising how large a part of every story writes itself.

Now, if the only lesson to be drawn from this paragraph of interview were that Margaret Horton Potter's novels are to some extent allowed to write themselves, it would scarcely be available as a text for a serious article. But it does assume an importance when one stops to consider that many another novelist, better and bigger than Margaret Horton Potter is likely to become, has seriously marred his work by allowing it "to write itself," and that too, in a matter of such structural importance as the stage setting of the whole book! There is just one sense in which a novel of the best type may be said to write itself, and that is where the workmanship up to a certain point has been so perfect, the character-drawing so flawless and unmistakable, as to leave no room for doubt in the author's mind what the next step in his drama must be. But this is the extreme antithesis to case which the author of the *Genius* had in mind: Any other country would have done as well, she says, but the story seemed to choose Russia of its own accord.

Now, if there is any one feature of a novel, second of course to the central idea, that ought to be the subject of long and careful deliberation, it is this question of the stage setting. Think for a minute how much it involves. It means not merely a picturesque background, a choice of woods and mountains, instead of sky and ocean, or tin roofs and smoking chimneys. It means the choice of nationality of the actors in the drama you are about to create; the choice of the language they are supposed to speak, the dress they are to wear, the assemblage of customs and traditions to which they must yield obedience. It is a choice which goes to the very framework, the very foundation of the plot itself. In

most cases, it is not merely next in importance to the central idea, but part and parcel of it. Study any of the great masterpieces of fiction, and you will realise that the stage setting, the choice of nationality, must have been in the author's mind before he built up even the most rudimentary structure of plot. Try to imagine, if you can, a French *Tom Jones,* a British *Three Guardsmen,* a German *Pride and Prejudice.* You realise at once that, however admirable a book may be in the wide generalities of its truths, the universality of its human nature, what we really love it for is the part which localises it, and makes its characters and scenes individual and inimitable,—the part which often baffles the translator, and which could not by any miracle or necromancy survive transplanting.

In the great majority of novels this all important choice of stage setting is made unconsciously, because it is made in accordance with a sound and logical rule: the novelist naturally lays his scene in the locality with which he is most familiar. Jane Austen's *Land,* Thomas Hardy's *Country,* the *London of* Thackeray, the *Boston* of Howells, all have a definite geographical significance. A New Yorker, born and bred, will naturally concoct a plot involving actions quite reasonable and proper for American men and women, but highly absurd for Italians or Russians; while a Zola or a Bourget will equally, as a matter of course, map out a drama sane enough, judged from a Parisian standpoint, but scandalously absurd if the scene were to be laid in New York. It is only when a novelist, through some real or fancied necessity, lays his scene in a foreign country that the fundamental importance of the choice becomes apparent. As a matter of fact, there is no such thing as a plot which may be laid indifferently in any one of two or more countries. There is always some one setting in which it logically belongs; and if the author has any doubt or hesitation on this point, he may be very sure that the fault lies with a lack of clearness about the plot itself,—a lack of a clean-cut central purpose. If, for example, a novelist who happens to be equally familiar with the manners and customs, the racial temperament, the social life of Rome and of Chicago, should be seriously in doubt in which of these two cities he ought to lay a particular story, one has a right to conclude either that a plot which takes so little regard of racial differences hardly deserves the trouble of developing, or else that the author's knowledge of Americans and Italians does not go far beneath the surface.

So long as a writer follows the broad, safe, general rule of adhering to his own people and country, he escapes all pitfalls of foreign customs, laws and temperaments. But, it may reasonably be urged, so long as Americans travel abroad, so long as they found little social colonies in London and Dresden and Florence, so long as they frequent the Paris ateliers and the German Universities, just so long the American novelist may follow them across the ocean, without being accused of trespassing upon unlawful territory. But here also the cardinal rule prevails, that the stage setting must have a structural significance. If the whole point of the story hinges upon the effect of a novel environment, the action and reaction of two discordant nationalities, then by all means lay the scene at Barbizon, or St. Mauritz, or on the Nile. No phase of life requires greater skill or subtlety than the conflict between two discordant social standards. It takes a Henry James to analyse the tragedy of a Daisy Miller caught between the upper and nether millstone of half-baked American independence and old-world convention; or to picture in one inimitable volume, *The Ambassadors,* the subtle and sure transmutation of a New England conscience when reacted upon by the magic elixir of Parisian life. Books like these are examples of stage-setting chosen and designed by a master hand. But the novelist who transports his hero and heroine to the Bois de Boulogne or the Italian lakes for no better purpose than to make a few guide book notes on the scenery, or to make them utter the same twaddle that they might have exchanged at Brighton Beach or in the cosy corner at home, is at best only a journeyman novelist, who is not learning his trade well.

The Genius

The chief fault that one is tempted to find with Margaret Potter's aforesaid book, *The Genius,* is precisely of this nature. There seems to be no real, structural necessity for her to have handicapped herself by laying the scene in Moscow rather than in New York or Chicago. The basic idea of the story is the isolation of genius,—and genius is no more inaccessible, no more lonely, in one corner of the globe than in another. The particular genius of whom Margaret Potter writes is a musician, the offspring of an ill-assorted marriage. His mother belongs to the old, exclusive Russian aristocracy; his father is a powerful and utterly unscrupulous official in the Russian secret service, the Government's willing tool in its darkest and most treacherous deeds. He has slowly gathered a fund of knowledge of half-forgotten, hushed-up scandals that make him hated and feared by the oldest and proudest houses in the kingdom. For years he has blackmailed his way step by step, higher and higher in the confidence of the Czar. But there is one triumph which is denied him to the end,—social recognition; even his high-born wife cannot win him that. The son inherits his mother's fineness of character, together with his father's strength of purpose. He scorns to stoop to the unscrupulous methods of his father, the only methods by which any one bearing a name so cordially hated could hope for recognition or success. He remains true to his ideals and, from a worldly standpoint, his life is a failure,—disowned by his father, deceived and betrayed by his friends, separated from the only woman he ever loves. As a musician he does achieve greatness, but at the cost of happiness. Instead of love, it brings him only jealousy, envy, isolation, even in his hour of death. The book is not without some strong pages. But as a picture of Russian life, it is not to be taken seriously. Even Ouida, with all her imitations, got a good deal nearer to the conventional idea of what a Muscovite ought to be. Excepting that they have unpronouncable names, and all say their prayers to little icons of the Virgin, at least once in each chapter, Margaret Potter's Russians impress one as being tolerably good Americans in masquerade. Even the father of the Genius, the obnoxious official who somehow never quite rises to our expectations, might have been equally unscrupulous as a Chicago pork-packer, and vastly more entertaining.

Portreeve

Eden Phillpotts is one of those fortunate and clear-sighted authors who are never for an instant in doubt where to lay their scenes, because they know that there is just one little corner of the known world that they have claimed as their own, one phase of life, one form of speech, one small group of men and women whom they know as intimately as their own conscience. Give them the oldest, most familiar situations known to fiction, based on the primitive passions of love and jealousy and hate; and straightway they will see new ways to modify and adapt them, in accord with the special habits and traditions and modes of thought of this one corner they claim as their own. It is precisely this quality and nothing else, that gives Eden Phillpotts's stories their marked individuality. His themes are among the oldest in the history of the world's dramas; and yet you cannot escape from the sense of their newness, their lack of resemblance to any stories that you ever read before. This is because he himself is so saturated with the Dartmoor life that he imparts its peculiar and inimitable flavour to his portrayal of the simplest and most ordinary relations of everyday life. His new volume, *The Portreeve,* is not one to be rashly pronounced the best work that he has yet produced. It lacks the grim tensity of *The Secret Woman,* the lyric enthusiasm of *Children of the Mist;* but on the other hand, it has a more even strength, a greater dignity that comes from reserve force. But it is like his previous books in being made from material surprisingly simple and primitive. It tells the story of a young couple estranged on the eve of their marriage, because another man, socially beneath her, wants the girl,

and another woman, socially above him, wants the man. Dodd Wolferstan has worked his way slowly up, from the workhouse to a modest competence. At thirty he is an independent farmer, holds the local and ancient honorary office of Portreeve, and has just won the promise of Ilet Yelland to marry him. But Primrose Horn, only daughter of the prosperous master of Bowden Farm, accustomed always to have what she wants, has long since determined that she wants the Portreeve; and when she discovers that Abel Pierce, uncouth labourer as he is, will stop at nothing to take Ilet away from Wolferstan, she enters into a shameless plot with Abel to rake up an old and discredited scandal, and put new life into it with a few ingenious lies. The plot works with an ease that would seem improbable if the author did not make very clear how tradition, religious bigotry, primitive credulity, all worked together to separate the young couple. The plot, however, succeeds only in part. Ilet, convinced that her lover has driven another young girl through shame to suicide, tries to drown her sorrow by a hasty marriage with Abel. Wolfenstan is made of sterner stuff. Although he feels that Ilet is hopelessly lost to him, years go by before he can bear to entertain the thought of marrying another woman, even so desirable a woman as the lovely heiress Primrose Horn, whose treachery he has never even suspected. Finally, one day, the proposal she has so long awaited is trembling on his tongue, his arms are around her, his kisses on her lips, when a messenger arrives in hot haste with the news that Ilet's husband, Abel, has been crushed in the stone quarries, and has a confession to make before he dies. The half-spoken proposal is never finished, because when next he meets Primrose, Wolferstan and Ilet are once more betrothed, and when a year has passed they are married. Primrose Horn is one of those women whose love when scorned turns to hate; and the second and strongest part of the book deals with her slow, deliberate method of revenge. Inexorable as fate, she robs him step by step, of his farm, his cattle, his local prestige, his wife's health, his child's life, his ambition, hope and faith; until at last fate itself takes the guidance out of her hands, and her revenge recoils, with unexpected grimness, upon her own head. One wonders in laying aside this book, how a writer possessing such a virile talent, could ever have squandered precious days upon a volume of such inferior worth as his recent *American Prisoner.*

The Edge of Hazard

There is small profit in quarrelling with the stage setting of George Horton's new story, *The Edge of Hazard,* because in whatever corner of the globe he has laid it, the adventures of his hero would have remained just as melodramatic, just as preposterous, just as strongly suggestive of *opera bouffes,* as they are at present. The volume opens modestly enough. A young Bostonian, of the fashionable set, whom fate has just stripped of friends, fortune and fiancée, in one stroke, elects to cut himself adrift from old associations by accepting a position as clerk in a foreign branch of a big mercantile house, situated in Siberia, just over the Chinese frontier. This step, while not exactly usual, is in itself sane enough. But when the hero reaches Yokohama, on the eve of the Russian-Japanese war, then things really begin to happen, at a rate too fast and furious for any mere reviewer to attempt to chronicle them. He is arrested as a Russian spy by a young and pretty female detective, who falls recklessly in love with him; he is shipwrecked and nearly drowned, but rescued by a tramp steamer, bound to Vladivostock; he makes a slow and weary progress up a sluggish Siberian river, on a sort of native canal-boat, incidentally offering gallant services to a Russian princess who is being pursued by Chinese boxers; the sluggish river unkindly runs dry, stranding them in the mud, and the Chinese boxers wade out and harrow up the feelings of the Russian princess by crucifying one or two of her attendants, as an object lesson to the rest. A massacre of Jews is flung in as a light diversion; and there is a grand finale of a flight over the winter snow, before a pack of famished

wolves, to whom the Japanese female detective throws herself, a voluntary sacrifice, to stay their appetites, while the hero and his Russian princess hasten on to be married at the nearest village. If Mr. Horton had intended to parody the style of Archibald Clavering Gunter, he would deserve to be congratulated on his success.

The Truth About Tolna

There is a degree of clever originality about Bertha Runkle's new book, *The Truth about Tolna,* of which her previous venture in fiction, *The Helmet of Navarre,* gave scant promise. That greatly over-praised story, it will be remembered, was little more than an ingenious patchwork of Dumas episodes, similar perhaps to some of those embryonic first drafts which Dumas's own apprentices used to turn out, at the so-called *Fabrique de Romans,* before they were transformed by the alchemy of the master's pen. *The Truth About Tolna* owes no debt to any other author, living or dead. It is not a pretentious book; it is simply a light, whimsical, entertaining little comedy, interspersed with clever, good-natured satire upon certain phases of New York life. Indeed, the contrast between Bertha Runkle's two books aptly illustrates the wisdom of rejecting a stage setting that one knows only by hearsay, in favor of the environment in which one was born and bred. As for the substance of the story, it is of no more weighty material than should properly enter into farce comedy. Tolna is a popular tenor in grand opera, a Hungarian nobleman, so his manager, Denys Alden, has given out, exiled from his country for political reasons, and devoting the princely income which his magnificent voice earns him, to furthering the cause of liberty. This pretty fiction appeals to the imagination of the American public, and Tolna has become the rage. But in real life Tolna is as good an American as anybody, with a healthy scorn of humbug, and a good honest, American name, Morris Fordham. In France and Germany, he had not cared how many picturesque lies his clever manager told; but here, in his own city, to be kept close prisoner, to shun society, lest he should betray that he understands English; above all to be unable to reveal himself to the girl he loves, is a hardship which even his loyalty to his best friend and business manager cannot withstand. And if Denys Alden had only known a little bit sooner which of two girls was the one to whom Tolna wished to reveal the truth about himself there would have been no serious misunderstanding and consequently no story to be written,—and that would really have been a pity.

Randvar the Songsmith

Ottilie Liljencrantz is one of the few popular novelists of to-day whom one would hesitate to give up her customary stage setting of legendary times, and turn instead to the people and scenes or her own daily life. Such a book as *Randvar the Songsmith* gives the impression that she has so long lived in fancy in a world of legend that she might make only very sorry work of an attempt to draw directly from life, in this present age of automobiles, wireless telegraph and insurance scandals. Indeed, Miss Liljencrantz's volumes are scarcely novels, in the current acceptation of the term; they are rather prose sagas, constructed with genuine skill and sympathetic understanding, and entitled to a full measure of poetic license. The same traditions which Longfellow used as a basis for his *Skeleton in Armour,* forms the basis for *Randvar the Songsmith,* which is not appreciably better or worse than the same author's earlier volumes.

The Sea Maid

An uneven book, genuinely amusing in parts, distinctly tiresome elsewhere, is Ronald Macdonald's satirical extravaganza, *The Sea Maid.* If the young and popular Dean of Beckminster had not been afflicted with an anæmic wife, the doctors would not have recommended a protracted acean voyage among the South Sea Islands, there would have been no shipwreck, no loss to the Church of England of one of her most promising divines, no search expedition sent out, after a lapse of nearly two decades—in short, no story

for Mr. Macdonald to write. It has pleased his whimsical fancy to gather together a curiously ill-assorted group of men and women, and strand them upon the self-same tropical island which for twenty years has sheltered the very man whom they have come to rescue. The picture of the reverend gentleman and his good wife, grown strong and portly through this lengthy period of enforced fresh-air treatment, vainly striving to preserve a becoming dignity in welcoming their unexpected guests, despite their harlequin garb of skins and braided grasses, is ludicrous until it becomes tedious. But there is a daughter, born during their exile, and appropriately named Polynesia—as untutored in worldly wisdom as though she were really the sea nymph she appears to be; and her first impressions of men from the outside world, and her gradual awakening to the fact that she has a heart, give the book a touch of idyllic lightness that contrasts rather pleasantly with its somewhat heavy-handed satire.

Frederick Taber Cooper.

RECENT WORKS IN ENGLISH HISTORY

Collaboration in the writing of history is the natural result of the minute examination of details with which modern scholarship has occupied itself. Perhaps a man of genius might still write the history of England, for example, on a large scale and achieve that painful accuracy which we are taught to believe is the *summum bonum.* But for the present we must be content with the superficial unity of treatment a careful editor can secure from his contributors and forego the essential unity of style that brings a historical work within the domain of literature. Two such works now in process of publication have been undertaken on the collaborative plan. The more ambitious is *The Political History of England** in twelve volumes, carrying the story from the beginning down to the twentieth century. The editors are Dr. William Hunt and Mr. Reginald L. Poole. Two volumes are now published; and what is accomplished in these, together with what is promised in the volumes to come, shows that the scale of the undertaking is large enough to secure ample discussion of every point of importance, and at the same time is not too large for reasonable brevity. The editors believe that the advance in historical knowledge demands such an undertaking, "founded on independent thought and research," but at the same time "written with a full knowledge of the works of the best modern historians, and with a desire to take advantage of their teaching wherever it appears sound." Against the scholarship of *The Political History of England* no charge is likely to be brought. It is bound to become a standard work in its subject.

Both the volumes now published were ready last spring, but were unavoidably delayed. Volume II., dealing with the period from the Norman Conquest to the death of John, is contributed by Professor Adams of Yale, the only American writer in the list. The chief regret which the reader feels is that so judicious an account of so important an epoch should lack the advantage of a lucid style. There is no essential reason why

*The Political History of England. In twelve volumes. Volume II. From the Norman Conquest to the Death of John. By George Burton Adams. Volume X. From the Accession of George III. to the Close of Pitt's First Administration. By William Hunt. London and New York: Longmans, Green and Company. Each volume $2.60 net.

an historical work should not possess literary value, though modern historians seem to despise it. In the matter of scholarship there is nothing to lament. Dr. Adams deals intelligently with his sources; he steers a safe course between undue scepticism and undue credulity. The rules of evidence were by no means rigorously applied by the mediæval chroniclers, but where their stories are inherently probable it is futile to sneer them out of court. In this case the author has the advantage of having no pet theories to maintain; he approaches every question with a perfectly open mind. That he is somewhat inclined to exaggerate the benefits of the Norman Conquest is quite possible. In the Church at least, it wrought no little evil, and paved the way for those quarrels over investiture which did so much to distract the English people. Again, the Norman influence upon the national character seems to have been much less potent than many writers have assumed. The significant fact is that English political ideals, English law and English language survived. In his estimates of individuals Dr. Adams is scrupulously impartial. It is difficult to blame him for this; yet if he had sometimes ventured to heighten his picture a little, if he had shown something of the dramatic imagination, which, after all, is part of the equipment of the historian, these dimly descried figures might have become more human and natural. In his judgment of their acts he displays, however, a considerable gift for getting at the root of the matter. This is indicated conspicuously in the case of King Stephen, whom he shows to have been no mere weakling, although lacking the qualifications to hold a place for which the first William and the first two Henries were none too strong. Of all the kings from William to John, perhaps Henry II. was the greatest. Less patient and less conscientious than his grandfather, he had the insight of a consummate statesman, and the importance of his work in the creation of the English judicial system can hardly be overestimated. In a history avowedly mainly political the legal and social aspects of the whole period do not receive wholly adequate attention. But the editors might justly refer the reader to such a work as *Social England* to repair this deficiency.

The first forty years of the reign of George III., covered by Dr. Hunt in Volume X. of the new history, afford abundant matter for controversy. The facts, indeed, may be regarded as fairly well established; but the interpretation of the facts is open to material differences. Dr. Hunt is perhaps somewhat less than fair to the Whigs; but since these have had many partisan defenders, a statement of the opposite side of the case is salutary. George's attempt to restore the personal rule of the monarch ended in complete failure; nevertheless, with a king of real capacity for statesmanship, it need not have been a hopeless attempt. The cabinet system had not been fully established, and many people were tired of the oligarchy of the great Whig families. But George clearly was not the man for such an adventure. He allowed his personal prejudices to sway him unduly, and he endeavoured to carry his measures by dirty intrigues. Again and again he quarrelled with his ablest counsellors. The younger Pitt alone had the good fortune to come into power at a time when even George had become convinced that personal government was a failure, and when his oncoming madness had broken down his invincible obstinacy. Apart from the work of Pitt, there is little that is inspiring in the story of these forty years. Neither public nor private morality was very high, and a Church dominated by eighteenth-century formalism could do little to uplift the national ideals. The chief events of the time were the two revolutions—American and French. Dr. Hunt is inclined to minimise the weight of the American argument in the debate over taxation, which was at the bottom of the revolt from English rule. At the same time it must be frankly admitted that the colonists were often unreasonable, and some of their demands could not have been granted without humiliation to the Crown. Moreover, the conduct of the "patriots" was far from faultless. Within recent years the case for the

loyalists has been more fairly presented, and it is clear that they represented what would now be called the best sentiment of the community. It was a part of the general ineptitude of British rule that this sentiment was not made effective to preserve the integrity of the empire.

The new volume in the *History of England,* which Mr. Oman is editing—a work upon a similar plan to that of the *Political History,* but comprised in six volumes, and brought down only to the year 1815—is Mr. Arthur D. Innes's *England under the Tudors.** In every respect, except its literary style, it is far superior to the volume in the same series already reviewed in these pags—Mr. Trevelyan's *England under the Stuarts.* Mr. Innes tries to be fair, while Mr. Trevelyan was unscrupulously partisan. The account of the monasteries in Henry VIII.'s time, as given in the present volume, is as good an illustration as any of the impartial spirit which Mr. Innes has brought to his task. Here is one of the hundred opportunities for controversy which the Tudor period offers. Some historians have written as if Henry undertook solely a great moral crusade in suppressing the religious houses. Mr. Innes points out the serious charges, which must be admitted on the evidence of men like Colet and More, but declines to attach weight to partisan pamphlets put forth during the heat of the controversy. That is the true basis of historical criticism. The same spirit pervades his treatment of other vexed questions. He says that the reign of Mary was a failure, but he admits that "no monarch has ever more utterly subordinated personal interests, personal affections, all that makes life desirable, to a passionate sense of duty." Towards those who had wronged her she was remarkably lenient, and the religious persecution of the last part of her reign arose from her conscientious belief that it was her duty to stamp out heresy. Mr. Innes, who is inclined to condemn her policy in this respect, admits that the total number of "martyrs" was only three hundred. Similarly, while he endeavours to justify the execution of Mary Stewart on the score of political necessity, he defends her from the cruel charges of her persecutors, and denies that she was more wicked than those who conspired against her. This is not the place to go into questions of evidence; but none of the serious charges against her was ever proved, and it may be added that none of them is probable. Of Elizabeth the author speaks with more favour than she deserves, though not as a partisan. He avoids the pitfalls into which so many who have dealt with the ecclesiastical history of the Tudor reigns have fallen, and recognises the fact that the English Reformation had a political origin, and in the long run, despite the Protestantising policy of the counsellors of Edward, never deprived the English Church of its Catholic character. Perhaps it would have been as well had he kept this distinction more carefully in mind and not made Catholic synonymous in so many instances with Roman Catholic.

It is interesting to compare Mr. Innes's estimate of Henry VIII. with that of Mr. Pollard in his admirable biography* of this somewhat cryptic monarch. Mr. Pollard takes the more favourable view, on the whole, of Henry's acts. He says truly that it is easy to paint the king as a hero or a villain; but either alternative is equally far from the truth. Nor is the theory that he ruled in defiance of the English people tenable. The experiences of his predecessors forbid the assumption that he could have done this and still kept his throne. Mr. Pollard's opinion, briefly, is that the authority he exercised practically derived its sanction from the popular will, that he had public sentiment behind him in many acts that appear arbitrary, and that his tyrannous treatment of individuals was a matter of indifference to the mass of his subjects. This is perhaps as good an explanation as any of the apparent miracle by which one who has sometimes been called a moral monster ruled a stub-

*England under the Tudors. By Arthur D. Innes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3 net.

*Henry VIII. By A. F. Pollard. New edition. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $2.60 net.

born people peacefully and died in his bed. But the whole reign is full of enigmas. In the matter of the divorce, Mr. Innes holds to the argument that Henry was moved, in the first place, by his passion for Anne Bullen, while Mr. Pollard inclines more nearly to Mr. Froude's contention that it was anxiety for a male heir which first turned his thoughts in that direction. Both agree that Henry's conscience, of which he had so much to say, was a strange thing. The foreign policy of Wolsey is commended by Mr. Innes and condemned by Mr. Pollard; the condemnation seems to be, on the whole, more just. Neither has very much to say in praise of Cromwell, whom Mr. Froude defended so zealously. And, indeed, it is difficult to believe that he was moved by any moral or religious considerations in his so-called reforms. With regard to Henry's financial policy, which was thoroughly vicious, Mr. Innes gives the more satisfactory account. But the comparison between the two books need not be extended. Mr. Pollard certainly has written a model biography of its kind. It is well proportioned throughout, and its literary style is excellent.

The years in the story of England since 1897 are altogether too near for historical purposes, and perhaps Mr. McCarthy would have been well advised had he left his readable *History of Our Own Times** without these concluding volumes. The original work, which ended with the general election of 1880, was an excellent survey of the events of forty years. In this appendix there is more argument than record. The author takes advantage of his opportunity to review the reign of Victoria as a whole, and this is the most valuable part of the work. These last years cannot be discussed with full knowledge, since much material is not yet available. But Mr. McCarthy is always a charming writer, and we need not quarrel with his concluding labours in a task for which he has shown ample fitness.

Edward Fuller.

*A History of Our Own Times. By Justin McCarthy. Volumes IV. and V. New York: Harper and Brothers. Each volume, $1.40 net.

SEVEN BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

John H. Hazelton's "The Declaration of Independence."*

Two views may be taken of the Declaration of Independence; there is the popular, which considers the charter of American liberties an inspired document, a faith once delivered to the Fathers by the intervention of heaven; this is the view held by schools boys and Fourth of July orators. On the other hand is the critical view, which considers the Declaration a creed indeed, to be believed by all good citizens, yet at the same time the work of men's hands, a veritable human instrument. This is the view held by the rationalists. In place of the magical it puts the evolutionary. While it may destroy the cherished ideals, it puts in their place something vastly more profound; instead of offering the Declaration as an instantaneous miracle, an effortless, off-hand production, it presents it as the embodiment of the aspirations of many men after life, liberty and all the natural rights—aspirations held not merely by our revolutionary leaders, but by the long line who fought for independency generations before independence.

It is in this search for the historic sources that the higher criticism plays its part. Taking, for example, the preamble of the Declaration as a sort of reservoir of ideas, it strives to follow up

*The Declaration of Independence — its History — by John H. Hazelton. With illustrations and facsimile documents. Pp. vii. and 629. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company, 1906.

the contributing streams of thought to those altitudes whence they sprang. Herein it is led to somewhat transcendental heights—theories regarding the rights of revolution and the laws of nature put forth by Locke and Harrington, Grotius and Puffendorf, Ulpian and Aristotle. Then it strives to show how these high à priori speculations, from the Georgian era to the classic age, sifted down into the lower air of practical politics, and at last found expression in the writings and speeches of the American worthies from John Wise to Patrick Henry. It is this preliminary work of the higher criticism which gives point and value to the present example of the lower. Dealing as it does not so much with the remote background as the immediate foreground, its interest lies with the documents rather than the doctrines of the revolution; or to amplify a figure uttered by one of the signers concerning the Declaration as a 'fabricating machine,' its task is to show how its various parts were tentatively conceived, slowly forged, and at last laboriously assembled.

This book, then, treating not so much of the doctrines as the documents, tells in what manner, at what time, and with what consent or variety of opinion they were accepted. Considering what might be the difficulty of reconstructing the story, say of some modern life insurance disturbance one hundred and thirty years from now, and that without the aid of an Armstrong investigating committee, one may imagine the difficulties of reconstructing the story of the events of 1776. As Jefferson once asked: 'Who ever will be able to write the history of the Revolution, except merely its external facts,—all its councils, designs and discussions having been conducted by Congress with closed doors?'

Yet here the attempt is made, and from the journals, letters, diaries, notes, newspapers and broadsides of the day the whole thing is pieced together. The advantage of using the contemporary records, with their abundance of specific details, is that it helps one to bring before the mind's eye the picture of the first Continental Congress. At the same time this is not a mere historical canvas filled with stiff figures, but rather a series of character studies of live men,—a set of *journals intimes*, which, to employ the language of John Adams, enable one 'to penetrate the intricate, internal foldings of their souls.'

The first two chapters of this narrative of facts give a stirring account of the two years before the Declaration. In '74 the people for the first time recognised that the cause of Boston was a common cause; in '75 they realised that the conflict with the mother country was irrepressible. Franklin, indeed, shed tears of joy at the mere prospect of reconciliation, but they were apparently of the crocodile variety. And now the events of Lexington and Concord and Bunker's Hill strained to the breaking point the persistent loyalty of the better classes. How then could Whigs and Tories be got to pull together? To employ another phrase of John Adams's, America is 'like a coach and six; its swiftest horses must be slackened, and the slowest quickened, that all may keep an even pace.' But this is found impossible; the 'great unwieldy body' gets out of hand. Appealing to popular prejudices the radical element declares reconciliation shameful, calls the king tyrannical and his ministry diabolical, and urges the Congress 'for God's sake declare the Colonies independent!'

This rapid sketch of 'the unhappy and unnatural contest' preceding the Declaration is given with all the force, reality and vivacity of the original words. Thus Tom Paine is described as a disastrous meteor, and the affairs at Falmouth and Norfolk as flaming arguments of burning towns. Despite these things, so wrote Jefferson in his *Notes*, some of the colonies were not yet matured for falling from the parent stem. Hence arose the bitter struggles, the jealousies and divisions in the second Congress, the talk of independency as a hobgoblin; and finally the postponement of the Declaration itself. But as evincing the significance of small things and the value of tracing degree by degree the rising of the mercury in the political thermometer, the compiler of this history

notes how, toward the end, the real weather grew so warm that the delegates were glad to sign their names and hurry off. In giving the story of these last days, when the points in the Declaration were disputed inch by inch, the author recalls some forgotten facts: why the delegates from New York withdrew, why the slavery clauses were struck out, and finally how the real declaration was made not on the fourth of the month but on the second.

Turning to the external history of the document the writer seeks to determine precisely where it was that Jefferson transcribed the Declaration, when and how the signatures were attached, and what vicissitudes befel the instrument itself from the day of its promulgation to the present time. By an infinitude of pains the very room in which the first draft was made is located, the Dolly Madison legend of the rescue of the precious parchment is exploded, and step by step its whereabouts is traced down to its present safeguarding in the department of state. Of the final chapters those entitled the Effects of the Revolution, and the Fireworks of 1776 appear the most interesting. They tell of the Homeric toasts to liberty in the Bunch of Grapes tavern in Boston, of the mock burial of George III. in Savannah, and in particular of the first anniversary of independence in Philadelphia. This is worth quoting, for its subtle irony is in the spirit of Franklin himself:

"The Hessian band of music, taken in Trenton the 26th of December last, attended, and heightened the festivity with some fine performances suited to the joyous occasion, while a corps of British deserters, taken into the service of the continent by the State of Georgia, being drawn up before the door, filled up the intervals with feux de joie. After dinner a number of toasts were drunk. ——Each toast was followed by a discharge of artillery and small arms, and a suitable piece of music by the Hessian band."

A noteworthy feature of this work is an elaborate appendix on the various early drafts of the Declaration. Examination of these now ancient documents as to the quality of their paper, their water marks and the various inks and even pens used, these paleographical details give a final exemplification of the thoroughness of method in the modern lower criticism. The results of this minute scrutiny might well be put in the polychrome or 'rainbow' form, for these seven documents form a sort of spectrum of glittering generalities. Pehaps, at times, the investigator goes too far, thinks to distinguish the ultra-violet rays, treats of shades beyond the vision of the ordinary observer, yet that delicacy of sight is necessary, and the resultant collation of texts invaluable.

I. Woodbridge Riley.

II

Stephen Phillips's "Nero." *

Some time ago Swinburne wrote a poem which has probably been the cause of as much folly, not to say wickedness, as any other written in our time, in which occur the following lines:

"When, with flame all around him aspirant,
Stood flushed, as a harp-player stands,
The implacable, beautiful tyrant,
Rose-crowned, having death in his hands;
And a sound, as the sound of loud water,
Smote far through the flight of the fires,
And mixed with the lightning of slaughter
A thunder of lyres."

It would be hard to find anything more typical than "Dolores" of a certain ideal of life, of which we have heard a good deal in recent years. It was extreme, of course; few persons really said in earnest,

"Ah, where shall we go then for pastime,
If the worst that can be has been done?"

And few persons really wished to have their gardens lit by live torches, or to have the world a steed for their rein. Few would really have been Nero.

But, after all, the difference was chiefly one of degree: "No one with an historic sense would blame Nero," said Mr. Oscar Wilde; and it went without saying that no one with an artistic sense would fail to admire him.

It was, therefore, not unnatural that when Mr. Stephen Phillips created his

*Nero. By Stephen Phillips. The Macmillan Co., New York.

figure of the famous maniac it should be full of reminders of *Poems and Ballads,* and of *The Picture of Dorian Gray,* of *The New Republic,* and *The Green Carnation.* Mr. Phillips himself presumably had the idea in mind when he wrote: "Suppose this æsthete made omnipotent." There is hardly a trait in his *Nero* that cannot be paralleled from the literature of the æsthetic movement. He begins with fatuousness:

"This languor is the penalty the gods
Exact from those whom they have gifted high."

He ends with senseless folly:

"I have given thee flaming Rome for the bed of thy death!
O Agrippina!"

And between the two there is the whole lyre of æstheticism, its gay absurdity, its unreality its intense emotion, its childlikeness, its dilletantism. Mr. Phillips's *Nero* needs only a frock coat and a silk hat—no, he really needs a much more elaborate wardrobe, of course,—but it is only the wardrobe that he needs to be at home in various circles of the day before yesterday.

What shall we say of Mr. Phillips's figure? Is it an actual study, a new imaginative creation, or is it a natural development of a literary ideal? Or is it perhaps a satire? I certainly would not be so foolish as to enter upon so difficult an investigation. After all, creation, development, satire, all are moods—we cannot get back of that—and if expressed in beautiful poetry so much the better for us.

And certainly here is much that is beautiful. Most beautiful—and coming just where they ought to come—is the speech, or the speeches, of Agrippina just before she leaves her son. The action of the play does little but show us the different phases of character, but that it does with ingenuity and sufficiency.

Fortunately, one need not pronounce on the questions of the stage. We may read *Nero* absorbedly and happily, without feeling that we ought to see a real mimic depicting the pretended one, and a pretended glory of Rome mimicking the real one. Taught by Mr. Beerbohm Tree, we notice the dramatic trumpets of *Herod* at the end of the third act, and, taking a rash step in stage appreciation ourself, we detect something like the remarkable effect at the end of *Herod* at the end of act III, scene iii. But these are merely speculations. The stage is yet far off, and we may now enjoy the poetry by itself in the upper chambers of our own artistic consciousness.

Edward Everett Hale.

III

Captain Scott's "The Voyage of The Discovery." *

Captain Scott's account of the voyage of the *Discovery* is the most important narrative of adventure and investigation in the Antarctic regions that has been produced in the last half century. Indeed, considering the achievements that are set forth in its pages, as well as the pleasant style and agreeable personality of the author, it is perhaps the most admirable of all stories of discovery in the South Polar region; and even in the abundance of fascinating tales of exploration in the Northern Polar zone, there are few that are more interesting.

The *Discovery* bore one of three expeditions sent forth in 1902 by three peoples to explore the Antarctic. The report of Dr. Nordenskjöld, of the Swedish expedition to Graham Land, has already been considered in the *Bookman.* A German expedition found new land south of Kerguelen Island. The British party chose the most promising field for both geographical and other scientific investigation, and seems to have taken brilliant advantage of their opportunities. Their headquarters were established further south than those of any other exploring party, in the region discovered by Ross in 1841, just south of Mt. Erebus and Mt. Terror, near the western end of the wall of ice which reared itself like "the Cliffs at Dover" in Ross's path. Among those who are interested in Antarctic exploration, the "great ice barrier" has loomed stupendous for more than half a century. Scientific men have suggested in particular that it might furnish a better illustration than any glacier in Green-

*The Voyage of the 'Discovery.' By Captain Robert F. Scott, C. V. O. R. N. In two volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

land, of the conditions which existed in America and Europe during the ice-age. Novelists have represented it as the cold wall of a warm country, inhabited by beautiful beings. Captain Scott's investigations leave us in doubt as to its origin, but they throw new light upon its character. He reports it, not as a glacier, crawling upon the sea bottom, but as a floating mass of ice, between the shore-ice attached on the east to Victoria Land, and on the West to a newly sighted territory, named after Queen Victoria's son, King Edward VII Land. (Long. 150° W.; Lat. 76° S.) Undoubtedly, the ice-stream comes from an extensive land to the South. From headquarters Captain Scott pushed over the barrier to 82° 16′ 33″—the "farthest south" by more than three degrees. To the right lay high ranges of mountains, which extended southward as far as they could see; Captain Scott estimates the farthest as perhaps 200 miles from the pole. Again Captain Scott led a second sledge party 200 miles westward between the 77th and 78th parallels, across the continental ice-cap (146° 33′ E.); and if beautiful beings can exist in summer temperatures of 30 to 40 below zero, at least they are not likely to be sought out by readers of this book. It was a tough journey, pluckily carried out in cold and storm unprecedented in summer polar trips. These two sledge journeys must be reckoned among the most successful in polar history; but by no means did they comprise all the geographical work of the party. Captain Scott and his companions accomplished, among them, twenty-eight expeditions, and in short, developed more than five degrees of dark coast line upon the white space that used to appear on Antarctic maps.

With these observations to its credit, the expedition was a success. But its geographical work must be estimated, after all, as secondary to its routine scientific observations; and of these, the most important, the investigations in terrestrial magnetism, are not ready to be reported. The expedition did not reach the magnetic pole; but Mr. Bernachi's previous Antarctic work furnishes assurance that in connection with the Swedes and Germans, the British have done their share toward solving magnetic problems in the South. As to meteorology the report is desultory. But Mr. Ferrar and Dr. Wilson have described graphically the geology and natural history. Except Captain Scott's chapter on the vicissitudes of sledge journeys, perhaps no passage in the book is more attractive than Dr. Wilson's account of the personalities and social relations of the Emperor penguins, whose home-life the members of the expedition were the first to see. A suggestion of imaginative thought in this purely scientific work, is in accord with the tone of Captain Scott's narrative. His story is not philosophical, like Nansen's; its charm lies in its naïvete; it is the story of a fine, enthusiastic, young man, with exceptional experiences to recount, equipped with a good working knowledge of his mother tongue, not lacking a sense of the picturesque, yet not unduly striving to produce dramatic effect. Reading between the lines, one can divine at least one reason why the expedition was successful—for although the personality of a leader cannot always make an expedition a success, it can always make it a failure. That Captain Scott's personality contributed in no small measure to the accomplishments of the party cannot be doubted; he was evidently, not only energetic, but also appreciative of energy in others; he gave generously to his men opportunity to distinguish themselves; he did not absorb all the glory; apparently he meddled as little as possible in the plans of his comrades; and he succeeded in maintaining the enthusiasm without which no party can accomplish great things. The conditions were adverse; the equipment was defective, and, as the leader confesses, he and all except one or two others were uninformed as to the best methods of meeting the conditions that they would have to undergo. To begin with, the *Discovery* leaked; that turned out, however, not to be a serious matter. A part of the canned supplies was doubtful; no doubt it would have been well for the health of the party if all of these supplies had been doubtful, and thus had forced the commander to put his party on rations of seal and penguin; for, in

the first year, scurvy broke out. In modern polar exploration, scurvy is unknown except among Englishmen, who hate to avail themselves of the lessons learned by other nations. In the second year, however, Captain Scott laid in a supply of seal and birds, and had no more disease. Again, apparently, the party was not provided with Canadian snow-shoes. They had ski, but these they discarded. They found dogs a drawback, preferring to pull sledges with good British feet —and here one can but note with admiration that when one or two dogs gave out, partly from lack of proper food, those heavily burdened men, amidst a wilderness of snow, not sure of fighting their way back to the ship, not believing in dogs, nevertheless loaded the weak animals upon sledges, hoping to save them. Such humanity is unprecedented, I think, in the annals of Polar exploration. That men are better than dogs at pulling sledges, however, remains an open question; evidently the members of the expedition did not know how to use dogs. The weight of testimony is still greatly in favour of draft-animals for sledge journeys. At any rate, in dragging sledges themselves, they would certainly have found snow-shoes valuable.

Among the lessons to Polar explorers in this book, two or three present themselves conspicuously. One is, the value of a large party, and the second is nearly related to it; the value of a party, if not actually under government auspices, at least chosen from either the army or the navy—preferably, I think, from the navy, for several reasons. As to the large party—the weight of modern American opinion has been against it. There are reasons for this opinion—but they must be nullified by the success of the *Discovery* expedition. Evidently, it is best to have a large party, if the men are good men, strong and (an important point) accustomed to discipline. Now Captain Scott selected his associates with care. He had the British navy to choose from—sailors, accustomed to meet strange conditions, and to be cooped up for months with a few hundreds of their species; trained to tolerate the idiosyncrasies of their neighbours, and again, trained to respect and obey their officers. The strength of a Polar expedition is not quite—except on the sledge-journey—the strength of its weakest member, but it is not many "tests" higher than that, and Captain Scott saw to it that his standard of choice should be high. There is but little record of grumbling on the part of his men, and no record of malingering; on the contrary, there is every evidence of universal eagerness to make the expedition a success. The disadvantages of a large party—the dissensions that ordinarily break down the enthusiasm of a large number of men thrown together in difficult surroundings—were not, at least conspicuously, present among the comparatively large crew of the *Discovery*. And it is obvious that no small party could have made twenty-eight expeditions in two years under the conditions that are described by the commander.

That sailors are better than soldiers for Polar work is an open question, but for an Antarctic expedition, where there must be a long sea voyage before the first iceberg heaves in sight, it can hardly be doubtful that the work is for the navy rather than for the army. Be that as it may, at all events there is another reason why, in the United States, the navy should undertake an Antarctic Expedition. In 1838 the Navy Department sent out an Expedition under Lieutenant Charles Wilkes to explore the South Seas, and incidentally the Antarctic regions. From the time of its inception, the affair was absurdly mismanaged. Preparations for it dragged on for two years, until it became a public derision, here and abroad. It accomplished, to be sure, valuable results, collecting information as to the South Sea Islands and the coasts of California. But from the beginning the reports which it made of land discovered in the Antarctic regions were discredited, and now Captain Scott informs us that he sailed over a spot where Lieutenant Wilkes, in his narrative, positively asserts that he saw a hill. It is evident then, that here Wilkes's statement was false. Was there any truth in any of his reports of land?

The German expedition under Drygalski has thrown doubt on his "Termination Land." Yet the accounts of the Americans do not read like false statements. Nevertheless, they are believed, apparently with good reason, to be false by most foreigners; Wilkes Land has disappeared from modern English and German maps, nor can we reasonably keep it on our own maps without further investigation. And for its own credit, the Navy Department, which was responsible for the official report that is now being questioned, ought to take measures to establish the truth or falsity of that report. If Wilkes Land is to vanish from the chart, it ought to vanish by act of Americans rather than of Englishmen or Germans.

Albert White Vorse.

IV

Mr. George Moore's "The Lake."*

A new novel by George Moore is still something of an event, although many of his old admirers have fallen away from him since he betook himself to Neo-Celtic aberrations through the vestibule of music and religious mysticism. *Celibates* marked the climax of his career. In *Evelyn Innes* he began to go down hill. In *The Untilled Field* his descent was arrested, and now *The Lake* shows that at any rate he has not continued the process of deterioration. One thinks regretfully of his earlier books, with their brutal power and ruthless realism; but still, the memory of his better work does not preclude us from a mild enjoyment of those other books which belong to the period of his decline.

The scene of *The Lake* is laid in a little Irish village, and it concerns the affairs of the parish priest, Father Oliver Gogarty—a name which somehow alienates one's sympathies as much as did that of the unspeakable Mike Fletcher. Father Gogarty is one of those sincere, well taught, but somewhat inexperienced, priests of whom Mr. Moore has already shown us several. An attractive English girl, Rose Leicester, comes to the village and takes charge of the parish school. She is a woman of charm, well educated and proficient in music, and in course of time the priest, without at all knowing it, becomes interested in her as a woman. Presently he learns that she has been betrayed. She admits it to him, but obstinately refuses to reveal her lover's name. Father Gogarty is stirred to deep anger, which he himself believes to be the anger of the priest, while in reality it is the jealousy of the man. Standing at the altar, a sudden surge of passion leads him to denounce the girl by name to the assembled congregation. She leaves the place at once and is seen by him no more.

Somewhat later, he learns of her through another priest in London, and he writes to her to express repentance for his unreasoning and cruel act, and she answers somewhat more lightly. A great part of what follows is conveyed in the form of letters between Rose and Father Oliver. Half consciously, she is swayed by a purely feminine desire to punish him in a truly feminine fashion. She becomes the secretary of a wealthy man of letters, a widower with a daughter, and with him she travels about Europe, writing from time to time long letters to the Irish priest—letters which she frames with a definite purpose of piquing his curiosity, of fascinating his imagination, and of rousing once again his jealousy; for she plainly leads him to believe that the man in whose company she is traveling and whose cleverness she praises, is her lover. She succeeds only too well. Little by little the priest's interest in his vocation is lost, he is stirred continually by the thought of this tantalizing creature who is far beyond his reach and yet who is ever present. In the end, in a sort of despairing revolt, he leaves Ireland secretly for America, arranging matters in such a way as to lead his people to believe that he has been drowned while swimming in the lake which gives the book its title.

Here is a theme of much psychological interest. Mr. Moore, however, has not risen to the level of his opportunities. If he is more restrained than when he wrote *A Modern Lover* and *Mildred Lawson,*

*The Lake. By George Moore. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

he is also less effective. If he is less coarse, he is decidedly more tedious. The long letters in which the book abounds become in fact a little wearisome, and we found ourselves unconsciously skipping the descriptive passages of Continental towns and pictures and other guide-book trumpery. Mr. Moore's apparent self-restraint is, we are inclined to think, not so much self-restraint, as it is lassitude,—not a curbing of his power, but rather a loss of power. Compare *The Lake* for instance, with Mr. Temple Thurston's *Apple of Eden,* of which the subject is essentially the same, and you will see at once how far Mr. Moore has fallen from his former high estate. Mr. Thurston's book is in every way superior to *The Lake.* It shows not merely knowledge and experience of life, but reflection and a gift for compressing a whole chapter of human nature into the compass of a few pregnant sentences. One regrets to say this, but the truth of it will be evident to any one who applies to George Moore's latest novel the very high standard which he himself set for himself in the books which gave him fame.

H. T. P.

V

Owen Wister's "Lady Baltimore."*

It is the elder novelist—the leisurely writer of "three-decker" novels, who has all eternity before him when he sits down to a beginning, and might if he chose consume an entire volume in getting his story under way—it is he alone who has given us the great Preface and the First Chapter. Naturally and paradoxically, the art of the First Chapter is utterly beyond the reach of our young, feverish, mile-a-minute producers of touch-and-go literature. *Their* supreme aim is to get the poor reader interested before he has time to become disgusted; and their very eagerness defeats their purpose. They should all go to school to Meredith, the last and the supreme master of the First Chapter; let them read and ponder the introduction to *Diana of the Crossways* and the opening chapters of *The Amazing Marriage*; chapters of such gripping characterisation and irresistible sweep that their momentum fairly carries the reader well across the dreary wastes that follow. Meredith, you see, had time to write a whole epic before he fairly got into his story.

But the art of the First Chapter has wellnigh perished; so there should be the heartier welcome for Mr. Wister's attempt to revive it. *Lady Baltimore* has both a preface and a first chapter. Let me not be understood as implying that they are inordinately clever, out of all proportion to the rest of the book. They are merely an admirable introduction to an entertaining story, pitched in just the right key and dangling a trail of tantalizing interest across the pages that follow. The spirit of them is right: the amused, indulgent spirit of true comedy. They have a leisurely, aristocratic quality that is too rare in these days of —to misquote a phrase of the author's —"yellow novelists." Mr. Wister writes like a gentleman; and while this would be damnatory enough of a dull book, it is high praise of an entertaining one. It is easy to guess that he enjoyed writing this novel. It is even possible to believe that he has ideals pertaining to his craft, that he considers writing an art worth studying and doing well for its own sake, that he is not ashamed nor afraid of conveying an idea now and then to his readers.

By all these characteristics Mr. Wister sets himself apart from the writing mob; by these, and some others. It will be remembered that Mr. Wister protested, with great justness, that *The Virginian* was a historical novel, though its period was the immediate, not the remote, past. So is *Lady Baltimore,* and the period too is not far different; but its setting is as different as if the author had set out deliberately to prove his versatility by as great a contrast as possible with his earlier work. Then it was the passing of the newest phase of American life that has had time to die out;

*Lady Baltimore. by Owen Wister. New York: The Macmillan Company.

now it is nearly the oldest society we have had, whose end he records. From the Wyoming cowboy to the Southern aristocracy of Kings Port is a long stride; but Mr. Wister takes it easily. In each case he has fixed the type of the life with delightful certainty; and there the resemblance ends, save for the humour which is intermittent in the first book and constant in the last. And for the reassurance of certain belittlers of *The Virginian,* let me at once record one noticeable difference. Three or four years ago Mr. Wister must have become heartily tired of hearing that his Western book was not a novel, but a mere collection of short stories artificially strung together; and the doubt was publicly expressed whether he could ever write a "real" novel. That feeble reproach must now be laid aside. Here at last he has given us a substantial book of four hundred pages, and it is absolutely organic. If it was "unity of design" that the carpers wanted, Mr. Wister has effectually closed their mouths.

But it is not merely for its adherence to an academic formula that *Lady Baltimore* is to be praised. It is good to read because of its characterisation, its geniality and its ideas. No more charming and delightful group has been brought together for many a day in the pages of a book than those fine Southern ladies, old and young, of Kings Port. Of the historical accuracy of the portraiture those must judge who know the South intimately; its truth in a larger sense is subject to a more general test. Undoubtedly these delightful ladies of an old aristocracy are witty and clever to a degree that raises them a trifle above a crass realism; but to object to that would be both ungrateful and fallacious. Every novelist worthy the name makes his characters a little more articulate than actual life, and does it in accordance with some convention,—which, if it be pronounced, ill-disposed folk will call "mannerism." Mr. Wister's convention is to make his people talk wittily and toss off remarks that have the felicity and sententiousness of epigrams. That he is not a mere epigrammatist is shown by the fact that the best of these utterances lose something by quotation. Part of their effect is due to context and character. And if there is a remote suggestion of Meredith in the elegant leisure of his beginning, there is a closer reference—a conscious indebtedness, indeed, I believe—to Henry James in his manner, the turn of his phrases, and even in the framework and articulation of his story. Mr. Wister's characters have, however, none of the mental complexity of Mr. James's richest creations; and by the same token his style has only a suggestion of the fine, high polish of the older man's. Indeed, the author of *Lady Baltimore* has shown himself capable of writing an occasional sentence that is positively bad, just as one scene in his story displays his taste as something less than impeccable. But to instance these lapses as faults implies on the whole a performance of high and sustained merit.

A more serious ground for criticism is the ideas, the "fundamental brain-stuff" that Mr. Wister has put into this book. He has not feared to make his creatures his spokesmen for the promulgation of reflections and opinions social, scientific and political. As a story-teller he has accomplished this remarkably well. The little drama never seems overweighted by the discussions and argumentative battles that are constantly waged by its characters. Success in this direction places the book in the class of great works in the comic *genre.* It is the quality of the ideas themselves that fixes its position in the class considerably below the greatest works. Mr. Wister's opinions are always readable, frequently amusing, sometimes stimulating; they are never profound, and they are, alas! occasionally callow. But this is criticism that cuts both ways. It will comfort many people to know that they may read *Lady Baltimore* without any fear that they will encounter something "deep." And if that negative assurance is not enough, they may know further that it is a capital story, fulfilling every fair expectation on behalf of one of the cleverest and most capable of our American novelists.

Edward Clark Marsh.

VI

Mr. Vachell's "The Hill." *

Apart from *Tom Brown* and *Euphranor,* it is hard to think of any picture of English school-boy life so vivid, so entertaining, so hale and hearty, as this story of Mr. Vachell's. Here again is that atmosphere of quaint tradition, that teeming seclusion, that cricket-cum-Horace activity,—above all, that odour of aristocracy and pride of blood at which we democrats delight to sniff in every sense. *The Hill* is a Harrow story, and the writer is, of course, an Harrovian. The school has valued traditions of its own: a species of foot-ball, a costume (or series of costumes), a method of discipline, and a form of slang, not to be exactly paralleled elsewhere. Into the midst of this community we are carried without delay in the company (according to the best traditions) of a new boy, one John Verney, of Verney Boscobel, New Forest. His father and uncle have been at Harrow, and the boy is well-received. He falls into especially close acquaintance with two boys, one of them nicknamed "the Demon," the son of a rich contractor, the other "Caesar" Desmond, the son of a cabinet minister. The son of the contractor is the romantic villain of the tale; and the son of a manufacturer, the only other boy of low birth mentioned, is the unclean knave. The odd thing is that not one American in fifty who may read it is likely to feel that there is anything unnatural or unpleasant or snobbish in this off-hand discrimination in favour of birth. We have another set of sensibilities where English fiction is concerned. We are cheerful in admitting that a tradesman is a person from whom little can be expected in the way of manners, and nothing in the way of morals. We are cautious about accepting title as a guarantee, but we know what to look for from people with great-great-grandfathers. The chorus of the present story is a slow youth called the "Caterpillar," whose devotion to good family and good form strongly colours his commentary.

*The Hill. By Horace A. Vachell. New York: Dodd, Mead and Co.

> One doesn't pretend to be a Christian, but as a gentleman one accepts a bit of bad luck without gnashing one's teeth. . . .
>
> "You think too much of family," said Desmond.
>
> "One can't," replied the Caterpillar, solemnly. "One knows that family is not everything, but, other things being equal, it means refinement. The first of the Howards was a swineherd, I dare say, but generations of education, of association with the best, have turned them from swineherds into gentlemen, and it takes generations to do it."

All very true for the Caterpillar; but the fact would seem to remain that not every tradesman's son is a knave or a "bounder." Here is our author's picture of his selected manufacturer:

> Originally a Nonconformist, he had joined the Church of England after he had made his fortune (*cf. Shavings from the Workshops of our Merchant Princes,* which appeared in the pages of "Prattle"). Then, the famous inventor of the Imperishable Boot had taken to endowing churches; and he published pamphlets denouncing drink and gambling.

It is all sufficiently ingenuous, and so much what we might reasonably look for. The story could hardly have its flavour as a boyish romance without its aristocratic setting.

For a romance it is—a romance of friendship. The relation between Verney and Desmond is of the rare kind which is seldom entered into after youth. It is not quite the perfect relation in this case, for our Jonathan (as Verney is nicknamed) is never quite sure of his David. Desmond, with all his charm, is the slighter character of the two, and not proof against the bad fascinations of contractor's sons. Desmond accompanies the Demon to South Africa when the Boer trouble breaks out,—to die presently at the head of a desperate charge up an unnamed but recognizable Kop. Weeks later, Verney receives a message —a belated letter written on the eve of battle, which brings him assurance that he has always stood first in Desmond's heart; and so brings him peace. It is a moving story, in no idle sense of the

phrase; with its purity, its sanity, its true boyishness,—its true boys—well fitted to take the Stalky taste out of our mouths.

H. W. Boynton.

VII

Mrs. Burnett's "The Dawn of a To-morrow." *

The Dawn of a To-morrow is a simple, old-fashioned miracle play, set forth in modern London with the sure, swift touch of a practised story-teller. It is the turning episode in the career of an overworked, over-successful business man who finds no further joy in accomplishment, no satisfaction in life, because of a haunting fear of madness. Physicians can name his malady, but not cure it. Zest has left him. Indifference and brooding, causeless melancholy overwhelm him to such a point that he painstakingly arranges a suicide which will leave no trace of his identity.

Telling his household that he has gone for some days to Paris, he effaces himself under a false name in a cheap London lodging house. From sheer inertia he postpones buying the pistol till to-morrow; then on a foggy morning goes to the pawn-broker's. After making his purchase he takes a wrong turn in the fog, and finds himself on the Embankment, then on one of the bridges. The Thames would be an easy solution to his difficulties, but the original plan promises surer concealment, so he merely watches the dismal fog-bound river, revolving in his mind the fact that his spirit has involuntarily sought relief in a wild appeal to something he can neither name nor believe in. Yet the unanswered cry had gone forth, why . . . to whom . . . to what . . . he cannot say. Like Harold Frederic's melancholy Professor of Runics, on that bridge overlooking the river, he meets a girl; not a slim, graceful creature with butter-coloured hair, but a carrotty-pated thing rolled in dirty sacking. She advises him, since he has money, "To buck up." The two enter into lengthy conversation. Her cheerful pluck interests him vaguely, takes him out of himself, but the real step in binding him to life is taken when the ugly gutter-snipe calmly alludes to the profession she contemplates adopting when she is old enough. The shock of the child's philosophic acceptance of such a future as a necessary evil, along with cold and hunger, actually quickens his stagnant blood; his sluggish brain is stirred.

The waif has an older friend, "Polly," a little country thing, starving because of a bashfulness which stands greatly in the way of making her trade a paying one. When Polly is coolly offered him in all good faith and friendship, "Anthony Dart" suddenly discovers that there is more to do in the world than brood over jangling nerves and potential madness.

As the spirits in Dickens's *Christmas Carol* led Scrooge to salvation, so Dart is carried on by "Glad" the waif, by a starving thief boy, by Polly the incompetent girl of the streets, to a mood of growing spirituality. This work is completed by an ancient crippled ballet dancer who, through chance words spoken in a hospital, has built for herself a personal system of theology warmer and more comforting than the curate's. Through her influence and example, Dart finds light in the dark places of his own soul, and the book ends with his eager acceptance of human responsibilities, and complete forgetfulness of his own frayed and cracking nerves.

His methods of benevolence, though more in consonance with modern Organised Charity ideals, are no less personal and substantial than those of Scrooge.

The modern note of difference is also struck in that Dickens's old miser was a solitary spiritually blind person in a world of human kindness, while Anthony Dart being of our day a doubter in a world of doubt, in his time of stress chances to stumble upon one corner where faith has accidentally and miraculously planted and cherished.

Mary Moss.

*The Dawn of a To-morrow. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

TWENTY YEARS OF THE REPUBLIC*

(1885-1905)

BY HARRY THURSTON PECK

PART XVI—PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT



N the afternoon of September 13th, Vice-President Roosevelt was at Lake Colton near the summit of Mount Marcy in the Adirondacks, beyond the reach of telegraphic or telephonic communication. He had left Buffalo upon the assurance of President McKinley's physicians that their patient was in no immediate danger. Mr. Roosevelt's own family were on Mount Marcy, and the illness of his children had called him thither. He was in the heart of the unbroken forest in company with several friends, when a mountain guide, making his way through the black tangle of the woods, brought a message from Buffalo to the effect that the President was sinking fast. Two hours were consumed in returning to the house from which Mr. Roosevelt had started upon his long tramp. Another delay of four hours was necessary before any further messages could be carried up the mountain. When they arrived they made it evident that President McKinley had but a short time to live. Just before midnight, a light mountain wagon drawn by two black horses was procured; and amid inky darkness and in a misty rain the long and perilous journey from the mountain peak to the nearest line of railway was begun. More than thirty miles of mountain trail and broken road were covered before morning in this nightmare of a drive, amid huge boulders and massive stumps of trees, the horses plunging through the darkness where a single lurch might mean instant death at the bottom of a precipice.* At daybreak the driver drew rein at a little railway station where a special train was waiting with steam up. As Mr. Roosevelt leaped from the mud-splashed wagon and entered the railway carriage, a despatch was put into his hands informing him that the President was dead.

Arriving in Buffalo, he found the Cabinet assembled in a private house where presently the oath of office was administered, and Theodore Roosevelt became the twenty-fifth President of the United States. Having taken the oath he said:

"In this hour of deep and terrible national bereavement I wish to state that it shall be my intention and endeavour to continue, absolutely unbroken, the policy of President McKinley, for the peace and prosperity and honour of our beloved country."

Soon after, in Washington, he requested each member of the Cabinet to remain in office saying: "I need your advice and counsel. I tender you the office in the same manner that I would tender it if I were entering upon the discharge of my duties as the result of an election by the people,—with this distinction, that I can not accept a declination."

These words of the new President did much to allay a feeling of apprehension which the news of President McKinley's death had aroused in many minds. In the campaign of the preceding autumn, many conservative persons had found their one objection to the Republican nominations in the fact that in case of President McKinley's death his successor would be a man so young, so impulsive, and so little sobered by the responsibilities of high office as Mr. Roosevelt appeared to be. His declared intention to follow out the policies of President McKinley, and the serious and dignified manner in which he entered upon the

*Correspondence of the New York *Herald*, September 15, 1901. See Halstead, *Life of Theodore Roosevelt*, pp. 234-243, (Chicago, 1902).

presidency were distinctly reassuring. Senator Hanna voiced the general opinion when he said a few weeks later:

"Mr. Roosevelt is an entirely different man to-day from what he was a few weeks since. He has now acquired all that is needed to round out his character —equipoise and conservatism. The new and great responsibilities so suddenly thrust upon him have brought about this change." *

Mr. Roosevelt was, in truth, the youngest of the Presidents. When he took the oath of office in Buffalo, he was in the forty-third year of his age. There can be no doubt that some apprehension was justified, both from a knowledge of his temperament and from a recollection of his previous career. Mr. Hanna's remark which has just been quoted, was on the whole an optimistic one. It represented an ultimate truth, but it was rather in the nature of prophecy than of existing fact. At that time Mr. Roosevelt had not yet been tried out in the fire of supreme responsibility. He was even younger than his years. His character was still unformed. It may be said, indeed, that its defects, while not more numerous than its virtues, were, perhaps, more obvious and more likely to attract the notice of a superficial observer.

Mr. Roosevelt was the descendant of a line of respected merchants of Dutch extraction. He had had advantages which few of the later Presidents possessed. Educated at Harvard University, his early associations had been with men and women of cultivation and refinement. In his own family, it had been his misfortune to be regarded as something of a prodigy. Whatever he did or said or wrote was viewed with unstinted admiration. He was praised and flattered so habitually that a weaker nature would have been wholly spoiled. It is to Mr. Roosevelt's credit that he was not spoiled; yet it is also true that there was developed in him a certain egoism which became ingrained, and which throughout his early career took the form of an extreme self-consciousness. This accounts for the circumstance that, however fine might be the things which he accomplished, he never seemed to do them simply, or without an eye to approbation. Whether he wrote a book, or made a speech, or felled a tree, or broke a bronco, or championed a measure of reform, or charged a Spanish fort—he always did it *more Gallico*, with a certain instinct for theatrical effect; and his appetite for praise was quite insatiable. He was fond of talking of himself; and in talking of himself he invariably monopolised the conversation. He had the professional reformer's love of sermonising, and a restless desire to make any and every subject a text for a dogmatic harangue. An eminent English historian after visiting the White House was asked by a compatriot what he thought of the new American President.

"Why," said he after reflecting for a moment, "he seems to be an interesting combination of Saint Paul and Saint Vitus." In writing one of his earlier books he used the personal pronoun "I" so frequently that his publishers were compelled to order from a type-foundry a fresh supply of that particular letter. Sufficiently robust to endure public criticism, he was as sensitive as a girl to any shadow of disparagement that came to him in private life. Reading over one of his early messages as President to a group of three or four intimate friends, Secretary Hay in answer to a request for criticism, suggested that the word "big" occurred somewhat too frequently. Mr. Roosevelt took instant umbrage. With a snap of his teeth he answered: "'Big' is a good strong Saxon word! I like to use such words as that,"—a remark which revealed at once his thinness of skin and his utter misunderstanding of Mr. Hay's objection. During the presidential campaign of 1900, Mr. Roosevelt was in Chicago where he made several speeches. On entering his hotel one Sunday morning, a number of little blackguard newsboys jeered at him for having, as they said, shot a Spaniard in the back. This taunt from such a source, to which most men would have given barely a moment's thought, wounded Mr. Roosevelt to the quick.

*Despatch from Cleveland in the New York *World*, September 25, 1901.

The President's self-esteem led him often to make light of the self-respect of others. He gave great offense in the early months of his administration by the manner in which he treated men much older than himself,—men who had grown gray in the public service and who were accustomed, if not to deference, at least to courtesy from others. Toward these men, Mr. Roosevelt bore himself as toward inferiors and dependents, slapping them on the back, calling them by nicknames and inspiring in them an uncomfortable sense of personal humiliation. Even Senator Hanna, bluff and unconventional though he was, took umbrage at this off-hand treatment. Mr. Lincoln Steffens is responsible for a story* which illustrates the assertion. It is repeated because contemporaneous anecdotes, while often apocryphal, do represent contemporaneous opinions and impressions. During President McKinley's funeral ceremonies, Mr. Roosevelt and Senator Hanna were seated side by side. Mr. Hanna was moved by sincere grief at the loss of his lifelong friend. Tears ran down his cheeks and he made no effort to control his feelings. Mr. Roosevelt, on the other hand, with questionable taste, was at that very moment thinking of his own political future. Turning to the Senator he said: "I hope, old man, that you will be to me all that you have been to him." "Yes," returned Mr. Hanna, still choking with emotion, "I will—I will—only, d—n it, don't call me 'old man'!" The German Ambassador, Baron Speck von Sternburg, was on terms of some intimacy with President Roosevelt, who nicknamed him "Specky." This was all very well in their private intercourse; but the President was not careful to use in public a more formal mode of address; so that great irritation was aroused in Germany over what was thought to be a personal indignity offered to the representative of the German Empire. The President was reckless in his speech, often expressing his private views most freely, and at times in the vocabulary of the cowboy. Such things as these were bruited about, and quite unnecessarily did harm in stirring up bad feeling and resentment. A very notable instance of the President's lack of consideration for others was found in his treatment of Sir Thomas Lipton, the Irish yachtsman, who had visited the United States in order to race his yacht for the America Cup. The President had entertained him at the White House and had shown him much civility. A little later, a yacht club gave a dinner in honour of Sir Thomas, and asked the President also to be its guest. This, of course, was a breach of etiquette for which primarily the ignorance of the Club's committee was responsible. The President of the United States can not attend a dinner at which any other person is the chief guest of honour. What Mr. Roosevelt ought to have done was to decline the invitation on some conventional plea. Instead of that, he both declined and let it be known that he would not attend any dinner to which Sir Thomas Lipton was especially invited. Now Sir Thomas Lipton was not a person to be taken very seriously. Many thought his interest in yachting to be not that of a sportsman but of an advertiser, who was concerned in calling attention to the teas in which he dealt at home. But he was a stranger, and he had been the President's guest; so that the open affront then put upon him was execrable both in its lack of feeling and in its breach of ordinary civility. Many persons laid the blame upon the President's private secretary; but his intimate friends denied that this was so, and reported that Mr. Roosevelt was alone responsible and that he regarded the whole thing as a tremendous joke, forgetting that the President of the United States should be the last person in the land to forego the self-respecting courtesy which marks a high-bred gentleman.

His self-consciousness, and his egoism appeared in many other ways. When he first became President, his friends, bearing in mind the fate of President McKinley, urged him not to go about the streets alone and unprotected. "I am amply able to protect myself," remarked the President with a glance at his two fists; and the listening reporters telegraphed this characteristic speech from

**McClure's Magazine*, July, 1905.

one end of the country to the other. Yet before many weeks had passed, and in fact, throughout his Presidency, Mr. Roosevelt caused himself to be more closely guarded, and make all approach to him more difficult, than had been the case with any of his predecessors. Secret-service men swarmed about his person; and once when he visited New York to attend the funeral of a relative, a thousand policemen were detailed to safeguard him as he passed along the streets. In visiting a fair in one of the smaller cities of New York, he was hemmed in on every side by cavalry. Now it was a courageous thing to declare that he could amply protect himself; and it was a very sensible thing for him to guard against assassination. But to have declared that he could protect himself, and then to seek or even permit the sort of protection which a Czar of Russia might require, was not only inconsistent but somewhat ludicrous. The explanation of it is to be found in the workings of his ego. He doubtless came to believe that his own person was sacrosanct beyond that of any other President; and so he passed from a state of recklessness to one which seemed to indicate timidity. When President Grant was most unpopular, when he was maintaining carpet-bag government at the South by means of Federal bayonets, and when thousands of newspapers all over the country were denouncing him as a tyrant and a military dictator, he used to stroll along the streets of Washington wholly unattended, stopping to gaze into shop windows and moving about as freely as any private citizen. This was the highest type of courage—the courage which is quite unconscious of itself and which does not even think of danger. Mr. Roosevelt could scarcely have reached the same degree of imperturbability. His courage, in fact, was of the French rather than of the Anglo-Saxon type. It was allied with a certain nervousness which could perform the most daring deeds if they were deeds of action, but which became restive and almost uncontrollable when patience and grim endurance were demanded.

Mr. Roosevelt's physical courage was, however, beyond all question. As to his moral courage, opinions were divided and this division of opinion was justifiable. Bold in the utterance of his convictions and in asserting the fixity of his purposes, he nevertheless, in the face of strong opposition, was sometimes known to yield. His actions, often failed to square with his spoken words. He was amenable to pressure. His mercurial nature led him to take the line of least resistance, rather than to fight stubbornly against a dogged opposition. In this respect his conduct compared unfavourably with that of President McKinley whom Mr. Roosevelt himself had spoken of as having no "backbone." An illustration of this trait was early afforded. President McKinley had in 1897 appointed Mr. H. C. Evans of Tennessee to the office of Pensions Commissioner. Mr. Evans administered that difficult office with the strictest integrity, reforming abuses, exposing frauds, and thereby incurring the bitter enmity of pension lawyers and of the swarms of persons who presented dishonest claims. The office had seldom known so clean and upright an administration. But the Grand Army of the Republic sided against the Commissioner and demanded of the President his removal from office. Enormous political pressure was brought to bear to secure this end: but President McKinley resisted it like a man. He could not be moved, and he gave unflinching support to Mr. Evans despite the clamour of venal claimants and malingerers. The same pressure was brought to bear on President Roosevelt. He withstood it for a time, but in the end he yielded. He dared not risk his popularity and incur the danger of losing what was called "the soldier vote." Mr. Evans was ostensibly advanced to another and more lucrative office; but it was perfectly obvious that this was only an indirect fashion of getting him quietly out of the way.

A very characteristic glimpse of Mr. Roosevelt's mental processes was afforded by another incident. Not long after he had become President, he received at the White House, Mr. Booker T. Washington. Mr. Washington was a mulatto who had successfully established a school for the training of negroes at Tuskegee

in Albama. By his sound sense and tact in teaching his people not to ask for social recognition from the whites, he had won the good will of Southerners and seemed to be in a fair way to solve the negro problem at the South. After he had talked with the President for some time, the latter invited him to be his guest at luncheon and Mr. Washington accepted. Now Mr. Roosevelt in his private capacity had undoubtedly the right to entertain at luncheon whomsoever he might please. The President of the nation also had the right to make any one his guest. But in doing so it could be only with a full understanding that even the simplest action of the President of the United States can never be the action of a private individual or free from consequences. In this particular instance the consequences were lamentable. The President had offered social recognition and Mr. Washington had accepted it. At once all the good feeling which had existed in the South toward the experiment at Tuskegee vanished; and a large part of the excellent work which Mr. Washington had labouriously accomplished was undone in half an hour. The President is said subsequently to have given an account of the affair to a political friend in the following words:

"When luncheon-time came around, my first thought was to invite him to stay and lunch with me. Immediately it flashed across my mind that this would make no end of trouble. But I asked myself: 'Are you afraid to do it?' and I said to myself 'No!' And so I invited him to come in to luncheon."

Now at first sight this may seem rather fine; but when analysed it shows a certain lack of moral courage. Although the President knew that his invitation, defensible enough in itself, would do serious harm to a really noble cause, he lacked the courage to refrain from giving it. In other words, he was afraid of being thought afraid.

It was partly from this lack of firmness and of loyalty to his own ideals, and partly from his egoism, that the President often fell short of what men felt they had a right to expect of him. In generalities no one was ever more energetic in denouncing the sinister influence of politicians who made public office a means of private gain. Yet in practice, when some of Mr. Roosevelt's own supporters and associates crossed the line which divides right from wrong, he dealt with them most tenderly and allowed his thunderbolts to sleep. A congressman named Littauer, who was shown to have used his official influence to foist upon the War Department the wares which he produced as a private manufacturer, was still made welcome at the President's table, though he had escaped indictment only by a legal technicality. When the notorious Quay died, President Roosevelt sent a telegram of effusive sympathy on the loss of his "loyal friend." Many times he made it plain that he had one ethical standard for strangers and quite a different one for those who had, as it were, been sanctified by their intimacy with himself.

Of more far-reaching importance was a widely spread belief that President Roosevelt was "unsafe." He was certainly impulsive in his mental processes, impatient of restraint, and had little respect for ordinary conventionalities when these stood in the way of his desires. His recklessness of speech was thought to indicate an equal recklessness in action; and his youthfulness was cited as affording another reason for distrusting him. On several occasions, indeed, his precipitancy led him into blunders, as when he once sent a message to Congress urging the passage of a bill which in fact had become law several days before; and as when he nominated for a judgeship a gentleman who was constitutionally ineligible for that office. His talk was often couched in hyperbole. He was fond of sonorous adjectives and he garnished his speeches with eulogies of war and the warlike virtues. For these reasons, there were many who described the new President as having "a lawless mind."

One enumerates these minor defects in an interesting character, not because they were in themselves transcendently important, but because they explain the feeling of opposition which President Roosevelt often roused in the minds of the conservative. On the other hand, it is probably quite true that these same defects did much to make him popular.

They were very largely defects which he shared with a vast number of his countrymen; so that they proved him, as it were, to be a typical American. The self-consciousness, the touch of swagger, the love of applause and of publicity, the occosional lapses from official dignity, even the reckless speech, the unnecessary frankness, and the disregard of form, were traits that in a way were national. That he stood by his friends, even when his friends were not only wrong but reprehensible, was counted as a virtue. On the whole, then, Mr. Roosevelt's failings were held by the majority to be quite as worthy of admiration as were his finer qualities.

Of finer qualities there was assuredly no lack. All the natural impulses of the man were sound and right and true. His whole training and the influences to which he had been subjected from childhood up, tended to make him generous and high-minded. He had an instinctive scorn of whatever was cowardly and hypercritical. In the best sense of the word he was democratic, respecting men not for their pretensions or for their station or for their wealth, but for what they were as men. Popular opinion, groping about for the most appropriate adjective, asserted that the President was "square;" and this homely description was absolutely true. However often personal prejudice or mistaken beliefs may have made his inconsistent with his own professions and ideals, he was fundamentally sound, and his purposes were those which all good citizens could unreservedly commend. He was the first President who had been born to something like wealth; and this fact had freed him throughout his career from the need of considering public office in the light of a financial necessity. His income while modest enough according to the standards of the time, was at any rate sufficient to make him personally independent. This was an enormous advantage to him, since he was not obliged to curry favour with mercenary politicians. He was free to disregard them or to fight them as he chose. Hence, as an Assemblyman in New York State, as Civil Service Commissioner, and as Police Commissioner, he was regarded less as a Republican than as an Independent. He was, theoretically, at least, a believer in free trade. He cooperated freely with Mr. Cleveland when the latter was Governor of New York, and he opposed the nomination of Mr. Blaine in 1884. Caricatures of that period represent him as a Mugwump, grouping him with George William Curtis and Carl Schurz. Yet none the less he was essentially a party man; and after Mr. Blaine had received the party nomination, Mr. Roosevelt supported him. His own explanation of his attitude at that time is interesting and logical. He said:

"I intend to vote the Republican presidential ticket. A man cannot act both without and within the party. He can do either, but he cannot possibly do both It is impossible to combine the functions of a guerrilla chief with those of a colonel in the regular army. The one has greater independence of action, the other is able to make what action he does take vastly more effective I am by inheritance and by education a Republican. Whatever good I have been able to accomplish in public has been accomplished through the Republican party. I have acted with it in the past, and wish to act with it in the future."*

When he came to the presidency, Mr. Roosevelt kept this same argument clearly before his mind. He must often have reflected that the partial failure of President Cleveland's administration was due to the open breach between that statesman and the other leaders of his own party. Mr. Roosevelt's purpose was to work through his party for the modification of its policies. But from the very first he found it difficult to tolerate many things to which the Republican party was committed. Still more difficult was it for him to receive with real cordiality some of the men who in Congress figured as the party's chiefs. Unlike President McKinley, Mr. Roosevelt had never sat in Congress. He was not imbued with the traditions of the place. His ethical sense had not been dulled by long familiarity with the ways of Washington. He

*Leupp, *The Man Roosevelt*, pp. 20-21 (New York, 1904).

brought in, as it were, a stream of fresh, pure, bracing air from the mountains, to clear the fetid atmosphere of the national capital.

He did not, as most Presidents have done, restrict his official and social intercourse to the company of politicians or of men who could be directly useful in the sphere of politics. Mr. Roosevelt had come in contact with many sides of life, and his range of interest was much broader than that of any President since Jefferson. His early years had been spent as a member of the wealthy and cultivated class. He had been a ranchman and knew well the people of



THEODORE ROOSEVELT IN 1901

the West. His service in the Spanish war opened to him still another field of new experience. In his life he had tried his hand at many undertakings. He had written books. He had advocated social and political reforms. He had herded cattle on the great ranges of Dakota. He had directed the police of the American metropolis. He had helped equip the navy for the war with Spain. He had fought in the Cuban swamps. He had governed the most populous State of the Union. He had presided over the Senate of the United States. A caustic English critic once said of Mr. Gladstone that statesman believed him to be a scholar, while scholars were under the mistaken belief that he was a statesman. Something of the same sort might have been said at this time with regard to Mr. Roosevelt; for in all his pursuits he exhibited something of the naïveté of the amateur; yet with incompleteness of technical knowledge which marks the amateur,* he had also the amateur's enthusiasm and sincerity. His intellectual curiosity was a marked feature of his character. He wished to know all sides of life, to learn all shades of opinion, and to keep himself informed of all that was going on in the world of thought and action. It was his custom to send notes from time to time to the Librarian of Congress saying: "Let me have a batch of the latest books on all kinds of subjects," and presently there would be delivered at the White House a miscellaneous assortment of volumes comprising works on psychology, engineering, chemistry, medicine, horticulture, and sociology, besides novels, poems, essays—everything, in fact, which represented contempory thought. These books Mr. Roosevelt would devour eagerly, storing away the essential facts in his retentive memory. As with books, so it was with men. He gathered about his dinner-table guests from every part of the country—scholars, lawyers, men of letters, men of business, manufacturers, ranchmen, Adirondack guides, journalists, and members of his old Rough Rider regiment. Whoever had done anything or said anything or written anything that was at all notable, eventually found his way to the White House at the President's invitation. To the talk of all these men he listened most attentively, and thus he gained a first hand knowledge of what the people as a whole were interested in, of what were their prejudices and preferences and also of what were their complaints and grievances. He knew his countrymen; and with his keen sense of justice and his wide range of sympathy, he gradually became more and more, in

*An amusing instance of Mr. Roosevelt's combination of zeal and inexperience which Assistant Secretary of the Navy gives in Long's, *The New American Navy*, (vol. 1, p. 84), New York, 1904.

the true sense of the words, the people's President.

All this was by no means pleasing to the veteran politicians who sat in Congress and who were jealous of their own assumed prerogatives as keepers of the presidential conscience. Between them and Mr. Roosevelt there existed and there could exist but little sympathy. The sleek, sly senators who dabbled in stocks on the basis of their official knowledge of coming legislation, who took large fees from corporations in return for legal "opinions" which were never read or heeded by the persons who paid for them, the men who owed their senatorial seats to the favour of protected interests—these had an instinctive distrust of a President who looked them squarely in the eye and knew their baseness. They disliked him from the outset, and they spoke of him contemptuously among themselves as "this young man,"—using the phrase which his opponents applied to the younger Pitt, and which Bismarck, when dismissed from office, growled out to characterise his Emperor. And they had good reason for their apprehension. From every quarter



ELIHU ROOT



LESLIE M. SHAW.

of the land there came to the President's knowledge facts, convincingly substantiated, that everywhere there existed evils which could be corrected only by a strong hand and a fearless heart in Washington.

In the early months of 1902 there was beginning to be felt a distinct reaction against that glorification of materialism which had been so wide-spread and for a time so thoroughly acceptable. The country was still as prosperous as ever; yet it was impossible to close men's eyes to the fact that in the train of this prosperity had come great wrongs. The worship of wealth had bred corruption both social, municipal, and national. The words of Horace—*quocunque mode rem*—had apparently been taken as a text by thousands of unscrupulous men who were practising the myriad forms of knavery now characterised by the collective name of "graft"—a word appropriately borrowed from the *argot* of common thieves. The cities of the country, great and small, had been looted by franchise-grabbers, who in securing invaluable concessions without rendering an equivalent, had found it necessary to corrupt the municipal officials and to maintain a swarm of hired lobbyists in

the legislatures of the different States. Some of the greatest fiduciary institutions of the country, notably the life insurance companies, had developed a complex system by which they misused the funds entrusted to them. With these things however, and others like them, the national Executive had not the constitutional power to deal. There were, however, two far-reaching abuses from which the entire country suffered and against which the statutes of the United States had armed the Federal Government with a measure of power. These abuses were first, the discriminations by railways against shippers; and second, the oppressive domination of the Trusts. The two evils were closely related, since many of the Trusts, such as the Standard Oil Company, the Sugar Trust and the Beef Trust, owed much of their supremacy to the secret and unlawful favours which they had extorted from the railroads. Early in 1902, the price of meat had so advanced as to direct general attention to the methods of the six great packing houses which together constituted what was popularly called the Beef Trust. Investigation showed that these meat-packers had agreed not to compete against each other, that they had divided the cattle country into districts, in each one of which only a single branch of the Trust should buy, and that the practice had been established of bidding up the price of cattle from time to time so as to induce large shipments, and then of ceasing to bid when the shipments reached their destination. It was discovered also that railways in the Middle West had granted to certain purchasers of grain, rates which were lower than those charged to smaller buyers; so that in practice there was but one buyer in each system, who was thus enabled to destroy competition and to fix at will the price for the producer.* A like injustice was inflicted in the same way upon cotton growers in the South. Finally, in 1901, the Northern Pacific and Great Northern Railways, by purchasing a third railway system, had effected a merger of the three in what was known as the Northern Securities Company, which thus became a combination to monopolise the entire transportation facilities of the Northwest.

All these acts were not only contrary to public policy but they were in violation of two statutes which have already been described—the Interstate Commerce Act of 1887 and the Sherman Anti-Trust Act of 1890.* Until the present time, however, these laws had, to all intents and purposes, remained a dead letter. The Interstate Commerce Commission had been practically deprived of any effective power to curb the railways, owing to the fact that its decisions were subject to review by the Federal courts which were jealous of any assumption of judicial authority by the Commission. Small shippers who appealed to the Commission against the railways were compelled to follow up a long and tedious course of litigation in which after many years, no substantial results were reached, and of which the great expense was sufficient to beggar a man of ordinary means. The railways had at their disposal the ablest legal talent in the country; and against this a private person, however great his injuries, was absolutely helpless. The Sherman Anti-Trust Act was also difficult of enforcement, partly because its phraseology was so sweeping as apparently to condemn both lawful and unlawful business enterprises, and also because the Trusts were protean in their character. Chartered by individual States, when attacked by Federal law they claimed to be only local corporations. When prosecuted by the State officials, they claimed exemption from such prosecution on the ground that they were engaged in interstate commerce. It was plain enough that these powerful and lawless combinations could not be effectively attacked either by individuals or by the States, but that only the strong hand of the national Government could take them by the throat and force them from their attitude of insolent defiance.

The wilful violations of law from which all sections of the country were suffering roused the natural indignation of the President; while the difficulty of sup-

*See the Report of the Interstate Commerce Commission for 1902; and, Montague, *Trusts of To-day*, pp. 149, 150 (New York, 1904).

*See THE BOOKMAN for March, 1905, pp. 47, 48; and for May, 1905, pp. 301, 302.

pressing them against the opposition of united capital, appealed to his fighting spirit. By his direction, therefore, the Attorney-General moved against the most obnoxious of the Trusts. This officer was Mr. Philander C. Knox of Pennsylvania, who had been appointed late in President McKinley's administration to succeed Mr. J. W. Griggs. Mr. Knox was a lawyer of very great ability. He had for years been counsel for several large corporations, among them the Carnegie Steel Company. He knew their methods well and could search out all the crevices in their armour. Until this time, however, he had remained inactive. The press had urged him to prosecute the Trusts, and because he had not done so he had received the popular nickname of "Sleepy Phil." He was, however, merely waiting for instructions; and no sooner did the President speak the word, than Mr. Knox revealed himself to be a highly trained and powerful prosecutor whose client was the nation. He secured an injunction against the Beef Trust, restraining it from raising and lowering prices in collusion, and from other practices which had become notorious. Again at the direction of the President, he attacked the Northern Securities "merger," asking for an injunction to prevent this railway monopoly from controlling the companies involved in it. These suits were brought before the United States district court in Minnesota under the Anti-Trust Law of 1890. Vigorous measures such as this stirred all the corporate interests to anger. They and their journalistic mouthpieces began to speak of the President in terms of minged hatred and contempt. After the easy-going tolerance of Mr. McKinley, the energetic purpose of President Roosevelt gave them a distinct shock. They had come to regard themselves as almost divinely commissioned to disregard the laws which were made for other citizens, and to look upon themselves as above and beyond restraint from any source. Their feelings were not assuaged by some very pointed utterances of the President made during a journey through New England in the summer of 1902, and a visit to the Middle West in September of the same year. These utterances expressed only the most elemental principles of justice and right reason; yet the lawless financiers and the editors whose living depended on financial favours viewed many sentences which Mr. Roosevelt spoke as revolutionary if not anarchical. Thus, in Providence* the President said:

"The great corporations which we have grown to speak of rather loosely as Trusts are the creatures of the State, and the State not only has the right to control them, but it is in duty bound to control them wherever the need of such control is shown. It is idle to say that there is no need for such supervision. There is; and a sufficient warrant for it is to be found in any one of the admitted evils appertaining to them The immediate necessity in dealing with Trusts is to place them under the real and not the nominal control of some sovereign to which, as its creatures, the Trusts shall owe allegiance and in whose courts the sovereign's orders may be enforced."

Again, at Boston,† the President declared:

"So far as the anti-trust laws go, they will be enforced. No suit will be undertaken for the sake of seeming to undertake it. Every suit that is undertaken will be begun because the great lawyer and upright man whom we are fortunate enough to have as Attorney-General, Mr. Knox, believes that there is a violation of the law which we can get at; and when the suit is undertaken it will not be compromised except upon the basis that the Government wins."

And at Cincinnati,‡ he said:

"In dealing with the big corporations which we call Trusts, we must resolutely purpose to proceed by evolution and not revolution. . . . The evils attendant upon over-capitalisation alone, are in my judgment sufficient to warrant a far closer supervision and control than now exists over the great corporations. We do not wish to destroy corporations; but we do wish to make them subserve the public good. All individuals, rich or poor, private or corporate, must be subject to the

*August 23, 1902.
†August 25, 1902.
‡September 20, 1902.

law of the land; and the Government will hold them to a rigid obedience. The biggest corporation, like the humblest private citizen, must be held to strict compliance with the will of the people as expressed in the fundamental law. The rich man who does not see that this is in his interest is, indeed, short-sighted. When we make him obey the law we insure for him the absolute protection of the law."*

These strong, frank, manly sentences struck a responsive chord throughout the entire nation. They seemed to clear the air which had become clogged and gross with the miasma of materialism. But they were read with resentment by the men who for years had thought of the law of the land merely as something which their hired lawyers could artfully circumvent. Mr. Roosevelt's popularity and a certain fear which he had already inspired, prevented open attacks upon him by members of his own party; but from this moment there was instituted in the venal press and through the myriad agencies which lawless wealth controlled, an underhand campaign to discredit him and to prevent if possible, his nomination for a second term. Meanwhile, however, the country was receiving a vivid object-lesson as to the evils of monopoly. Until now it was the people of the West who had suffered most and whose complaints had been loud and bitter; but in 1902 the people of the East in their turn were made to know that corporate greed could strike unerringly and unpityingly at the welfare of every section.

It has already been explained in the course of this narrative† how the coal-carrying-railways of Pennsylvania had, in violation of their charters and of the fundamental law, secured possession of practically all the anthracite coal mines of that district which, indeed, furnished the hard coal supply of the entire country. Early in 1902, a dispute arose between the mine-owners—that is to say the officials of the railways—and the miners in their employ. The latter had formed an organisation known as the United Mine Workers of America, at the head of which was Mr. John Mitchell. Mr. Mitchell was a man who had once worked in the coal mines, but who had educated himself by close study in his spare hours, who had found time to read law and to investigate economic questions and labour conditions in the United States. He was a man of great intelligence, of superior organising ability, and of inflexible integrity. He had gained the confidence of the miners, and his heart had been wrung by the hardships which they had experienced and which he himself at one time had shared. The mine-owners compelled the men in their employ to purchase their supplies at the company's stores, to employ the company's doctors, and to live in the houses which the company furnished them,—all at the company's own price. These and other grievances led the miners to ask for an increase of wages and for a recognition of their organisation. On February 14th, Mr. Mitchell addressed a letter to the railway presidents asking for a joint conference. This request was curtly refused. Again on May 8th, it was proposed to Mr. George F. Baer, President of the Reading Coal and Iron Company, to submit the miners' claims to arbitration. Mr. Baer replied contemptuously that "anthracite mining is a business, and not a religious, sentimental, or academic proposition." Therefore on May 12th, a strike was ordered, and 150,000 miners at once ceased from work. Throughout the summer the strike continued, the mine-owners endeavouring with no success to replace the men who had gone out. There was, as is always the case, some violence on the part of individual strikers; and these sporadic acts the corporation-ridden portions of the press exaggerated, so as to make them seem indicative of a reign of terror. On the whole, however, the strikers were orderly, and showed far more respect for law than did those railway presidents, whose very ownership of the coal mines was prohibited by the Constitution of the State. As the months dragged on, the company's available coal supply began to be depleted, and a coal famine was obviously

*The text of these quotations follows that in *Addresses and Presidential Messages of Theodore Roosevelt*, with Introduction by H. C. Lodge (New York, 1904).

†See THE BOOKMAN for August, 1905, pp. 619, 620.

impending with the advent of the winter. In early September, the retail price of hard coal which was normally about $5 per ton, advanced to $12, and within a few days to $14. The poor, who purchased it by the pailful, were obliged to pay something like one cent a pound. By September 24th, no coal-yard in the city of New York had on hand more than two hundred tons of coal, whereas a year before, the average stock had been at least two thousand tons. Many dealers began to refuse all but their regular customers, and to these they would dole out only a small supply of fuel at prices which kept increasing every day. Gas stoves and coke, and kerosene were substituted for coal in many families; but the price of gas advanced, the coke supply was quite inadequate, and kerosene was manifestly unsuited for heating purposes when the weather should become extremely cold. On September 26th, several schools in New York were closed and the pupils sent home in order that the fuel on hand might be saved for the winter months.* Kindling wood was practically unattainable. On September 30th, hard coal brought $20 a ton; and by October 1st, as much as $28 and $30 was demanded.

The widespread distress caused by the coal famine led to innumerable appeals to the Governor of Pennsylvania, and at last to the President of the United States. Apart from the merits of the strike, it was plain to everyone that a few selfish men, having secured a complete monopoly of one of the necessities of life, were abusing their power with a stolid indifference both to public opinion and to the health and comfort of the people. It was noted with indignation that long lines of cars laden with coal blocked the lines of the coal-carrying railways in New Jersey, at a time when even so much as a bucketful could with difficulty be procured to warm the dwellings of the poor. The mine-owners had thousands upon thousands of tons within easy reach of the market; yet they refused to sell, hoping that the general suffering would react against the miners and that either State or national troops would be employed to break the strike. But their schemes produced a very different result. Detestation of them became well-nigh universal, and a general sympathy was given to the miners who had struck. It was proposed in many quarters that the United States Government should take forcible possession of the coal mines and work them under the right of eminent domain. Even the least radical suggestion looked to some exercise of the President's power to save the country from the horrors of the famine. In the city of New York a coal-riot was dreaded. The Mayor, Mr. Seth Low, telegraphed to the President:



JOHN MITCHELL

"The welfare of a large section of the country imperatively demands the immediate resumption of anthracite coal-mining. In the name of the city of New York I desire to protest through you, against the continuance of the existing situation, which, if prolonged, involves, at the very least, the certainty of great suffering and heavy loss

*See the New York *World* for September 26th and 27th, 1902.

to the inhabitants of this city, in common with many others."

The Governor of Massachusetts hurried to Washington to beg the President in some manner to find a way out of the existing crisis which was becoming more acute each week. On the other hand, the representatives of capital assumed a threatening attitude and evidently meant to end the President's political career if he should dare to intervene. Oddly enough, the people of the West felt little interest in the outcome of the strike. They used soft coal instead of anthracite; and though the price of this had also steadily advanced, they experienced no such pinch as did the Eastern cities. Hence the Western press and the political leaders of that section advised the President not to interfere.

Of course, in his official capacity he had no power to act. The coal-strike though national in its consequences was local in its origin and progress. If he moved at all, it must be as a private citizen, though whatever action he might take would be made significant by the dignity of the great office which he held. It was a position of extreme embarrassment. The Secretary of the Navy afterwards described just how a decision was ultimately reached. He said:

"I remember the President sitting, with his injured leg in a chair while the doctors dressed it.* It hurt, and now and then he would wince a bit, while he discussed the strike and the appeals for help that grew more urgent with every passing hour. The outlook was grave; it seemed as if the cost of interference might be political death. I saw how it tugged at him, just when he saw chances of serving his country which he had longed for all the years, to meet—this. It was human nature to halt. He halted long enough to hear it all out: the story of the suffering in the big coast-cities, of schools closing, hospitals without fuel, of the poor shivering in their homes. Then he set his face grimly and said:

"'Yes, I will do it. I suppose that ends me; but it is right, and I will do it.'"†

*The President, while coaching in Massachusetts, had met with an accident which injured the bone of one leg.

†Riis, *Theodore Roosevelt the Citizen*, pp. 375-376. (New York, 1904).

Having come to this decision, the President telegraphed to the railway presidents, to the presidents of the anthracite district unions, and to Mr. John Mitchell, asking them to meet him in Washington on October 3rd. On the day appointed, these persons assembled. The mine owners were headed by Mr. George F. Baer, and the labour representatives by Mr. Mitchell. There were present also the Attorney-General of the United States Commissioner of Labour, and the President's private secretary. The meeting began with an embarrassing silence. The opposing delegates sat eyeing each other with looks of evident hostility. Then the President read to them a statement in which he said that he spoke neither for the mine owners nor the miners, but for the American people.

"I disclaim any right or duty to intervene in this way upon legal grounds or upon any official relation that I bear to the situation; but the urgency and the terrible nature of the catastrophe impending over a large portion of our people in the shape of a winter fuel-famine impel me after much anxious thought to believe that my duty requires me to use whatever influence I personally can bring, to end a situation which has become literally intolerable In my judgment, the situation imperatively requires that you meet upon the common plane of the necessities of the public. With all the earnestness there is in me I ask that there be an immediate resumption of operations in the coal mines, in some such way as will, without a day's unnecessary delay, meet the crying needs of the people. I do not invite a discussion of your respective claims and positions. I appeal to your patriotism, to the spirit that sinks personal considerations and makes individual sacrifices for the general good."

No sooner had the President finished reading this carefully prepared address, than Mr. Mitchell leaped to his feet and said in a loud, clear voice:

"I am much pleased, Mr. President, with what you say. We are willing that you shall name a tribunal which shall determine the issues that have resulted in the strike; and if the gentlemen representing the operators will accept the award or decision of such a tribunal, the

miners will willingly accept it, even if it be against our claims."

Mr. Baer's face flushed red, and he and his associates were obviously disconcerted. But after a moment's pause they emphatically rejected Mr. Mitchell's proposal. Mr. Baer offered on his side to submit any special grievance to the decision of the Court of Common Pleas in the districts where the mines were situated. This offer was declined by Mr. Mitchell. The President then asked his visitors to retire for consultation and to return in the afternoon. At this second meeting the operators read, one after another, long statements which had evidently been prepared for them by their legal advisers. Their tone throughout was one of studied insolence toward the President himself, and of hatred toward the striking miners. They intimated that Mr. Roosevelt had failed in his duty; that he should long since have broken the strike by the employment of the regular army; and that the responsibility for the existing situation rested largely upon him. They called the Government "a contemptible failure if it can secure the lives and property and comfort of the people only by compromising with the violators of law and the instigators of violence and crime." The counsel for the Delaware and Hudson Company, David B. Wilcox, addressed the President in a most arbitrary fashion, and demanded of him that he do his duty. The operators evidently intended to rouse the President to an outburst of anger and thereby to put him in the wrong; but he kept his temper perfectly,* as did also the labour leaders; and the conference presently adjourned, having, as it seemed, accomplished no result.

Such, however, was not the case. The indignation of the whole country was aroused by the refusal of the operators to accept the arbitration of the President of the United States. Mr. Roosevelt had now the entire nation behind him; and whatever he might choose to do was certain to receive the approval of his countrymen.

There was in New York at that time a financier whose name was known throughout the civilised world for the power which he exercised over the capitalists and especially over the railway owners. Back in 1900, a coal strike had begun. It was near the time of the presidential election, and a labour outbreak then would have jeopardised the success of the Republican candidates. This gentleman at that period had by his own personal influence forced the mine-owners to make concessions to the miners whereby the strike was for a while averted. In yielding to him the operators had told him:

"We concede this now; but you must promise never again to ask this of us."

And he had promised.

There is an interesting story which



GEORGE F. BAER

*One account, however, says that the President spoke very sharply to the operators. He is quoted as having remarked to a friend afterwards: "There was only one person there who bore himself like a gentleman, and it wasn't I!" The exception is supposed to have been Mr. Mitchell.

seems to rest upon good authority and which may be repeated here, though with all due reserve. It tells how this gentleman was in his private yacht which was lying in the North River. To him in the evening it is said that there came from Washington the Secretary of War, Mr. Elihu Root, a personal acquaintance, and one of the ablest lawyers in the United States. In the sumptuous cabin of the yacht, Mr. Root went over the whole situation and urged with all his eloquence that the great financier should once more use his influence to end the strike. To the request, made many times and in many ways, a cold refusal was returned. Then the Secretary changed his tone.

"I have given you a chance to do this of your own free will, but you have refused. I am now instructed to inform you that the President will appoint a commission to inquire very strictly into the legality of the connection between the railways and the mines, and that this commission will publish the exact truth so that the whole country may know it. At the head of this commission the President will place a gentleman, not of his own party, but one in whose word and in whose courage the people will place implicit confidence."

The financier shot a keen look from his steely eyes.

"Who is this person?" he asked, with an accent partly of defiance and partly of curiosity.

"His name," said Secretary Root, "is Grover Cleveland. And I may add that, as the result of such a report, the persons who shall be found to have violated the law and who are thereby responsible for the existing distress will be criminally indicted by a Federal Grand Jury."

The interview terminated late that night; and on October 13th, the coal monopolists made a formal offer to the President to submit all matters in dispute to a commission* of five to be appointed by the President.* The offer was accepted by Mr. Mitchell on behalf of the miners, and on October 23rd, work was resumed and the great coal strike was broken. It had continued for five months, and it was estimated to have entailed a loss of more than $100,000,000. Because of what the President had done he received the unstinted praise of a great majority of Americans; while in Europe his name was spoken with sincere respect as of one who "had done a very big thing and an entirely new thing."† Only the representatives of predatory capital were incensed, but for the time they took refuge in a sullen silence. Among themselves, however, they had marked the President down for political destruction.

The succeeding year passed quietly enough, save for a few slight ripples on the surface of international relations. In January, much feeling was excited among the American people by a naval expedition sent by Great Britain, Italy and Germany into Venezuelan waters for the porpose of enforcing certain pecuniary claims and redressing grievances. The German ships shelled several Venezuelan forts and sank a few insignificant Venezuelan ships, beside blockading the most important harbours. The United States was not directly interested; for the three foreign powers had given assurances that they desired no territorial acquisitions in Venezuela. Nevertheless, perhaps because Germany was involved, there existed some uneasiness. The President studiously declined to interfere, though he sent a fleet into West Indian waters and used his influence to secure a settlement of the affair. This was arranged at Washington, and the three European powers made easy terms with Venezuela. On the surface, the affair was but a momentary incident, yet it afforded a new proof of American influence in world politics. Foreign comment was decidedly significant. The *Allgemeine Zeitung* of Vienna declared resentfully that the United States had gained the hegemony

*The commission subsequently appointed by the President was headed by Judge Gray of Delaware, and it arranged a compromise, after taking a vast amount of testimony which was published by the Government. (Washington, 1903). For details of the award see Mitchell, op. cit., pp. 391-396.

*This story here told is given for what it is worth. It tallies with several facts which are matters of record.

†London *Times*, October 24, 1902.

of the whole Western Hemisphere. Continuing its comment, it said:

"Europe has displayed a nervous anxiety to appease American diplomacy. The interested powers looked on enviously. Europe was united on one point only—the desire not to rouse the antipathy of the American dispute is equivalent to a victory of America people. Even the allies wished to shake each other off. The close of the Venezuelan dispute is equivalent to a victory of America over Europe.*

Subsequently, the German Kaiser, seeing the futility of a policy of irritation, made frank overtures of friendship toward the United States and of personal good will to the American President. He ordered a yacht to be built for him at an American shipyard and requested the President's daughter, Miss Alice Roosevelt, to christen it at its launching. Not to do things by half, he also despatched his brother, Prince Henry of Prussia, as his personal representative to visit the United States on the occasion of the launching. Prince Henry came, accompanied by a retinue of keen observers, who were instructed to make minutely careful notes of everything they saw. During the few weeks of their stay in the United States, they visited the largest cities as far West as St. Louis, inspecting libraries, universities, manufactories, navy-yards, and battlefields, and being nearly done to death by the excessive hospitality which they received. Prince Henry by his easy democratic manners, did much to obliterate the memory of his tactlessness at Hong Kong in 1898; and Americans had an opportunity to show the extent to which they had acquired the art of entertaining royal guests. It can not be said that their achievements in this respect were very creditable. The ultra-rich displayed an effusive snobbishness which was fatuous and fulsome. The rabble, on the other hand, showed little of the decorum which marks the multitude in European countries on ceremonious occasions. Prince Henry while in New York, was greeted through a megaphone with the words: "Hullo, Henry! How's your brother Bill?" On another occasion, when the Prince's Pullman coach was sidetracked at a little country station for the night, a band of yokels surrounded it, and beating on its sides with sticks, cried out: "Wake up, Hen! Wake up, Hen!" for half an hour at a time. But the Prince took all these things with a good grace and they doubtless gave a piquant flavour to the report which he carried back to his imperial brother in Berlin.

Foreign observers had said that the United States now possessed the hegemony of the entire Western hemisphere.



PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA

In 1903, a series of events occurred which emphasised the truth of this assertion. For half a century, the project of uniting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans by a ship-canal across the Central American Isthmus had received the attention of Great Britain, France, and the United States. Such a canal would decrease the distance by sea from New York to San Francisco

Allgemeine Zeitung, February 15, 1903.

by some 8,500 miles and from New York to Australia by nearly 4,000 miles. The so-called Clayton-Bulwer Treaty between the United States and Great Britain, signed in 1850, had contemplated the opening of such a canal. From time to time the subject had been revived, and in 1870, two expeditions had reported upon the subject. In 1881, a French company had been organised to cut the Isthmus of Panama, and the carrying out of the plan was entrusted to M. Ferdinand de Lesseps who had so successfully united the Red Sea with the Mediterranean. The attempt, however, resulted in an engineering failure, and in a great financial scandal; for out of the 700,000,000 francs subscribed, only about 90,000,000 francs were actually expended upon the engineering works, the rest having been squandered in bribery, or lost through peculation. In the United States the best scientific opinion had favoured a canal through Nicaragua, and this route was examined by a commission appointed in 1897. Meanwhile, the French project had collapsed (1889) and the French Company had offered to sell its rights to the United States. Various commissions made surveys and reports; but finally on January 20, 1902, President Roosevelt sent to Congress a report, recommending the construction of a canal at Panama, and the purchase of the French rights for $40,000,000. Congress responded by appropriating $170,000,000 for the realisation of the plan; or in case it were not possible to secure the consent of the United States of Colombia, directing the President to have the canal constructed by the Nicaragua route at a cost not to exceed $180,000,000. A treaty was then negotiated between Secretary Hay and the Colombian Minister, Señor Herran, by which Colombia was to grant the desired privilege in return for the sum of $10,000,000 to be paid outright, and an annual rental of $250,000. This treaty was ratified by the United States Senate in extra session (March 17, 1903), and then went to the Senate of Colombia. This body, strangely enough, rejected the treaty by a unanimous vote (August 17th). The Government of Colombia let it be known a little later that a new treaty would be ratified if the United States would pay the sum of $25,000,000 instead of the $10,000,000 provided for in the Hay-Herran agreement. It was obvious that Colombia was "holding up" the North American Republic and that the whole matter turned on the question of money.

At this juncture the State of Panama, incensed by the sacrifice of its commercial interests, seceded from Colombia and established a provisional Government of its own, appealing to the United States for recognition. President Roosevelt within three days acknowledged the independence of the Republic of Panama. Physical conditions prevented Colombia from sending troops to Panama by land to coerce the seceding State; and American vessels of war at once appeared in Central American waters and began to cruise up and down the coast. Marines were landed on the Isthmus, and the Colombian Government was informed that the United States would permit no fighting there. France and England almost at once gave their recognition to the new Republic. Colombia then, when it was too late, offered every possible concession, but the offer was rejected. M. Bunau-Varilla, a Franco-Spanish engineer was by cable accredited as Panama's representative at Washington; and on November 18th, he and Secretary Hay signed a treaty by which the Republic of Panama granted to the United States the privilege of constructing a canal, in return for $10,000,000 and a guarantee of Panama's independence. To the United States also was given control of a belt of land ten miles wide through which the canal was to be cut. The provisional Government of Panama ratified this treaty on December 2d, and it was approved by the United States Senate* on February 23, 1904, only fourteen votes being cast against it.

Public opinion favoured the action of the Government, though with some reservations. In the presence of a *fait accompli* there was no possibility of retreat. Moreover, the mercenary conduct of the Colombians had deprived them of much of the sympathy which would otherwise have been given to them. It was

*See the special message of President Roosevelt of January 4, 1904.

proved also that the United States had in no way instigated the revolt of Panama,—a State which had revolted before, and which had for years been hostile to the central government. Finally, the gain to the whole world from the construction of a canal across the isthmus was obvious to all.

Nevertheless, the transaction was not one of which Americans could be proud. It violated the principles of international comity and morality. The alleged baseness of the Colombian Senate did not justify the spoilation of Colombia by a professedly friendly power. The indecent haste with which Panama's independence was recognised was repugnant to many Americans. When the President received the new Panamanian Minister, he very unwisely compared his recognition of Panama to President Monroe's recognition of the South American States after their revolt from Spain. Yet he must have known that President Monroe took that step only after waiting more years than President Roosevelt had waited days. It was plain that the President had taken action toward a feeble State like Colombia which he would not have dared to take toward a great and warlike power. His conduct in this affair, therefore, savoured too strongly of the insolence of the bully. Morally, the acquisition of the canal zone was as reprehensible as the partition of Poland, and it was effected with every possible circumstance that could give offense. The New York *Evening Post* expressed, though rather infelicitiously, a widespread feeling when it remarked:*

"The same result could have been reached with some regard for appearances. The booty could have been bagged just the same, yet the burglar could have looked to the casual eye, more like a church member."

The wrong involved in this affair was destined to bring in part its own revenge. President Roosevelt in his sanguine, offhand way, declared that the canal must he commenced at once; that he would begin immediately to "make the dirt fly." He could not then foresee the long delays, the shocking waste, the crass incompetence, and the noisome scandals that were to dog and defer the work which he had entered upon with so light a heart. Here, as oftentimes before in his career, he displayed the hopeful inexperience of an amateur; and that which he lightly fancied the achievement of a few years, dragged wearily along until even the most optimistic of Americans perceived that it was destined to remain the despair of distant decades.

**Evening Post,* December 3, 1903.

The President, however, was satisfied with the result of his action and proceeded to display his self-complacency in a piece of phrase-making which became famous. His notion of a foreign policy, he said, was "to tread softly but to carry a big stick." What really gave him serious anxiety at this time was the question of his election in 1904, or rather, the question as to whether his own party would nominate him for the Presidency. There were reasons for his doubt. On April 9th, 1903, the suit of Attorney-General Knox for the dissolution of the Northern Securities "merger" was decided in favour of the Government and against the railway magnates.* A decree ordering the dissolution of the merger was filed in accordance with this decision. The independent press of the country rejoiced at so effective a check to the march of monopoly. Thus the Portland *Oregonian* declared:

"It is a blow at anarchy. Disregard and violation of law come to the same thing whether held at the corner of Broad and Wall Streets, in private palace cars and along Fifth Avenue, or by the ragged beggar stealing a loaf from a baker's wagon."

The Cincinnati *Times-Star* remarked:

"Wall Street, from its short-sighted standpoint of pecuniary gain in the immediate future, may regard the Northern Securities decision as a great evil; those Americans who are more deeply and unselfishly interested in the industrial and political future of their country, however, can scarcely fail to take a diametrically opposite position and regard the decision as fraught with much of practical benefit and promise for the future of the Republic."

*The decision of the Circuit Court was written by Judge Thayer, his three associates concurring.

But of course, the decision of the Court enraged the representatives of capital as much as it alarmed them. It renewed their purpose to prevent the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt. Beginning with the early autumn of 1903, all their insidious agencies were set to work to discredit him and to make his nomination seem impossible. The country received a wonderful exhibition of the power of this Third Estate. Its newspapers were filled with studied sneers, with slanderous hints, and with expressions of veiled contempt. Chief among the *condottieri* of this veiled opposition was the New York *Sun*, which since the death of Mr. Dana in 1897, had suffered various vicissitudes, but which was now believed to be controlled by Mr. Pierpont Morgan. The *Sun* displayed an ingenuity and a malice worthy of the great editor who was gone. It quoted with relish an offensive phrase that described the friends of Mr. Roosevelt as "bugs on the White House doormat." It ridiculed his military record, and with solemn irony strove to sap the foundations of his popularity. At first, the real drift of all this criticism was not apparent; but the secret was let out in an editorial whfich the *Sun* published on December 14, 1903, in commenting on the election in Ohio which had resulted in a great Republican majority. Quoth the *Sun*:

"We see the Hon. Marcus A. Hanna crowned with the laurels of that mighty November majority. Victorious as he is, the 'bugs on the White House door mat,' to use a coarse phrase worthy of that low and practical view of politics that obtains among the Buckeyes, are biting him sharply. On the other hand, the mighty majority is crowding in on him, seeking to force him away from the stake to which he has bound himself, a monument of self-denial: 'There is every indication that at the present time Senator Hanna is holding himself in restraint, but only showing the stoicism of a martyr at the stake. His patience is remarkable, his endurance marvellous. Yet the air around him is charged with electricity. The 'pie counter brigade,' or sycophants for office, and the 'bugs on the White House door-mat,' as the members of Roosevelt's immediate circle at Washington are known, have been assiduously at work, nibbling and gnawing at his ankles. Never a day goes by but he must suppress anger that would cause most men to break loose and hurl defiance at the headsman.

This situation must be distressing, not so much perhaps to the martyr himself as to one deeply interested soul, the object of this drama of abnegation. Between the 'bugs' and the majority, will the stake hold?"

From this moment, Mr. Hanna was everywhere regarded as a rival of Mr. Roosevelt for the Republican nomination. The movement in his favour was carried on all over the country with infinite skill, and through all the channels of the business world. Bankers told their customers that a continuance of Mr. Roosevelt in office would lead to hard times and would compel a curtailment of discounts. Manufacturers and great business houses let it be known to their employés that their prosperity in the future was imperilled by "the unsafe man" in the White House. This feeling spread from man to man until, in January, 1904, it really seemed as though the conspiracy would be successful.

A knowledge of these facts seriously disturbed the President. He frankly sought a nomination, and was not ashamed to say so. He enjoyed the experiences of his office with a keen relish. Often, writing to friends, and dictating his letters to a stenographer, he would speak of the burdens of the Presidency. Yet before the letter was sent he often scrawled with his own hand at the bottom of the page the words: "But I like it!" He was tired of hearing it said that he was only an "accidental President." He wished that endorsement of his policies and of himself which an election by the people would give him. His anxiety was very obvious. Mr. Hanna's popularity gave him many perplexing hours. Mr. Hanna himself once remarked laughingly: "Whenever I call at the White House, the President thinks it necessary to swear me in again." Whether the Senator was seriously looking for his own election, it is difficult to say. It is certain, however, that he began to seek the favour of the labour element which had long been hostile to him. He helped organise the National Civic Federation and

became its president. He also set his business affairs in order, withdrawing from various enterprises in which he had been interested, and thereby making it possible for him to assume any new duty which might be imposed upon him. For the moment, the party was divided and the President seemed to be daily losing ground.

A sudden change in the aspect of affairs was caused by Mr. Hanna's death in February. Without him, the opposition within the party had no head. Dislike of Mr. Roosevelt among the capitalistic leaders had not decreased, yet there was no one available to oppose him. Then ensued a period of uncertainty. As was said by a Republican adversary of the President: "Everybody is for Roosevelt, but nobody wants him." Yet this remark was utterly untrue. The country was decidedly for Roosevelt; and now that Mr. Hanna was removed, there came a great surge of favour which in a month or two gave to the President the absolute mastery of his party. When the Republican Convention met at Chicago on June 21st, it met as a mere machine to register the presidential wishes. Every speech had been submitted to him and had been revised by him. The platform was practically of his own composition. The great hall of the Coliseum which covered five acres of ground, contained a body of delegates who felt that there could be no interest in a gathering where no initiative was allowed. Enthusiasm was lacking, and one cynical delegate remarked: "The only live thing about the Convention to-day was the picture of the dead Hanna." On the second day the platform was read and adopted. It contained in essence little more than a formal endorsement of the Administration. On the third day, Mr. Roosevelt was formally nominated by Ex-Governor Frank S. Black of New York, who succeeded in rousing the Convention for the first time to something like enthusiasm. His speech was, in fact, a superb piece of rhetoric, so much so that one passage at least, may be quoted here:

"There is no regret so keen in man or country as that which follows an opportunity unembraced. Fortune soars with high and rapid wing, and whosoever brings it down must shoot with accuracy and speed. Only the man with steady eye and nerve and the courage to pull the trigger, brings the largest opportunities to the ground. He does not always listen while all the sages speak, but every nightfall beholds some record which if not complete, has been at least pursued with conscience and intrepid resolution.

"The fate of nations is still decided by their wars. You may talk of orderly tribunals and learned referees; you may sing in your schools the gentle praises of the quiet life; you may strike from your books the last note of every martial anthem; and yet out



CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS

in the smoke and thunder will always be the tramp of horses and the silent, rigid, upturned face. Men may prophesy and women pray, but peace will come here to abide forever on this earth only when the dreams of childhood are the accepted charts to guide the destinies of men."

No incident of any special note occurred. Mr. Charles W. Fairbanks of Indiana was nominated for the Vice-Presidency. The Convention adjourned with as little enthusiasm as had marked

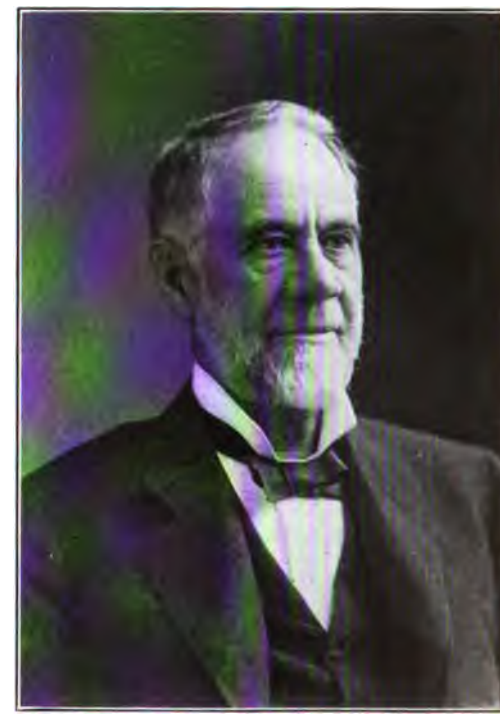


ALTON B. PARKER

its gathering. Yet in spite of this unprecedented absence of emotion, or perhaps because of it, there was something grimly suggestive and impressive about the whole affair. One seemed to see here no shouting mob of volunteers, but rather an army highly organised and disciplined, trained to obey implicitly the orders of a single chief, and with the prestige of past victory upon its banners. The soldiers in the ranks might have their private hesitancies and dislikes; but these were not to count when in the presence of the enemy, nor to affect, however slightly, an unflinching determination to win the coming battle.

Much keener interest was felt in the action of the Democratic Convention which had been called for July 6th in St. Louis. The Democracy was in a mood to revert to its earlier conservatism rather than to experiment once more with the policies of Mr. Bryan. This conservatism was the more clearly indicated because radicalism had now been approved by the Republicans and was embodied in the personality of their chief. Hence, the name most often heard as that of the possible Democratic candidate was the name of Alton B. Parker, Chief Judge of the New York Court of Appeals. Judge Parker had been bred up to the profession of the law, and his first thought in public life was of rule and precedent. He had all the jurist's dread of innovation; and, while his courage was undoubted, it was always manifested in a quiet fashion. He recalled the American public men of other days—the Adamses, the Jays, and the Marshalls,—statesmen and jurists who gave form and definite cohesion to the Federal Government in its early years. Personally he had the human qualities in abundant measure—the kindliness and courtesy of one who is always genuine and sincere, with just a touch of that elusive rusticity which carries a wholesome suggestion of a purely natural environment. As the weeks passed on, Judge Parker seemed more and more likely to receive the Democratic nomination.

His chief rival was Mr. William Randolph Hearst of New York. Mr. Hearst was a young man, the son of Senator



HENRY GASSAWAY DAVIS

Heart of California, and he had inherited from his father a large fortune with which he had established newspapers of a sensational character in New York, in Boston, in Chicago, in San Francisco, and in Los Angeles. Mr. Hearst was more radical even than Mr. Bryan—a State Socialist, a former advocate of free silver, and one who in his newspapers never wearied of denouncing the abuses of capitalism. He was seriously regarded in many portions of the country as a great tribune of the people who would, if he had the power, destroy the lawless corporations, give over the railways and the telegraphs to the Government, and in general bring about a sort of socialistic millenium. This feeling and an abundant use of money in his preliminary canvass, with perhaps the secret support of Mr. Bryan, secured for Mr. Hearst not only delegations from several of the so-called Silver States, but those from such great commonwealths as Illinois, Iowa, and California.

When the Convention met, it was obviously dominated by the conservative element. Mr. Cleveland's name received thunders of applause, and it was said that now at last the Democracy would show itself to be both "safe and sane." The first day was devoted to speechmaking; but on the second day, the Convention showed its temper in a test vote as to the seating of certain Illinois delegates. Mr. Bryan advocated their admission, but by a vote of 647 to 299 his proposal was defeated, and he left the hall in a state of apparent dejection. Nevertheless, in committee he was able to exclude from the platform any reference to the money question. On the evening of July 8th, the candidates were put in nomination, and Judge Parker received 658 ballots as against 204 that were cast for Mr. Hearst. Men wondered, however, how the Judge would view a nomination given him after the adoption of a platform so negative in character. They had not long to wait. On the last day, a telegram was received and read, of which the text is as follows:

"I regard the gold standard as firmly and irrevocably established, and shall act accordingly if the action of the Convention today shall be ratified by the people. As the platform is silent on the subject, my views should be made known to the Convention, and if they prove to be unsatisfactory to the majority, I request you to decline the nomination for me at once, so that another may be nominated before adjournment.

"ALTON B. PARKER."

To this telegram after a hasty consultation among the leaders, a reply was sent in these words:

"The platform adopted by this Convention is silent on the question of the monetary standard, because it is not regarded by us as a possible issue in this campaign, and only campaign issues were mentioned in the platform. Therefore there is nothing in the views expressed by you in the telegram just received which would preclude a man entertaining them from accepting a nomination on said platform."

The Convention then adjourned after nominating for the Vice-Presidency Mr. Henry G. Davis of West Virginia, a wealthy octogenarian. The most conservative Democrats all over the country lauded the courage of their chief candidate. The supporters of Mr. Bryan, however, and the friends of Mr. Hearst, were thoroughly discontented, and throughout the campaign which followed they exhibited not only apathy but unfriendliness. Mr. Bryan himself, though deeply disappointed, displayed unshaken loyalty to his party's choice.

At first it seemed as though the conservative elements of the country might be rallied to Judge Parker's support. The moneyed interests hesitated for a moment. But in the end, they accepted Mr. Roosevelt, in the belief that he was certain to be elected; and that, while they might not be able to control his policies, they could at least succeed in blocking them or in accomplishing their actual defeat. Moreover, the men who were most conspicuous in their advocacy of Judge Parker's election failed to inspire general confidence. Mr. David B. Hill's was not a name to conjure with, and Mr. William F. Sheehan and Mr. Patrick McCarren, a Standard Oil henchman, were not of the type that made a strong appeal to the sympathies of the nation. Moreover, Mr. Roosevelt was fortunate in having Mr.

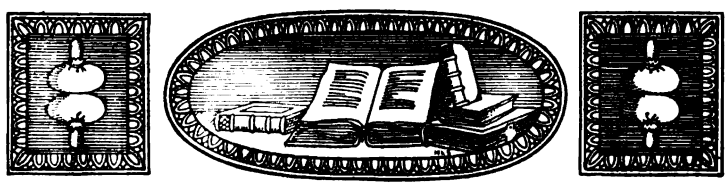
John Hay as his Chief Cabinet adviser. Many conservative Republicans were wont to remark: "Well, after all, a vote for Roosevelt is really a vote for Hay." As the summer advanced, the tide set in with increasing force in favour of the President, and the Democrats were obviously losing ground. One thing alone gave a certain shock to the moral sense of the country. At the head of the Republican National Committee was placed Mr. George B. Cortelyou who had resigned a seat in the Cabinet to act as campaign manager. It was intimated that in case the President were elected Mr. Cortelyou would be made Postmaster General. There was a certain impropriety in all this. Mr. Cortelyou had been Secretary of Labour and Commerce, and in that office he had learned the secrets of the great corporations. His demands upon them for pecuniary contributions would therefore be especially effective; while the chance of his being the future head of the Post Office Department made every postmaster in the country a political agent through dread of possible removal. Judge Parker called attention to these circumstances in a speech to which the President wrote a reply couched in hot words of anger ending with the following notable passage:

"The statements made by Mr. Parker are unqualifiedly and atrociously false. As Mr. Cortelyou has said to me more than once during this campaign, if elected I shall go into the presidency unhampered by any pledge, promise or understanding of any kind, sort or description, save my promise, made openly to the American people, that so far as in my power lies I shall see to it that every man has a square deal, no less and no more."

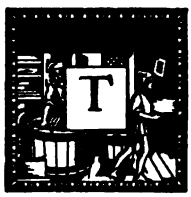
At the election, Mr. Roosevelt was so overwhelmingly successful as to make the result certain within an hour after the polls were closed. In the popular vote he had a majority of nearly 2,000,000. while in the Electoral College he had 336 votes against 140 given to Judge Parker. Yet when analysed, it was apparent that his great success was due largely to the defection at the polls of the Hearst and Bryan voters. The total number of ballots cast in the country was less by nearly half a million than those which were cast in 1900, in spite of the increase of population. It was not, then, so much an increase in the Republican vote as a decrease in the Democratic, that brought about a result which on the face of it seemed cataclysmic. No sooner had the news of his success been carried to the President, than he gave out a written statement from the White House that under no circumstances would he be a candidate for another nomination.*

President Roosevelt entered upon his second term in March 1905, under happy auspices and with a great majority of his own party in control of Congress., What he might actually do thereafter was uncertain. How far his efforts in behalf of honesty and equal justice might be effectual in the face of sinister and reactionary influences, no man could say. But he had at least, by speech and act, committed the powerful organisation of which he was the head to a new and truer policy and one consistent with the ideals of its founders,—a policy from which thereafter it would be not only difficult, but base to swerve.

*Text in *New York Times,* November 9, 1904.



THE GRUB STREET LEGEND



HE struggling man of letters owes much to this Grub Street Legend. It has won for him a sympathy that is not altogether merited, and invested him with a certain exaggerated atmosphere of romance. He is invariably pictured dwelling figuratively or literally in a garret, chilled by icy winds, and anguished by hunger; yet writing on by the dim light of the ill-fed lamp or the flickering tallow candle with his eyes fixed undauntedly on the shining goal. Posterity sees fit to ignore the meanness of his poverty, recognising only its pathos. Though his talents be of the poorest, and his ambitions the most preposterous, are not those ambitions the ambitions of a Chatterton? May not his be a genuine *cri de cœur?* His life may be of the loosest, yet a certain false sentimentality leads us to forgive that too, or at least to regard his weaknesses with kindly tolerance. Pseudo-genius, as well as genius, has always affected more or less to scorn the moral code of the *bourgeoisie.* It is best not to peer too curiously into all literary lives, and literary biography is largely made up of discreet omissions. Being a genius, or thinking oneself one, is at times much the same thing, and the world is not always discriminating. It condones the excess and the absurdity, the unkind word and the unpaid bill.

In one of the Roundabout Papers which Thackeray contributed to the pages of the *Cornhill,* both during the time that he was editorially conducting that magazine, and after the "Thorns on the Cushion" had led him to resign the irksome labours and uncongenial responsibilities of the post, there will be found an odd and amusing allusion to the old story of Dr. Johnson dining furtively on a plate of cold meat and a mug of bitter behind the screen in the tavern room, while on the other side of the screen the ephemeral great men of the literary London of the day were carousing at a bountifully spread table. This Roundabout paper was entitled "On Screens and Dining Rooms." It had been provoked by some frivolous gossip which had appeared in American newspapers and, I think, also in the *Saturday Review,* about the literary dinners which were given by the publisher of the *Cornhill Magazine,* and over which Thackeray, as the editor, had been in the habit of presiding. According to the newspaper stories, these dinners were "tremendously heavy." The publisher was described as being "a very good man, but totally unread," and the tale went on that upon a certain occasion Mr. Thackeray had turned to his host, and after complimenting him upon the merits of the dinner, had facetiously asked whether there was not a Dr. Johnson plying his knife and fork behind the screen.

"God bless my soul, my dear sir," the publisher was said to have replied, "there's nobody by the name of Johnson in the room nor any one behind the screen."

There is very little in the permanent literature which emanated from the London of the eighteenth century which cannot, in some way or other, be traced to the influence of that Grub Street, of which Dr. Johnson in his life and work was so notable a type. The poet Chatterton, coming up from the west of England, a youth of eighteen, burning with ambition and ardour, summed up in the few brief years of his career in the capital all the pitiful pathos of the Grub Streeter of his day. He thrust himself persistently upon the attention of unwilling publishers. He haunted those coffee houses where the men of letters were wont to foregather, picking up the crumbs of the literary talk, and made bold by his enthusiasm, lost no opportunity of exchanging a word with a reputed wit or a man of genius. Meanwhile, he was living on bread and water in his garret; he refused the kindly offers of his landlady to provide him with dinner; and at last, utterly worn out by the struggle, he ended his

life by poison. The French poet, Alfred de Vigny, made a very pretty story out of this career. But no romance could heighten the pathos of the reality. Harry Fielding belonged to Grub Street, but he took it in a very different spirit. Just as Chatterton represented its tragedy, Fielding was typical of its lightheartedness, its gayety, its irresponsibility. When he came to London, his illustrious family —he was allied to the Hapsburgs, the reigning house of Austria—gave him access to the most brilliant society. But he frankly preferred the Grub Street life with its pleasures of the tavern and the theatre booth. In 1731 he wrote *The Grub Street Opera.* His own picture he drew in the character of Luckless, in the author's farce, sparing nothing of the debts and the duns, the poverty and the excesses. Swift was not exactly of Grub Street, and he spurned it and scorned it and urged the severest measures against those Grub Street's who had offended in political controversy. Joseph Addison and Richard Steele and Oliver Goldsmith were all at some time of their lives Grub Streeters, and for years Dr. Johnson was the very incarnation of the term. The very name, Grub Street, somehow brings to the mind the figure of the irascible, long-worded old philosopher and lexicographer. Of all the men and women of the England of that day is there one who stands out more clearly now? The figures of the soldiers and sailors, the statesmen, the courtiers and great ladies of the time seem somehow to have shrunken and shrivelled. The Great Louis, the supreme type of kinghood is now merely a memory of a wondrous *perruque* and a pair of high-heeled boots, the particular George, who was reigning over England at the time, only a name and a dynastic episode; old Johnson, talking literature or politics at his favorite tavern, or strutting down the street brusqueness and obstinacy seemed to win him consideration. There was a certain sturdiness about the man, a ring of candour and sincerity. His personality, exasperating though it must have been at times, has served to give the Old Grub Street a dignity in history. We find his ill-nature in pleasing contrast to the grimacing and scraping and posture-making of his time. A lady compliments him on the absence from his dictionary of vulgar words. "I perceive, madam," he replies, "that you have been looking for them." There are dozens of anecdotes of this kind. His admirers seemed to think them highly creditable. He was just as blunt and ill-natured and uncomplimentary where he himself was concerned. A lexicographer he defines as "a harmless drudge, whose fate it is to be rather driven by the fear of evil than the prospect of good; to be exposed to censure without hope of praise; to be disgraced by miscarriage or punished for neglect; where success would have been without applause, and diligence without reward." When he came to Grub Street, he wrote: "Grub Street is the name of a street in London much inhabited by writers of small histories, dictionaries and temporary poems; whence any *mean* production is called Grub Street."

Years ago Grub Street, topographically speaking, lost its identity. The actual thoroughfare which sheltered the poor-devil authors whose conditions brought a lasting term into the language still exists. It is now known as Milton Street, a short street in the heart of business London, abutting at the north on Chiswell Street close by Bunhill Fields, the Artillery Ground and Finsbury Square, and only a little distant from the Charterhouse, that school which has helped to mould so many of the masters of English literature. One of these masters was, of course, Thackeray, and the author of *Henry Esmond* was continually bringing in the neighbourhood and the school as the background for his novels. In his younger days he wrote of it with some bitterness. It is termed "The Slaughter House." But as the years went by his memory became kindlier and more genial. "The Slaughter House" was changed to "Greyfriars," and it was there that Colonel Thomas Newcome found a refuge in his last days, and said Adsum to the call of the Master. It was at the Charterhouse that Arthur Pendennis was prepared for his reckless career at Boniface College, Oxford, and his later entry into the literary life of London. There is probably no book of fiction which so

adequately describes the conditions of Grub Street in the early half of the nineteenth century as *Pendennis*. Throughout the greater part of the novel we see the printer's devil constantly hovering about the door of the quarters in the Temple occupied by Pendennis and Warrington. Bungay and Bacon, each of whom had married the sister of the other, and who were, in consequence, in a state of open and perpetual hostility, may be taken as representative though somewhat exaggerated types of the Paternoster Row publishers of that city. Miss Bunion, the poetess of passion; Wag, the professional humourist, and Percy Popjoy no doubt owe much to Thackeray's sense of the ridiculous; but in the description of Captain Shandon, the brilliant, the learned, the dissolute, writing buoyantly and lightheartedly within the confines of the Fleet Prison, there rings the real tragic note of unfulfilled promise and wasted endeavour—the old, old pitiable story of Grub Street.

To come down to recent time, the London Grub Street of twenty odd years ago has been described by Mr. George Gissing in his novel *New Grub Street*. It was there, he points out, that were to be found the writers of the penny dreadfuls, just as to our own Grub Street belong those men who concoct the dime novels which bring delight to the hearts of the district messenger boys. It has been pointed out that one curious thing about Grub Street is that it has always been made entirely of garrets. In that street nobody ever reads of a first or second floor, though the rules of architecture would seem to demand something of the kind.

To cross the Channel, a Grub Street, again, of course, in the figurative sense, has existed ever since France began to have a literature. François Villon may be mentioned as a supreme type of the Grub Streeter of his age; Molière, even in the days of his affluence, when he was at the head of his famous company of comedians and was being honoured by the Court and the King, seems somehow to have belonged to Grub Street. Nearly all the players of old, as well as those who inhabited the purlieus of literature, dwelt hard by the much-talked-of thoroughfare. In the second part of *Lost Illusions*, Balzac has painted very graphically the Grub Street of journalism and literature in Paris at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Lucien de Rubempre, after winning a certain provincial celebrity as a poet and a prose writer, goes to Paris and speedily embarks on a career which brings him some little ephemeral fame and great degradation and misery. A gifted weakling, he leaves readily the narrow and rugged path which leads to true literary achievement for the easy road that brings him speedily to a little flickering flame of success. Undoubtedly these chapters, which were meant to preserve for future historians the picture of this Parisian Grub Street, have a great and permanent value. But Balzac's terrible arraignment of the avarice of publishers, of the venality of journalists, of the wholesale system of knocking the palings with his walking stick, is close to us today. His very *chantage*, which he paints as having been the very foundation of literary criticism and exploitation at that time, must, to some extent at least, be ascribed to his own personal feelings of irritation and exasperation.

There has probably never been a life which has illustrated so widely all the conditions of literary Bohemia as that of Henry Murger, and no book has ever painted this life more vividly and more poetically, and done more to perpetuate the Grub Street legend, than his *Scènes de la Vie Bohême*. Born in comparative obscurity, sent into a lawyer's office at the age of fifteen, he soon found this labour uncongenial, and drifted into the life of a thorough literary Bohemian. He has been accused of having in his books idealised this life, but while he wrote proudly of its heroic aspirations he never lost sight of its heroic absurdities. For instance, in one of his short tales, he has told of a poet named Melchior. Now Melchior was a bad poet. But unlike most bad poets of personal acquaintance, there were occasions when, rebuffed by continual failure, he would begin seri-

ously to doubt his vocation. At such times, however, he had only to read aloud to himself one of his own poems, and in a transport of tears he would search in the mirror for the aureole which he felt must be about his head. Melchior wished to go to the hospital, to suffer there, so that he might write a hymn to pain that would wring from Paris the cry: "Another great poet who is dying of misery!" What honesty and frankness there are in descriptions like this! Such absurdities are obviously beyond invention or observation. The extravagant artists of whom Murger tells, the eccentric musicians, the poets who thrive on the motto that "misery is the pasture of talent," were wrung from his own heart. Their follies, their vanities, their debauches of imagination, were his own.

In the preface to the *Vie de Bohême,* Murger traced the history of literary Bohemianism from the times of the strolling Greeks, who went about singing of the loves of Helen and the fall of Troy, through the age of the Troubadours, the century of the Italian Renaissance, the days of Villon, the seventeenth, the eighteenth, and down to his own century. "Bohemia," he wrote, "is the stage of art life; the antechamber of the Academy or of the Morgue. Every man who enters the realm of art, with no other means of existence than art itself, will be forced to tread the paths of Bohemia. For Bohemians all ways are practicable.

To achieve their aims, all roads are good, since they know how to avail themselves of the chances of the way. Neither rain nor dust, neither shadow nor sunshine—nothing stops these bold adventurers whose very vices are lined with virtues. Their wits are spurred by their ambition, which sounds the charge and urges them to the assault of the Future. With them existence itself is a work of genius, a daily problem to be solved by the most daring mathematics. These men could borrow money from Harpagon and find truffles in the skull of Medusa. At need they know how to practise the abstinence of an anchorite, but let fortune smile on them for a minute, and they cannot find windows enough out of which to throw away their money. Then, with their last crown gone, they begin again to dine at the *table d'hôte* of chance, where their places are always set, spending their days in the chase of that elusive animal, the five-franc piece.

The associations of the Bohemian depend almost entirely upon the condition of his wardrobe and the state of his finances. You meet them one day leaning against the mantelpiece of a fashionable *salon,* and on the morrow sitting around the tables of the lowest *café-concerts.* They can not walk a dozen steps on the Boulevard without meeting an acquaintance, and not thirty steps anywhere without meeting a creditor. Theirs is a life of watching and waiting in which struggling is of no avail without a breastplate of indifference which is proof against the blows of envy and malice; a life which has its charms and its terrors, which reckons its victors and its martyrs, and which no one should enter who is not ready in advance to subject himself to the pitiless law of Væ Victis."

It was actually in this way that Murger worked during the greater part of his life. Naturally one of the most fastidious of literary artists, he could not create rapidly enough to win any degree of comfort. Rather than prostitute art, as he called it, he would frequently live for weeks on dry bread in his garret, where, from want of fire, he was unable to work otherwise than in bed. These long periods of abject destitution were occasionally briefly interrupted by an advance from a publisher. At such times the natural recklessness of the real Bohemian asserted itself, and to use his own words, "he could not find windows enough out of which to throw his money." His sensations at one of these turns of fortune he described by saying that he had dreamed that he was the Emperor of Morocco, and that he had married the Bank of France.

Firmin Dredd.

OTHER PERSONS' LITERARY TASTES



N the epistle in Hamerton's *Intellectual Life* "to a friend who seemed to take credit to himself intellectually from the nature of his religious belief," many examples are collated of intellectual leaders whose religious beliefs were superstitious or eccentric. The point made is that religious views cannot legitimately be taken as a test of general sanity and acumen. "A religious belief protects this or that subject against intellectual action, but it does not affect the energy of the intellectual action upon subjects which are not so protected." After centuries of the rack and fagot, and later of social ostracism for nonconformity, the civilised world seems finally to have evolved religious liberty in substance, as well as name, under which a man's peculiarity of faith or doubt does not derogate from the general respect for him.

Politics used to be the twin subject with religion tabooed in general society, in order to guard against acrimonious dissension. Within the present generation how many thousands of excellent persons in the North and in the South in their heart of hearts could not bring themselves to believe that affiliation with one or the other of the great national parties did not involve something of moral or mental taint? The Spanish war seems to have quite effectually eradicated the *odium politicum*, insuring substantial political liberty throughout the Republic, corresponding with our perfected religious liberty.

In the earlier days of *odium theologicum* and *politicum* the peace was kept in mixed society by taking refuge in literature. Intellectual men and women, of all grades of antagonism in what were considered serious matters, presumably could discuss poetry, fiction and the drama without ruffling their tempers. Through a certain growth and transformation in intellectual life, not without its paradoxically amusing features, a sort of odium of critical appreciation has been developed, under the influence of which the average intellectual person is now more apt to disparage another's general mentality because of dissimilarity of taste in literature, than through any disagreements in religion or politics. In the earlier days authors were not so numerous; culture was not so widely diffused; genuine criticism was rare in print and rarer still in conversation. Our fathers could rhapsodise about writers of orthodox standing without danger of arousing resentment, unless, perhaps, when one rhapsodist overran his just time allowance and precluded his fellow-enthusiast from extolling the beauties of his own favourite passages from the same authors. At the present time the production of literary matter is enormous, the habit of reading is very general, and, most important of all, the energy and discrimination of the intellectual masses, which formerly were so largely absorbed by theology, are to a very material extent expended on literature. Pure literature —light literature as it formerly was significantly termed—is much more seriously taken. The average thoughtful reader of books puts the best of his mental stuff into the formation of his judgments upon them, and he unconsciously tends, when he hears directly conflicting views, to impugn the intellectual ability of any person who could hold them. Upon every person who expects to be regarded as a conscientious critic consistency imposes the duty of guarding against dogmatism, of striving to conceive an opponent's point of view, and of according respect to opinions if they seem honestly come by. This admonition is not as superfluous as at first sight it may appear. Perhaps it should be taken to heart by women even more than men. The activities of business, in which most American men are engaged, serve as a corrective to the dogmatism engendered

by abstract contemplation and deductive reasoning. But American women are great readers, as well as the more important social factors. And it should ever be kept in mind that aggressive opinionativeness, besides being an unlovely personal trait, is a grave social handicap.

A very common experience on first taking up a famous author of a past generation is acute disappointment, finally passing into bewilderment. The reader wonders how by such work a writer could have acquired and maintained a reputation. The sapient remark so frequently made, that such and such famous production would not now be acceptable for a second-class magazine, true as it often is, in reality signifies nothing. The number of dead authors entitled to be regarded as still living factors of literary influence is comparatively small. But, on the other hand, large numbers of writers justly enjoy immortality as purely historical figures because they illustriously served their own day and generation, and, dying, passed the torch along. Dr. Samuel Johnson affords perhaps the most striking English illustration. His own writings in prose and verse were enthusiastically admired in his day. His influence upon the profession of letters, is comparable to that of an Academy. Universal literary history offers no more important or august figure. Yet the great Dixionary was already growing superannuated when, some years before the Battle of Waterloo, Becky Sharp flung the copy presented to her on leaving school back at the horrified Miss Pinkerton's head. Who to-day reads "The Vanity of Human Wishes," or "London" (the poem that, according to Boswell, "burst forth with a splendour, the rays of which will forever encircle his [Johnson's] name)," or "Rasselas," or "The Lives of the English Poets?" Johnson indeed will live perennially in his conversation as reported by Boswell, but even that faithful dog and slave would scarcely have ventured to brave the tornado of wrath, if some one with the gift of prophecy had informed the sage that of all his literature posterity would remember him best by his epitaphs on Garrick and Goldsmith and a line added to one of the latter's poems.

Acerbities of controversy arise when critics assign great names of the past to the historical limbo. A particularly offensive form of personality is apt to crop out in such disputes if the adverse critic be himself a producer of the same kind of literature as that of the bygone worthy. Their respective productions are disparagingly compared, and it is insinuated that until the critic can write as well as did his subject, it would be more becoming to respect the halo of a great fame. Such suggestions are not only unjust, but indecent. The modern critic may not have any higher ambition than of writing acceptably for his own time, and may complacently look forward to the common lot of oblivion. It is, of course, a serious offence against candour for a critic to lay down abstract standards which shall make his own works out great. But certainly an honest critic is entitled to have his views judged entirely irrespective of his own ventures in literature.

The writer has sometimes wondered how far the career of the late Richard Grant White was responsible for the "shillalah" spirit of literary criticism. At times he certainly displayed a dogmatic disposition, and he was constantly involved in personalities. On the whole, he seemed to enjoy them. Though the newspaper critics downed him on one notable occasion, it was generally found when the dust had cleared away, and welts and bruises had been counted, that after all, he had not been running the gauntlet, but running amuck among his assailants. These Donnybrook performances were amusing, but not edifying. It is probable that he dissipated a large portion of a legitimate influence through virulent squabbles about nothings.

A controversy of some little interest arose a few months ago between Mr. W. L. Alden and various newspapers correspondents anent a passage in one of his London letters to the New York *Times Saturday Review,* in which he questioned whether the works of Jane Austen were worthy of perpetuation. We concur in his view that the authoress of *Pride* and

Prejudice belongs in the honoured but merely historical category. Mr. Alden is congenitally a humourist, and probably his vivacity of style was in part responsible for the discourteous character of several protests from persons who said they read Jane Austen through every year and ranked her as an assured immortal. Of course, the privilege of in turn satirising a satirical critic cannot be disputed. But in the present instance the counter-attack was carried much too far.

Standing controversies that will probably continue acute during the present generation are over the proper permanent rank of Scott and Dickens. Matthew Arnold felicitously characterises Scott as the "historiographer-royal of Feudalism." Many persons of catholic appreciation, while recognising the brilliancy of Scott's career, regard it as only episodical, and believe his fame, like that of the great majority, destined to fade into a mere name. On the other hand, it is contended that Scott, far from being a waning literary influence, is perennially vital as an inspiration and a model. On the one side, the anti-Dickens camp claims that he was only a striking caricaturist of humanity; that his attitude toward life was always narrow and often puerile. On the other, it is vigorously maintained that Dickens held the mirror up to nature with truth and prolific versatility surpassed only by Shakespeare. The present writer is inclined to sympathise with the "anti" sentiment toward both these great figures, finding it difficult to re-read any of Scott's prose works, except *Ivanhoe* or any of Dickens's novels save the *Tale of Two Cities*. But whatever a person's own attitude may be, there are lovers of letters on each side, of such eminence and character for fairness, that the frequent resort to personalities has been absurd.

The writer would not be taken as a mere iconoclast. He also has his gods, whom he believes posterity must leave permanently in the empyrean. He is persuaded that by virtue of the two cardinal essentials—truth and style—Thackeray's fame can only wax the greater as the literary controversies of his own time subside. That absolute verisimilitude, which has made quite a company of rather ordinary people as intimate and dear to those who first read of them as next-door neighbours in the flesh, must have imparted to Pendennis, Clive Newcome and Rawdon Crawley perennial life. The style that was once contemptuously dismissed as "cynical" is more and more perceived to hold in solution the essential social spirit of the author's age. It has been interesting in reading the clever American Revolutionary novels—*In the Valley, Hugh Wynne, Richard Carvel*—to perceive how the changing woof of persons and events, the Whig hero, the Tory villain, the heroine swayed between two opinions, are wrought upon the standard warp of *Henry Esmond*. From the present outlook it seems as impossible for the art of fiction to outgrow the influence, even the definite models, of Thackeray as for the music of the future to unlearn Wagner. Yet it may be a possibility of the twentieth century to relegate even Thackeray and Tennyson to back shelves and historical catalogues. Let us exploit our candidates for the abiding pantheon with sweet reasonableness, never with bumptious dogmatism. Among the butts of literary history none are held up to more merciless derision than cocksure prophets come to grief.

It may be suggested that the logical result of systematically respecting other people's literary tastes will be the unsettling of all standards; that personal caprice will serve as the only test of merit, and anything will be entitled to rank as good literature which can get itself printed and read by somebody. The answer is, that there are no absolute, critical standards. Academies and professional authority exercise a purifying influence on style and form, but as applied to matters of substance their influence tends toward stamping out spontaneity and discouraging genius. The only test of great literature, ancient or modern, is the suffrage of men and women who read and think about literature, which elects as approximate standards the works or portions of the works of certain writers. The persons who influence their fellows are usually capable of at least speaking and writing good

English, and it is absurd to fear the nominal elevation into the rank even of respectability of the shoals of paper-covered obscenity and twaddle that swarm on news-stands. The intelligent public will occasionally extend a deserved, temporary welcome to a book like *Helen's Babies* or *David Harum*, which has genuine, though ephemeral, qualities. Kipling conquered the professors through first conquering the world. And the claims of nineteenth-century authors to immortality will be determined by the suffrage of persons who in the twentieth and succeeding centuries read and think about literature in like manner as we are now sitting in judgment upon Jane Austen and Scott. In what domain can a spirit of dogmatism and uncharity be more out of place than in literature?

Wilbur Larremore.

EDUCATION

CONCERNING RESEARCH IN AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES



THE present writer has been asked to deal briefly with the question of research in American universities. The subject is an immense one, and the following discussion makes no pretense of being exhaustive. It aims merely to present the problem again, to emphasise again its importance, and to point out once more some of its harder conditions and some of the principles and distinctions involved in any serious attempt at its solution.

The problem may not be easy to appreciate, but it is at all events easy to state. It is the problem of securing in our universities suitable provision for the work of research or investigation and productivity. For a generation the great majority of the ablest men in our universities have regarded that problem as the most urgent and important educational problem confronting these institutions and the American people. Meanwhile, something has been done towards a solution. But none of the universities has secured adequate provision, and the majority of them but little or none at all. In the abstract, the problem is simple and the solution is easy: given a body of able and enthusiastic men, provide them with proper facilities, afford them opportunity to devote their powers continuously to the prosecution of research, and the thing is done. But in the concrete it is exceedingly difficult, being frightfully complicated with our whole institutional history and life, in particular with our educational traditions and tendencies, with the prevailing plan of university organisation, and especially with the characteristic temper, ideals and ambitions of the American people.

Somebody besides our foreign friends and critics ought to tell the truth about American education and American universities. Our people have never ceased to believe in education. Our belief has not always been intelligent. We have been prone to ascribe to education efficacies and potencies that do not belong to any human agency or institution. But our faith in it, though not always critical or enlightened, has been deep, implicit and abiding; and we have diligently pursued it, generally as a means no doubt, but sometimes as an end, and occasionally as a thing in itself more precious than power and gold. In all this we have been, quite unconsciously and contrary to all appearances, very humble. We have been content to educate ourselves

with knowledge discovered by others and to nourish ourselves with doctrines and truths produced only by the spiritual activity of other lands. We may have been vain but we have not been proud. Besides a marvelous practical sense we have had, in degree quite unsurpassed, two of the elements of genius,—intellectual energy and intellectual audacity; and by means of these we have created a material civilisation so obtrusive, so elaborate and so efficient as to amaze the world. But now at length there begin to appear the indicia of change, of change for the better. A new day has dawned. The sun is not yet risen high, but it is rising. We have begun to suspect that genuine civilisation is essentially an affair of the spirit, that it can not be borrowed or imported or improvised or appropriated from without, but that it is a growth from within, an efflorescence of mind and soul, and that its highest tokens are not soldiers but savants, not the purchasers and admirers of art but artists, not mere retailers of knowledge or teachers of the familiar and the known, but discoverers of the unknown, not mere inventors but men of science. And so we have begun to feel our way towards the establishment of true universities, that is to say of institutional centres for the activity of the human spirit, and of organs, the most potent yet invented by human society for giving effect to the noblest instinct of man, "the civilisation-producing instinct of truth for truth's sake."

Just here we encounter a great danger. For a generation our progress in the matter has been so swift that both the universities themselves and the educated public opinion upon which in our democratic society their support and advancement ultimately depend, are in danger of greatly overestimating it, and that would be a misfortune. Absolutely the progress has indeed been great, but relatively and judged by the very highest standards, it has not. It is not first or mainly a question of achievements, of things done. It is a question of ideals, of standards and aspirations. A clear concept of a great university unconsciously serving the highest interests of man by absolute devotion to Truth for its own sake and without extraneous motive, end or aim, does not yet exist in the mind of the American public and is not yet incarnate in any of its institutions. Our universities are young, strong and robust. They are full of potence and promise. But they have not yet impressed their own imperfect ideals upon the people; they have not yet given forth the light necessary for their own proper beholding and appreciation. Their perfections and their imperfections alike, remain obscure. The old colleges about which as about nuclei some of our universities have been formed have done much to leaven and temper the American mind and to subdue it to the influences of beauty and truth. Corresponding services have not yet been rendered by our universities as such. No one can doubt that they are destined to assume in future the permanent leadership, and to exercise a controlling formative influence, in all that goes to deepen thought and to exalt and refine standards, character, and taste. At present, however, they are themselves in the formative and impressionable stage, resembling improvisations in some respects; and to understand them, to see clearly both what they are and what they are not, it is necessary to regard them as being at the present time less the producers than the products of our civilisation.

So regarded, they are seen to embody and to reflect alike the merits and the defects of their progenitor. Like the latter they are unsurpassed in boldness, in energy and in enthusiasm, and their genius has been mainly directed to material and outer ends. Their first and chief concern has been with the physical and exterior, with buildings and grounds and instruments and laboratories, and while their material equipment is still far from adequate, it has already evoked astonished and admiring commentary from visiting scholars of European seats of learning. Like the civilisation whence they have sprung, our universities are intensely modern and up-to-date, and they are intensely democratic in everything but management; they set great store by organisation, exalt the function

of administration, and tend to be regarded, to regard themselves, and in fact to be, as vast and complicate machines or industrial plants naturally demanding the control of centralised authority. They have but little sentiment; they are almost devoid of sacred and hallowing traditions, of great and illustrious recollections; there is in and about them nothing or but little of "the shadow and the hush of a haunted past." They have no antiquity. In them the utilitarian spirit, having learned the lingo of service, contrives to receive an ample share of honour, and the Genius of Industry that has transformed our land into an abode of wealth and for generations assigned an attainable upper limit to a people's aspiration, shapes educational policy, holds and wields the balance of power. The classic distinctions of good, better and best in subjects and motives of study receive but slight regard. The traditional hierarchy of educational values and the ascending scale of spiritual worths have fallen into disrepute. All things have been leveled up or leveled down to a common level; so that the workshop and the laboratory, schools of engineering, of agriculture and of the classics, the library, the model dairy and departments of architecture and music, exist side by side. In at least one institution, so it is reported, the professor of poetry rubs shoulders with the professor of poultry. No wonder that a distinguished critic has said that some of our biggest universities appear as hardly more than episodes in the wondrous maelstrom of our industrial life.

Thus it appears that the American university, child of a predominantly material and industrial civilisation half-blindly aspiring to higher things, strikingly resembles its parent. Begotten in the hope that it would be as a saviour and rescue us from our national idols and respectable sins, it straightway became their most enlightened servant and lent them the sanction and the support of its honoured name. It is by no means contended that this fact is the whole truth. Our universities are not entirely devoted to the service of industry; they are not wholly committed to teaching youth the known from utilitarian motives and for immediate and practical ends; they are not exclusively concerned with the *applications* of science; out of general devotion to the Useful, something is saved for the True; science is not always regarded as a commodity; the judgment of the great Jacobi is sometimes recognised as just: "The unique end of science is the honour of the human spirit." And it is a pleasure to be able to proclaim the fact that in a few of our universities something like a home has been provided for the spirit of research and that by its activity there, American genius has had a share in extending the empire of light, in enlarging the domain of the known, in astronomy, in physics, in mathematics, in the science of mind, in biology, in criticism, in economics, in letters, in almost all of the great fields where the instinct of truth for the sake of truth contends against the dark. In this clear evidence of our growing freedom and exaltation, let us rejoice; but let us be candid also. Let us admit that we have only begun the higher service of the soul; let us confess in becoming humility that, in comparison with our wealth, our numbers, our energies and our talents, in comparison, too, with the intellectual achievements of some other peoples and other lands, the service we have rendered to Science and Art and Truth is meagre.

Why such emptiness, such poverty, such meagreness in the fruits of the highest activity? The immediate cause is easy to find. It is not incompetence or lack of genius in our university faculties. These are not inferior to the best in the world. It is not mainly due, as is often said, to inadequacy of material compensation, though one of the greatest of living physicists, Professor J. J. Thompson, has told us truly that American men of science receive less renumeration than their colleagues in any other part of the world. The cause in question is simply: *lack of opportunity.* The difficulty is near at hand. It inheres in the composition and organisation of our universities. Most of these are built about and upon, and largely consist of, immense undergraduate schools

thronged by young men mainly bent upon practical aims and neither qualified nor intending to qualify for the work of investigation. The interests of these schools are naturally the paramount concern. The great and growing burdens of administration tend to distribute themselves among the professors. These have, besides, to give the most and the best of their energies to elementary teaching, to teaching, that is, which does not pertain to a university proper but to gymnasia and lycées—a worthy, important, necessary kind of work, but a kind that drains off the energy in non-productive channels and tends to form and harden the mind of those engaged in it about a small group of simpler ideas. What is left, what can be left, of spirit, of energy, of opportunity, for the arduous work of research? One man attempting the enterprise of three: administration, elementary teaching, discovery and creative work. Who can suitably characterise the absurdity? Who can compute the wickedness of the waste in the impossible attempt to effect daily the demanded transition from mood to mood? A mind, by prolonged effort, at length immersed in the depths of a profound and difficult investigation—how poignant the pain of interruption, the rending of continuity, the rude disturbance of poise and concentration. How easy to fail of due respect for, because it is so easy not to understand, the creative mood, oblivious to the outer world, the brooding "maternity of mind," more delicate than fabric of gossamer, of infinite subtlety, of infinite sensitiveness, a woven psychic structure finer than ether threads; and how easy to forget that a sudden alien call may disturb and jar and even destroy the structure.

Little excuse, then, have we to wonder at the recent words of Professor Bjerknes, of the chair of mechanics and mathematical physics in the University of Stockholm, and non-resident lecturer in mathematical physics in Columbia University, who, in his farewell address to his American colleagues, assembled to do him honour, spoke substantially as follows:

"I have been much impressed with the material equipment of your universities, with your splendid buildings, with the fine instruments you have placed in them, and with the enthusiasm of the men I have found at work there. But I hope you will pardon me, gentlemen, for saying, as I must say, that, when I found you attempting serious investigation with the remnants of energy left after your excessive teaching and administrative work, I could not help thinking you did not appreciate the fact that the finest instruments in those buildings are your brains. I heard one of you counsel his colleagues to care for the astronomical instruments lest these become strained and cease to give true results. Allow me to substitute brain for telescope, and to exhort you to care for your brains. I have been astonished to find that some of you, in addition to much executive work, teach from ten to fifteen and even more hours per week. I myself teach two hours per week, and I can assure you that, if I had been required to do so much of it as you do, you never would have invited me to lecture here in a difficult branch of science. That, gentlemen, is the most important message I can leave with you."

Such, then, is the situation. No need that we should behold it in picture drawn by foreign hand. We need no copy. The original lies before us in all its proportions. The challenge addresses itself at once to our pride and to our practical sense. Of all peoples, we, it would seem, should feel the challenge most keenly, for the problem is a problem in freedom. It demands the emancipation of American genius; it demands provision of free and ample opportunity for the highest activity of our highest talent.

Hope of solution lies in division of labour. Our universities and the people they represent must reduce their exactions. For three men's work, three must be provided. There must be men to administer and men to teach and men to investigate. Three varieties of service, entirely compatible in kind, entirely incompatible as co-ordinate vocations combined in one. Any one of them may be as an avocation to another of the three, but only so of choice and not by compulsion. No invidious comparisons are implied. The distinctions are not of greater and less; they are matters of economy in the domain of mind. The great administrator is not a clerk or an amanuensis; he is a man of constructive genius, a creator. The great teacher is not a pedagogue; he is a source of inspiration and of aspiration, producing

children of the spirit by "the urge and ardor" of a deep and rich and enlightened personality; he was in the mind of Goethe when he said of Winckelmann that "from him you learned nothing, but you became something." And the great investigator is not a mere collector and recorder of facts; he is a discoverer, a discloser, of the harmonies and the invariance hid beneath the surface of seeming disorder and of ceaseless change. The three great powers are compatible, and are usually found united in a single gigantic personality, just as the ordinary administrator and ordinary teacher and ordinary investigator compose one unit of mediocrity.

It is perfectly evident that the total service demanded of the universities will not diminish. On the contrary, it will continue as now to increase in response to growing need. The case, then, is clear: the number of servants must be increased, the number of those who are to do the work must be greatly multiplied. And thus the problem becomes a financial one. But a university is not a money-making institution. Its function is to convert the physical into the spiritual, to transform the things of matter into the things of mind. It has, however, a physical body, without which it may not dwell among men; and, for the support of it, it depends and must depend, whether through legislative appropriation or the benefaction of individuals, ultimately upon the people. These now possess the means in ample measure, and the promptings of generosity are in the hearts of many wealthy and sagacious men.

And so the problem revolves upon itself and once more turns full upon us its theoretic aspect. Its solution awaits public appreciation of its significance and its terms. It is above all else a question of enlightenment. Just here, if I am not mistaken, is the measureless opportunity of the university president. Beyond all others, he is spokesman and representative before the people of their highest spiritual interests. Their ideals and aspirations will scarcely surpass his own. The problem must be conceived boldly in truth and presented in its larger aspects. It must be seen and be felt to be the supreme problem of our civilisation. As a people we have yet to learn the lesson deeply that research, the competent application in any field whatever of human interest of any effective method whatever for the discovery of truth and enlarging the bounds of knowledge, is the highest form of human activity. We have yet to learn that a nation, a state, a university without investigators, is a community without men of profoundest conviction. For this can not be gained by conning books; it can not be inherited; it is not merely a pious hope or a pleasing superstition. It is not an obsession.

As Helmholz has said, a teacher "who desires to give his hearers a perfect conviction of the truth of his principles must, first of all, know from his own experience how conviction is acquired and how not. He must have known how to acquire conviction where no predecessor had been before him—that is, he must have worked at the confines of knowledge and have conquered new regions." We have yet to learn that the value of a university professor can not be estimated by counting the hours he stands before his classes. We have yet to learn to prefer standards of quality to units of quantity. We have yet to learn that the spirit of pure research, the highest productive genius, has no direct concern whatever with the useful; that, while it does without intention create an atmosphere in which utilities most greatly flourish, it is itself concerned solely with the true; we have yet to learn that "the action of faculty is imperious and always excluded the reflection *why* it acts." When these and kindred lessons shall have been taken to heart, our emancipation, now well begun, will advance towards completion; the American university will come to its own; and our present civilisation will speedily pass to the rank of the highest and best.

Cassius J. Keyser.

REVIEWS

THE MUSEUMS AND RUINS OF ROME.*

These attractive little volumes, originally written in German as part of a series styled *The Modern Cicerone,* were intended to serve as a companion to tourists interested in art, and to aid in the understanding and enjoyment of works of art. They are not guide books, nor, on the other hand, are they technical descriptions of classical antiquities. They owe their existence, therefore, to the endeavour to give a comprehensive view of the great art collections and of the architectural remains found in Rome, a laudable object which they certainly achieve. The student and thoughtful tourist will find that in the compass of these little volumes he will possess a Baedeker's *Rome,* and a Helbig's *Guide to the Collections* in a very attractive combination. The first volume is written by Walter Amelung to whom *Die Skulpturen des Vaticanischen Museums* and *Die Basis des Praxiteles aus Mantineia* have given a reputation for scholarly exactness and breadth of learning. In this little book he conducts the reader through the museums of Rome in a most interesting and instructive way, selecting with excellent judgment only those works of art which should be studied because of their general importance and their place in the artistic development so that each statue and each fragment may take its place as an integral part of the whole. The method the author has adopted of bringing forward restorations and more perfect replicas to illustrate correlated works impresses upon the reader the part the copy or the fragment plays in the rehabilitation of the artist's original conception. The first volume opens with a brief but helpful introduction. This is followed by a classification of the works of art according to their present location; first, the Papal collections—in the Vatican and Lateran; then the Municipal—in the Capitoline Museum, in the Palace of the Conservatori, in the Antiquarium and in the Museo Baracco; finally the National—in the Museo delle Terme, Museo Kircheriano, Casino Borghese and the Villa di Papa Giulio. The chapters on the Museo Baracco, opened last April, on the Villa Borghese and the Villa Papa Guilio, are found only in the English edition. As the collections in several of the museums have been rearranged this book will supplant others which follow the old numbering. Dr. Amelung was compelled by lack of space to omit the private collections in Rome. It is to be hoped that he will soon furnish us with a guide to these treasures, particularly to those of the Villa Albani, to which only a few favored visitors are admitted. It is very evident that our author has given us the latest and best theories as to the different works of art. It is worthy of note that when referring to the so-called crucifixion graffito he offers the more sensible view that it is a drawing designed by some adherent of the Gnostic sect of the Sethians who taught that Christ and Seth the son of Adam were equals. As the latter was identified with the Egyptian god Seth, he was represented by an ass's head. This volume is illustrated by one hundred and seventy excellent half-tones, mainly from photographs by Alinari Brothers. A useful historical list of works of art in Rome and a full index bring the book to a close.

The second volume is by Heinrich Holtzinger, Professor in the Technische Hochschule in Hanover. The purpose of this part is to study the architecture of Rome in such a manner as to give a general appreciation both historical and æsthetic of the buildings of the ancient city. Topography is used simply as a framework and architecture is studied as an art, the development being traced up to the transformation into Christian mediæval art. The author of this volume had the more difficult task, which he has accomplished, however, in a satisfactory manner. We feel continually the lack of many details due to the compression into one little volume of so much material. It must be said that there is nothing new, and that the same information may be found in many of the excellent works on this subject recently published. After a chapter on the Development of Rome Dr. Holtzinger makes a hurried trip through the city, visiting the Roman Forum, the Fora of the Emperors, the Capitoline, the Velia, the Palatine, the Velabrum, the Campus Martius, the east and south parts of Rome. The book closes with a chapter on the Christian Basilicas. There are some statements which deserve criticism, as when the black pavement, *lapis niger,* in the Comitium is assigned to the time of the Cæsars, whereas the best opinion places it in the time of Maxentius. The Flavian rostra should not be described as, "east of the arcade supports of the Clivus Capitolinus towards the Arch of Septimius Severus." The present restoration is due to Signor Boni and does not date back to the days of Hadrian. Our author does not apparently know that there are remains of the hemicyclium on the north-east of the Forum of Trajan which may be seen in the rear of the houses on the Via Alexandrina. Lastly, we do not find the most recent and approved theory as to the origin of the Christian basilica which is now traced to the Roman house in the form possessing a Corinthian peristyle, and not to the Pagan basilica. Nothwithstanding these criticisms the book is an excellent supplement to Dr. Amelung's work. We have noted only one typographical error, 5 in. and 6½ in., where metres are intended (p. 130). There are ninety illustrations obtained from the photographs of Anderson in Rome.

James C. Egbert.

*The Museums and Ruins of Rome. By Walter Amelung and Heinrich Holtzinger. English Edition Revised by the authors and Mrs. S. Arthur Strong, LL.D. 2 vols. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

PUBLICATIONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE*

The number of series at the present day is very considerable and the greater proportion of them is probably educational. Of these latter, at least, most might be described as business propositions. Various causes encourage them: they formerly come under the periodical rate at the post-office, they very naturally filled such opportunities as the college entrance requirement in English, the different volumes helped each other in the sale, and so on. Perfectly respectable reasons these for the promoter of the series, though not of the slightest interest to one concerned with literature. But given the series, it was of course for the best that the books should be good of their kind, so that there has been called into existence a vast number of little books that are rarely bad, indeed often very good, though seldom any real addition to literature or reputation.

An exception may preporely be noted for the two series of which we put together the latest volumes. The Athenæum Press series is the older of the two and may fairly take to itself some credit for doing for scholarly literature things that were worth doing. Indeed, a number of the volumes are extremely valuable. Prof. Manly's volumes in the pre-Shakespearian drama, and Prof. Gummere's collection of Ballads are examples of very useful original work. Of a somewhat different nature and yet also noteworthy are Prof. Winchester's Introduction to Malory and Prof. Carpenter's Introduction to his Selections from Steele. Of this kind is Mr. Beeching's volume on Shakespeare's Sonnets. It provides an original treatment of that very vexed and fruitful source of discussion.

The other series *Belles-Letters*, is much more recent and more systematically planned. The editors desire to make accessible in convenient form an immense body of texts and selections not now very easily come at. The volume which we note is a good example. Here are two of the comedies of Robertson, plays really necessary for a good understanding of the modern English stage, and yet not to be easily had in convenient form. Mr. Pemberton gives an introduction that is very good on Robertson, though it might say more as to his place in the development of the drama. The book is a most useful thing to a student of the modern theatre.

These two series offer a striking exception to the somewhat commercial character of the series in general. It is not probable that as a whole they will be financially profitable. But they do well something worth doing. They provide means for getting in the class room all sorts of things that would otherwise be hard to find. And to the more advanced student they offer a chance to make and publish original studies in fields that might otherwise remain long uncultivated.

Edward E. Hale, Jr.

The Sonnets of Shakespeare, with an introduction and notes by H. C. Beeching. The Athenæum Press. Ginn and Company, Boston.

Society and Caste, by T. W. Robertson. Edited by T. Edgar Pemberton, The Belle-Lettres Series. D. C. Heath and Company, Boston.

EDUCATIONAL BOOK NOTES

GERMAN TEXTS.

Kirschbaum's *German Verbs** contains an alphabetical list of the more common strong and weak verbs, and their principal parts. Under each simple verb are given the more usual compounds. All verbs are translated rather fully, with here and there an illustrative sentence. Abbreviations serve to show whether the verb is separable or inseparable, transitive or intransitive, etc. At the end of the book there is a folded table containing the complete conjugation of two type-verbs, and a brief summary of the more important facts of conjugation. The compilation will probably be found useful to students. Unfortunately, the author has seen fit to keep the antiquated terminology "regular and irregular verbs." He also spells according, as he says, to the "modern daily newspaper," whatever that may mean. Accordingly we have "raten," but on the other hand "muthen" and of course "thun". The compilation ought to have been made by somebody with better knowledge of modern scholarship.

*German Verbs: Primitives and their Compounds, etc. By Benno Kirschbaum. Philadelphia: Benno Kirschbaum.

GERMAN TEXTS.

New German Course,* by Edwin F. Bacon. Bacon's German Grammar is a curious combination of excellent, mediocre and poor material. The general impression left with one is lack of proportion, lack of clear aim, too much material, too little organization. The author himself may be able to get good results; the uninitiated, however, needs a guide to show him what he must teach and how to teach it, and what he can if necessary with beginners avoid. The book needs more space devoted to it than the critic has at his disposal, to prove that in spite of its attractive binding, good type and paper, it does not, on the whole, represent a step forward in German text-book writing.

SCHOOL HYGIENE.

A book of a similar nature, and also a second edition is, *The Hygiene of the School*† by W. F. Barry, M.D., a member of the School Board of Woonsocket, R. I. This volume has even more of a professional and technical flavour than the preceding, and, at the

*Maynard, Merrill and Company, New York.

†Silver, Burdett and Company.

same time, less of literary polish and of attractiveness of form. To superintendents, members of school boards and to teachers it will be of great value, since it offers in a concise form a variety of information necessary for the intelligent care of children in the school-room. Thus the eighteen chapters discuss in a brief and practical way such topics as: the selection of school sites; general plans of construction and arrangement of buildings from a hygienic standpoint, including ventilation, heating, school furniture and lighting; the hygiene of the eye and ear; the treatment of the vocal organs; contagious diseases; medical inspection of schools; physical training and exercise; corporal punishment; temporary relief for sickness and accidents in the school-room; the teacher's health; and the care and development of defective children. The discussion is practical in that it not only discusses evils and their detection but also remedial and preventive measures. Statistical tables and illustrations give a definite basis to the discussions.

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.

This edition of Professor W. J. Rolfe's *Shakespeare's Sonnets**—practically the only critical American edition—is the third revision and enlargement. This enlargement consists chiefly in the expansion of the controversial material of the introduction relating to the question of Shakespeare's authorization of the original publication of the *Sonnets*, the question as to whether they are autobiographical in character, questions relating to the persons to whom the sonnets are addressed, the dates of the publication, the various theories suggested in explanation of this comparatively neglected, and a continuation of the interminable Baconian controversy. Concerning Professor Rolfe's equipment for this scholarly work, nothing need be said. This little volume represents the most elaborate work of American scholarship upon these subjects. The notes are voluminous, critical, helpful; the controversial arguments extremely well formulated. Nevertheless the very character of the book suggests an unfortunate dilemma. If designed as a school text much of the introductory discussion is wholly out of place and the bulk of critical notes is uncalled for; if designed for the scholarly public and students of literature alone the publishers have made a woeful failure in giving the work appropriate dress.

*The American Book Note Company

WHAT THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS TEACH.

*Public Elementary School Curricula** by Bruce R. Payne, Ph.D., contains a comparative study of the subjects included in the elementary schools of typical cities of England, France, Germany and the United States, of the time allotment of these subjects and their organization into school programmes. The volume contains a mass of information, the result of much labor of investigation, but information not very well digested. While many of the tables are suggestive in the interpretation of the material, others but indicate the fallacy of general averages and how meaningless tables of figures can be. Of what value for example, either for insight into what is actually being done or for guidance to what should be done, are tables (pp. 194-5), showing that 7.0 per cent. of the time of the schools of all those leading cities of the four leading educational countries of the world, is given to instruction in religion and morals, while the American schools devote no time to such instruction, and some English city schools devote more than 10 per cent. of their time to such instruction?

Nevertheless, such a presentation of actual conditions is a great advance towards a truer appreciation of the problems of our public education which are usually solved by the application of preconceived principles, by limited experience, or by vague conceptions of general philosophical principles. In the light of the recent test of the value of our public school education by the commission of citizens of Cleveland, it is interesting to know through a definite statement of facts that our schools have a greater number of assignments of subjects in them than do the city schools of either of these European countries; and that similarly within each subject our school programmes call for a larger number of topics than do those of other countries. That there is a greater willingness upon the part of European communities to omit subjects or topics out of harmony with the needs of the particular class of pupils is again significant, and indicates one way out of the difficulty.

Notwithstanding many crudities, the book is a valuable one to those who desire to get at the actual facts concerning what is studied by our school children, and what relative value is assigned to these subjects.

*Silver, Burdett and Company

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

WILLIAMS'S TRANSLATION OF TIBULLUS.*

The author of this book to some extent disarms criticism by the statement in his preface that his aim has been to give the reader who has no Latin a pleasing impression of Tibullus, and by asking for indulgence from scholars. Yet a good translation of Tibullus is so much to be desired that many classical philologists will wish to look through his book. The brief preface is, on the whole, very good, although the mistake is made of saying that Apuleius tells us that the real name of Delia was Plautia. As a matter of fact, Apuleius (*Apol.* 10) says Plania, of which Delia is very probably the Greek equivalent in Latin dress. The author says that it has not seemed to him that the laborious transpositions of later German editors were important, but since his object is to give the general reader an idea of Tibullus, it is difficult to see why this could not have been accomplished as well, if not better, by following one of the standard texts.

It will perhaps be fairest to consider the book in the light of the author's expressed purpose, and to inquire to what extent he has been successful. He has succeeded in giving the reader who has no Latin a pleasing impression of Tibullus, and even the Latinist who is not very familiar with the original and reads the book through without a text before him is likely to be favourably impressed. Mr. Williams has no little skill in verse making, and his versions read well; but one's pleasure is changed to disappointment when one compares the English rendering with the Latin. In the first place, the choice of metre is in many cases not a fortunate one, since it gives the impression of a lyric rather than of an elegiac poet. Now and then, too, the version strikes one as flippant, as in the fourth elegy of the second book, and Tibullus, though light, is never flippant.

A more serious defect, and one which cannot be condoned, is a disregard of the moods and tenses of the original. When Tibullus uses a subjunctive, his meaning cannot be given by an indicative, and when he writes a future or a perfect, a present does not express his thought. The reviewer has no wish to be pedantic or to be stigmatised as a "gerund-grinder," but it is not easy to see why an equally pleasing version could not have been made with more regard for the text. In the second stanza of the first elegy, for example, we read:

To me my poverty brings tranquil hours;
My lowly hearth-stone cheerly shine;
My modest garden bear me fruit and flowers,
And plenteous native wines.

But Tibullus is here expressing a wish, and a few slight changes would have given his meaning more exactly; for instance:

To me may poverty bring tranquil hours;
My lowly hearth-stone cheerly shines;
My modest garden bear me fruit and flowers.
And plenteous native wine.

A disregard of tenses, as well as of moods, is seen farther on in the same elegy:

And weep! Ah me! Thy heart will wear no steel
Nor be stone-cold that rueful day;
Thy faithful grief may all true lovers feel,
Nor tearless turn away!

But Tibullus wrote:

Non tua *sunt* duro præcordia ferro
Vincta, nec in tenero *stat* tibi corde silex.
Illo non iuvenis *poterit* de funere quisquam
Lumina, non virgo, sicca referre domum.

One who has had experience in the classroom is disagreeably reminded of the fatal facility which schoolboys have in mixing moods and tenses.

Another blemish is the introduction of words which do not appear in the text and the omission or mistranslation of words which are essential to the sense. This is in part due to the tyranny of the metrical form, and this is one reason why poetical translations are so rarely satisfying; but not all the instances can be accounted for in this way. On page 14, for instance,

I love those rude shrines in a lonely field
Where rustic faith the god reveres,
Or flower-crowned cross-road mile-stones half concealed
By gifts of travellers.

*The Elegies of Tibullus, being the Consolations of a Roman Lover. Done in English Verse by Theodore C. Williams. Boston: Richard G. Badger, MCMV.

is pleasing in spite of the hyphens, of which the author is inordinately fond, but it misses the force of

Veneror, seu stipes habet desertus in agris
Seu vetus in trivio florida serta lapis.

The author's remark in his preface that in a forthcoming translation of the *Æneid* he has kept stricter watch on verbal accuracy, as is due to an author better known and more to be revered, is somewhat naïve, and is rather hard on Tibullus, but it is to be hoped that he has done as he says. Of this work the judgment must be that it is a paraphrase rather than a translation, and the frequent felicities in the rendering add to one's regret at its defects.

John C. Rolfe.

THE FAR EAST. By Archibald. Little. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. With Maps and Illustrations. $2.00.

The geographical series on "The Regions of the World," edited by Mr. H. J. Mackinder, has been enriched by this volume, whose title is intended to include a more restricted area than is ordinarily understood by "The Far East." Mr. Little considers under those words the Continental countries of China, with its outlying dependencies, Siam and Indo-China, together with the long string of islands in the Pacific, which make up the empire of Japan. The book, except the final chapter on Japan and some chapters on China, is rather dry reading, but a mine of valuable information for those specially interested in the vast regions whose physical features and economic capacities it depicts. To the descriptions of those regions, the author, who knows them well by long residence and much travel, imparts a local atmosphere, and, indeed, throughout the book there is evidence of a first-hand acquaintance with the subject from the practical observer's point of view. It is hardly a book for the average reader, but rather for the scientific traveller, who takes careful notes by the way. When the author treats of Japan, however, his narrative assumes a more enthusiastic character, and he excepts the island empire from the general inferiority in men which he attributes to the other Asian countries as compared with Europe. As his book was mostly written before the conclusion of peace with Russia, it is probable that a little delay in its publication would have enhanced still more the future race-values of Asia in war and industrial competition. He notes that, since members of the Japanese Samurai, or warrior, class are going in for trade, there is a growing anxiety among them lest the principles of "bushido," the *noblisse oblige* of that class, may not be extended also to regulate the integrity of commercial dealings. If it should be, the industrial and financial future of Japan will be truly great.

TIBET AND TURKESTAN. By Oscar Terry Crosby. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

In his *Tibet and Turkestan,* Mr. Crosby tells the story of an interesting journey through Bokhara, Samarkand, Kashgar, Khotan and Leh to Rawal Pindi. As he himself well says, he is the only traveller of recent years, with the possible exception of Sven Hedin, who has been unhampered by official or personal ties. He has produced a book at once readable and disappointing. His accounts of his comrades bespeak a gentleman of honour; his narrative of perils which beset his way in the deserts of Turkestan and Tibet shows, by its very freedom from ostentation, a man of true bravery; and his preface gives evidence that he can write excellent English. Unfortunately he has sought to be "popular," and apostrophises the "gentle reader" with disturbing frequency. He also informs us on all occasions of the special brand of agnosticism which it pleases him to profess, a matter, perhaps, of more interest to him than to others. His summary of Tibetan life and customs is full of interest, though scanty, and his hypothesis of a distinct type of "irrigation civilisations" is a suggestion of importance. His sketch of the history of Tibet forms the prelude to a scathing criticism of the Younghusband expedition of recent memory. The unjustifiability of the English attack on "the land of the Lamas" is clearly shown by Mr. Crosby to have been a blunder of the late Curzon administration, and he has also demonstrated that Russia, in her present hour of defeat and sorrow, can scarcely threaten England, least of all through the almost pathless deserts which form the approach to Tibet.

MODERN INDIA. By William Eleroy Curtis. Illustrated. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company.

The *Modern India* of Mr. Curtis is a book of far different aim, method and calibre from the work of Mr. Crosby. The latter is a scholar with scientific training, the former a clever, but superficial, journalist from Chicago.

The very title of the book is misleading—Mr. Curtis does not traverse the southern part of the peninsula at all. His book is, however, not without a certain degree of interest, for its statistics are recent, and the author evidently has the reporter's instinct highly developed and a well-trained eye for the picturesque. On the other hand, his style is diffuse, his diction "journalese," and his inaccuracy amazing. The book suffers, moreover, from the frequency of the superlative. So many palaces are the most magnificent of their kind, so many cities are the most beautiful in India, that it is well-nigh impossible for the reader to gain any clear idea of the subject which Mr. Curtis is endeavouring to describe. It might, perhaps, be laid down as a rule that one writing a book should first gain a certain amount of knowledge of the subject on which he intends to discuss. This requirement seems to have been regarded as excessive by the author of *Modern India*. On page 111 hysterical fanatics are said to have thrown themselves and their children under the iron wheels of the car of Juggernaut; on page 371 this story is rightly branded as false. For those who know absolutely nothing of India the book will doubtless have its attraction, sketching as it does the author's travels from Bombay to Calcutta by way of Ahmedabad, Delhi, Simla and Benares. All manner of subjects are discussed, servants, weddings, nautch dancers, caste, education, famines, missions, opium and architecture. Mr. Curtis is an enthusiastic admirer of Lord Curzon, who has, indeed, laid all lovers of India under a debt of gratitude by his efforts to save from destruction the relics of the country's past.

Louis H. Gray.

NOVEL NOTES

MINERVA'S MANŒUVERS. By Charles Battell Loomis. New York: A. S. Barnes and Co. $1.50.

As Mr. Loomis aptly subjoins on his title-page, this is decidedly "a cheerful tale of a return to nature," and we have for subject an author and his wife, attempting to reconcile their city-bred coloured servant to her first summer in the country, where everything strikes her as "so dismal," and she constantly begs her employers to listen to "dem moanin's in the grass."

This is Mr. Loomis's first novel, and some people, with the usual precipitancy after discoveries, have promptly dubbed this book "the legitimate successor of *Rudder Grange*," so it is easy to form a fairly accurate idea of its character without reading every page—for it is much too long—and by the time we have also made the usual discount for such statements, and prepared ourselves for a humour far less whimsical and subtle than Stockton's, yet in a similar vein, we shall be able to do justice to Mr. Loomis and enjoy all he has to give us, after his own original fashion—not Stockton's—which is a good deal—when he does not strain too hard.

Minerva, the coloured cook, is a typical child of Nature, even though she doesn't know anything about it. And all of us who have been driven to entertain our cooks, as the Vernons did, just as they were hoping to enjoy a rest cure in the country, will appreciate the abject state they speedily descend to as well as envy them their "man-of-all-play."

Mr. Loomis also ridicules the Nature pose and the simple life, in his genial way, and takes a fling at another subject near his heart as follows:

"Altruism," he says, "is the lesson of the hour, and I think I have learned it. I have been taught it often enough by various committees. Committees believe firmly in altruism. 'Altruism,' say they, 'is the getting of a man to do something worth something for nothing.' Some define altruism as 'Depriving the labourer of his hire for the good of others.'

"I would not care to be misunderstood in this matter. I really think that if a man has talents he ought to use them for the benefit of his fellows, but I have known so many poor strugglers in New York who, when they were struggling most frantically, have been asked

by complaisant committees to *give* their services for the entertainment of the Grand-Daughters of Evolution or some other body perfectly capable of *paying* for their services that I am rather glad of this opportunity of freeing my mind. Altruism begins at home. If you believe in it, practise it yourself, but until you have learned to think about the *needs* of the other fellow, don't ask him to think of your *luxuries.*"

RED FOX. By Charles G. D. Roberts. Boston: L. C. Page and Company.

Any one who loves outdoor life sincerely, and is not attracted to a mere Nature pose, will enjoy to the full Mr. Roberts's latest contribution to animal lore in the guise of *Red Fox, the Story of His Adventurous Career in the Ringwaak Wilds and of His Final Triumph over the Enemies of His Kind.* The book is beautifully and generously illustrated by Mr. Charles Livingston Bull, both in colour and black and white, and makes altogether a charming souvenir of the past summer vacation, whether we can fully enter into all the moods of foxhood or not.

In his "Prefatory Note," Mr. Roberts states that, in trying "to trace the career of a fox of the backwoods districts of Eastern Canada," he has endowed Red Fox with "the best, in physical and mental development, of which the tribe of foxes has shown itself capable. . . . There is no instance of intelligence, adaptability, or foresight given here that is not abundantly attested by the observations of persons who know how to observe accurately. . . . As for any emotions which *Red Fox* may once in a great while seem to display, these may safely be accepted by the most cautious as fox emotions, not as human emotions. In so far as man is himself an animal, he is subject to and impelled by many emotions which he must share with not a few other members of the animal kingdom. Any full presentation of an individual animal of one of the more highly developed species must depict certain emotions not altogether unlike those which a human being might experience under like conditions. To do this is not by any means, as some hasty critics would have it, to ascribe human emotions to the lower animals." The specific titles of some of these emotions are "The Price of His Life," "The Lessons of the Wild," "Alone in the World," "The Foiling of the Traps," "A Winged Invasion," and "The Yellow Thirst."

OUR BEST SOCIETY. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

In what is known as "the literature of exposure," it is only fair that society should come in for its share of treatment. There are now several books before the public dealing with this complicated subject, and while it is a far cry from Mrs. Wharton's *The House of Mirth* to the book before us, still there is enough in the latter to warrant the comparison and the prophecy that it will be a good deal read and discussed—there is already considerable speculation as to its authorship. It lacks Mrs. Wharton's subtlety and finish, and is far from evincing great sophistication, but it is none the less an accurate portrayal of certain phases of New York life, while the original of "The Great Dramatist" is unmistakable enough to be quite spicy.

The story deals with the phenomenally royal progress of an impecunious young author and his interesting wife from obscurity in a small downtown apartment to the innermost circle of society in a few short weeks. There is not enough in the author's personality to account for this, as he appears to marked disadvantage at almost every turn, and is a most commonplace lion, to judge from his conversation. We condole with his wife every time he interprets her for our benefit, which is pretty often. For he is the sort of person who fondly fancies he holds the key to every feminine trick, and is constantly throwing out complacent little cynicisms about life in general and married life in particular. His attitude is that of a domestic duellist forever fencing for first blood upon the hearth-rug, and he offers us a most disquieting picture of life in the small space of an apartment where only peace congresses should be encouraged if life is to be lived at all.

"Our Best Society" in the end proves to be his own society and that of his long-suffering wife, but in the meanwhile the two run the gamut of fashionable theatre and house parties, meeting all kinds of people and drawing their own intrepid conclusions for the reader's no small delectation.

THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED.

NEW YORK CITY.

D. Appleton and Company:

A Lady in Waiting. By Charles Woodcock Savage.

"Being extracts from the diary of Julie de Chesnil, sometime lady in waiting to her Majesty, Queen Marie Antoinette." From the time that Julie's father takes her home from the convent to the end of the story, her life is filled with excitement and stirring adventure. She escapes the guillotine by great daring and risk, and flees to America, where she meets many notable people, such as Aaron Burr, who manages her business affairs, and President Washington, at whose home in Virginia she is entertained. The story has a happy ending.

Wild Justice. By Lloyd Osbourne.

These nine stories about the natives and American inhabitants of a South Sea Island take their title from the first tale. The picture of life on these islands a generation ago, as portrayed by Mr. Osbourne, is said to be historically true. The Renegade, Forty Years Between, O's Head, Professor No No, Captain Elijah Coe, Mr. Bob, Old Dibs, The Labor Captain, and The Security of the High Seas are the titles of the other stories.

The Real Triumph of Japan. By Louis L. Seaman.

To contrast the death rate by disease between the Americans, who lost fourteen by disease to one by bullet in the Spanish-American War, and the Japanese, who had four killed by bullet to one by disease in the Russo-Japanese War, is the main object of this book. Major Seaman contends that Japan's greatest triumph was the prevention of a needless sacrifice of her men through diseases which care and attention could eliminate.

Fishers of Men. By S. R. Crockett.

One of the principal characters in Mr. Crockett's new story is "Kid" McGhie, who has a very bad start in life, but a good ending. Others who play important parts are "Mad Mag," the boy's mother; "Knifer Jackson, his stepfather; Patricia, who is the heroine; and Archie Molesay, a young man who might share with the "Kid" the honour of being the hero of the tale. Crimes, ghosts, romances, and city missionaries combine to make an interesting story, the scenes of which are laid in Edinburgh.

The Baker and Taylor Company:

Hazel of Heatherland. By Mabel Barnes-Grundy.

A tale of country life in modern England. Hazel is a vivacious maiden who loves pretty clothes and trinkets, dislikes housewifely duties, and longs for a romance of her own. She struggles with a domineering sister and an overgentle mother and is given advice by Sammy, the old gardener. She eventually has two lovers; engages herself to the wrong one, and in a week's time comes across the right one, who has been sent her way by good Aunt Menelophe. Humour and fun are well distributed through the story.

The Country Town. By Wilbert T. Anderson.

Mr. Josiah Strong, who has written the introduction of this study of rural evolution, gives as its object an attempt "to excite interest in the problem of the necessary social reconstruction, the improved environment, of the country town." Mr. Anderson has endeavoured to present the rural changes from their historical, scientific, and social points of view. Remedies are suggested for existing conditions.

Landscape Painting and Modern Dutch Artists. By E. B. Greenshjelds.

"A short and concise history of landscape painting from the awakening of art in the thirteenth century to the recent French Impressionists and the modern revival in Holland." The first five chapters are devoted to the history of this class of painting, to the revival of Dutch art, to various opinions about the subject, to nature and the poets, and to modern Dutch art. The remainder of the book deals with seven modern Dutch artists—Johannes Bosboom, Josef Israels, James Maris, Anton Mauve, Matthew Maris, William Maris, and J. H. Weissenbruch. The volume is well illustrated.

Broadway Publishing Company:

A Premature Socialist. By Mary Ives Todd.

This play is founded on Ouida's story, "An Altruist." It is a comedy written from the socialistic point of view.

Cassell and Company:

The Art of Portrait Painting. By The Hon. John Collier.

"A practical treatise for the student and professional painter on the art of

portrait painting in oil colours." The three standpoints from which the subject is discussed are: the Historical, the Aims and Methods of the Great Masters, and the Practice of Portrait Painting. The illustrations, of which there are fourteen in colour and twenty-seven in black and white, are said to be reproductions of the best portraits in the world, selected from all the chief galleries of Europe.

Five Famous French Women. By Mrs. Henry Fawcett.

The five women with whom Mrs. Fawcett's book deals are Joan of Arc; Louise of Savoy, the mother of Francis I. and Regent of France during his Spanish captivity; Margaret of Angoulême, Louise's daughter and the Duchess of Alençon and Queen of Navarre; Jeanne d'Albert, the mother of Henry IV.; and Renée of France, the Duchess of Ferrara. There are thirty illustrations.

Duval's Artistic Anatomy. Edited by A. Melville Paterson.

A newly revised and enlarged edition of a work designed "to facilitate the study of artistic anatomy by the demonstration of the meaning of the appearances presented by the various parts of the body." The volume is well illustrated.

The Century Company:

Uncle William. By Jennette Lee.

While the most lenient reader is obliged to admit that Uncle William was shiftless," to know him was to love him. Even old Andy, who is represented as a hardened miser, was unable to refuse any request Uncle William made upon him, and Sergia and her artist lover owed all their happiness to him. Much of Uncle William's philosophy could be applied to the daily life of many people to good advantage.

The Shadow of Life. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick.

This is said to be the study of a human soul. Two children who were playmates and who were much attached to each other are separated by unavoidable circumstances. After a lapse of sixteen years they meet again and they are still in love with each other. But, owing to peculiar views which the man has on certain subjects, he decides that it will be best for both if they do not marry, and urges the woman to marry another suitor. The end is tragical.

Pearl. Rendered into Modern English Verse. By S. Weir Mitchell.

A narrative poem which would seem to be allegorical. It is a translation of a fourteenth century English poem.

G. W. Dillingham Company:

Love Letters that Caused a Divorce. By Mrs. A. E. Aldington.

A story told in letters which the woman writes to the man.

What Men Like in Women. By E. J. Hardy.

The title of this book is the subject of one of its twelve chapters. One chapter describes the marriage relations in China. Others deal with the various phases of love. Sympathy and simplicity are given as woman's greatest charms. The author discusses some of the hindrances to love, the qualifications of a gentleman, the worth of a friend, the importance of manners to man, and points the way from "Strenuous Youth to Graceful Age."

The Opal Serpent. By Fergus Hume.

The mystery which this story is to solve is the identification of the stranglers of an old pawnbroker, who is found with his lips pinned together by a brooch of opals in the design of a serpent. The pawnbroker has a beautiful daughter, who is a character in the story. In trying to solve the mystery the detectives encounter many complications.

Below the Dead Line. By Scott Campbell.

In a foreword the author explains that when Inspector Byrnes commanded the New York police force it became imperative for him to issue an order demanding the arrest of any crook found, either day or night, south of Fulton street. These detective stories describe the frustration of numerous crimes by Felix Boyd, whose chief aim was to capture The Big Finger, the leader of a number of criminals, and the cleverest man among them. While these tales do not record the accomplishment of that task, they chronicle a number of instances where his schemes and those of his followers came to naught through the efforts of the detective.

The Common Sense Hell. By Arthur Richard Rose.

"The appeal which this book makes is to those who earnestly desire to retain the Bible as the basis of their faith, and yet are perturbed and distressed by certain seeming contradictions in its teachings." The correspondence between a Wall Street man and his son, in Princeton University, tells the opinions of the author on the subject.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

How to Prepare for Europe. By H. A. Guerber.

A handbook of historical literary and artistic data, with full directions for

preliminary studies and travelling arrangements. While it is designed as a guide book for the average tourist, it is especially intended to aid high school and college graduates in a first trip abroad. The volume is supplied with sixteen maps; one hundred illustrations; chronological tables; money tables; bibliograph of index; tables of art history; list of painters, sculptors, architects, music composers; bibliography of paintings, sculture, architecture, music, travel.

The Patriots. By Cyrus Townsend Brady.

A war-time tale with a historical thread and a double love-story running through it. The story opens just as Lee is deciding to take up arms for Virginia and the South. While the romance plays an important part in the book, there are vivid descriptions of the battle of Gettysburg and other famous battles of the Civil War. Mr. Walter H. Everett has made the five illustrations in colour.

The Vicar of Bullhampton. 2 Vols. By Anthony Trollope.

The second of the "Manor House Novels." This series and the two works thus far issued in it, of which "Orley Farm" was the first, are discussed at some length in the Chronicle and Comment of the April BOOKMAN.

A Lame Dog's Diary. By S. Macnaughton.

Although the title would seem to indicate an animal story, the "lame dog" is a man—a soldier, who at Magersfontein, was shot in the legs. Convalescing under the care of a devoted sister, he spent some of the long hours in carving patterns in wood, working in worsted, etc. At the suggestion of bewitching Mrs. Fielden, a young widow, he starts a diary. It is to the diary that he confides his impressions of the "affected" and "frivolous" widow. Later he finds it necessary to change these words for "beautiful" and "lovely gaiety." When Mrs. Fielden insists on reading the record the outcome is easily imagined. The "Lame Dog" visitors and neighbors lend charm to the story.

The Launching of a University. By Daniel Coit Gilman.

"A Sheaf of Remembrances" is a very apt sub-title for this collection of papers. The first nine chapters are devoted to the reminiscences of thirty years in Baltimore; to a description of John Hopkins University, of which the author is President Emeritus—its principles, the original faculty, some noteworthy teachers, incidents of the early years, publications, its medical school; and to Dr. Gilman's resignation. Nearly two-thirds of the book is devoted to historical and educational addresses delivered by Dr. Gilman on various occasions.

The Hill. By Horace A. Vachell.

Reviewed in another part of this issue of THE BOOKMAN.

Americans in 1776. By James Schouler.

An original study of life and manners, social, industrial and political, for the Revolutionary period. The data has been gleaned from newspapers, magazines and pamphlets of the period, and from old letters and diaries. The twenty sub-divisions include such subjects as: The Thirteen Colonies and Their People, Freemen and Bondsmen, Houses and Homes, Dress and Diet, Colonial Literature, Recreations and Amusements, The Fine Arts, Libraries and Clubs, etc.

Holland. Described by Great Writers. By Esther Singleton.

Holland is handled in the same manner as the author's previous books on London, Paris, etc. Such material has been taken from the writings of famous writers, as is thought will interest both tourists and those who contemplate a trip to Holland. The six parts into which the book is divided are: The Country and Race, History, Descriptions, Manners and Customs, Painting and Statistics. Thirty-nine illustrations add to the value of the work.

Famous Introductions to Shakespeare's Plays. By Beverley Warner.

The first folio introduction of Heminge and Condell follows the editor's introductory essay in this collection. The book also gives the introductory essays to later editions of Shakespeare by Rowe, Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, Warburton, Dr. Johnson, Stevens, Capell, Reed and Malone. The editor has endeavoured to bring together in one volume the most notable utterances of Shakespearean criticism during the eighteenth century. A biographical sketch of each author prefaces his work. The volume is illustrated.

A Motor Car Divorce. By Louise Closser Hale.

Readers of THE BOOKMAN need no introduction to this breezy automobile story, which has for six months been appearing as a serial in its pages. John and Peggy, who are man and wife, take a motor car through Southern Europe for the purpose of securing a divorce. Just why the divorce was derised between two very congenial people, and the ultimate outcome of an adventurous trip, is left for the discovery of those who have not as yet read the story. Thirty-four illustrations, nine of which

are in colour, by Walter Hale, add to the interest of the book.

The Declaration of Independence: Its History. By John H. Hazelton.

Reviewed elsewhere in this magazine.

B. W. Dodge and Company:

The Corsican Lovers. By Charles Felton Pidgin.

England, France and Corsica are the places in which the scenes of this novel are laid. The spirit of vendetta pervades the book. Among the characters are a naval officer, bandit, villainous brother, beautiful girl, several noblemen, a disinherited heiress, etc. The plot includes a secret marriage, a dungeon with a secret doorway, murders, and other exciting things.

The One Who Saw. By Headon Hill.

The coast of Cornwall, England, where the scenes of this detective story are laid, plays no small part in the tale, the object of which is to find the person guilty of poisoning Sir Michael Pentreath. Haunted towers, underground passages and trap doors,and gunpowder, tend to complicate the situations and add excitement to the story. There are several important characters: an atrocious villain; a doctor, who is accused of giving his patient the wrong drug; the daughter of the doctor, who is engaged to be married to the son of the victim; parlor maid,; and Tommy, who supplies the evidence condemning the criminal.

The Dodge Publishing Company:

Rimes to be Read. By Edmund Vance Cooke.

A new and enlarged edition of a volume of poems which has been read by a large number of people. They are divided into four sections: "Tales, Grave and Gay," "Quaint Characters," "Home-Made Philosophy," and "Various Verses." The marginal decorations give the book an attractive appearance.

R. F. Fenno and Company:

The Green Flag. By A. Conan Doyle.

These stories of exciting adventure, which have appeared from time to time in various magazines, are published collectively in a popular edition, the price of which is very reasonable.

Fox, Duffield and Company:

The Way of an Indian. By Frederic Remington.

A typical young Cheyenne Indian is taken as the hero of this tale. The superstition of his race, their methods of warfare, camp life, and the training necessary to become a warrior are woven into the story. Characteristic illustrations, for which Mr. Remington has a reputation, add much to this study of the Red Man.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

Jesus: An Unfinished Portrait. By Charles Van Norden.

This work represents thirty-five years of study and reflection on the career of Jesus, and it is "an endeavour, from a standpoint of scientific accuracy and yet in deep religious reverence and broad charity, to present the real Man, His actual teachings and the bearings of His life upon present religious problems."

Ginn and Company:

Studies in Modern German Literature. By Otto Heller.

More than two-thirds of this entire book is devoted to a study of Sudermann and Hauptmann. The remainder of the volume discusses the woman writers of the nineteenth century. The author says that "it is certainly a fact from which women ambitious for their sex may derive much gratification, that one cannot name the foremost living writers of Germany without including several women."

The Grafton Press:

Songs from the Heart. By Alice Adele Folger.

The author has illustrated her poems of nature with drawings of birds, flowers and foliage.

Worshipers. By Henry Berman.

The intellectuals among the Russian Jews in America and their relatives who are engaged in the present revolt in Russia are the people about whom this story is written. The novel is said to picture the Bohemian existence led by these people.

Poems of Italy. By Giosue Carducci. Translated by M. W. Arms.

These selections from the Odes of Giosue Carducci, a well-known modern poet of Italy, appear in new translations. The poems are prefaced with a short biographical sketch of Carducci and a brief introduction.

Axel and Valborg. Translated from the Danish and German of Adam Oehlenschläger by Frederick Strange Kolle.

An historical tragedy in five acts. The scenes are laid in a large Gothic church in Norway. The characters include members of the Royal Family and various churchmen.

Studies in Verse.

An anonymous collection of verse on various subjects and of varying lengths.

One selection, "Geronimo," is a tragedy in three acts. Music, life, love, death, patriotism, and romance are some of the themes upon which the verses are written.

Harper and Brothers:

The Genius. By Margaret Potter.

Reviewed elsewhere in this issue of THE BOOKMAN.

Miss Primrose. By Roy Rolfe Gilson.

The principal characters in this story are Dr. Primrose, an elderly scholar and poet; Letitia, his pretty daughter; Robert Saxeholme, a young Englishman who comes to live with Dr. Primrose; and Bertram Weatherby, the little boy who lives next door and who tells the story of the romance which springs up between Robert and Letitia, in his own words.

Evolution the Master-Key. By C. W. Saleeby.

"A discussion of the principle of evolution as illustrated in atoms, stars, organic species, mind, society and morals." Dr. Saleeby claims that it is more easy to demonstrate the truth of the law of evolution to-day than ever before. He gives as the purpose of the book, an attempt "to demonstrate the truth of the philosophy of evolution or change in the light of human knowledge in the first lustrum of the twentieth century."

Columbus: The Discoverer. By Frederick A Ober.

The whole story of the explorer and the important part he played in American history is told in detail. Mr. Ober's travels in the West Indies and Spain are said to have thrown new and valuable light on the career of Columbus. This material has been used in his book. The volume is included in the series known as "Heroes of American History."

Silas Strong. By Irving Bacheller.

Reviewed elsewhere in this issue of THE BOOKMAN.

Men and Things. Mark Twain's Library of Humor.

Well-known writers of fun and humour, as well as many others who do not enjoy so great popularity, are represented in the forty-six stories and bits of verse which Mark Twain has included in his "Library of Humour." The selections are by such authors as: George Ade, Josh Billings, Bill Nye, Mr. Dooley, Artemus Ward, Rex E. Beach, Lilian Bell, Eugene Field, John Hay, Bret Hart, etc.

Henry Holt and Company:

Nature and Health. By Edward Curtis.

The hygiene of the person and the home are dealt with in this volume. The various chapters give valuable advice on the subjects of breathing, eating, drinking, the uses and abuses of drugs, seeing, hearing, clothing, bathing, disinfecting, disposing of waste, bodily exercise, mental exercise, sleeping and waking, working and playing, and living and dying.

Immigration. By Prescott F. Hall.

It is the purpose of Messrs. Henry Holt and Company to publish a series of books which shall cover the field of controverted topics in American political, economic and social affairs in which there is any considerable interest. In this volume, the first in the series, "first the facts in regard to immigration are discussed. In Part III. the tions. In Part II. the effects of immigration are discussed. In part III. the history of past legislation upon the subject is given, and various proposed remedies for the evils of immigration are described. Part IV. deals with Chinese immigration. Copies of the federal immigration acts now in force are appended."

The Girls of Gardenville. By Carroll Watson Rankin.

Mrs. Rankin's second book for girls narrates the doings of "The Sweet Sixteen Club" of Gardenville. The ages of the girls range from fourteen to seventeen years. The ages of the girls who will find these stories interesting are in no way bound by those of the members of the club.

The Larky Furnace. By Hildegard Brooks.

The first story in this collection of six gives the book its title. Little Sue Betty, who is the principal figure in each story, has exciting experiences with a Sound pirate, a furnace that went out nights, a man who worked without wages, etc. The tales are illustrated.

Heredity in Royalty. By Frederick Adams Woods.

This book has a threefold purpose: "First, by including all modern royal families, it tries to give a fair estimate of the mental and moral status of these privileged personages as compared to the world in general. Second, it seeks to find the influences on the individual and on the breed of that environment of rank and power in which these specially elect have lived and moved. Third, by taking a great group of interrelated human beings with known pedigrees and characteristics, it seeks to throw a little light, in the nature of facts, on the old enigma—Which is the more important,

environment or heredity, or do both together somewhat fail to explain all the phenomena, and must we postulate a third outranatural cause, working aside from biological laws, in order to account for all the varying facts of personal history and character?"

The Negro and the Nation. By George S. Merriam.

An historical study of the negro from the time he first set foot in Virginia and the Carolinas to the present day. The war between the North and the South and leaders from both sides who participated in the controversy are described. There is, also, a review of the literature bearing upon the subject. Several plans of reconstruction are discussed and a chapter is devoted to the future of the negro.

Studies in American Trade Unionism. Edited by Jacob H. Hollander and George E. Barnett.

Under the editorship of these two professors of political economy in John Hopkins University, there is gathered in this volume an account of various organizations of labour in the United States, written by men who are especially conversant with their subject. Among the different unions about which information is given are the Typographical, Cigar Makers', Iron Molders', Machinists', Employers' Association, Building, Railway, etc. Professor Hollander has written the introduction.

B. W. Huebsch:

Christian Origins. By Otto Pfleiderer.

The first section of this book, Preparation and Foundation of Christianity," deals with Greek philosophers, the Jewish-Greek philosophy of Philo, the basis of Judaism, the achievement of Jesus and the Messianic congregation. The second section, "The Evolution of Early Christianity into the Church," discusses the teachings of Paul and the three older Gospels, the Gnostic movement, the meaning of John's Gospel, and the establishment of Church authority. Dr. Daniel A. Heubsch is the translator.

Charles H. Kerr and Company:

The Universal Kinship. By J. Howard Moore.

The kinship of all the inhabitants of the planet Earth is the subject here discussed. "Whether they come into existence among the waters or among desert sands, in a hole in the earth, in the hollow of a tree, or in a palace; whether they build nests or empires; whether they swim, fly, crawl, or ambulate; and whether they realise it or not, they are all related, physically, mentally, morally—this is the thesis of this book."

The Knickerbocker Press:

The Slovaks of Hungary. By Thomas Capek.

A general idea of this historical description of the Slavonic race may be formed from the titles of the chapters into which the book is divided: The Slavs, Panslavism, The Slovaks: Past and Present, Language and Literature, Social Conditions, Magyar Brothers-in-Law, and Persecution. Eight illustrations, seven of prominent men and one of the Matica Building, are included in the work.

John Lane Company:

Underneath the Bough. Gathered by Theodora Thompson.

The nature of this little book is well explained in its sub-title: A posie of other men's flowers. It aims to appeal not to the intellect, but rather to the emotions—"to bring refreshment, encouragement, inspiration, and hope to those who are toiling up the steep path of life." The quotations which compose the volume are from many authors.

Last Poems. By Laurence Hope.

In this posthumous collection of verse are translations from the Book of Indian Love. The poems were ready for publication at the time of the author's romantic death, about a year ago. Two previous volumes of verse by Laurence Hope, who was the wife of Lieutenant General Malcom Nicolson, are "India's Love Lyrics" and "Start of the Desert."

The Champagne Standard. By Mrs. John Lane.

Mrs. Lane's essays give opinions on English matters from an American point of view. The title paper refers to those people "who, with a champagne thirst, have a beer purse." The whole book is a rebuke to those who live for appearances. Some of the other essays are upon Kitchen Comedies, Entertaining, The Extravagant Economy of Women, Soft-Soap, Romance and Eyeglasses, etc.

The Spirit of Rome. By Vernon Lee.

In the extracts which she has made from her diary and included in this volume, Vernon Lee gives the reader the impressions of Rome formed during many visits to that city. The matter is arranged as notes of travel at different seasons for the last ten years.

Display. By R. E. S. Spender.

Suffering from the want of "news" and desiring to awaken the public, Mr. Brakespeare, the editor of the London

"World's News," calls for a man to explore Africa. Carson, the man who responds, reaches the "Dark Interior" and sends back word to the effect that he had discovered the original of Sir Thomas More's Utopia. The discussions which follow raise the circulation of the paper. In these discussions the author gives opinions on various questions of the day.

Henry Laurens:

The Concentration of Wealth. The Trust Situation. The Public Highways. By Henry Laurens.

Three pamphlets in a series dealing with vital questions of the hour. These brochures are issued separately or in a bound volume. The purpose of each is expressed in its title.

Longmans, Green and Company:

A Levantine Log Book. By Jerome Hart.

The editor of a Western periodical gives a lively account of two seasons spent in the Levant—Malta, Southern Italy, Greece, Constantinople, Asia Minor, Holy Land, etc. In addition to descriptions of the various places visited, the author outlines the customs of the people and gives information which will be found valuable by the tourist. The volume is well illustrated.

The Macmillan Company:

Euripides and the Spirit of His Dramas. By Paul Decharme. Translated by James Loeb.

The literary world will undoubtedly welcome this translation of Paul Decharme's work by Mr. Loeb. It is said that modern drama has, in many instances, closely followed Euripides as a model. It is also claimed that Professor Decharme's work does not suffer at the hands of the translator. Professor John Williams White has written an introduction to the book.

The Bitter Cry of the Children. By John Spargo.

"The purpose of this volume is to state the problem of poverty as it affects childhood." In the first three sections the author, whose research has been careful and thorough, discusses the relation of poverty to excessive infant mortality, underfed school children, and child labor. In the next two chapters he tells how the present conditions may be remedied and, after that, gives examples of what other countries are doing along this line, and the success with which they are meeting. Robert Hunter has written an introduction to the volume. Thirty-three illustrations and ten diagrams and statistical tables enhance the interest in the book.

The Re-Shaping of the Far East. By L. Putnam Weale.

This work may be considered as a sequel to the author's "Manchu and Muscovite," dealing a s it does, with the territories lying north of the Yangtsze. A description of the recent war and its results in trade and commerce and the everyday life of the Far East are set forth in a manner at once interesting and beneficial. The illustrations, of which there are nearly a hundred, have been reproduced from photographs—some having been taken by Japanese officers during the desperate attacks on Port Arthur.

The International Position of Japan as a Great Power. By Seiji G. Hishida.

An attempt to trace Japan's historic policy in dealing with foreign nations. References have been made "to the diplomatic and commercial history of Europe and America, to the principles of international and other public law, and to economics and sociology, in order to elucidate with scientific precision the relations between the East and the West." It is bound within paper covers and is issued in the "Studies in History, Economics and Public Law" series.

The New York Co-Operative Society:

The Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Settlement of the Jews in the United States.

The addresses delivered at Carnegie Hall, New York, last Thanksgiving Day, are reproduced in book form. Other selected addresses and proceedings connected with this celebration have been included.

J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company:

Justice for the Russian Jew.

"An appeal to the justice of the world for the cessation of an unprecedented international crime. Being a complete stenographic report of the speeches delivered at the great mass meeting in Washington, D. C., January 21, 1906, called to protest against the murders of the Jews in Russia." Bound within paper covers.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Sacred Cup. By Vincent Brown.

A story of clerical life in England. The principal characters are Rev. James Jerred, the gentle and conscientious rector of Lamberfield; his worldly-minded Bishop; Gilbert Camoys, to whom Mr. Jerred refuses the sacrament at holy communion because of Gilbert's unconfessed sin; and sweet Margaret Lyson, to whom Gilbert is engaged.

The Development of the European Nations. 1870-1900. Vol. II. By J. Holland Rose.

The second and last part of Mr. Rose's study of the political events and national development in Europe during the last part of the nineteenth century begins with the Dual Alliance of Germany and Russia and the Triple Alliance of Germany, Austria and Italy. Other important subjects which are discussed are: The Central-Asian Question, the Afghan and Turkoman Campaigns, Britain in Egypt, Gordon and the Sudan, The Conquest of the Sudan, the Partition of Africa, Congo Free State, and Russia in the Far East. The volume is supplied with maps and plans.

Poetry and the Individual. By Hartley Burr Alexander.

"An analysis of the imaginative life in relation to the creative spirit in man and nature." The question is dealt with under the general subjects: Impulse and Song, Evolution of Poetic Spirit, The Worth of Life, The Universal and the Individual, The Imagination, Æsthetic Expression, Beauty and Personality, and Nature and Poetic Mood.

Fleming H. Revel Company:

The Vision at the Savoy. By Winifred Graham.

The "neglected rich" get their just dues in this novel. Jane Cardigan, a girl possessing much personal beauty and great wealth, lives a gay but brief society life. When she finds that an incurable disease has fastened itself upon her she declares that she has led a sinful life because no one thinks of the souls of the rich. She dies, leaving her fortune to her nephew and to be used for the "redemption of her wasted years." A temple is built to the memory of Jane, and the wealthy Londoners listen to the gospel from the lips of Bishop Ingram, Alexander, Torrey and Father Ignatius.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Philippine Experiences of an American Teacher. By William B. Freer.

A narrative of work and travel in the Philippine Islands. The author hopes that his book "will result in a better appreciation of some desirable traits of Filipino character, in a stronger conviction of the unwisdom of granting, at this time, any greater degree of self-government than the Filipinos already possess, and in a fuller understanding of the work that is being done in the public schools in the attempt to fit the people for the eventual exercise of complete autonomy." The names of the persons story through many strange adventures. and some of the places mentioned are fictitious. The volume is illustrated.

The Works of F. Hopkinson Smith. Vols. XI. and XII.

Two new volumes to be added to this Beacon Edition are "At Close Range" and "The Wood Fire in No. 3," both of which were published last year. In the first are dramatic studies of real men; while the second is a story of MacWhirter, a painter, and the friends who gather around his wood fire. The typography of this edition deserves special mention.

The New Far East. By Thomas F. Millard.

"The design of this work is to give a condensed exposition of certain significant phases of the Far Eastern question since it assumed its present shape and tendency, especially in its relation to Western civilisation and the interests of the United States of America." The material for his book was gathered by the author during several journeys in the Orient, when he visited all the localities chiefly affected by recent great events, and was at times an observer of and participant in those events.

Bob and the Guides. By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews.

Bob, a small boy, is the hero of the ten stories included in this volume. In each tale he tells, in his own words, some new adventure which he experienced while camping one summer in Canada. The hero forms a staunch friendship with the French-Canadian guides, whom he accompanies on many hunting expeditions. Although somewhat different in character from the pranks of the average boy, Bob succeeds in keeping himself well before the attention of each and every member of the party. Eight illustrations add to the value of the book.

The Dawn of a To-morrow. By Frances Hodgson Burnett.

Reviewed elsewhere in this magazine.

Concerning Paul and Fiametta. By L. Allen Harker.

In introducing this "thoroughly English" story to American readers, Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin says that it possesses many appealing qualities,—gayety, sympathy, humour and lifelikeness; and that with all its local colour it sounds the human and universal note. The adventures of a family of English children, told by one of them, is the foundation of the story.

The Prisoner of Ornith Farm. By Frances Powell.

The author of "The House on the Hudson" takes the heroine of her new Ornith Farm is the name given to a place in Westchester County, New York, where Hope Carmichael is taken by the man who finds her at sea, adrift in a dory. This man has twice before crossed Hope's path. While she is allowed the freedom of the grounds, two plots to escape are frustrated and just as her abductor has made plans to compel her to go through a marriage ceremony with him, Hope succeeds in getting words to her friends, who soon rescue her. The mystery which has surrounded the owner of the farm is not cleared until near the end of the story.

The Day-Dreamer. By Jesse Lynch Williams.

The full narrative of "The Stolen Story," which came from the pen of Mr. Williams several years ago and which met with splendid success as a short story, is here told. It is a newspaper tale in which love and political intrigue are interwoven. The pivot upon which the whole situation turns is the exposure by Billy Woods of a deep-laid plot which would have brought disgrace to the father of the girl he loved. Of course he receives his reward.

The Opal Sea. By John C. Van Dyke.

"Continued studies in impressions and appearances." The design of the book is to present colour and atmosphere. "The splendour of the sea rather than its origin, its cartography, or its chemistry" has been the aim of the author. The descriptions include the ocean-plains, the sea depths, the currents, swirls, and whirlpools, the coasts, the lights, colours, and reflections the winds, the wave forms, the sea gardens, the fishes and birds, and the passings of ships.

Sir Walter Scott. By Andrew Lang.

While an ardent admirer of Scott from his youth, Mr. Lang is said to have written a critical as well as an appreciative biography of the novelist and review of his works. The sub-heads into which the book is divided include Scott's ancestry, childhood, youth, first love, marriage, early married life, his various books, his financial ruin, and his death.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

Childhood. By Mrs. Theodore W. Birney.

In this book Mrs. Birney endeavours to bring parents and children into closer and more sympathetic relations. The author believes that "discord in the home is in most cases due to a lack of comprehension of child nature and its needs." Among the various phases of the subject discussed are amusements, physical training, habits, education, the home, manners, literature, companionship, etc.

Humaniculture. By Hubert Higgins.

The aim of this book is to show that "there are good grounds for the belief that a more thorough understanding and a more complete use of the human aptitudes provide the essential foundation for scientific humaniculture." To illustrate a point of view from which human nature may be profitably considered, the author takes for example an infant. The child possesses three sets of qualities: 1. "Those physical and mental attributes that are common to all human beings." 2. "Characteristics that it possesses in common with certain groups of people, such as races and families." 3. "Qualities that distinguish the individual."

Childhood and Growth. By Lafayette B. Mendel.

In this paper, which was read before the New Haven Mothers' Club last October, the author deals with the physical welfare of the child.

Benjamin R. Tucker:

Mutual Banking. By William B. Greene.

A paper covered pamphlet showing "the radical deficience of the present circulation medium and the advantage of a free currency."

A. Wessels Company:

The Struggle. By Sidney C. Tapp.

The author's intention in writing this purpose novel has been "to disclose the real disease in Organised Society of the American Republic in this the twentieth century." While a love story runs through the book, the work is really an attack on the commercial, corporate and trust evils of the present day.

Thomas Whittaker:

The Eternal Religion. By J. Brierley.

This volume endeavours to distinguish between the fleeting and the permanent in our theology, "between the essential and the details in matters of the Christian life." Mr. Brierley conceives the idea of religion to be a principle and a history. "Its story, properly considered, is that of eternal ideas expressed, with varying degrees of clearness, in historical personalities. The progress both of the ideas and of the

personalities has, it is here maintained, reached, so far, its highest term in Christianity, which is accordingly here treated as the Eternal Religion." To apply this to some prominent phases of present-day life is the purpose of the book.

A Good Shepherd. By Rev. William Reed Huntington.

A collection of twenty-four sermons by the rector of Grace Church, New York City. The first selection was delivered when a bust of the late Bishop of Central New York was unveiled in Emmanuel Church, Boston. Others were preached in Grace Church on Palm Sunday, Good Friday, Easter, Thanksgiving, Christmas, and on Sundays when the regular services were held.

BOSTON, MASS.

The A. L. A. Publishing Board:

The National Library Problem To-Day. By Ernest Cushing Richardson.

Address of the President reprinted from the proceedings of the Conference of the American Library Association, held in Portland last summer.

Richard G. Badger:

Micky. By Olin L. Lyman.

A newspaper story in which Michael O'Bryn is the star reporter. "Micky," as he is commonly called, has a "nose for news" and an uncontrollable appetite for strong drink. The first is the means of plunging him into many exciting adventures, while the last takes from him both his position and his girl. Politics play a prominent part in the story.

The Visionary and Other Poems. By Christine Siebeneck Swayne.

Nature, art, romance, places, events, and the heart are some of the themes of the poems in this volume.

When the Lilacs Bloom. By Julia R. Galloway.

In this collection of verse, which takes its title from the first selection, will be found many whose general subjects have been used for years, but to lovers of poetry these subjects are always new.

A Life Sentence. By W. Watson Burgess.

The purposes of this story are to mitigate unjust discrimination in dealing with crime and to "lessen the pangs and penalties levied upon innocent and excusable victims of alleged crimes, or awaken deeper conscientiousness and higher aims in life than many now possess."

Umbrellas to Mend. By Margaret Vandegrift.

A fanciful romance, the purpose of which would seem to be allegorical.

The Whitest Man. By Carrie J. Makepeace.

The exaltation of motherhood is the chief purpose of this story. The theme of the story and the ending are quite unusual.

As It May Be. By Bessie Story Rogers.

As the author herself says, this story of the future is simply a product of the imagination. It pictures a world where all is goodness.

Oliver Ditson Company:

Elson's Music Dictionary. By Louis C. Elson.

This volume contains "the definition and pronunciation of such terms and signs as are used in modern music, together with a list of foreign composers and artists, with pronunciation of their names, a list of popular errors in music, rules for pronouncing foreign words, and a short English-Italian vocabulary of musical words and expressions."

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

Individuality and Immorality. By Wilhelm Ostwald.

The eighth lecture in the series for which Miss Caroline Haskell Ingersoll bequeathed five thousand dollars to Harvard in 1893. This fund provides an annual lecture on the general subject of the immortality of man.

Counsels and Ideals from the Writings of William Osler.

Extracts taken from the various addresses and lectures delivered by Dr. Osler are here presented in book form. Among these selections is included the portion of his famous discourse on "Man's Years of Usefulness and How He May Prolong Them," which have been so widely discussed.

The Clammer. By William John Hopkins.

The course of true love runs smooth throughout this entire story. Adam, a witty recluse who is fond of digging his own clams; Eve, who captures Adam's heart; Goodwin the Rich; and Old Goodwin's Wife, are the principal characters in the tale.

What is Religion? By Henry S. Pritchett.

These five talks to college students take their title from the first. Other

questions discussed are: What is Religion? The Science of Religion, The Significance of Prayer, and Ought a Religious Man to Join a Church? Dr. Pritchett has taken a broad-minded view of his subjects, and his addresses are said to be quite free from what is called "religious cant."

The Spirit of the Pines. By Margaret Morse.

The author has sought to make beauty and gentleness the chief features of this love story. With New Hampshire as a background, she has woven a pretty tale around Constance North, who has fled to the woods to find solace for the loss of an adopted daughter; and David Leighton, who is on his way to Colorado in search of health.

Birds and Bough. By John Burroughs.

These selections of nature verse, which have been published in various periodicals, are brought out in book form to meet the numerous requests for such a volume. Mr. Burroughs claims that his verses "keep a little closer to our wild nature—to the birds, the flowers, the seasons—than most of our minor poetry has done."

The Log of a Sea Angler. By Charles Frederick Holder.

About half of Mr. Holder's book is devoted to his angling experiences along the Florida keys; in the other half he relates his fishing adventures in the waters of Lower California, Texas, and the New England coasts. Mr. Holder describes many exciting captures, some of which were big game, others of choice variety; he also describes in detail the Florida reefs and lagoons. Particular attention has been given to sport with the Florida grains or spear.

Little, Brown and Company:

Hearts and Creeds. By Anna Chapin Ray.

The marriage of a Protestant girl and a French-Canadian Catholic man is the axis upon which this study of social and political life turns. The difficulties which sometimes attend such a union develop in the story and there comes an estrangement that nearly results disastrously, not only to both husband and wife, but to their little daughter as well. A smallpox epidemic is the means the author takes to unite the couple. The scenes are laid in Quebec.

Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company:

The Twentieth Century Christ. By Paula Karishka.

The keynote to this work is "religious justice based on fair-minded research. * * * Inherited prejudice, creed, dogma, and race belief are disregarded in the search, while the schools of western and eastern races are investigated for their philosophy." The research honours Christ.

Under Togo for Japan. By Edward Stratemeyer.

Although complete in itself, this story for boys is the fourth in the "Soldiers of Fortune" series. The Battle of the Sea of Japan and the victory of Admiral Togo is, of course, the climax of this tale. The principal characters are well-known to the readers of this series.

The Golden Greyhound. By Dwight Tilton.

Wireless telegraphy and the other modern improvements are combined in this story of love and mystery. The hero, a rich New Yorker, follows a pretty face, which he see "in a snowstorm outside Tiffany's," on board an ocean liner. It is on this steamer that most of the scenes of the tale are laid. Two murderous Mexicans and a wicked plot supply the excitement.

The Girl From Tim's Place. By Charles Clark Munn.

The heroine of this tale of rural New England life is a young girl of great beauty, nicknamed "Chip." The story describes her escape from a villainous father and a half-breed trapper, and her rescue by a party of campers, among whom are "Old Cy Walker" and a young man, who falls in love with "Chip." "Chip" eventually turns out to be an heiress and many complications have to be overcome before the missing links uniting the past and present for the heroine and for "Old Cy" are discovered. Frank T. Merrill has made the eight illustrations.

John W. Luce and Company:

The Girl in Waiting. By Archibald Eyre.

This English comedy has its beginning in the dead of night, when the hero finds the heroine seated on the steps of a house, with her father who is dozing peacefully from the effects of too much hospitality having been extended to him at a reception from which they are returning. The hero insists upon getting assistance and, although the offer is declined, he breaks into the house and awakens the servants—but the situation is extremely awkward, as it is not the girl's home. This is straightened out, but many complications are brought out in the story. In one the hero, heroine, a nobleman and a pawnbroker are mixed up in the disappearance of a case of

stolen jewelry. There is sufficient humour to make the gravest smile, it is said.

The Military Historical Society of Massachusetts:

Petersburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg. Vol. V.

The fifth volume in the series of papers of the Military Historical Society of Massachusetts is, as indicated in the title, devoted to Petersburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg. By far the greater portion of the book is given to papers upon Petersburg.

Small, Maynard and Company:

With Walt Whitman in Camden. By Horace Traubel.

This book, which is made up from the pages of a journal from March 28—July 14, 1888, records an intimate personal acquaintance with "the good gray poet." Whitman's story for the time which this books covers is told without any changes whatever. "It talks his words. It reflects his manner. It is the utterance of his faith." A facsimile of Whitman's will is reproduced. There are, also, many letters from various well known persons. The volume is well illustrated.

Herbert B. Turner and Company:

In the Sixties and Seventies. By Laura Hain Friswell.

These "impressions of literary people and others" include many reminiscences and anecdotes of prominent personages with whom the author, the daughter of an English novelist and essayist, came in contact when but a young girl. Morley, Swinburne, Tennyson, Dickens, Disraeli, Gladstone, Kingsley, du Maurier, Besant and Stanley, are among those about whom Miss Friswell has chronicled some bit of gossip, told some anecdote, or recorded some remembrance.

Enigmas of Psychical Research. By James H. Hyslop.

A supplementary volume to the author's "Science and a Future Life." The whole field of the supernormal is here dealt with. "While I have discussed Telepathy and Apparitions more exhaustively than before, I have added much material on Crystal Gazing, Coincidental Dreams, Clairvoyance, and Premonitions, with some illustrations of Mediumistic Phenomena without involving these with the more scientific case of Mrs. Piper. I have tried to give all of them that unity of interest and meaning which are due to the supernormal having psychological character and demanding more scientific investigation than it has yet received." This quotation from the preface gives the general scope of the book. Dr. Hyslop emphasises the point that he has quoted the various experiences in the transcendental world in his work to show that the subject needs further investigation, not as positive scientific proof.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Americana Germanica Press:

Walt Whitman and the Germans. By Richard Riethmueller.

The recognition and imitation which Whitman found in Germany are responsible for this study, bound within paper covers.

House Hints Publishing Company:

House Hints for Those Who Build, Buy, Improve or Rent. By C. E. Schermerhorn.

"A practical treatise describing every essential detail pertaining to site, location, arrangements, construction, plastering, heating, plumbing, lighting, decorating and furnishing of the house." Issued in pamphlet form.

The Sunday School Times Company:

Sankey's Story of the Gospel Hymns and of Sacred Songs and Solos. By Ira D. Sankey.

The first part of this volume is devoted to the life-story of Ira D. Sankey, followed by the words and music of four of his most popular hymns. In the remaining portion of the book Mr. Sankey has told the story of a large number of the Gospel Hymns, sacred songs and solos. Mr. Theodore L. Cuyler has written an introduction to the book. The volume contains three illustrations.

The Vir Publishing Company:

What A Young Boy Ought to Know. By Sylvanus Stall, D. D.

A new and revised edition of one of the "Self and Sex" series. Dr. Stall gives a number of phonographic talks to a young boy.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Laird and Lee:

The Doverfields' Diamonds. By Lawrence L. Lynch.

The disappearance of the Doverfields family gems from their Fifth Avenue

residence is the point on which this detective story turns. The strange death of Daphne Meyrick, her husband's mysterious career, the part which Mrs. Doverfield seems to play in the suppression of the jewels, and her relations with Madame Barthelme, an adventuress, are among the principal *motifs* of the tale.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

"Ground Arms!" By Baroness Bertha von Suttner.

A new edition of the winner of the Nobel Peace Prize in the English translation. The tale, which is a "romance of European war," gives the life-story of Martha von Tilling, as told by herself. The point which the author has endeavoured to emphasise is that peace is the greatest thing in the world, not war. It is claimed that what Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" did for slavery, this book is doing for war.

Future Life—In the Light of Ancient Wisdom and Modern Science. By Louis Elbé.

The survival of the human soul is the question discussed in this volume. "It recapitulates all that the wisdom of the ancients and remote tradition have to say upon the subject, in order to discuss that evidence in the light of the theories put forward by modern science." The first half of the book reviews the customs and beliefs of the races which peopled the earth before us; while in the second half, the question is dealt with from the standpoint of modern science.

Stockholm Publishing Company:

Marriage in Free Society. By Edward Carpenter.

Marriage and the problems which attend it are discussed in this brochure.

Pre-Natal Culture. By A. E. Newton.

A paper-covered pamphlet containing advice to parents.

BOWLING GREEN, KY.

Commencial Job Printing Company:

Varied Voices from the Muse of Beech Bend. By William Helm Brashear.

The one hundred and seventy odd poems in this collection are of varying length and their themes cover many subjects.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

The Robert Clarke Company:

The Heroes of Defeat. By William Jackson Armstrong.

General Armstrong's latest work treats of those heroes who have been defeated in patriotic causes through no lack of bravery on their part, but on account of the weight of overwhelming numbers. The six men about whom General Armstrong writes are: Schamyl, who succeeded in foiling the attempts of the Czars for twenty years in their attempt to subdue the heights over the Caspian, as a pathway to Asia; Abdel Kader, an Arab chieftain who for fifteen years kept the united armies of France from establishing her empire over Algeria; Scanderberg, who saved Europe and Christendom from the dominion of the Turk; Tecumseh who made a noble stand for his race in America; Kosciuszko, the Poland patriot who tried to secure independence for his country; and Vercingetorix, King of Gaul, who made a brave struggle against Julius Caesar.

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

Press of Fred J. Heer:

A Guide to the Local History of Fremont, Ohio, Prior to 1860. By Lucy Elliot Keeler.

The leading historical and topographical features of Fremont, Ohio, are here presented in brief pamphlet form.

GREENWICH, CT.

Privately Printer:

The French Revolution and Napoleon in Literature and Caricature. By George H. Sargent.

An interesting brochure dealing with a subject fully expressed in the title. Only a limited edition of the article has been published and that for presentation purposes.

HIGHLANDS, N. J.

Thomas T. Watts:

The Demoniac Flea. By Thomas T. Watts.

A selection from an unpublished volume of mediæval legends.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

The Challenge. By Warren Cheney.

Alaska, in the days when it was known as Russian America, is the place where the scenes of Mr. Cheney's new novel are laid. Superstition, humour, and good sense are intermingled with the plot. There is a crazy priest who is under the impression that a lieutenant

is the murderer of his son. Each day he tolls his bell for the officer's death until superstition takes such a strong hold of the lieutenant that he dies from sheer fright. A young man and his sweetheart are also important characters in the story.

ITHACA, N. Y.

D. C. Bouton:

Antics of Imperialism.—Joggles' Heart-to-Heart Talk With "Roosevelt Men."

If it were possible for this pamphlet to leave the reader with a feeling of distrust towards the Chief Executive of this country, it would seem to have accomplished its purpose.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

The Young Churchman Company:

A Sunday-School Kindergarten. By Alexander C. Haverstick.

"A practical method of teaching in the infant room." The various phases of the subject with which the book deals are the room, teachers, order of exercises, music, drills, catechism, table work, oral teaching and object lessons, rewards of merit, the church year, missions of the church, and visiting.

The Hunger of the Heart for Faith and Other Sermons. By Rev. Charles C. Pierce.

The twenty sermons included in this collection are selected from among those preached at the Cathedral Open-Air Services, at Washington, by the Rev. Dr. Pierce, who is a United States Army Chaplain, stationed at Fort Myer. These sermons have been published at the request of different members of Dr. Pierce's congregation.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

Publishing House Methodist Episcopal Church, South:

Stories and Poems. By Nellie J. Smith.

The five stories and nine poems in this small book have been written by Miss Nellie J. Smith, a small maid of twelve summers. The first tale tells the story of a poor family who reach success through the kindness of strangers; a small boy makes a vain search for the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow in the second; the third is about two orphans; Marjorie's Birthday is the subject of the fourth, while the last story deals with a self-willed little boy. The poems are upon such subjects as: The Old Folks at Home, Santa Claus, Grandmother, The Forlorn Girl, etc.

PRINCETON, N. J.

The University Library:

The Legend of St. Juliana. Translated by Charles William Kennedy.

A translation from the Latin of the Acta Sanctorum and the Anglo-Saxon of Cynewulf. The legend tells the story of a maiden by the name of Juliana, who suffered martyrdom at the city of Nicomedia in the reign of Maximilian.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

The Whitaker and Ray Company:

A Scientific Money Standard. By Elias Lowe McClure.

This little pamphlet contains valuable bits of information relating to the "money standard of value." This information is divided into separate paragraphs. It shows that the prosperity of the world is constantly disturbed because the gold dollar is not a fixed unit of value.

TRENTON, N. J.

Albert Brandt:

The Building of the City Beautiful. By Joaquin Miller.

This story may be divided into three divisions. The first describes the meeting of the man from the West and the Russian Jewess, the development of their friendship and intercourse in Palestine and Egypt. The futile attempt of the man to build a City Beautiful is the theme of the second division; while the third and last part "deals with the splendid success of Miriam in her attempt to emancipate man from the thralldom of injustice, based on privilege, convention and formalism."

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Government Printing Office:

Report of the Superintendent of Indian Schools to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs for the Year Ending June, 30, 1905.

This is the twenty-third annual report of the Superintendent of Indian Schools. To it is added an appendix which contains briefs of proceedings, papers, and discussions at institutes.

HULL, ENG.

J. R. Tutin:

The Pembroke Booklets. First Series. 4 Vols.

A series of four paper-covered booklets containing selections from the works of Sir Philip Sidney, Mary Sidney, Matthew Roydon, Thomas Traherne, Thomas Vaughan, John Norris, Nicholas Breton, George Wither, William Browne, Sir John Suckling, Sir Charles Sedley and John Wilmot.

The Orinda Booklets. Extra Series. 4 Vols.

The selections included in this series are from the works of Thomas Flatman, Henry Reynolds, Katherine Philips, and Robert Heath. The brochures are bound in paper.

LONDON, ENG.

William Blackwood and Sons:

A Book of Verse. By Arthur L. Salmon.

Many themes are expressed in the poems included in this volume. The author also gives a dramatic treatment to "The Parson and the Clerk," which was published in a previous collection.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the six most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of March and the 1st of April.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

1. A Maker of History. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
2. No. 101. Carey. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. Barbara Winslow, Rebel. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Truth About Tolna. Runkle. (Century.) $1.50.
5. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Idlers. Roberts. (Page.) $1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

1. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. A Maker of History. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Truth About Tolna. Runkle. (Century.) $1.50.
4. Fishers of Men. Crockett. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. A Maker of History. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (F. A. Stokes Co.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Barbara Winslow, Rebel. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Truth About Tolna. Runkle. (Century.) $1.50.
6. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

1. The Truth About Tolna. Runkle. (Century.) $1.50.
2. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. A Maker of History. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. A Maker of History. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
3. Peter's Mother. De La Pasture. (Dutton.) $1.50.
4. The Dawn of a To-Morrow. Burnett. (Scribner.) $1.00.
5. The Great Refusal. Gray. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. An Angel of Pain. Benson. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, O.

1. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.

2. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Deluge. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Truth About Tolna. Runkle. (Century.) $1.50.
6. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Barbara Winslow, Rebel. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. A Maker of History. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEX.

1. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. On the Field of Glory. Sienkiewicz. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Speculations of John Steel. Barr. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. Barbara Winslow, Rebel. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Truth About Tolna. Runkle. (Century.) $1.50.
5. A Maker of History. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Resurrection of Miss Cynthia. Kingsley. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Judith. Alexander. (Bobb-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Scarlet Empire. Parry. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. On the Field of Glory. Sienkiewicz. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Dawn of a To-Morrow. Burnett. (Scribner.) $1.25.
6. The Quickening. Lynde. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Barbara Winslow, Rebel. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Northerner. Davis. (Century.) $1.50.
5. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Wood Carver of Lympus. Waller. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. A Maker of History. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Quickening. Lynde. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Truth About Tolna. Runkle. (Century.) $1.50.
4. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. In Old Bellaire. Dillon. (Century.) $1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. On the Field of Glory. Sienkiewicz. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Great Refusal. Gray. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Genius. Potter. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. The Truth About Tolna. Runkle. (Century.) $1.50.

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The Orinda Booklets. Extra Series. 4 Vols.

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SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the six most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of March and the 1st of April.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

1. A Maker of History. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
2. No. 101. Carey. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. Barbara Winslow, Rebel. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Truth About Tolna. Runkle. (Century.) $1.50.
5. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Idlers. Roberts. (Page.) $1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

1. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. A Maker of History. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Truth About Tolna. Runkle. (Century.) $1.50.
4. Fishers of Men. Crockett. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. A Maker of History. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (F. A. Stokes Co.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Barbara Winslow, Rebel. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Truth About Tolna. Runkle. (Century.) $1.50.
6. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

1. The Truth About Tolna. Runkle. (Century.) $1.50.
2. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. A Maker of History. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. A Maker of History. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
3. Peter's Mother. De La Pasture. (Dutton.) $1.50.
4. The Dawn of a To-Morrow. Burnett. (Scribner.) $1.00.
5. The Great Refusal. Gray. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. An Angel of Pain. Benson. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, O.

1. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.

2. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Deluge. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Truth About Tolna. Runkle. (Century.) $1.50.
6. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Barbara Winslow, Rebel. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. A Maker of History. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEX.

1. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. On the Field of Glory. Sienkiewicz. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Speculations of John Steel. Barr. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. Barbara Winslow, Rebel. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Truth About Tolna. Runkle. (Century.) $1.50.
5. A Maker of History. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Resurrection of Miss Cynthia. Kingsley. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

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2. Judith. Alexander. (Bobb-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Scarlet Empire. Parry. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. On the Field of Glory. Sienkiewicz. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Dawn of a To-Morrow. Burnett. (Scribner.) $1.25.
6. The Quickening. Lynde. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Barbara Winslow, Rebel. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Northerner. Davis. (Century.) $1.50.
5. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Wood Carver of Lympus. Waller. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. A Maker of History. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Quickening. Lynde. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Truth About Tolna. Runkle. (Century.) $1.50.
4. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. In Old Bellaire. Dillon. (Century.) $1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. On the Field of Glory. Sienkiewicz. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Great Refusal. Gray. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Genius. Potter. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. The Truth About Tolna. Runkle. (Century.) $1.50.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

POINTS

1. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50 179
2. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50..... 173
3. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50 96
4. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50 94
5. The Truth About Tolna. Runkle. (Century.) $1.50 91
6. Barbara Winslow, Rebel. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50..... 76



There are special low rates west this summer.

You can plan now for a trip through the mountains, valleys and scenic wonders of Colorado and Utah. To California, where summer is a panorama of blossoms and fruits.

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Or to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, or the charming lakes and summer resorts of Wisconsin and Minnesota.

To the Dakota Hot Springs and Black Hills.

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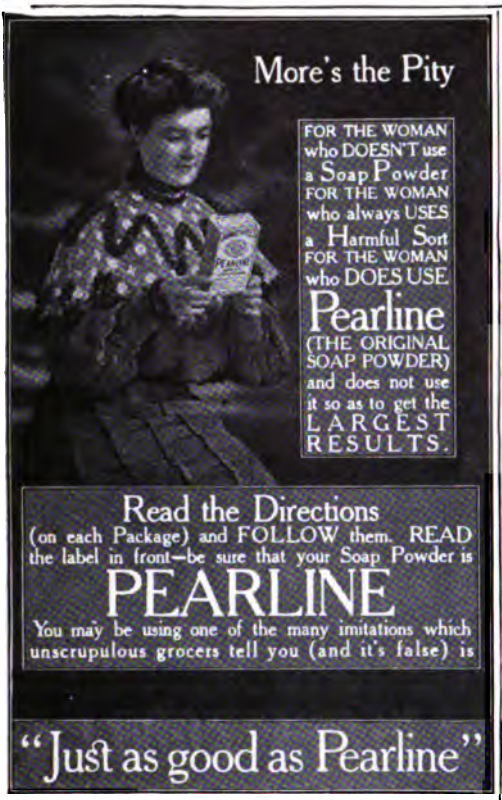
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ST. LOUIS AND KANSAS CITY.

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HOT SPRINGS, DENVER,
TEXAS, FLORIDA, UTAH,
CALIFORNIA, OREGON

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GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT,
CHICAGO, ILL.



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Collier's
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A Power for Good Citizenship

¶ At no time since '65 has the civic history of our country been so warm in the making as it is now.

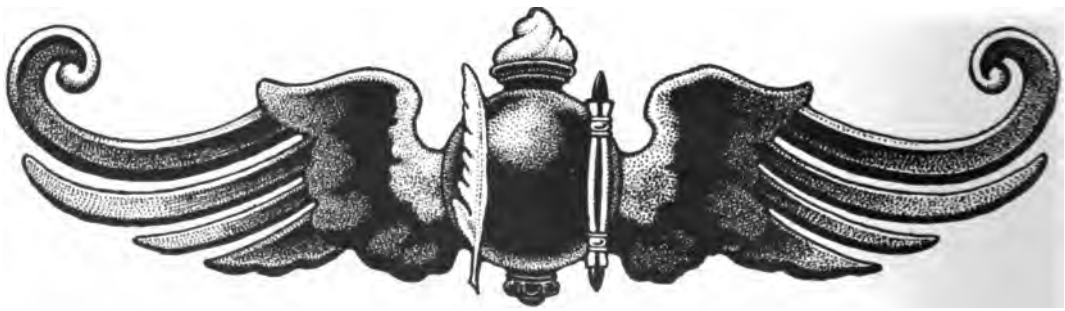
¶ Thoroughly aroused by the exposure of almost limitless corruption in high places, the Conscience of the Nation is awake.

¶ Great changes are afoot. Far-reaching reforms are coming. The leaven of discontent is working unto the formation of new ideals, new standards, new forces. It is a time for men to see clearly, think wisely, and act boldly.

¶ Collier's aims to discuss editorially those questions and happenings of each week which concern the welfare of the Nation and its citizens; to present them fairly, without shadow of bias; to speak independently, as the organ of no class or party; and, finally, without fear or hesitancy to turn the light of publicity upon everything that savors of fraud, deceit, graft, or oppression—not for the sake of sensation, nor in the hope of thereby increasing its already sufficient circulation, but because it seeks always to promote a high, sane, and cheerful ideal of American citizenship.

If you do not really know Collier's, send your name and address for a booklet, "Fifty-two Weeks of Collier's," and a handsome Gibson miniature, free.

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"1847 ROGERS BROS."

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(International Silver Co., Successor)

SUFFOLK ENGRAVING & ELECTROTYPING CO,

225 FOURTH AVENUE

TELEPHONE NUMBERS : : : 812, 813, 814 GRAMERCY





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What could be more delightful, what could be of greater educational value, than a trip this summer to the Pacific Coast?

Start, let us say, from Chicago over the Burlington Route's famous Mississippi River Scenic Line—cool and decidedly picturesque—then take at St. Paul

¶ one of the northern routes across the continent, perhaps visiting Yellowstone Park en route, and after enjoying the charms of the Puget Sound region, start from Portland for San Francisco

¶ on a Pacific Ocean steamer, or over that magnificent highway, the Shasta Route. Then, when you have enjoyed San Francisco's attractions, continue southward

¶ over the incomparable Coast Line to Los Angeles. After a stay in Southern California, take either of three routes to Colorado Springs and Denver

—the Valley Line, over Great Salt Lake and thro' the Scenic Rockies

—the new Salt Lake Route and thro' the Scenic Rockies

—thro' the storied Southwest, with a side trip to the Grand Canyon of Arizona, or to Mexico, or both,

¶ then from Denver on one of the Burlington's splendid trains to your starting point.

Or, if you like, visit California first and return by Puget Sound and a northern route. No extra charge.

An expensive trip? Not at all!

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Tell me what you would like to do and to see this summer, and I'll plan a tour for you. For this service there is no charge. All I ask is that you make sure your ticket reads "via Burlington Route."

Write me to-day, please.

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319 "Q" Building, Chicago.

P128

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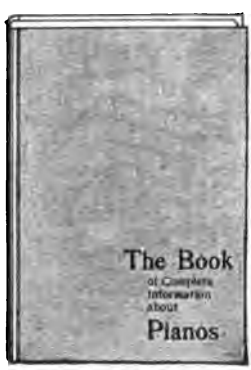
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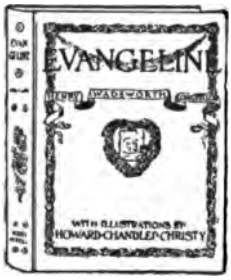
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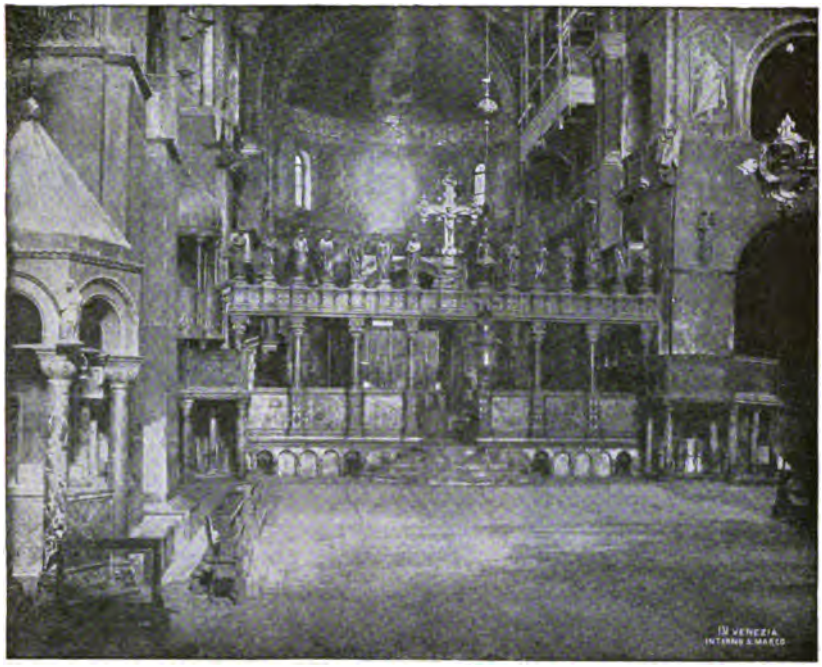
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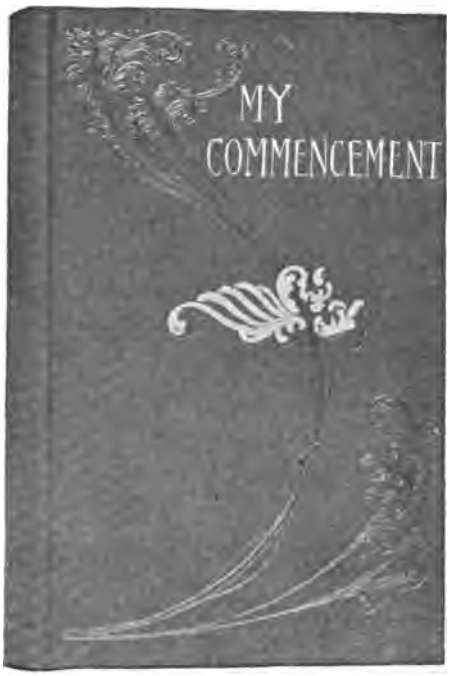
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intending to change their addresses for the summer months and desirous of receiving the magazine at their summer address, will facilitate matters by notifying us of the change on or before the 15th of the month, otherwise the number issued at the end of the month will go to the **old** address.

Please state OLD address as well as NEW

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY

372 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

How To Plan An Advertising Campaign

By JOHN LEE MAHIN

FIRST of all we must consider the article to be advertised—its Price to Consumers.

That will tell the Class of people it must be sold to, and the percentage of Readers who could buy it if we made them want it.

Suppose it is a Piano.

Say the price is $600.

How many families can afford to buy it?

Turn to page 185 of "The Mahin Advertising Data Book."

There you will find a table showing the Incomes of families in the United States.

That tells the percentage of Families who have Incomes under $400 per year and up to $3,000 per year.

The cold figures are startling enough when you see them and when you consider what they mean as applied to Advertising.

* * *

Well, let us say that a $600 Piano should be sold to Families having Incomes of over $1,200 per year.

The "Mahin Advertising Data Book" shows us that only 9 3-10 per cent of Families in the United States have such Incomes between $1,200 and $1,800.

Of these, it says 250,000 Families live on Farms, and 1,239,000 live in Cities, Towns and Villages.

The "Data Book" will even indicate what percentage of these same Families own their homes, and what percentage pays rent out of Incomes (pages 205 to 208).

Then it will also tell us (at page 204) which States in the Union have the greatest percentage of Families who could afford to buy such a Piano.

That defines which States it will pay us best to Advertise such a Piano in, with a limited appropriation.

For instance, the North Atlantic States produce $1 460 average per Family per Annum, and the South Atlantic only $723 per family.

The Western States produce $1,583 per Family, while the South Central States produce only $710, and the North Central $1,212 per year, per Family.

Isn't that pretty interesting Data to have instantly accessible in a Vest-Pocket "Data Book"?

Consider the value and effect of such readily accessible knowledge in planning, or revising a Campaign.

You might dig for a week at Government Census tables without getting such "meat," ready to apply to Advertising.

* * *

Well, that is only a mere indication of the kind of data you'll find summarized into a nutshell in "The Mahin Advertising Data Book."

The list herewith gives some idea of the other Advertising Subjects it supplies data upon.

POPULATION: Of all States, Cities and Rural Districts, Center of Population, etc.

ADVERTISING STATISTICS: Useful in planning any advertising campaign.

MEDIA: Valuable information concerning those best suited to promoting various lines of business.

DIRECTORY: Of leading Newspapers, Magazines and other Periodicals, Circulation, Rates, Class, etc.

COPYRIGHT AND TRADE-MARKS: Instructions and restrictions.

STANDARD TYPE MEASUREMENTS: Including Point System, Words to the Square Inch, etc.

TYPE FACES: Specimen pages of the standard, new and best fonts.

PRINTING PLATES: Method of making; kind, style and value of each.

PAPER STOCK · Various sizes, kinds and brands.

STREET-CAR ADVERTISING: Space, rates and possibilities in leading cities and towns.

BILL POSTING: List of stands, spaces and other valuable information concerning outdoor publicity.

These subjects are indexed for instant use, and brought down to the bare bones of utility, with every cumbering and unnecessary word cut out.

The Advertising Data in this book could not be collected, verified, boiled down and systematically arranged as in "The Mahin Advertising Data Book," by an Advertiser, for less than $2,000.

* * *

And it will be found worth $1,000 to any advertiser who spends $10,000 per year and who will carefully analyze his Advertising proposition once a year, with this Data Book at his elbow for Statistics, Rates and the Promotion Ideas that are the foundation of all sound Advertising.

Not a Single Campaign of Advertising is planned for Customers of the MAHIN ADVERTISING COMPANY without constant reference to "The Mahin Advertising Data Book" for guidance, time-saving and short-cuts to sure conclusions.

This leather-bound book, Vest-Pocket Size, is sold at $2.00 per copy.

It is sold at that low price because "The Mahin Advertising Data Book" is vivid proof of the thoroughness with which all Advertising Campaigns are planned for Customers, by the MAHIN ADVERTISING COMPANY, whose business it is to Plan and Place Advertising for some of the largest Advertisers in America, and

Because the book will assist advertisers in deciding whether they desire the services of the MAHIN ADVERTISING COMPANY.

Every Advertiser, and

—Every Advertising Manager and every

—Student of Advertising should have a copy of "The Mahin Advertising Data Book."

Two dollars will bring it, by first mail, and your money back if you don't want it after you've seen it. Address (with $2.00),

MAHIN ADVERTISING COMPANY,

240 Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

The New Magnolia

MAGNOLIA, MASS.

SITUATED on the highest point at Magnolia—the little village-by-the-sea. The most popular of the North Shore resorts. Fifty minutes by train from Boston.

Replete with every modern convenience for rest, pleasure and comfort of its guests. Finest Cuisine, Sun Parlors, Orchestra, Spacious Dance Hall, Commodious Verandas, Beautiful Lawns and Unexcelled Tennis and Croquet Grounds.



The Scenery, Roads and Walks are ideal. The Bathing free from undertow — the Beach one of the best on the coast. Good Fishing and perfect conditions for Boating and Sailing.

Select patronage only.

For Booklet and particulars write to

GEO. H. NEWELL, Prop.
C. H. MOWRY, Mgr.

New Magnolia Hotel, Magnolia, Mass.

GET THE GENUINE

Baker's Breakfast Cocoa



Registered
U. S. Pat. Office

Made by a scientific blending of the best Cocoa beans grown in different parts of the world, —the result of 126 years of successful endeavor.

A Perfect Food.

46 Highest Awards in Europe and America.

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.
Established 1780. Dorchester, Mass.

The Best TONIC

For the restoration of energy and vitality; the relief of mental and nervous exhaustion, impaired digestion or appetite, there is no remedy so beneficial as

HORSFORD'S Acid Phosphate

(Non-Alcoholic.)

It is a scientific and carefully prepared preparation of the phosphates that provides the tonic and nerve food needed to improve the general health.

If your druggist can't supply you, send 25 cents to RUMFORD CHEMICAL WORKS, Providence, R. I., for sample bottle, postage paid.



Spencerian
O. N. P.

OUR NEW PEN No. 21.
DOME POINTED.

Ball shaped points for free hand writing, will avoid scratching and spurting. Will write smoother, last longer than other steel pens. **Ask for Dome Pointed No. 21.**

Samples sent on receipt of return postage.

Spencerian Pen Co.
349 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK.

IF ANY DEALER OFFERS YOU A SUBSTITUTE WHEN YOU ASK FOR

THE *Velvet Grip*

Sample Pair, Mercerized 25c. Silk 50c. Mailed on Receipt of Price.

CUSHION BUTTON

HOSE SUPPORTER



INSIST ON HAVING THE GENUINE

OVER TWO HUNDRED STYLES WORN ALL OVER THE WORLD

LOOK FOR THE NAME AND THE MOULDED RUBBER BUTTON

GEORGE FROST CO., MAKERS, BOSTON, MASS., U.S.A.

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
MAY 31 1906
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

JUNE, 1906

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

The Librarian and the Muck Rake

A very striking case of over-specialisation came to our notice a few weeks ago. It was just after President Roosevelt had delivered his address on the Man with the Muck Rake. The newspapers were full of it; the comic journals were everywhere exploiting it; and it was an inevitable topic of conversation whenever two men met each other. The editor of a well-known magazine conceived the idea of getting a picture of the Man with the Muck Rake from one of the early editions of Bunyan; and, not finding any such edition at the bookshops, he telephoned to the librarian of a widely known institution of learning which might be supposed to possess a rich store of early books relating to quasi-theological subjects. The librarian was absent, and one of the assistant librarians answered the telephone call. Over the wire the following conversation took place:

"Hullo! Have you any early editions of Bunyan?"

"Of what?"

"Of Bunyan—John Bunyan."

"No. We don't try to keep up with contemporary popular literature. Who is Bunyan?"

"Why, John Bunyan, author of *The Pilgrim's Progress.*"

"I never heard of the book. What do you want with it?"

"I want to get a picture of the Man with the Muck Rake for reproduction in a magazine."

"What is the Man with the Muck Rake?"

Here ensued a long and rapid explanation. Then the assistant librarian remarked:

"Yes, I understand now. But why should you want to print such a thing at the present time?"

One likes to construct a mental picture of this assistant librarian, dreaming in some backwater of existence, oblivious alike of the great tides that have swept by in the past and equally oblivious of the rapid stream which is roaring in the present.

The Romance of M. le Baron

While the equipment of the well-ordered story-spinner of the present time, we take it, is incomplete without the clipping book in which to paste the thousand and one curious little news items snipped from the daily paper, these paragraphs have as a rule a merely suggestive or a corroborative value. The writer uses them, stripped of superfluous details, as the seed-thoughts for stories; or as Charles Reade did to refute any charges of extravagant invention in his fiction. Great as is the debt of the novelist to the newspaper item, he must invariably remodel it along conventional lines before it can be presented in the light of pure fiction. An exception to this rule has to do with the basis for a forthcoming short story by Mr. Owen Johnson. Mr. John-

son chanced to read a little tale of actual life in a corner of an obscure French paper, and in turning it into purported romance did not alter the facts in the least, for to have done so would have been a case of painting the lily. The story may be briefly described as the story of M. le Baron, Mathilde and the sacré pompier. M. le Baron was a French nobleman of high lineage but straitened means. Mathilde was his housekeeper, faithful to his interests by reason of innate loyalty and years of association. The fireman was the *soupirant* of Mathilde. M. le Baron did not quite approve of the fireman. He went so far as to speak of him contemptuously as *ce sacré pompier.*



THE GENIUS: Do you think there is any chance that I shall ever become a contributor to your paper?
THE EDITOR: You may. I shan't live for ever.
Drawn by G. M. PAYNE in *The London Sketch*

Being, as has been said, a gentleman of limited means, there were times when M. le Baron failed to pay the wages of Mathilde with absolute promptitude. On such occasions he was wont to offer in place of mere filthy lucre a bunch of flowers or some other little token of esteem, which Mathilde accepted with repressed grumbling. One day this sort of gift took the form of a lottery ticket which M. le Baron presented with much grace and sauvity. His satisfaction, however, turned to dismay when he learned a week later that the lottery ticket had won the great prize of seven hundred thousand francs. Instantly there flashed through his mind a great idea. He must marry Mathilde before she found out the value of the ticket. With a gallantry and éclat worthy of his ancestors of the Crusades he wooed and won. Mathilde, while still harboring a lurking fondness for her pompier, could not long resist the advances of her master, and by the ceremonies of church and state became Madame le Baronne. Whereupon M. le Baron discovered that Mathilde had given the lottery ticket to the sacré pompier.

The Eclipse Of Gorky

In the language which Professor Brander Mathews would like every one to use, and which certainly has some merits, Maxim Gorky succeeded in "queering himself" in this country with a rapidity and completeness that broke the record of the indiscretions of foreigners. The enthusiastic reception which was given him on his arrival evidently turned his head and caused him to forget that in coming to a country not his own he could not at his own sweet will violate all its social and political prejudices, or that if he chose to do so, he must pay the penalty. In saying this, we refer not so much to his domestic complications as to his utter tactlessness in telegraphing to the Idaho miners, who were under criminal indictment, an implied approval of their crime, using words which contained an incentive to riot and murder. In doing this he clearly brought himself within the provisions of the statute under which Johann Most was sent to prison and which was invoked for the arrest of Emma Goldman at the time of President McKinley's assassination. For our part we think that it would have had a rather salutary effect if Gorky had been promptly clapped into jail and then deported.

At the same time we do not think that Gorky presented so unsavoury a spectacle, and certainly not so ludicrous a one, as did the amateur anarchists and pink-tea nihilists of American extraction who greeted him with so much maudlin enthusiasm. Gorky himself is no one in particular. A product of the slums, for years a tramp, he has written some books which have a certain morbid interest because of their brutality and because, like the books of so many Russians, they are permeated by a hopeless cynicism which has at least the power of making the reader feel unhappy and depressed. But it was not so much as a novelist as it was as a revolutionist that he was welcomed by many persons who ought to have known better. These foolish individuals think that a revolution in Russia would be a very interesting and laudable affair. It would be so far off as not personally to affect them, and in theory it would be a great and good and glorious event. Their myopic minds can not realize the appalling horrors which would attend the general uprising of a population that is almost brutish in its incapacity for self-rule. They can not feel the horrors which would be exhibited in such a hell of blood and lust as would rage in Russia if all restraint were instantly removed. They do not know that the few theorists and *intellectuels*, who imagine that such an outbreak could be controlled by them, would be swept away like straws before a bursting reservoir. Yet when Gorky openly affronted the social prejudices of Americans, and also expressed his sympathy with a crime committed in this country, all these nincompoops were shocked to the centre of their little souls. They were willing to applaud rape and rapine when rampant over the whole of a mighty empire, but the irregular domestic relations of one individual and the violence of a handful of striking miners, when these things occurred upon American soil, seemed to them unsavoury and repellant. Their state of mind, after they learned the truth regarding Gorky, would be amusing were not their purblind inconsistency so contemptible.

*

A Lame Dog's Diary, by S. McNaughton, is another of the somewhat misleading titles of which there have been so many during the past two or three years.

Misleading Titles.

Perhaps one reason for this curious epidemic is that in an age when so many are writing and publishing, the obvious titles are being rapidly exhausted. *A*



S. MACNAUGHTON
Author of *A Lame Dog's Diary*

Lame Dog's Diary is not, as one would be likely to suppose at first, a tale of canine life, but the story of an English Army officer who has lost a leg in South Africa. Among other recent titles of this nature are *The Rat Trap*, *The Spur*, and *The Golden Greyhound*.

*

In former days the man of letters was a traveller mainly in spirit. He fed his imagination on dreams of distant countries and the magic of names. Somewhere beyond the horizon were Barbary and Bagdad, Timbuctoo and Cathay. Meanwhile, he stayed at home and toiled away in the

Authorship and the Nomadic Spirit

usual commonplace surroundings. If he were fortunate he made the grand tour and occasionally slipped over to London and Paris and the Alps and Italy. Venturesome English men of letters went so far as Cairo and the Nile; venturesome Frenchmen visited Corsica or explored the evil, winding streets of the Arab quarter of Algiers. These digressions from the regular routine of life gave them the needed contrast. They jotted down conscientiously their impressions of travel and then returned home to work



RALPH D. PAINE

out with added zest the problems of the lives and emotions of the men and women of their own kind.

Nowadays the spinner of tales seems to be becoming more and more a nomad. The striking note, the strong note, is the new note. Most of the younger generation of writers have discarded entirely the conventional contrivances and settings of fiction and have drawn their inspiration from strange seas and distant coasts. In some cases their own lives reflect the explorers and the soldiers of fortune of their stories. The name of Mr. Kipling, for instance, has long been a synonym for globe-trotting. At no time, when the subject comes up casually, are his whereabouts certain. He may be at Rottingdean or he may be in South Africa. Wherever it is, the better part of his life seems to be passed *en voyage*. It is always a question where a letter will reach Mr. Richard Harding Davis. Last week he was, perhaps, in South America or in Cuba, next month may find him in Algiers or Paris or Tokio. We are no longer surprised that a novelist like Stewart Edward White should have explored, step by step, the great Hudson Bay country and blazed trails through remote portions of the Rockies; or that Jack London should have voluntarily sought out all the extreme forms of physical hardship and daring adventure. We might carry on the list indefinitely.

Mr. Ralph D. Paine, whose new volume of short stories, *The Praying Skipper and Others*, deserves very serious consideration, is one of many who admirably illustrate this point. Twenty years ago a man with a career like his would have been regarded as a veritable soldier of fortune. Nowadays it is taken as a matter of course. Coming originally from Florida, he was graduated at Yale in 1894, after an unusual college career in which he rowed for three years on the Yale crew, played football, and edited the Yale *Literary Magazine*. (This is the only instance of a man holding the chairmanship of *The Lit* and rowing on the University crew.) In addition to these interests at New Haven, he had a good standing in scholarship, was the Yale correspondent for many of the most important metropolitan dailies in various parts of the country. He made his way through by this writing, and earned more money during his course than any other Yale student has done. From New Haven he went directly to Philadelphia, where he joined the staff of the Philadelphia *Press*. Most of his newspaper expereince he had in connection with the Philadelphia *Press* and the New York *Herald*. Mr. Paine has been through many adventurous experiences for his papers. He fili-

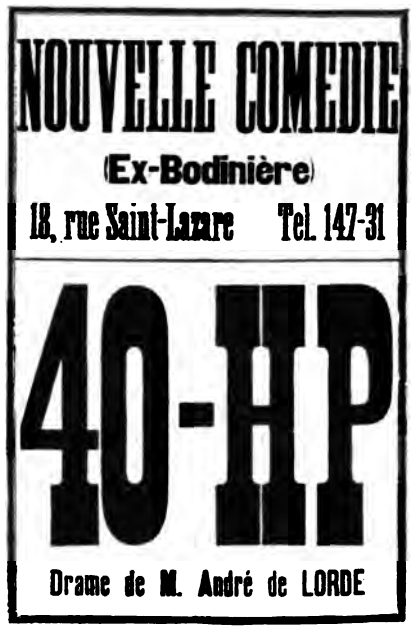
bustered on the coast of Cuba before the Spanish War, making three expeditions with "Dynamite Johnny O'Brien" in the "Three Friends" and "Dauntless." He was South again at the time of the war as a correspondent and was the only staff correspondent on the flagship "New York" when the fleet sailed on the first day of the war. He followed the army to China at the time of the Boxers' uprising, and was in Peking and North China nearly a year, 1900-1901. He has been sent abroad four times on newspaper missions. Aside from general newspaper work he has gained some standing as a writer on athletic topics. He was sent as a correspondent with the Yale crew to Henley in 1896—again with the Pennsylvania crew in 1901. This was a long-distance assignment, as orders were to proceed from Peking to England. In 1904 he went to England to report the Yale-Harvard *vs.* Oxford-Cambridge athletic meet for *Collier's Weekly,* and to get material for a series of articles on English *vs.* American school and college sport for *The Century.* Three years ago he gave up the routine of daily newspaper work and began writing for the magazines. In the last year or two a comparatively small number of short stories have brought him strongly before the public as a story writer of promise.

The motor car is certainly having its day just now in fiction and on the stage, but for the extreme in the matter of a motor title for a drama we have to turn to France. The accompanying illustration is a reproduction of the poster of *40 H-P* by M. André de Lorde.

A Motor Poster

Mr. Henry's new volume of stories, *The Four Million,* is not so good as his earlier tale, *Cabbages and Kings,* yet it is a book of some cleverness. The conventional paragraph of exploitation issued by the publishers speaks of one or two stories of the collection having a terror and grimness that is suggestive of Maupassant. Now we are accustomed to that sort of thing. It comes to us every day. It used to exasperate us, but of later years it has only bored. In this instance, however, we wish to record the very extraordinary fact that these stories of O. Henry's, to which reference is made, actually do suggest Maupassant. Beyond this we need say nothing.

The Four Million.



A large volume of gossip by Miss Laura Hain Friswell has been published in England and in this country, and is a fair example of the sort of reminiscences which one can read with a good deal of pleasure, yet without finding much that deserves quotation. The volume is called *In the Sixties and Seventies,* and is sprinkled with distinguished names. When one comes to read it the result is slightly disappointing, because Miss Friswell met most of her celebrities while she was a young girl and had the young girl's point of view; so that she is more careful to record the personal compliments which they paid her than their more serious talk. Thus, practically all that we get of Dickens is his remark that Miss Friswell looked like Little Nell, and of Tennyson that Miss

Some Stray Reminiscences



BURTON E. STEVENSON
Author of *The Girl With the Blue Sailor*

Friswell was a daughter to be proud of. She seems, indeed, to have held her conversations with many eminent persons without knowing who they were, and her remarks upon them are decidedly naïve. For instance, after talking with Tennyson, she learned of his identity and then confessed that she had taken him for "a third-rate actor" in the last stages of decrepitude—"an old gentleman in a slouch hat and a hideous Inverness cape." On another occasion, a stout, middle-aged person engaged her in conversation, and it was only afterwards that she found that she had been entertaining Anthony Trollope, whose books by the way, she admits that she had not then read. One little bit concerning Lord Beaconsfield is worth recording:

"I have heard admirers of Disraeli call him a handsome man; others have declared he was ugly; I myself should call him neither one nor the other, but I think he had a most interesting face.

"My father was one day dining at ———, and at the close of the evening he took the Viscountess Beaconsfield down to her carriage. As he did so, he remarked to her:

"'Mr. Disraeli spoke most eloquently tonight; and how well he is looking!'

"The Viscountess looked up into my father's face with a very pleased expression.

"'Ah!' she said, 'you think he looks well—*you* think him handsome—yet people call him ugly; but he is not, he *is handsome*. They should see him asleep.'"

A little note on George Du Maurier throws light upon a question that has often been discussed. Miss Friswell knew the Du Maurier family very well; and one day, when she was at their house, she found the artist sitting alone and in a state of great depression. He explained this by alluding to the condition of his eyes, for he was already nearly blind.

"You think I can see you," he said, "but though I know you are quite near me, you are in a gray mist, and I can not distinguish your features."

This was some time before *Trilby* was written, and it affords a corroboration of the statement which has been often made that the numerous drawings signed by Du Maurier after that time were not his own work, but were made by Miss Du Maurier, who caught her father's manner perfectly and reproduced his types and style so as really to justify him in letting the sketches go out as his own, since no one could detect the slightest difference.

More Authors' Blunders

We were under the impression that the game of pointing out the blunders of authors, which began when somes observant reader of *Nicholas Nickleby* called attention to the absurdity of Mr. Squeers in the same breath sending one Dotheboy's Hall boy to spade the garden and another to shovel the snow, had pretty thoroughly died out. But after a number of years the sport seems to have been taken up again with a new zest. The blunder in *Nicholas Nickleby* was responsible for a great thumbing over of Dickens's novels with the most delightful results. There were innumerable in-

stances of inconsistency of text and illustration. For instance, in *Barnaby Rudge,* Phiz gave Joe Willett first a right arm only, then a left. In the sedan chair incident in *Pickwick,* Mr. Winkle was shown holding a candle, though according to the text it had been thrown away. Dr. Blimber of *Dombey and Son* was known to take only ten pupils at a time yet, in the illustration there were distinctly sixteen. Captain Cuttle of the same book was "a man with a hook instead of a hand attached to his right wrist." Phiz drew him twice with the hook attached to the left wrist and six times with the hook attached to the right. From Dickens observant readers turned their attention to Thackery with just as decided success. It was gleefully pointed out how once in *The Adventures of Philip* the author spoke of Philip Firmin as Clive Newcome. In the *Newcomes* he killed off Lord Farintosh's mother in one chapter and brought her back to life a few pages later on. In *Vanity Fair* Amelia, at the time of her marriage to George Osborne, carried a gold watch, the gift of Captain Dobbin; a few chapters further along in the book we read: "Mrs. Osborne had no watch, though, to do George justice, she might have had one for the asking."

All these blunders are fairly well-known, but a recent number of the *London Academy* mentioned some that are comparatively new. It speaks of a book in which a certain Count is described as walking up and down the drive with his hands behind his back, reading his newspaper; and of another in which there is a gentleman "whose hands were cold and clammy, like those of a serpent." We were familiar with the Shakespearean inconsistencies to which it alludes—such as when the bard makes Hector quote Aristotle and puts a billard table into Cleopatra's house and, also, the case of Don Quixote in one chapter bemoaning the loss of his ass; a little later mounting it. On the other hand, we never before appreciated Mr. Phineas Fogg, the hero of Jules Verne's *Around the World in Eighty Days* arriving at his club just as the clocks of London are striking ten minutes to twelve.



ARTHUR STRINGER
Author of *The Wire Tappers*

A Prophecy Fulfilled

Many newspapers in commenting upon the disaster at San Francisco have made it the text for some remarks upon the alleged fact that no professional prophet, soothsayer, or diviner of the future foresaw the terrible calamity and made it known. In simple justice to devotees of the occult, we desire to call attention to a circumstance which seems to have escaped the notice of these unbelievers. Many persons will remember the extraordinary sensation created in Paris two or three years ago by the vaticinations of a certain Mademoiselle Couédon whose feats of clairvoyance astonished the French capital. Her doors were besieged from morning until night. The most fashionable Parisians sought admittance to her sanctuary; and it was said that among her visitors were several eminent statesmen and diplomats. In January, 1905, the correspondent of a New York newspaper secured from the French Sibyl a forecast of the events of the coming year.



REX BEACH IN HIS WORKSHOP

The forecast was duly published in the columns of the newspaper. In addition to a number of other prophecies, among which was an intimation of the revolutionary outbreak in Russia, was a striking and somewhat detailed prediction of the fate which was impending over an American city, the name of which, however, was not given. The toppling over of tall buildings was graphically described, and particular stress was laid upon the disturbances which were to take place beneath the surface of the earth. Those persons whom we heard commenting upon it at the time regarded the prophecy as referring to New York, and they supposed that the subterranean disaster indicated the caving in of the Subway. But apparently, and in fact obviously, the fate of San Francisco had in some way projected itself within the range of this woman's second sight. To be sure, the fulfilment of the prophecy came four months later than the end of the period to which Mademoiselle Couédon referred; but most prophets, from palmists up, refuse to be bound by a very definite chronology. They see things happening in the future, but they seldom profess to specify an exact date. We give this information because it is really very interesting and because it is a matter of record. At the very least, it involves a remarkable coincidence.

Mr. Beach and his Mine

An unusual coincidence of fact and fiction concerns Mr. Rex Beach (he has dropped the middle E since the papers took to referring to him as the Rev. E. Beach), whose new novel, *The Spoilers*, is reviewed elsewhere in this issue. While readers have been following the adventures of Roy Glenister, the young mining hero of the story, who comes into one of the richest gold claims in Nome, Alaska,

news has been travelling slowly toward the author himself apprising him of a similar stroke of luck. Several years ago Mr. Beach went to Alaska in search of gold and adventure. He saw the great stampede of 1900 when Nome grew from a town of three thousand persons to thirty thousand in little more than a week. He experienced the usual ups and downs of this over-stimulated life, dropped twenty thousand dollars, and gave up the enterprise with nothing left but five hundred dollars and a gold button on his coat lapel. But he had succeeded in acquiring an interest in a mining property for his share of which he refused an offer of forty thousand dollars. For several years the property has yielded only moderate returns, and two or three weeks ago, when Mr. Beach went from Chicago to New York for the purpose of attending the annual dinner of the American Booksellers' Association at Atlantic City, his opinion of the value of his claim was not a high one.

On the morning of the trip to Atlantic City, as he was stepping on the ferry from the New York side, two letters were handed to him, one of which had been sixty days, the other ninety days, on the way from Nome. Gold had been discovered on his property to an extent quite unsuspected. The letters called for his return to Nome on the first boat. The strike, notwithstanding the tales of fabulous wealth that have reached us from the Northland, is said to be really extraordinary, certain spots located running as high as one thousand dollars to the pan. On one portion of the property, which was considered worthless, it is estimated that there is a clear million, while a mine near by on the same streak has produced two million dollars this winter. Mr. Beach has since been in cable communication with Nome, and has verified the reports contained in the letters. He is preparing to leave on the first steamer.

Magazine Covers

There is a certain very enterprising magazine which is so noted for the startlingly original designs of its covers that the question is ironically asked, "Does the magazine sell the cover or does the cover sell the magazine? Now, odd as it may seem, the cover of a periodical is the point upon which its publishers and editors hear the most definite criticism from the outside. Readers may have very deep-rooted opinions about the contents and illustrations, but these they are inclined to keep to themselves. Let them, however, be impressed favourably or unfavourably by some new departure in cover design, and they sit down straightway and write letters about the matter. A few years ago, when THE BOOKMAN was appearing month after month in the same orange dressing, there were complaints of monotony. More recently from the very same sources we have had protests against variety. While on this subject we beg to call our readers' attention to a new departure which begins with this issue. There will appear on the covers from month to month three series of pictures of homes of illustrious authors: the first dealing with American authors, the second with English authors, and the third with continental authors.

The Old Story

Mr. Jack London has incurred the apparently inevitable charge of plagiarism and the deadly parallel, and appears to be somewhat exasperated. A newspaper recently called attention to the resemblance between his *Love of Life* and Augustus Bridle's and J. K. MacDonald's *Lost in the Land of the Midnight Sun*. This subject of plagiarism is one about which we have had so much to say in the past and which is always so interesting and significant that we are printing Mr. London's letter in explanation of the matter.

April 10, 1906.

In reply to yours of April 3. Life is so short and people so silly, that from the very beginning of my career, when I first began to get newspaper notoriety because of my youthful socialism, I made it a point to deny nothing charged against me in the newspapers. On the other hand, I have made it a courtesy to deny such things when requested to do so by

my friends. Wherefore, because of your request, I am now making this explanation of the similarity between my *Love of Life* and Augustus Bridle's and J. K. MacDonald's *Lost in the Land of the Midnight Sun.*

It is a common practice of authors to draw material for their stories from the newspapers. Here are facts of life reported in journalistic style, waiting to be made into literature. So common is this practice that often amusing consequences are caused by several writers utilizing the same material. Some years ago, while I was in England, a story of mine was published in the *San Francisco Argonaut.* In the *Century* of the same date was published a story by Frank Norris. While these two stories were quite different in manner of treatment, they were patently the same in foundation and motive. At once the newspapers paralleled our stories. The explanation was simple; Norris and I had read the same newspaper account, and proceeded to exploit it. But the fun did not stop there. Somebody dug up a *Black Cat* published a year previous, in which was a similar story by another man who used the same foundation and motive. Then Chicago hustled around and resurrected a story that had been published some months before the *Black Cat* story, and that was the same in foundation and motive. Of course, all these different writers had chanced upon the same newspaper article.

So common is this practice of authors, that it is recommended by all the instructors in the art of the short story, to read the newspapers and magazines in order to get material. Charles Reade swore by this practice. I might name a lengthy list of the great writers who have advised this practice.

All the foregoing merely to show that this practice exists and is generally employed by story-writers. Now to the *Love of Life,* which the New York *World* so generously paralleled with *Lost in the Land of the Midnight Sun. Lost in the Land of the Midnight Sun* is not a story. It is a narrative of fact. It was published in *McClure's Magazine.* It tells the actual sufferings of a man with a sprained ankle in the country of the Coppermine River. It is not fiction, and it is not literature. I took the facts of life contained in it added to them many other facts of life gained from other sources, and made, or attempted to make, a piece of literature out of them. There was another narrative of suffering that I used quite as extensively as I did *Lost in the Land of the Midnight Sun.* This other narrative was a newspaper account of a lost and wondering prospector near Nome, Alaska. On top of this, I drew upon all my own personal experience of hardship and suffering and starvation, and upon the whole fund of knowledge I had of the hardship and suffering and starvation of hundreds and thousands of other men.

If you will turn to the end of my *Love of Life,* you will find that my rescued hero becomes suddenly fat. This abrupt obesity was caused by his stuffing under his shirt all the spare hardtack he could beg from the sailors. Now I did not invent him. It is a fact of life. You will find it in Lieutenant Greely's narrative of the Greely Polar Expedition. I scarcely see how I could be charged with plagiarizing from Lieutenant Greely; and yet if I plagiarized from Augustus Bridle and J. K. MacDonald for some of my material, I must have plagiarized from Lieutenant Greely for some more of my material, and I must have plagiarized from the newspaper correspondent who described the wanderings of the Nome prospector, and I must have plagiarized from the experiences of scores and scores of Alaskan prospectors whose accounts I have heard from their own lips.

The *World,* however, did not charge me with plagiarism. It charged me with identity of time and situation. Certainly the *World* is right. I plead guilty, and I am glad that the *World* was intelligent enough not to charge me with identity of language.

But little remains to be said. It might be well to explain that half-page of deadly parallel was published in the *World.* In the first place, sensation. Sensation is the goods demanded by a newspaper of its space-writers. The suggestion of plagiarism is always sensational. When a half-page of deadly parallel is run in a newspaper, plagiarism is certainly suggested. The loose meaning of words in the average mind would make ninety per cent. of the readers of such a parallel infer that plagiarism had been charged.

Secondly, the space-writer writes for a living. I hope for his own soul's sake that this particular space-writer also writes for his living. His newspaper wanted the goods of sensation, and by refusing to charge plagiarism, while leaving the inference of plagiarism to the reader, this space-writer sold half a page to the *World.*

In conclusion, I, in the course of making my

living by turning journalism into literature, used material from various sources which had been collected and narrated by men who made their living by turning the facts of life into journalism. Along comes the space-writer of the *World* who makes his living by turning the doings of other men into sensation. Well, all three of us made our living; and who's got any kick coming?

Sincerely yours,
JACK LONDON.

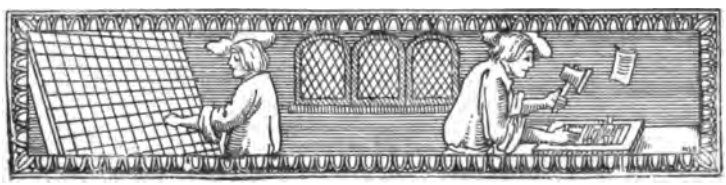
Professor Peck's historical narrative, *Twenty Years of the Republic,* which has been appearing in THE BOOKMAN for the past eighteen months and which is concluded in the present number, will be issued simultaneously in England and in this country as a book, in the early autumn. The chapters will be carefully revised, much additional material will be added, and fuller references to the original sources of information will be given in the foot-notes. The volume will also contain a bibliography of the literature relating to the history of this period, while a very complex index will add to the value of the book as a work of reference.

Twenty Years of the Republic

A scientific friend of ours, whom no one would suspect of wishing to write triolets even if they imagined that his arduous duties left him any time for such diversions, evolved, the other day, one of those teasing little poems in a form which makes it a literary curiosity, recalling the word-play of the Alexandrian scholars and the *lusus verborum* of some of the mediævals. It will be observed that each line has exactly eleven letters. We reproduce it here just as our learned Theban friend wrote it upon his typewriter:

A Cubic Triolet

T H I S T R I O L E T
I S L I T T L E F U N
S O H A R D T O G E T
T H I S T R I O L E T
I N F U N A N D Y E T
E X A C T L Y D O N E
T H I S T R I O L E T
I S L I T T L E F U N



SECRETARY TAFT'S BULL

The following inquiry has been sent to the Editors of this magazine and will be answered here:

"To the Editors of *The Bookman:*

"In a letter addressed to the President on the subject of the Panama Canal, Secretary Taft makes himself responsible for the sentence:

"'The problem of draining Colon is one of extreme difficulty, owing to the fact that it is situated on an island surrounded by the sea on one side and by a fresh-water swamp on the other.'

"I have seen this sentence quoted in the newspapers as an excellent illustration of an Irish bull. Do you so regard it? If you do, how could it be worded so as to bring out the Secretary's meaning without exposing him to criticism from literary sharps?—R. S.

Looking at this sentence superficially, it does of course contain a bull, since an island can scarcely be "surrounded" by anything "on one side." Secretary Taft might have obviated criticism had he inserted the words, "in part," or "partly," before the word "surrounded" and also before the phrase "by a fresh water swamp." Then the sentence would have read:

"'The problem of draining Colon is one of extreme difficulty, owing to the fact that Colon is situated on an island partly surrounded by the sea on one side and partly by a fresh water swamp on the other."

Still, had we nothing more to say upon the subject than this we should scarcely have thought our correspondent's inquiry in need of serious attention. The sentence quoted from Secretary Taft does, however, afford an interesting illustration of a certain defect inherent in the English language. Our native speech is, from one point of view, more simple and natural in its word-order than any other language. The ideas follow one another in the exact sequence in which they come into the mind when it thinks logically. There is no involution, no holding back of anything, no place for afterthoughts such as one finds in Greek and Latin and German. In the first-named language one may throw in supplementary qualifications just as they occur to him, as in the famous imitation of Thucydides perpetrated by a clever English undergraduate, who in examination gave this instance of a true Thucydidean sentence:

"A difficult thing to drive is pigs, by one man, very."

But sometimes in English, just because the meaning can not usually be held in suspense until the sentence is completed, the speaker or writer seems to have reached an end before in reality he has done so; and the result in such instances may sometimes be rather ludicrous. This is the trouble with Secretary Taft's remark. So soon as he has said, "It is situated on an island surrounded by the sea on one side," everybody grins without waiting for the sentence to be completed, because up to that point the Secretary seems to have said that an island can be surrounded on only one side. But suppose the English language were less fixed and rigid in its word order, and that it could hold the entire meaning in suspense until the conclusion of the sentence, then the Secretary might have written his description in the following manner, which would not be open to any criticism whatsoever, nor would it have excited the mirth of even the most captious reader:

"The problem of draining Colon is one of extreme difficulty, owing to the fact that Colon is situated on an island, by the sea on one side, and by a fresh water swamp on the other, surrounded."

Perhaps Mr. Carnegie will take this matter under advisement and allow us a liberal subvention to be spent in advocating and gradually bringing into use a more flexible and less hide-bound rigidity in the structure of the normal English sentence. *H. T. P.*

THE LITERARY HORRORS CLUB

I

I have no literary style,
I am no diplomat;
But those who read "The Clansman" know
I'm not alone in that,
And those who read "The Jungle" know
How one succeeds who hooks
The sweepings from the slaughter-house
And turns it into books.

II

'Twas in a literary fog
Beside an inky wave.
Some rather handsome skeletons
Were waltzing on a grave,
A very pretty lynching, too,
Gave zest to the affair,
When Jack o' London, stalking in,
Cried thrice, "Ahoy, Sinclair!"

III

Then Upton came from Packingtown
As gay as one can be
Whose progress is accompanied
By Reverend Thomas D.,
The latter striking attitudes
And braying at the moon
While flourishing a manuscript
Entitled "Coon, Coon, Coon!"

IV

"This is me weekly masterpiece!"
The Reverend Thomas yelled,
"Though most of it is short on facts
And some of it's misspelled—
Yet who'll deny this portraiture
Of Dixie's golden age
With forty hurrors to the word,
Three murders to the page?"

V

"Enough, enough! suppress the stuff,"
Quoth Upton of Sinclair,
"I would a bitter tale unfold
Of Sausage and Despair.
My hero is a foreigner,
A stranger yet to soap,
His name Bzzzzisqtyozistnob,
(Pronounced Bzzuzzixstnope.)

VI

"The pigs were squealing lustily
As knives thrust home to kill.
Our hero stood knee-deep in blood
And ran a sausage-mill,
When suddenly his foot it slipped
And on the wheels he fell;
The sausage-grinder gave a twist,
As with a horrid yell"—

VII

Up popped a stranger wierd and wan
Whose chin required a shave.
He tore three handfuls from his beard
And writhed upon a grave.
"Alas! she was a cannibal!"
He moaned as if in pain.
Then all the Club arose and cried,
"Good evening, Mr. Caine!"

VIII

"Her Pa committed suicide
By biting of his head.
Her mother saw her uncle's ghost
And died of fright," he said,
"So her unpleasant habits seem
Quite curios to me—
Considering she came from such
A pleasant familee."

IX

There came a Russian accent next,
Belike a popping cork.
I think 'twas Maxim Gorky who
Was showing How to Gork;
But tired of madhouse fantasies,
Right quickly home I gat:
I've shed no blood in pen and ink—
And thank the Lord for that!

—*Wallace Irwin.*

ROYAL MARRIAGES IN SPAIN

1802—1906



HE approaching marriage of His Majesty Alfonso XIII, King of Spain, to Princess Ena of Battenburg, recalls to many minds, both in Spain and abroad, the diversified history of royal nuptials celebrated in that country during the hundred years that have just finished their course.

The opening of the nineteenth century found Spain in a condition both disturbing and perilous. Cárlos IV occupied the throne; but it was no easy task for him to retain his place, since Napoleon's power was becoming stronger day by day. In 1808 Cárlos IV was no longer able to hold his ground and abdicated in favour of his son Fernando, then a young man of twenty-three years of age.

In 1802 Fernando married María Antonia of Naples. She died without issue in 1806. In 1816 Fernando chose as his second wife María Isabel of Portugal. Their first child died when but a few months old; and the Queen, with her second child, was laid to rest in December, 1818. Fernando's third marriage was with María Josefa Amalia, daughter of Prince Maximilian of Saxony. She died without issue in 1829.

Fernando VII, weighed down with years and habitual indisposition, suddenly manifested a desire to take to himself a fourth wife. His choice fell upon María Cristina de Borbón, daughter of the King and Queen of the Two Sicilies. Because of the relationship between Fernando VII and María Cristina a special dispensation from the Pope had to be obtained. This was the first really important marriage of the century and took place December 9, 1829. Two days later the royal pair entered Madrid.

Who can tell the contrary emotions of fear and hope that took possession of the people at this event? All felt that in the seating of María Cristina on the throne of the Alfonsos and Fernandos, a new era was going to open for the Spanish nation. Madrid gave the brilliant Queen an enthusiastic reception. Her beauty, her youth, her distinguished and fine manners, the smile that illumined her countenance, the grace that seemed to emanate from her whole being, captivated from the first moment the whole city. The new Queen had talent and a great desire to win both glory and reputation for herself and for the people whom she had come to serve. So while her parents visited the artistic and industrial establishments of the Capital, revelled in the curiosities and grandeur of the King's country residences, wandered about the monuments and ancient corners of Toledo, Cristina, with her graces conquered the heart of her royal spouse and gained an ascendency over him that was noticeable during the remainder of his life.

On October 10, 1830 the direct heir to the throne was born. The baptism of the child was celebrated with great pomp and she was given the name of Isabel, Princess of Asturias. A second daughter the Infanta María Luisa Fernando was born January 30, 1832.

Few Queens have been so universally loved as was María Cristina. Rarely has popular enthusiasm manifested itself to such a high degree as when during the first years of the regency the young widow of the King had to defend from the sudden reverses of the civil war the cradle of her daughter Isabel. But like all popular loves, the love of the people endured only for a few years. Then came the Revolution. A little later abandoned by some, and scoffed at by others, the beautiful Queen was obliged to leave Spain, separating herself from her children and seeing her popularity forever dissipated.

What were the feelings of the nation toward Fernando VII? Emilio Castelar, a noted statesman writes in *La Democracia* (1864),

"Thirty-one years have elapsed since that pernicious King died; that King who stained our history and degraded our politics . . . Never was there known a more cruel mon-

arch. Born in a corrupt court, his conscience never knew a peaceful day. His first enemies were, oh horror! his parents. Against them he directed his first plots. Upon humiliation and shame he raised his first ambitions. He listened to the councils of an infamous priest; converted his court into a club of conspirators; armed the friars, conspired with foreign ambassadors and recounted to Napoleon that which his personal pride should have made him keep to himself. He refused to recognise the authority of the one from whom he received life and was later to receive the crown; and at the end of all his scheming, he was able to see the declining years of his father out-raged, the independence of his country sold, his crown in the dust, a stranger on his throne and his people in servitude."

The feeling in 1864 finds an echo in 1906. We hear Spaniards say to-day that Philip II and Fernando VII were two of the worst calamities that ever befell their country.

Let us now give our attention to the daughter of Fernando VII, that daughter who died less than two years ago, and who, had not the throne of Spain undergone such great and constant changes, would have had a reign seven years longer than that of the lamented British Queen, Victoria.



DON FRANCISCO D'ASIS, THE UNFORTUNATE HUSBAND OF QUEEN ISABELLA

Even before Isabel II was of a marriageable age, England and France were already negotiating as to the one most suitable to occupy the throne with her. When she reached the age of sixteen her marriage had been in dispute for four years and now that a union was likely to be made and indeed seemed quite necessary, there was no end to the difficulties and intrigues. What mattered it whether Isabel had any choice to make or not? What audacity on her part, forsooth, to raise any objections to the choice made for her! Each suitor for her hand must pass his examinations, as it were, with those countries, who claimed to have a deep interest in the marriage, acting as his judges. Then the diplomats of her realm made their decision and the female individual in the union must hold her peace and accept the inevitable.

For the place, England and France each had its favourite candidate, whom they supported, it seemed, more from a sense of personal vanity than from any profound political calculations. England did not wish that the marriage should be with any son of Louis Philippe, while France on her side objected to a Coburger. After innumerable cabinet meetings, a final conclusion was reached which made it necessary for the Queen to marry either a Spanish or Neapolitan Prince. But alas! England and France had reckoned without Austria, or rather without Metternich who virtually ruled Europe after the fall of Napoleon. A Prince of Na-



QUEEN ISABELLA II

ples was opposed by the last power because of a fear that in the case of such a union, Austria's domination over the Two Sicilies would be ended. Matters were made more difficult by the Pope, who seemed but a tool in the hands of Metternich. At the end of many wearisome discussions there were just three men left in the matrimonial field. This field was now ripe for the harvesting. Let us see the result. The three candidates were, a son of Don Cárlos, and the two cousins of Isabel, Don Enrique and Don Francisco de Asís, sons of the Infante Don Francisco. The son of Don Cárlos was a pretender to the Spanish crown. He could become Prince Consort only on condition that he renounce all rights to the throne. Public opinion, however, showed that he was very unpopular, and so it was considered wise to drop him from the eligible list. Don Enrique, in 1845, published a manifesto declaring himself in favour of liberty and progress and opposed to a despotism and fanaticism. Imagine a man in Spain brave enough to declare such sentiments at that time. His bravery placed him out of favour with the Ministers and he was forced into virtual exile. Thus there was but one thing to do. Isabel II must marry Francisco de Asís.

During this discussion concerning a husband for the Queen, the union of her sister, the Infanta María Luisa Fernanda with the Duke of Montpensier, youngest son of Louis Philippe, received its share of attention. (It may be noted that this last marriage severed forever all friendly relations between Queen Victoria and Louis Philippe).

At last, then, the Royal nuptials were arranged, if not to the taste of all, at least with the acquiescence of all, but without great enthusiasm on the part of anyone. The double wedding was set for October 10, 1846, on which date it was solemnised at the Palace, followed by the usual service in the Atocha. The Queen-mother María Cristina returned to Madrid and stood by her daughters as they were married.

The reign of Isabel II was one of wars both civil and foreign. A Spanish historian writes,

"Of all of them the most glorious was the war in Africa the last brilliant page of our military history."

In 1868 the revolution broke out, accompanied by a general dissatisfaction with the reigning Queen and her Ministers. After much persuasion Isabell II was induced to abdicate in favour of her son Alfonso XII, who made his entrance into Madrid as King, early in 1875. Isabel II and Francisco de Asís made their home in Paris, but they did not live under the same roof. Their union did not prove a happy one, which seems but a natural result of a marriage contracted, as was theirs. Isabel II visited the Palace, occasionally to see her grandson, the present King, and often took part, also, in public functions given in the home that once was hers.

Alfonso XII was twenty years old when he contracted his first marriage with his cousin María de las Mercédes on January 23, 1877. *La Epóca* of that day says:

"The aspect of the heavens, as clear and blue as in the early days of spring; the animation in the streets, shown by the groups of happy and enthusiastic people; the beautifully decked balconies; the saluting of the artillery; and the ringing of the bells, all gave to Madrid from the early hours of the morning an air of happiness and contentment.

"At half-past seven in the morning the military reveille sounded and the streets were soon filled with the multitude who were anxious to see the passing of the Royal party. At half-past twelve, resplendent in their gala uniforms, the troops took their designated places and the King accompanied by his sister, the Infanta Isabel, and his Court, directed his way, amid the shouts of the public, to the basilica of Atocha, whose exterior was most lavishly adorned. The King entered by one door and Princess Mercédes by another, the two meeting in the church, where awaited them the Cardinal Patriarch of the Indies, the Clerics of the Royal Court and the Chaplains of Honour. The juvenile beauty of the bride was well set-off by a robe of white satin adorned with pearls and diamonds.

"The return to the palace was one continual ovation. The acclamations were kept up without ceasing, and the people at seeing the

young Queen pass exclaimed, 'How beautiful! God bless her!' "

Five months later through the same streets where, on January 23, the Queen had passed so full of life, amid the happy shouts of the multitude, her corpse was conducted. Her companionship with Alphonso XII had been brief but happy, and the people of Madrid sorrowed as much for their loss, as they had rejoiced at their gain five months before.



PRINCESS ENA OF BATTENBERG

Alfonso XII, left a widower, was again confronted by the same problem which he had considered settled such a short time before. He was young and the State wanted him to marry. In 1874 he had been a student at the Colegio Teresiano in Vienna. While there he met María Cristina, daughter of the Archduke Cárlos Fernando of the Hapsburg House. With her the Minister of State D. Manuel Silvela and the Chief of the Goverment Sr. Cánovas del Castillo, wished the King to form an alliance. When the dispensation of the Pope had

been obtained (since both were descended from Cárlos III), and María Cristina had renounced all eventual rights to the throne of Austria, the ceremony was set for November 29, 1879.

His Majesty was dressed in the uniform of a Captain of the National Army and was accompanied to the Atocha by the Queen-mother Isabell II and his sisters. María Cristina was dressed in a magnicent white satin gown with square train garnished with lace and embroidered in silver. Her mantle, also of satin, showed fleurs de lis embroidered in gold with a rich flounce, formed by two rows of lace, between which gleamed white roses and orange blossoms. The veil of point lace, displayed elaborate workings of the eagle and fleur de lis. The ceremony concluded with the *Te Deum* in grateful thanks to the Almighty. The festivities following the marriage were many and brilliant. There were receptions in the Palace and in the home of the President of the



ALFONSO XIII

Council of Ministers; gala functions in the theatres, bull-fights, illuminations and fireworks.

Death, that had taken in the flower of her youth the beloved Queen Mercédes, did not tarry long ere he made another visit to the royal home. Alfonso XII died at the age of twenty-eight, six years after his last marriage.

In the early days of the twentieth century, all Spain was startled by the announcement that the Princess of Asturias had given her heart, and later would give her hand to Don Cárlos de Borbón. The people never approved of the match and it was not likely that they ever would. Sr. Sagasta, President of the Council of Ministers, was so radically opposed to the union that he was forced to resign and give place to a man who would aid the plans of the throne.

Don Cárlos de Borbón was born in Gries, Austria, November 10, 1870. He followed a military career in Spain, being first a student in the Academy of Artillery at Segovia and later passing to the staff, in which he held the grade of honorary captain. A few days before his marriage with the Princess, the Queen-Regent raised him to the rank of Major on the same Staff.



MARIA DE LAS MERCÉDES, PRINCESS OF ASTURIAS

Love was the foundation of the union. It was rather unfortunate, however, that Cupid should have selected the second son of the Count of Caserta. The Princess of Asturias represented a throne, for

which the best Spanish blood had been spilled; blood that caused Alfonso XII to be proclaimed King in 1875. Who was chief of the Carlist forces in their attempt to overthrow this throne in the uprising that lasted from 1868 to 1875? No less a person than the Count of Caserta, who was to become the father-in-law of the Princess of Asturias. We who were in Madrid at the time heard murmurings on every side, and some even ventured to say, that times were riper for a revolution then than they were when Isabel II was dethroned. In the affection of these two hearts for each other we have a bright love story in a Palace; in that Palace where so many unions have been made for State reasons and which have terminated some so tragically, others so scandalously. How was this affection born and how did it develop?



CÁRLOS DE BORBÓN, PRINCE CONSORT OF ASTURIAS

A person intimate at the Court gave the following data to *La Epoca.*

"I heard one day, several years ago, a dialogue which took place between the two Princess Mercédes and María Teresa. They were speaking of the two sons of the Count of Caserta, and the younger of the two Infantas eulogised Fernando, Duke of Calabria.

'As for me,' replied the Princess of Asturias, 'I like Cárlos better.' "

These words uttered by infantile lips announced the existence of an affection that time, far from extinguishing, caused to increase. The years passed, the war in Cuba broke out with all its fury, and the two brothers, Don Fernando and Don Cárlos, desirous of glory, and wishing to ennoble by their own merits their illustrious name, wanted to embark for the Island and fight as Spanish soldiers. Although not Spaniards, they had sworn fidelity to the Spanish banner. In that land that had cost Spain so much blood, the perils were many. Not only did the balls of the rebels mow down the ranks of the troops, but even in the air and water, there lurked almost certain death.

This act of nobleness and valour on the part of Don Cárlos touched still deeper the heart of the Princess of Asturias and it is not marvellous that the affection of the Queen-Regent was also gained.

Don Cárlos returned to Spain and he and the Princess saw each other again. About this time an incident occurred which gives some idea of the character of Don Cárlos and his sentiments respecting the Princess. The Emperor of Austria, wishing to marry his niece, the Arch-duchess Isabel, had fixed his choice upon the son of the Count of Caserta. By some happy move of the Emperor Don Cárlos was sent to the Austrian Capital,



ALFONSO XII

and though he learned of the Monarch's plans, his heart felt no interest in the project. One fine day the Emperor discovered that he must seek in another direction for a nephew, for Don Cárlos had suddenly left for Spain on a plea that the Austrian Capital did not agree with his health.

At the Palace the Queen drew him aside and said, "Tell me about your trip to Vienna, and also how my mother and family are." Don Cárlos answered her and she continued, "Is it true that you have been a candidate for the hand of the Archduchess Isabel?"

Don Carlos responded: "I do not know whether or not I have been a candidate for the hand of the Archduchess. What I can assure you of is that I am not a candidate. Since you have deigned to open this conversation, I wish to say to Your Majesty that I am a suitor for the hand of the Princess Mercédes. Yes, if to desire, as one's greatest happiness, to be loved by the one whom you love, if to think of her, live only for her is to be a candidate for her hand, then I am a candidate for that of the Princess Mercédes."

"And you have concealed all this in silence!" "I have never told it to you, for I have always thought of hiding my love. I am a soldier. I know how to obey. If Your Majesty can give me no hope, I beg of you to assign me to the Canaries."

Don Cárlos uttered these words with so much vehemence, and with an expression so truthful that the Queen could not doubt that the young man was seriously in love with the Princess.

"I will think of it," replied the Queen, affably taking the hand of the Prince in her own.

The Princess, on her part, made to her mother a frank confession of her love for Don Cárlos, and throwing herself into her mother's arms, begged the Queen not to marry her against her will.

But this romance must have its dark side and naturally, too. As the time for the marriage drew nearer, public disapproval of it became more pronounced. Each day from the beginning of February brought its own strange scenes.

It was the general opinion among the people that the Count of Caserta would not come to Spain to witness the marriage of his son, but on the morning of February 8th he and his family arrived in Madrid. This event was the signal for a fresh outbreak of wrath on the part of the citizens. The following is taken from a morning paper of February 8th.

"To the Count of Caserto:—

"Do you remember, Sir Count

"It was the 15th of July, 1874. For three days the merciless armies of your Lord and Chief, the so-called King Don Cárlos of Borbón, had been besieging the heroic city of Cuenca. At the head of those hordes whose ferocity the Tartars themselves could not exceed, you, Sir Count, were acting as Carlist Tamerlane."

"It was not possible for your soldiers to conquer by noble assault those ancient walls defended by Liberal hearts. It was necessary that a vile Carlist (Carlist it must have been) should open a narrow gate in the wall of the city. Through it stole the unbridled, drunken, Carlist throng, with the battle cry of *'Sus! No hay cuartel! Viva la religion!'* (No quarter! Long live religion!)

"Do you remember, Sir Count?

"The Liberals, though very few in numbers, defended themselves bravely but finally succumbed. Some were conducted to provisional prisons; others, victims of infamous impeachment, died gloriously their breasts riddled with bullets.

"On your return to Spain, Sir Count, are you not haunted by the spectre of these victims of Cuenca, tortured and sacrificed by your barbarous orders? Remember that Major, seriously sick, who was dragged from his bed, pierced with bayonets, thrown from the balcony to the street, and trampled under the feet of the horse of Doña Blanca [sister-in-law to the Pretender and noted throughout Spain for her cruelty].

"Don't forget the National Militiaman, likewise sick and likewise dragged from his bed, stabbed to death in the arms of his mother who was trying to save him. Call up in your mind, too, the peaceful fruit-vendor, hauled through the streets, soaked in petroleum and burned to death. And the Conquense Mayor, his breast rent with gaping wounds, who died with the sarcastic brutal laughter of his assassins ringing in his ears. The young girl, too, as beautiful of body as of soul, María, killed and violated in a mad Carlist orgy before the eyes of her father and brothers. Have you

forgotten, Sir Count, these and many other victims of that unhappy day?"

On February 11th all institutions of learning allowed a special vacation to last four days, in celebration of the marriage. This occasioned more trouble. It put upon the streets hundreds of students who augmented the crowds that were daily becoming more unmanageable. The Civil Guards patrolled the streets night and day; but on February 13th they acknowledged themselves defeated in their efforts to preserve order, or prevent the assembling of groups who kept up their cries of, "Death to the Count of Caserta."

At half-past three in the morning, on the day of the wedding (February 14th) martial law was declared in the city and province. Then came the ceaseless tramping of horses' feet. Four regiments of lancers and cavalry patrolled those streets which had given the mounted Civil Guards so much trouble. It was not until the hours when law-abiding citizens are supposed to be asleep that the men and horses were allowed to rest.

The day had been clear and beautiful, just such an one as every bride looks forward to. And yet how very different was this Royal wedding from any which had taken place in Spain, at least during the preceding hundred years. There were no gaily draped balconies except government buildings; no groups of happy and contented people, waiting impatiently to give the bride a hearty cheer on her way to the Church of Atocha; no troops in gala uniform lined up along the route to the Church. The balconies were bare and uninviting; only here and there were to be seen small groups of citizens and these were in anything but a peaceful frame of mind; the troops were being used for something more serious than ordinary display. There was no procession to the Atocha where part of the religious ceremony of all Royal weddings in Spain takes place, and where the *Te Deum* is regularly sung. For reasons too obvious to mention, the whole ceremony was solemnised in the Chapel of the Palace, at eleven o'clock Thursday morning in the presence of those whom it seemed safe to invite. The usual extra functions in the theatres, and brilliant illuminations and fireworks in the evening were also lacking. Gloom, most profound, settled over the city at nightfall.

About a year later a son was born to them, and since the death of his mother, the Princess of Asturias, on October 17, 1904, that son has been recognised by the Masters of the Rolls as heir-apparent to the throne of Spain and hence necessarily as Prince of Asturias.

The Spanish people, as a whole, are loyal subjects and they loved the little fellow who was some day to be their King, and many cherished the fond hope that things would go better when he had ascended the throne. His development was noted by watchful eyes not only among his own but among intelligent people everywhere. The result seems to be pleasing to all. He has shown himself to be a bright scholar, close observer, deep thinker and sympathetic friend. As the saying goes, he does not let the grass grow under his feet and he is quick to act when occasion demands it.

In 1899, when Alfonso was thirteen years old, Mr. Bellamy Storer went as American Minister to Madrid, to take up once more the relations severed by the war. At all Court functions the King addressed Mr. Storer in French, having already acquired the ability to speak French, Italian and German. Before he was sixteen he was conversing fluently to Mr. Storer in English.

From time to time it is reported that Alfonso XIII. is in poor health, and certainly his pictures often show him far from robust, yet his powers of endurance are such, that we must believe him stronger than he appears. In May, 1901, he conducted the Army Manouvres outside of Madrid, himself leading several charges and at the close of ten hours in the saddle rode home looking fresher than any officer in his suite.

His Majesty has been thoroughly trained for the position he has to fill in life, but it is sometimes surprising to find him conducting himself like a man of years. Taking the Queen Regent to the window at the time of his sister's (the Princess of Asturia's) wedding, he pointed to the cavalry lined up in war-like attitude in front of the palace and to the dark faces of the mob behind. "Look!

this is what you have done for me." A sudden blow in the face, with "You forget I am your mother," was her reply. Alfonso quickly answered, "You do not seem to remember that *I am the King.*"

Not long after ascending the throne, the King proposed a visit to his provinces to become better acquainted with the conditions existing in the land over which he was to rule. Unfortunately his visit in the northwest was brought suddenly to an end by the clerics who became alarmed at his curiosity. He was cruising along the Bay of Biscay and taking short trips inland to the Cathedral towns. Naturally, the best of all was shown to him and he was led from sacristy to sacristy where the rich treasures were laid before him. But when he inquired into the authenticity of the Nail, the Thorn or the Handkerchief of Veronica, it was deemed wise to take him back to San Sebastian.

Even members of the Cabinet, men with gray hair, are brought to a sudden halt by their young monarch that for a brief moment causes them to hold their breath. An arsenal located seven or eight miles outside of Madrid, exploded one morning between five and six o'clock and several men were killed. At a later hour there was a meeting of the Cabinet. A Minister arose and addressed his sovereign thus:

"I regret to report to your Majesty that my subordinates inform me that there has been an explosion at ————"

"Yes, *I* know all about it. *I* have been there myself," was the pointed reply of the King.

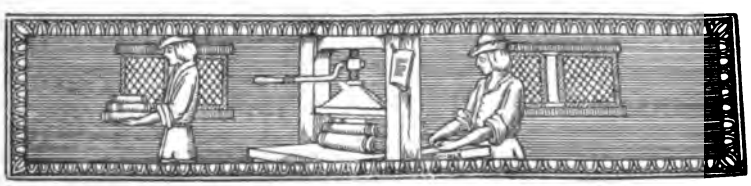
A Spanish girl, educated beyond the ordinary woman in her country wrote me as follows when the marriage of Alfonso XIII. and the daughter of the Duke of Connaught was proposed:

"The democratic spirit of the King appeals to me most strongly and I believe if his mother leaves the country and this marriage is realised we shall have a King to whom we may appeal personally.

"On Good Friday last year he went on foot from the palace to the church of "Las Calatravas," accompanied only by his brother-in-law and two attendants. When he returned to the palace he was followed by several thousand persons, expressing their good-will in loud and joyous cheers. How much greater would have been this enthusiasm if the people had known a certain incident which occurred a few days before and which the journals did not relate until later.

"The King is extremely fond of his automobile and on one of his many excursions outside of the town he encountered two men and two women walking to Madrid, almost frozen and half-dead from hunger. He pitied their condition immediately, and without mentioning who he was, made the two women get into the car, there being no more room for the men. *En route,* he questioned them, learned of the misery through which they had passed, and that they were going to the city to seek for work, and his sympathetic heart being touched, he emptied his own pockets as well as those of his attendants and gave the money to the poor women. When they reached the small town of Guadarrama, he made them share the lunch which had been prepared for him and his attendants; and just before they had finished, when he had invited them to accompany him to Madrid and they had replied that they preferred to wait there for their husbands, some children near-by happened to cry out, *'Viva el Rey.'* The women greatly surprised and much confused ran from the place, but soon regaining their senses, came back to thank the King for what he had done for them. With the King's kindly good-bye came a promise of future assistance, if they would inform His Majesty of their arrival in the city."

Leora A. Fitz-Gerald.



TWENTY YEARS OF THE REPUBLIC

(1885-1905)

BY HARRY THURSTON PECK

PART XVII—THE TRANSFORMED REPUBLIC



IN the twenty years which followed the first inauguration of President Cleveland, the philosophic observer finds a multiplicity of tendencies and of achieved results, among the maze of which it is often difficult to disentangle those that possess supreme significance. No period in the whole history of the Republic had been so fraught with the consummation of changes long impending. It was a period of precipitation. In it a score of influences which for many years had been almost imperceptibly at work, now with a rapid rush wrought out results so swiftly and so surely as to daze the purblind and to confound the calculations of conservative students of political and social history.

The one central fact which dominates these twenty years of evolution is the fact that in them the United States at last acquired a genuine and homogeneous national unity. Whatever orators and political theorists may have said and written during the preceding century, no dispassionate analyst of Amercan conditions could blink the truth that the Federal Republic throughout that century had been not one nation but several nations, held together, so to speak, mechanically, rather than blended chemically by a complete identity of sentiment and interest. The fact might well seem odd to those who took a purely superficial view and constructed a theoretical argument. Here was a people mainly of English stock, occupying a continuous territory, speaking the same language, and possessing the same racial, governmental, and social traditions. In the War of Independence, the colonies had resisted a common enemy in defence of a common principle, and had won a victory of which the glory was a common heritage. They had voluntarily accepted the rule of a central government in which the rights of each component part were carefully safeguarded. In all this was to be detected the presence of influences that were making for a more perfect unification. How came it, then, that actual unity was not attained until more than a century had elapsed? What was the underlying cause which kept the centrifugal and the centripetal forces so nearly balanced as to make it often doubtful which would finally prevail?

The anomaly was the more interesting because, from the very outset, the drift toward a true nationalisation of the Republic was clearly indicated. Although the Revolution itself was succeeded by an ebbing of national energy, this merely evidenced the lassitude of a reaction. It was swiftly followed by a vigorous impulse which came from the South and from the West, and which was personified in the two great leaders, Calhoun and Clay. While Federalist New England was sulking in sterile criticism or muttering treason, these two ardent souls were urging a boldly aggressive policy the adoption of which would inevitably bind the States together. They spurned the timid temporising of their elders, and flung the gauntlet of defiance in the face of Britain. Calhoun's early statesmanship urged the construction of "great permanent roads for defence . . . connecting more closely the interests of various sections of this great country." Clay personified the spirit of the West, its impatience of traditional restraints, its thirst for expansion even at the cost of conquest, and its conviction that the

Government at Washington should give the vivifying impulse which the individual States withheld. In the early years of the nineteenth century it really seemed as though the barriers between one section and another were soon to be demolished. Canals were cut and other waterways were opened. Steamboats began to ply between the growing cities. Great roads were built across the mountains. Meanwhile, the constructive jurist, Chief Justice Marshall, a native of Virginia, was strengthening the authority of the central government by holding the Supreme Court to his broad views of constitutional interpretation. It seemed at that time as though, within a few decades, facility of intercourse, commercial interest, and a growing pride in material and moral progress would link the States so closely and so surely as to give the natural ties of race and language their full effect.

It was of course the blight of slavery which blocked this consummation—not because of any moral taint associated with that institution, but because of the economic clash which it made inevitable. It not merely kept the South a purely agricultural community without the varied industries which flourished in the North, but it erected the breeding of slaves into a highly profitable occupation.* This caused in the South a reaction against the centralising, unifying tendency which had earlier been noticeable. It paralysed the larger patriotism of Calhoun and his able followers and forced them into a narrow particularism and the exaltation of the State above the Nation. Their political genius was thenceforth devoted to the undoing of what they had before accomplished and to the stifling of a sentiment which was beginning to prevail. For many decades thereafter, the narrowness of the New England abolitionist was matched by the narrowness of the Southern slaveowner; and the bitter strife between the two set back the birth of a true nationalism for three quarters of a century.

The period of the Civil War, when the vigorous West threw its sword into the scale and determined the issue of the contest, settled the question of slavery forever. Yet the United States could not at once become a true political entity. The bitterness of the war itself would soon have passed away; but the horrors of Reconstruction sank deeper into the soul of the South than even the memory of devasted lands and of cities laid in ashes. It is painful now to dwell upon the folly and fanatacism which made that period the darkest in all American history. The wise and conciliatory plans of Lincoln were forgotten by the Northern Radicals. To disfranchise the best and wisest citizens of the South was bad enough. The incredible plan of granting universal suffrage to the half-brutish blacks and of thrusting them into the supreme control of civilised communities was the highwater mark of political insanity. Unprincipled white men from other parts of the country flocked into the Southern States and exploited the ignorance of the negroes. There was seen the spectacle of Governors of States carrying with them to low orgies bundles of State bonds, of which they filled in the amounts according as they needed the money for debauchery. The legislative halls which had been honoured by the presence of learned jurists and distinguished lawgivers were filled with a rabble of plantation-hands who yelled and jabbered like so many apes, while drunken wenches sprawled upon the dais before the Speaker's rostrum. Public debts of every sort were piled up mountain high; and whole communities, already impoverished by war, were crushed under new and even more appalling burdens.*

But the reconstruction period and negro domination also passed away after the inauguration of President Hayes in 1878.† Slowly but surely the South began to get upon its feet once more. Yet so long as it was excluded from any lead-

*See Reed, *The Brothers' War* (Boston, 1906).

*See H. A. Herbert and others, *Why the Solid South?* (Baltimore, 1890); Reynolds, *Reconstruction in South Carolina* (Columbia, 1905); Fleming, *Civil War and Reconstruction in Alabama*, pp. 730-782 (New York, 1905); and Dunning, *Essays on the Civil War and Reconstruction* (New York, 1898).

†See THE BOOKMAN for January, 1905, p. 429.

ing part in the Federal Government, a sentiment of nationality could not, in the nature of things, be fostered in the Southern States. So long as Northern orators and statesmen filled their speeches with allusions to "rebel brigadiers" and pointed to the "Solid South" as a menace to the nation's welfare, for just so long the South responded by a show of sullen anger and defiance. So long as the Democratic party was kept out of power, for the sole reason that one wing of it was composed of Southern voters, the Republic still remained fundamentally divided. It was this fact which gave to the election of Mr. Cleveland in 1884 so profound a significance. Whatever one may think of his two administrations, they certainly demonstrated not merely that the bugbear of the Solid South was nothing but a bugbear, but also that the nation could ill afford to reject the services of the able men whom the South bred up, and of whom Lamar and Herbert and Carlisle and Francis were conspicuous examples. Political recognition in the executive departments of the Government did much to soften the asperity of Southern feeling.

Meantime, the South was recovering with astonishing celerity the material wealth which it had lost. Manufactures were established very successfully at many points, and notably in Georgia and Alabama. Mines began to be worked. Capital was attracted from the North and from Europe. Between 1895 and 1905 the economic development of the Southern States was one of the most remarkable in the whole history of the modern industrial world.* The distribution of wealth, the new activities, and the wider outlook which resulted from them, meant not merely a shifting of the industrial centre of gravity at the South. It meant a transformation in the political relations of the South with reference to the nation as a whole. As some one expressed it at the time, the Southern people were too much engaged in providing for a prosperous future to waste valuable time in brooding over a melancholy past. Hence, after 1890, we find a new South, hopeful, vigorous, and alert, forming each year new ties to hold it fast as an integral part of the great Republic, whose foundations had been laid by the genius and patriotism of Southern men. The one thing necessary to make this clearly evident was the impulse given by the war with Spain. It was then that the South itself realised how far it had emerged from its old seclusion. Its volunteers flocked with enthusiasm to the recruiting offices, and they fought shoulder to shoulder with their fellow-countrymen of the North and West for the same flag and the same country. It was a superb instance of political tact when President McKinley gave commissions in the army to Fitzhugh Lee and Joseph Wheeler—two ex-Confederate commanders. This single act intensified the warmth of patriotic feeling which the South displayed throughout that war and afterwards. President Roosevelt, himself of Southern ancestry on his mother's side, succeeded in increasing this good feeling in spite of the temporary excitement aroused by the Booker Washington episode. Some of his utterances appealed directly to Southern sentiment.*

His Secretary of War, Mr. Elihu Root, in an address delivered before the Union League Club in New York City, frankly confessed that the Republican party had been guilty of a grave error after the Civil War, in bestowing the unrestricted franchise upon the negroes. These things and others like them made Mr. Roosevelt so popular in the Southern States, that

*See Murphy, *The Present South*, pp. 97-102 (New York, 1904). In 1870, the assessed value of property in New York and Pennsylvania was greater than that of the entire South. In the same year the assessed property of Rhode Island and New Jersey exceeded in value of that South Carolina by nearly $700,000,000. In 1880, the manufactured products of the South were less by $200,000,000 than that of her agricultural products. In 1900, however, Southern manufactures including mining interests, exceeded in value all Southern agricultural products by nearly $300,000,000. The products of Southern factories in the last named year reached a total of $1,563,000,000, an increase since 1880 of more than 220 per cent. "To realize the deep and far-reaching significance of such figures, one must be able to see through them the vast industrial and social changes which they represent."

*See his speech before the Republican Club at Philadelphia, on February 13th, 1905.—New York *Times*, February 14th.

at the time of the election of 1904 an eminent Southern Democrat, answering a question put to him in private conversation, said:

"In the South we are going to vote for Parker, but we are all praying hard for Roosevelt."

As a matter of fact, this election actually broke the ranks of the long Solid South; for the States of West Virginia and Missouri then cast their electoral votes for a Republican President.

With the consummation of true national unity it came about that the political and social phenomena which the United States exhibited after 1895 were no longer sectional. The problems which they involved confronted the people of the entire country. These phenomena and these problems, when analysed philosophically, related first to the astonishing growth of material prosperity and the distribution of wealth; and second and partly consequent upon the first, to a strong and rapid drift toward something like State Socialism. All the other important questions that arose during the period under consideration will be found to have sprung from one or the other of these two causes. Sufficient has been already said in the course of this narrative concerning the exploitation of the country's natural resources and the diffusion of wealth.* The whole economic history of the United States had, on the whole, been the history of material success broken only now and then by financial crisis which at times retarded, but could not long prevent, the accelerated enrichment of the nation. From 1846 to 1860, industrial activity of every sort was very marked. The Civil War for a moment brought panic and financial depression; but it soon proved a stimulus not merely to speculation but to legitimate enterprise as well. From that time the record varied, until at the beginning of the McKinley administration, the country reached a pitch of material well-being, such as had never before been known. It was not, however, so much the growth of wealth as the manner of its distribution which now became significant,—not the riches of the nation, but the riches of individuals. Until 1860-65, the national wealth had been widely diffused. After 1865, it began to be gathered into great fortunes. The first, and for a long time the only American millionaire, was George Washington, who had achieved wealth by the judicious purchase of Western lands. For many years after his time there were, in the words of Mr. James Bryce, "no great fortunes in America, few large fortunes, and no poverty." The same careful observer contrasted this condition with that which prevailed about 1890. He then wrote:

"Now there is some poverty, many large fortunes, and a greater number of gigantic fortunes than in any other country of the world." *

The much-lauded "era of consolidation" exhibited the truth of this assertion and revealed a growing tendency to increase still more the concentration of wealth in the hands of a comparatively few. No statement on this subject professing to be exact can be accepted literally; yet the results of some careful investigations are at least indicative of an approximate truth. Thus, it was computed in 1902 that one-eighth of the families in the United States possessed at least seven-eighths of all the country's wealth.† The assertion was also made in 1903 that the twenty-four men who then composed the directorate of the United States Steel Corporation controlled at least one-twelfth of the total wealth of the United States. A New York banker, Mr. Thomas G. Shearman, had said eleven years earlier that the United States was practically owned by less than 250,000 persons, and that within thirty years from that time it would be controlled by fewer than 50,000 persons.‡

Merely as an interesting fact, therefore, it would be worth recording that the rapidity with which wealth had grown was balanced by the startling inequality

*See THE BOOKMAN for March, 1905, pp. 44-45; and for December, 1905, pp. 340-341.

*Bryce, *The American Commonwealth*, ii. p. 616 (New York, 1895).

†Spahr, *The Present Distribution of Wealth in the United States*, p. 69 (New York, 1896).

‡In the *Forum*, for November, 1889. See George, *The Menace of Privilege*, pp. 1-13 (New York, 1905).

of its distribution. To a very large extent this inequality represented a natural inequality in the brain-power which exists among individuals. It was a tribute, in part, to efficiency of organisation and to that superior ability which in the world of finance is comparable to a like ability in the sphere of military affairs. The military analogy is, indeed, a very apt one. Translate the strategic maxims of Napoleon into the language of finance, and there is formulated a system quite as axiomatic as was his, because it expresses fundamental truths. Napoleon's battles were won by a tenacious adherence to a few simple principles. "Always have your forces so distributed," said the Emperor, "as to make it possible for you to direct all of them at once upon the weak point in the enemy's position." This implies singleness of command, clearness of design, and concentration of power. When, therefore, immensity of force is directed by supreme ability centred in one dominant mind, there is effected a combination which is practically irresistible. And the same thing is true with regard to money. When millions are united and massed, and when their concentrated power is wielded by one far-seeing brain, they will draw to themselves swiftly and surely other millions and will justify the proverb which declares that wealth breeds wealth. An anecdote which was current in 1902 elucidates one of the causes of American success in financial management.

Not long ago, the head of an American corporation walked into the London offices of a great concern which represented similar interests in England. The American came unknown and unannounced. After waiting for half an hour in an ante-room he was admitted to the presence of the manager, and came at once to business, with an unconcern of manner in striking contrast to English ways.

"Now see here," he began, without any preliminary talk; "I've looked into your concern and know all about it, and, just what it's worth, and I've come here to buy you out."

The Englishman gasped and stared at what appeared to him the extreme assurance and even insolence of his visitor.

"Yes," continued the American, swinging his leg easily over the arm of the chair; "I know all about your business. It isn't worth a million pounds, but I'm prepared to offer you that, if you'll close the thing right here."

"And when would you be ready to pay over the million pounds?" asked the Englishman, with what he regarded as elaborate irony.

The American looked at his watch.

"Well," he said, "It's rather late to-day, but if you'll have the papers drawn, I'll turn the million over to you to-morrow afternoon." *

When men by temper and training come to possess the ability to do large things in this direct and simple way, they have an immense advantage over those who can work only in committees, or boards, or companies, and they will inevitably dominate them and use them quite at will. Hence it was that the concentration of wealth in the United States between 1885 and 1905, being directed in a swift, effective and overwhelming fashion, seemed to promise the commercial and financial conquest of the world. It was this which dazzled for a while the imagination of the American people. They had begun to make other nations tributary to the Republic. They confidently looked forward to a time when, as a certain Senator somewhat extravagantly phrased it, both the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans would commercially become "American lakes," traversed by American fleets and washing no shores that were not tributary to the United States.

In many respects the possession of great fortunes by individuals was a direct advantage to the nation as a whole. The new millionaires differed greatly from their predecessors of the period immediately following the Civil War. That war had created the American millionaire. From 1865 to 1875 the most striking figure in American life was that of the *nouveau riche*. He was, to instructed minds, a most pathetic sight,—so grossly conscious of his wealth, so anxious to spend it in an impressive way, to do something princely, something really "big," and yet being so hopelessly ignorant of how to do it. He purchased urban dwellings with "brown-stone fronts" and plate-glass windows. He procured horses and carriages, and

*_The Independent_, May 1, 1902.



W. D. HOWELLS



ROBERT GRANT



MARY E. WILKINS



HAMLIN GARLAND

stocked his cellars with champagne. In the country, he built for himself enormous wooden mansions painted in many colours, surmounted by wooden cupolas and towers and battlements, and adorned with a maze of wooden pillars representing what someone cleverly styled "the jig-saw renaissance," while his lawn was dotted with cast-iron statuary painted to resemble bronze. Many of these war-made millionaires ultimately lost their money as quickly as they made it. Some of them left it to be squandered by their sons. The wealth of those days was seldom perpetuated, and this fact was crystallised in a popular proverb to the effect that "There are only three generations from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves."

The representatives of the still newer wealth bore slight resemblance to the shoddy millionaire. They lived in the age that had discovered Europe, where they had travelled and observed and learned; for at this time Europe became a mighty educator of the American people. It led to the appreciation and encouragement of art and architecture and landscape gardening, and to a knowledge of the true refinements of civilised existence. There began to be laid in the United States the basis for something which resembled an aristocracy, founded in the first instance upon wealth, but in its higher phases deserving a better name than that of mere plutocracy. An aristocracy must always ultimately rest upon either power or service, and more often upon a combination of these two. In bygone centuries, power in its last analysis meant physical force; and hence the founders of the older aristocracies of Europe had been warriors, often soldiers of fortune who, by the edge of the sword, carved out for themselves a permanent place in the kingdoms of the Old World. In the nineteenth century, the greatest source of power was wealth; and, therefore, upon it and upon that service to the people which it was enabled to perform, a new aristocracy rapidly arose in the United States. It was easy to sneer at the source as being vulgar; yet power, when it is so great as this, is never vulgar, even if those who wield it are. In the United States at the beginning of the twentieth century, only the early stages of this evolution could be seen. Its frequent crudities and inanities everyone could detect and mock at; but there had so far been reached only the period of imitation and display. Yet already the possession of great wealth had exercised a sobering influence and had begun to create a sense of civic responsibility in its possessors. Foreign observers had been wont to say that in America, public office was held only by the representatives of the ignorant, and that men of light and leading held themselves aloof from politics. This criticism lost its point in the years from 1890 to 1905. More and more did it become common for young men of cultivation and intelligence to enter public life. At the time of the Spanish War, such men were eager to receive commissions in the army or, failing that, to fight even in the ranks. The nobility of service was beginning to be understood. President Roosevelt himself was an admirable example of this new tendency to sacrifice the delights of cultivated ease to the welfare of the nation.

The indirect value to the country at large of the concentration of wealth was also undeniable. Many of the latter-day millionaires—in fact, an ever increasing number of them—even in the pursuit of their own pleasures and the gratification of their own tastes, conferred a very real benefit upon the entire people. Following, sometimes unintelligently but as time went on with a more perfect comprehension, the English models, they set a fashion that in many things was most admirable. The open-air life, the love of country homes, and the practice of outdoor amusements, of riding and hunting and of healthful games, all tended to improve the physical and moral tone of Americans. The great estates of the wealthy, the splendid country-houses on Long Island, in the Berkshires, in Maine, and in other picturesque localities, the country clubs, the golf-links, no less than the sumptuous hospitality offered by the rich to their friends, all set a standard of living which little by little added to the refinement of American life and did much to smooth away the crudities which had marked an earlier stage of American civilisation. Still more impor-



PRESIDENT BUTLER, OF COLUMBIA



PRESIDENT WILSON, OF PRINCETON



DR. GILMAN, OF THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTION



PRESIDENT HARPER,
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

tant was the generosity which gave with lavish hand to educational endowments, to create and maintain libraries, picture galleries and museums. American purchasers brought to their native land masterpieces of art from the choicest collections of Europe; and they patronised, often with great discrimination, the artists and architects of their own country. In this sphere, the new wealth and the growth of an aristocracy primarily



HENRY GEORGE

founded upon wealth, were beginning to make the cities of the United States what the great merchant princes of Northern Italy made their cities at the time of the Renaissance.

There were many who deplored the inevitable growth of social distinctions which resulted from the state of things that has just been described; yet these critics ignored the fact that social distinctions had always existed in the Republic, and that they sprang not from external circumstances but from the inborn social habits of the race. That the multi-million-



"TOM" L. JOHNSON



"GOLDEN RULE" JONES

aire should think of himself as in a class apart from the man of moderate means was no more absurd than the fact that the great merchant should look down upon the petty tradesman, that the clerk should feel himself to be above the mechanic, or that the shop-girl should exclude from her society the domestic servant. The Anglo-Saxon cherishes an intolerance of social equality as intense and as ineradicable as is his championship of equality before the law.

That the rapid growth of wealth and its unequal distribution were known in many cases to be the result of inequality before the law, explains the discontent which throve among the American people during the years with which this narrative has to do. Americans are singularly free from envy. That some men should grow rich while others remained poor was not in itself a cause of dissatisfaction. Great fortunes honestly acquired were rightly held to be an honour to their possessors, because they were the concrete evidence of ability, conomy, and perseverance. But, on the other hand, the fortunes that had been gained through illicit favour, in defiance of the law and by the debauchery of those who had been chosen to make and to administer the law—these roused a widespread and steadily deepening resentment.* Conspicuous instances of this lawless wealth have already in these pages been sufficiently pointed out in discussing the growth of Trusts, the discrimination by railways in the making of their rates, and in the stifling of competition by other means in flagrant violation of both the statutes and the common law of the land. For twenty years the courts had been practically powerless to check and to destroy the power of monopoly. Americans began to feel that the orderly processes of the law were unavailing. Petty criminals, underlings, and agents were sometimes punished; yet no great criminal of the wealthy class had ever been sent to prison, but was at the most permitted to escape on the payment of a fine which to him was of no more consequence than the copper coin which one tosses to an urchin in the streets. State after State adopted legislation intended



JOHN B. M'MASTER



J. W. BURGESS

*See Brooks, *The Social Unrest*, pp. 68-106, (New York, 1904).



CHARLOTTE STETSON GILMAN

to be remedial or punitive, yet this practically accomplished nothing; and some of these very States, notably New Jersey, most inconsistently framed their corporation laws in such a way as actually to encourage the increase of oppressive combinations. The feeling of impotent rage which spread through the West in 1892 had permeated the entire country in 1905, and had prepared the minds of the people for measures more drastic than any which had hitherto been known in the Republic.

It is thus that one may account for the rapid development of State Socialism in the United States. The germs of this movement were perhaps sown by the German immigrants who came to America at the time of the political disorders of 1848, and who were imbued with the doctrines of Karl Marx. For a long while the organisations which these men founded remained apart from the current of American political life. The name "socialist" was little understood by the people at large, and was vaguely held to be synonymous with "communist" and "anarchist." In time, however, the social unrest which was aroused by the growing inequality of conditions began to stir the native sections of the people. The various labour organisations which have elsewhere been mentioned,* early showed the drift toward Socialism, and looked to the central government for the rectification of what they held to be deep-seated social wrongs. An epoch in the history of this movement was marked by the publication in 1880 of a work entitled *Progress and Poverty*, written by Mr. Henry George. Henry George was a native of Philadelphia. He was born to poverty, so that at the age of fourteen he was obliged to leave school in order to earn a living for himself. Shipping as a deck-hand on a merchant vessel bound for Australia, he ultimately found his way to California (1858) where he learned the printer's trade. For years he suffered great privations, drifting from one employment to another and proving unsuccessful in all of them. With some of his fellow-printers he established a small newspaper, but this also failed; yet the venture influenced his subsequent career, since it led him to try writing for the press. His earliest productions show that he had already begun to study political and social questions and to urge his fellows "to check the tendency of society to resolve itself into classes that have either too much or too little." Presently he became chief of staff on the San Francisco *Times*, and thenceforward he devoted himself to a propaganda directed against the inequalities of society as it existed. As early as 1866, he exposed the illegal practices of the Western railways; and in 1877, after long reflection, he began to write the book which ultimately made him famous. The first edition was a small one, the author himself setting a part of the type, and for a while it attracted slight attention. Within a few years, however, it was taken up in England and widely reviewed as being a remarkable contribution to the literature of sociology. With the exception of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, no American book had ever been so widely read. It was

*See THE BOOKMAN for March, 1905, p. 44.

translated into all the languages of Europe. Cheap editions were published in England and the United States, and it is estimated that between 1880 and 1905 no less than two million copies of it were sold and circulated.* Mr. George's thesis was that the entire burden of taxation should be levied upon land, irrespective of all improvements upon it, thus confiscating the economic rent, freeing industry from taxation, and affording equal opportunity to all men by destroying the unfair advantage which the possession of land gives to monopoly. Closely allied to his theory of the "single tax," as it was called, was his doctrine that the labourer is really paid, not out of capital, but out of value which he himself creates. In 1886, Henry George was a candidate for the mayoralty of New York City, receiving 68,000 votes. He failed of election; yet the ballots cast for him exceeded the number of those cast for Mr. Roosevelt, who was his Republican competitor.*



IDA M. TARBELL.

This display of popular strength gave an enormous impulse to State Socialism. Of great importance also was the publication in 1888 of a widely read socialistic novel by Edward Bellamy, entitled *Looking Backward*. This book attracted the attention of many who had never before given any thought to social problems. Bellamy Clubs, as they were called, became fashionable. The study of sociology grew popular, and men and women belonging to the highly educated classes now joined hands with the representatives of labour. As was written at the time: "Bellamy's book brought Socialism up from the workshops and the beer-gardens into the libraries and the drawing-rooms." A third writer, whose influence can not be ignored, was Mr. Henry Demarest Lloyd, a lecturer on political economy, who later became a practising lawyer. After a long investigation, carried on with scientific thoroughness, he published his memorable volume, *Wealth Against Commonwealth*.† In it he exposed, with a mass of documentary evidence, the methods of the Standard Oil Company, and incidentally those of other Trusts, the drift of his conclusions being in favour of the municipal ownership or control of natural monopolies, such as water, coal, oil, and natural gas. From this time, the doctrine of municipal ownership of public utilities rapidly won favour with the people. It seemed to embody a practical means of restraining some, at least, of the aggressions of capital. It involved no rash experiment, since it had been already tried with great success in some of the cities of Great Britain and the Continent, and it presented no formidable difficulties in

*See George, *The Life of Henry George* (New York, 1900); and the Introduction by Henry George, Jr., to the anniversary edition of *Progress and Poverty* (New York, 1905).

*See THE BOOKMAN for March, 1905, p. 44.
†New York, 1894.

the way of its realisation. The coal strike of 1902 had brought out very glaringly the dangers of the private ownership of one of the necessities of life; and in the autumn of that year, the platform of the Democratic State Convention in New York advocated the acquisition of the coal fields by the national Government.

The argument in favour of municipal and national ownership was extremely plausible. The Government already



JOSEPH PULITZER

owned and operated with efficiency the Post Office. Why not also the railways, the telegraphs, the telephones, and the express companies? Some American cities already supplied their citizens with water. Why should they not also supply them with gas? Why should they not manage the local means of transportation—the ferries, the street railways and the elevated roads? It was answered that private companies could do this with greater economy than could either State or city; but the reply was instantly made that such economies as private control effected went into the pockets of individuals and in nowise benefited the public. Moreover, bitter experience had taught the



WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST



ARTHUR BRISBANE

American people that for the abuses of private ownership there was practically no penalty; while a like abuse of public ownership could be punished at the polls. Overcrowded, unventilated, and ill-heated cars, excessive fares and general discomfort usually went with private ownership; and against these things complaints were unavailing, while the law afforded no redress. A legislative investigation in 1905 showed that the gas companies in the city of New York made enormous profits by a regulation of the flow of gas, whereby at will they could manipulate the meters and increase the consumers' bills to whatever sum they wished. Moreover, private ownership selfishly refused to employ inventions and improvements, because at the outset these would entail an additional expense for their installation. A remarkable invention in long-distance telephoning was purchased by a corporation, not for the purpose of putting it into use, but in order to suppress it. For twenty years the New York Central and Hudson River Railway refused to employ electricity as a motor power in the long tunnel leading out of New York City; although the use of steam had twice caused two shocking disasters in which many lives were lost and in which men and women were frightfully scalded and maimed for life. Governmental ownership, it was argued, could not possibly be worse than this. It must almost inevitably be far more conducive to the public welfare.*

It is no wonder, then, that the question of a governmental regulation of railway rates and the municipal ownership of public utilities became a very vital one in the minds of the American people in 1905. It marked an end of the old individualism and a triumph of what was still called Socialism, but what, in Mr. Bellamy's phrase, was more truly to be described as Nationalism. For many decades, Americans had held that corporations were possessed of the same natural rights as persons. That belief was now shattered, and it was clearly seen that corporations had no natural rights whatever, but only such privileges as the people might choose to, grant them; that they were the creatures of the State; and that their activities might be restricted or even, if necessary, destroyed when they should cease to serve the public interests. By the end of 1905, more than half the cities and towns of the United States had acquired the ownership of their waterworks. Many were successfully operating their own gas-plants. Chicago had elected a mayor who was pledged to secure for that city the ownership of its street railway systems. In New York, Mr. W. R. Hearst, the candidate of the party of Municipal Ownership, polled 225,000 votes, failing of election by the narrowest of margins. More important than all, President Roosevelt was urging upon Congress the passage of a bill giving the United States Government power to regulate the rates imposed by railways upon shippers and thus to prevent the unjust discriminations which had made possible the Beef Trust, the Sugar Trust, and the Standard Oil Company.

Both the great political parties had, in fact, without really knowing it, become permeated with the fundamental principles of State Socialism. The Republican party had been essentially socialistic from the outset; since it had looked to the national Government to destroy slavery, even though slavery was protected by the Constitution. Later, when in control of the Government, that party had used the Federal power through tariff legislation to foster special interests and to enrich particular classes of individuals. Later still, it had given bounties to sugar growers and had proposed the subsidising of the merchant marine. The Democratic party, on the other hand, which in the early nineteenth century was so jealous of the Federal authority, desiring to limit it as much as possible, had, in 1892, under the leadership of Mr. Bryan, become frankly socialistic, advocating Federal action to help men pay their debts and to diffuse prosperity among the agricultural population. The general recognition of these facts marked a new era in American political history. Henceforth, most Americans looked to the nation and not to the several States

*See the papers collected in Bemis, *Municipal Monopolies* (New York, 1900).

for the righting of all wrongs and for the encouragement of favourable conditions not only commercial and industrial but likewise social. This meant a severing of old traditions, the establishment of new theories of government, and in consequence the transformation of the American Republic.

Centralisation of power, however, took on a more definite form than a vague enlargement of Federal authority in the various departments of the Government. It tended specifically to make the President a supreme arbiter, with prerogatives transcending those of the legislative and judicial branches. Just as Congress was a more efficient, conspicuous, and responsible body than the legislatures of the separate States, so the President was a more efficient, conspicuous, and responsible agent than Congress. Americans were eager for results, and results could apparently be achieved with less delay if their accomplishment should be entrusted to an individual. As in finance, so in politics, the one-man power was acclaimed. There lurked somewhere, perhaps, in the national consciousness, a love of the monarchical principle, provided only that it were blended with a Democratic element. The Tory Democracy of England in the early eighties found its analogue in the Imperialistic Republicanism of the United States in the late nineties. The whole history of the nation had been, indeed, a history of the gradual strengthening of the presidential power. Jefferson's unauthorized purchase of the Louisiana Territory, Jackson's struggle with Congress over the Bank, Polk's practical declaration of war against Mexico in assuming that a state of war existed, Lincoln's suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, and his edict of emancipation, Johnson's refusal to enforce the reconstruction acts, Grant's military government in the Southern States, and Cleveland's rejection of the demand which Congress made upon him to surrender the documents relating to suspensions from office, were all indicative of the tendency that has here been mentioned. It is by a process of easy transition, therefore, that one finds President McKinley invested with absolute discretion in expending the money voted by Congress to prepare for war with Spain; and, after that war, there was little protest when the same President ruled, without any legislative check upon his authority, the conquered Philippines and Cuba and Puerto Rico.

President Roosevelt's first administration was also marked by instances of personal government. He was, in fact, by temperament no less than by the accumulated precedents of a century, bound to magnify the prerogatives of his office. Under him the Executive function assumed almost the form of a frank paternalism. His interference in the coal strike, his personal direction to the Attorney-General to prosecute the Trusts, and his precipitate action in recognising the Republic of Panama, were no more indicative of this fact than was his sharing in almost every other matter of public concern, from what he called "race suicide" to college football. And behind him stood the people, not only consenting to his exercise of authority, but eagerly applauding it. They liked his way of seeming to reach tangible results; and their endorsement of him at the election of 1904 put the seal of their approval upon Executive supremacy. A member of the New York Bar, after analysing both the expressed and implied powers of the President under the Constitution, and after tracing the course of then recent historical events, concluded his study with the following words:

"He [the President] had claimed practically all their executive and magisterial sovereignies and unlimited discretion to exercise them; and 7,600,000 electors, representing 46,000,000 citizens, voted that he was right and peremptorily commanded him to use them.

"That is my conception of the election of 1904. After one hundred and eighteen years it made the President in fact, as in theory, the head of the nation and the dominating force in the Republic. . . . It was a remarkable popular interpretation of the Constitution. . . . Thus, my ideal of the President coincides with the ideal of the people—a majestic, constitutional figure, uncontrolled by Congress, unrestrained by the courts, vested with plenary constitutional power and absolute constitutional discretion—a sovereign over eighty million people and the servant of eighty million

sovereigns, whose soul-inspiring purpose is to serve his fellow-citizens, guard their liberties, and make this nation the freest, most enlightened, most powerful sovereignty ever organised among men." *

Without going so far as this interpreter, one may, nevertheless, reasonably hold that in the twenty years intervening between 1885 and 1905, the President of the United States did become in essence a sovereign, upon whose acts there existed no effectual restraint save that which lay in the right of Congress to impeach him and depose him. Yet the case of President Johnson shows that the successful impeachment of a President is practically impossible. If his partisans in the Senate should number only one more than a third of that body, the impeachment would fail, and it would be wholly impossible if he were supported by a majority in the House. Even the power of the purse would not avail to hamper him; since most appropriations made by Congress are not annual, but continuing, and extend over a term of years. It may be said, therefore, that at the beginning of the twentieth century, the United States had evolved an elective monarchy resembling very closely the ideal of Napoleon III. Precisely as in that system, the ruler was in great crises, absolute, the more truly so, because he derived his powers directly from the people through a *plébiscite*. The American presidency differed from its Napoleonic prototype mainly in the fact that the sovereign's term was limited to a brief period and that another *plébiscite* was necessary at the end of each four years. Here then, was established a union of two definite principles —the principle of popular selection and the principle of an independent and practically uncontrolled Executive.

The growth of Socialism in the United States had important developments other than those which have already been described. It gave a distinct impetus to the agitation for woman's suffrage and full political rights. This agitation began historically in America in colonial days, when Margaret Brent as the executrix of Lord Baltimore, demanded the right to sit in the Assembly of Maryland. When the Federal Constitution was under consideration, Abigail Adams and Mary Warren asked for a recognition of women in the national charter. In 1845 and immediately thereafter, Lucy Stone and Abby Kelley kept the discussion alive; and the Anti-Slavery movement, of which the women of the North were strong partisans, had been favourable to the cause. Two leading abolitionists, William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips, gave it their energetic support. In 1848, the first woman's suffrage convention was held at Seneca Falls, New York, under the direction of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Lucretia Mott, and Martha C. Wright. From this time, in spite of strong opposition and every form of ridicule and obloquy, many women laboured persistently to secure the franchise, forming associations all over the country, until in 1869 there were organised in New York the National Woman's Suffrage Association, headed by Susan B. Anthony and Mrs. Stanton, and in Ohio, the American Woman's Suffrage Association directed by Lucy Stone, Julia Ward Howe, and George F. Hoar. In 1892, the two associations were merged into the National American Woman's Suffrage Association, of which the first two presidents were Miss Anthony and Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt.

The great political parties looked askance at this movement, without, however, directly antagonising it. At the Republican National Convention in 1876, the delegates listened to an address from a woman, and at the Democratic Conventions of 1876 and 1880, women were among the speakers. At the Democratic Convention of 1900, a woman delegate from Utah seconded the nomination of Mr. Bryan; yet even the Populists declined to give their official approval to the doctrine of woman's suffrage. On the other hand, the Prohibition party, the Greenback, Labour and Socialist parties, favoured the right of women to vote, and the various labour organisations, especially the Knights of Labour, admitted women to membership. In some of the newer States, women succeeded in obtain-

*Gardiner, *The Constitutional Powers of the President* (New York, 1905).

ing the franchise. Thus, prior to 1905, the full suffrage was given them in Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, and Idaho; while in many States they obtained the right of municipal suffrage, school suffrage, and suffrage upon questions of taxation. In the older States their efforts were unsuccessful; for there their petitions were met by counter-petitions signed by women who believed the grant of suffrage to their sex to be politically and socially inexpedient.*

Far more important in its ultimate results than any attempt to secure political equality, was a very widespread and persistent propaganda intended vaguely to give women an exceptional prominence in the national life. The most concrete evidence of this was found in the formation in the States and Territories of women's clubs, not established with any one particular object, or at least with no object specifically defined, but all tending to push women to the front and to lay stress upon the potentialties of the sex. Many of these clubs were literary in character; others were interested in education; still others in local improvements; and a few in politics and legislation. "The club movement," as one woman wrote, "represents a tendency to associated effort . . . The club is the post-graduate [school] for the individual woman." One of the first of these organisations was Sorosis, established in 1868, by Miss Kate Field, Mrs. Botta, and others. By the end of 1905, these clubs and "federations" had become so numerous and so influential as to constitute a distinct and very striking social phenomenon.† The agitation for suffrage and the attempted participation by women in every sphere of effort was but another remarkable sign of the social unrest which permeated the United States toward the end of the nineteenth century. It assumed various forms; but it meant in the end a profoundly important change in the relation of American women to the American social system. It represented an emancipation less from political restraint than from the social conventions which had prevailed for centuries. Like all far-reaching changes, it was fraught with both good and evil.

The underlying tendencies of the woman movement were perhaps best set forth by one of its leaders, Mrs. Charlotte Stetson Gilman.* Mrs. Gilman's thesis was so interesting as to deserve serious attention; and it explains many important facts in the social history of the United States from 1885 to 1905. Two sentences of hers may be cited as representing her standpoint and that of her followers:

"We have kept half humanity tied to the starting post while the other half ran. We have trained and bred one kind of qualities into one half of the species and another kind into the other half."

In other words, according to Mrs. Gilman, everything in the past had been done to make men brave and socially important, and also strong and intellectually creative. On the other hand, women were held by her to have been trained to become moral cowards and to develop in themselves only the minor virtues of personal usefulness. The sex-relation had been exaggerated, and the place of woman in society had been based entirely upon it, thus restricting her physical activities and dwarfing her power to think and to judge for herself. Throughout the centuries she had never had that moral freedom which would come to her from being mistress of her own actions and from learning what was right and what was wrong through the observation of consequences. Hence, woman, either as daughter or as wife, had been kept in a state of dependence upon man, while her power of choosing the man most fitted for her had been limited by convention. Freedom of association, such as men enjoyed, had been restricted. Sentiment and emotion had been abnormally developed in her. The whole existence of woman had been made to centre around those functions which had to do, either directly or collaterally, with the sex relation; so that at the

*See Anthony, *A History of Woman's Suffrage*, 4 vols. (New York, 1881-1904); Jacobi, *Common Sense Applied to Woman's Suffrage* (New York, 1894); and Stanton, *Eighty Years and More* (New York, 1898).

†See Croly, *The History of the Woman's Club Movement in America* (New York, 1898). In 1903, there were enrolled in women's clubs, 211,763 women.

*See Stetson (Gilman) *Women and Economics* (Boston, 1898).

best she was a plaything, and at the worst a drudge.

Mrs. Gilman, therefore, advocated and, it must be said, with remarkable ability, what she called economic independence for women, teaching that woman should be so trained as to subordinate the sex instinct, to acquire the courage to stand alone against the world, to face life as men have always faced it, and to reject all thought of turning to another for comfort and protection. Should she marry, she should do so from practical considerations, and in order to perpetuate the race. In marriage her affairs should be independent of her husband's, and her association with him should be governed by considerations having no reference to sentiment.

Without pausing to consider the soundness of these views, it may be said that they represented a feeling which more and more began to sway the minds and actions of American women. A desire for economic independence and an impatience of conventional restraint led to fundamental changes in the position of the women of the United States. Such stereotyped phrases as "We must live our own lives," became common. Young women from remote parts of the country left the farm and village home, where before they had been well cared for and contented, and flocked to the cities with a curious willingness to regard the excitements of urban life as a compensation for hardships, for affronts, and for the diminished respect with which they were now regarded. Many of them unhappily cherished ambitions far beyond the range of their abilities, and these, after bitter disappointment, dropped into the ranks of humble workers, or were forced to lead a life of shame. Those who followed, whether consciously or unconsciously, the teachings of Mrs. Gilman, received the nicknames of "New Women," and "Bachelor Girls." The great majority of them entered occupations in which they were obliged to compete with men; and because of their physical inferiority, they were forced to do so for a smaller compensation than men received. In spite of all discouragement, however, there was an immense influx of woman workers into almost every occupation, including even the professions. The census of 1900 showed that 5,329,807 women were in that year engaged in self-supporting pursuits.*

The ultimate effect upon the community of this revolutionary change in the position of women, could not, of course, be fitly estimated at the end of a short period of time. Opinions, therefore, were divided. Many observers held that, on the whole, women themselves and society at large had gained because of the moral training imparted by self-support to so many thousands who had hitherto occupied a position of dependence. It was asserted that women also as a sex profited by an extension of social, in place of personal, relations, and by the development of special abilities and technical skill.

On the other hand, there were many who regarded the change as both economically and morally detrimental. It was economically detrimental because woman, owing to the expectation of marriage, was as a rule inadequately equipped for self-support; and by reason of her loss of time through illness, her competition with men was carried on under inevitable disadvantages. Hence, she must usually receive a lower rate of compensation. In most occupations the labour of women was but another form of cheap labour, and its introduction involved a lowering of the scale of wages for the man as well as for the woman. As was said: "The female competitor brings the earnings down to a point where the man is too poor to marry her." Students of social phenomena declared that in consequence of this fact, marriage was steadily growing more

*In round numbers 2,000,000 women were employed in domestic service, 665,000 as agricultural labourers, 1,300,000 in manufactures, 340,000 as dressmakers, 335,000 as laundresses, 150,000 as saleswomen, and about 400,000 as stenographers, clerks, and telegraph and telephone operators. As a matter of interest it may be mentioned that some 1,200 women were bank officials, 2,000 were saloon keepers, 1,900 were stock raisers, 5,500 were barbers, 440 were bartenders, and 879 were watchmen and policemen. In the practice of law and medicine and the other professions no fewer than 430,000 women were engaged. See Veblen, *The Theory of the Leisure Classes* (New York, 1899); and Campbell, *Women Wage Earners' Bibliography* (Boston, 1893).

infrequent, and that the decline of marriage necessarily meant the spread of immorality. Again, the circumstance that women now worked with men and, as in shops and factories, in complete subordination to men, was a cause of incessant temptation and a menace to chastity.*

Another and less tangible ground of objection was noted in the sphere of education. In the primary schools the teaching was given more and more into the hands of women, and even in the high schools they formed a large majority of the teaching staff. The result was said to be a gradual feminisation of American mental training, which was enhanced by the entrance of women into the sphere of the higher education. An acute investigator of German nationality, who had spent many years in the United States, wrote the following suggestive words with regard to this phase of the woman movement in America:

"If we keep up an artificial equality through the higher development of the present day, American intellectual work will be kept down by the women, and will never become a world power. How differently, when compared with that of men of the same class, the female mind works, we see daily around us when we turn our eyes from the educated level down toward the half-educated multitude. Here we are confronted with the woman who antagonises serious medicine through her belief in patent medicines and quackery, the woman who undermines moral philosophy through her rushing into spiritualism and every superstition of the day, the woman who injures the progress of thought and reform by running with hysterical zeal after every new fad and fashion introduced with a catchy phrase. A lack of respect for really strenuous thought characterises woman in general. Dilettantism is the key-note. The half-educated man is much more inclined to show an instructive respect for trained thought, and to abstain from opinions where he is ignorant. But the half-educated woman can not discriminate between the superficial and the profound, and, without the slightest hesitation, she effuses, like a bit of gossip, her views on Greek art or on Darwinism or on the human soul, between two spoonfuls of ice-cream. Even that is almost refreshing as a softening supplement to the manly work of civilisation; but it would be a misfortune if such a spirit were to gain the controlling influence." *

In the period under discussion, the United States exhibited a remarkable advance in the development of education. Americans had always shown a high regard for mental training. Both the individual States and the National Government had been extremely generous to educational institutions of every grade, making large gifts of public lands and grants of public money to maintain them on a liberal scale. The diffusion of wealth led many private citizens to supplement these grants by the most lavish benefactions and endowments. Hence, on the material side, from 1885 to 1905, the cause of education was markedly advanced. For the first time, the United States came to possess great universities, which in the magnificence of their buildings and in the completeness of their equipment, were comparable with the historic universities of Europe. The unstinted generosity which supplied their needs was, indeed, the marvel and despair of foreign visitors. The Stanford University, founded in California by Senator Stanford and his wife, in 1885, was endowed with the enormous sum of $30,000,000. Mr. John D. Rockefeller made gifts to the University of Chicago, amounting to more than $12,000,000; while to Yale University he presented a million dollars in a single gift. A stream of benefactions from individuals made possible a steady growth of the older universities, such as Harvard, Princeton, Columbia, and Brown. Many of the State universities, notably the University of Michigan, the University of California, the University of Illinois, and the University of Wisconsin, were enabled to develop their activities so rapidly as to take rank with the oldest of their sister institutions. The colleges, also, were not forgotten.

It was natural, given the practical characteristics of the American people

*Startling facts on this topic are collected in Lydston, *Diseases of Society* (Philadelphia, 1905).

*Münsterberg, *American Traits*, pp. 163-4. (Boston, 1901). See also the same author's more elaborate work, *The Americans*, pp. 558-589. (New York, 1905.)

and the materialising influences of this period, that the higher education, while making an immense advance, should still have been retarded and to some extent injured by the influences of the age; that it should often have subordinated to mere size and numbers and display, the fine idealism of earlier years. Great stress was laid upon the more utilitarian branches of study, while those of a humanistic character were, for awhile, at least, less highly valued. There was a disposition to lessen the time required for those pursuits which make for general culture, and to devise short cuts by which the ambitious student could earlier begin preparing directly for a professional career. This tendency was most noticeable in the greater universities where, not unnaturally, the work of the graduate schools was stimulated at the expense of the undergraduate life. The prosecution of original research was fostered and encouraged in every possible way; and American specialists began to win deserved distinction, some of them being called to chairs in foreign universities. A very significant proof of a growing appreciation of highly scientific work was seen in the noble gift by Mr. Andrew Carnegie for the foundation of the Carnegie Institution in Washington, which he endowed with the sum of $10,000,000 for the encouragement of original investigation in any and every department of science. It seemed likely, however, that the dissemination of liberal culture must more and more become the peculiar mission of the smaller institutions, which wisely refrained from styling themselves universities, and which still preserved the old traditions of broad culture and intellectual discipline as an end entirely apart from an intense specialisation.*

In the sphere of secondary and technical education, the United States displayed an extraordinary development surpassing that of its whole previous history. Not merely was the number of common schools multiplied; not merely did high schools and normal schools, and colleges for the training of teachers spring up on every hand; but great attention was paid to educational methods, and to the great application of psychology to teaching. Manual training took its place in the educational scheme, and a large number of technical schools were established. University extension courses were carried on in every part of the country. Many of the great universities opened their laboratories and lecture-rooms during the summer months. Nowhere in the world was so full and so free an opportunity given to the young for instruction ranging from the most elementary subjects to those which involved the most advanced and scientific methods of research.*

If we turn to the field of American literature during the period under consideration, its most significant feature will be found in the fact that it exhibits very strikingly the nationalising tendency. Until the year 1880, while the United States had certainly produced many writers of great merit and at times even of distinction, and while their themes had often been American, still the spirit and especially the form of their technique reflected unmistakably the influence of Europe and above all of England. Only a very few of them, notably Mr. Clemens (Mark Twain) and Bret Harte, had exhibited a wholly new and national inspiration. But after the year that has been mentioned, American literature, using the word in its broadest sense, became truly and undeniably American. One finds this exemplified first of all in the growing interest which was then shown in the study of American history and of American historical, political, and social problems. History had always been a subject to attract the attention of native authors and investigators; yet many of these had followed Old World models and, like Prescott and Motley, had found their subjects in the field of European history. Now, however, material was drawn from sources less remote. Contemporaneous

*See, for a philosophical treatment of the higher education in America, Burgess, *The American University* (Boston, 1894); Thwing, *The American Colleges and American Life* (New York, 1897); and Butler, *Education in the United States* (Albany, 1900).

*See the reports of the United States Commissioner of Education from 1895 to 1905; and Brown, *History of Secondary Education in the United States.* (New York, 1902.)

events, or those that were nearly contemporaneous, were seized upon with enthusiasm; while the phenomena of American life itself were regarded as worthy of the most painstaking study. In 1883, there appeared the first volume of Professor John Bach McMaster's *History of the People of the United States,* intended by its author to cover the period beginning with 1783, and to end with the outbreak of the Civil War. Professor McMaster, in his treatment of his theme, derived from Lord Macaulay through John Richard Green, and his style possessed many of the defects and not a few of the merits of both those widely read historians. His work is a mine of information, drawn from sources not easily accessible, and exhibiting every evidence of elaborate investigation. Still more remarkable was the great *History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850 to 1885,* by Mr. James Ford Rhodes—the most important and interesting analytical narrative of the events of that momentous period. The first two volumes appeared in 1892, and the fifth, which reached the period of Reconstruction, in 1904. No work on the subject of American history had ever been so richly documented, as none was ever so temperate and impartial in its treatment of events regarding which contemporary feeling was still stirred by prejudice and political passion. In the exposition of the constitutional history of the United States, Professor John W. Burgess published treatises which became classics in the lifetime of their author.* Other names which made this period memorable in the annals of historical and political research are those of Hart, Fiske, Schouler, Henry Adams, Dunning, Foster, and Mahan. Nor would any enumeration be representative which did not include a mention of Professor William Milligan Sloane, who won for his country the honour of having produced the definitive life of Napoleon, an enduring monument of profound research and of philosophical analysis.†

**Political Science and Comparative Constitutional Law* (New York, 1890); *The Middle Period of United States History* (New York, 1897); *The Civil War and the Constitution,* 2 vols. (New York, 1901); and *Reconstruction* (New York, 1902).

†*Napoleon Bonaparte,* 4 vols, (New York, 1895-97).

Political economy was enriched during this same period by many notable contributions. Popular attention had been fixed upon economic questions so eagerly as to make this inevitable. Therefore, the work of such men as F. A. Walker, W. G. Sumner, and Horace White, of the older generation, was supplemented by that of others who dealt with still newer problems,—Clark and Ely, for instance, with the Trusts, Seligman with taxation, Wright and Mayo-Smith with statistics, Laughlin with finance, and Bemis with municipal ownership.

In literature of a less serious character there appears the same unmistakeable preoccupation with subjects distinctly national. In fiction, after the year 1890, American books delineating American life banished from popular favour the novel of English manners. Historical romances relating to the colonial period enjoyed widespread favour; but of more significance were the works of those authors who depicted with artistic fidelity the peculiar conditions of contemporary America. Thus, just as Bret Harte had drawn the California of 1849, so with a far more realistic pen, did Mr. Hamlin Garland reveal the life of the Northwest, while Miss Mary Wilkins etched with exquisite art the New England hamlets. Mr. Harold Frederic's novels were studies in the village life of Central New York; Mr. Cable wrote sympathetically of Creole Louisiana. Mr. Robert Grant wrote one book, *Unleavened Bread,* which is a masterpiece in drawing to the very life a peculiarly American type of woman—hard, crude, and ignorantly pretentious. Cowboy life in the West, already vanishing before advancing civilisation, was caught and fixed in the pages of Owen Wister. The rough and lawless existence of the gold-hunters of Alaska was described in a no less rough and lawless style by Mr. London. The subjects which stirred the interest of the American people at this time were turned to the purposes of fiction by a hundred writers, who found material in the Trusts, in municipal corruption, in the New Wealth, and in the slum life of American cities. The sybaritic luxury of the new American aristocracy, its manners and its morals, were drawn with delicate art and a sophisticated psychology by Mrs. Edith

Wharton, whose style attained a preciosity unlike that of any other American writer.

The one representative of belles-lettres, whose importance was more than literary, was Mr. William Dean Howells, by far the most eminent of American novelists at that time. As an essayist and poet, his writings were characterized by a too intense individualism; but as a pourtrayer of the American life of his generation, and of contemporary types, he had so far been unequalled. With a keen eye for what was striking in individuals or in life, with a wonderful photographic instinct for detail, with a shrewd insight into human motives, with a pervasive sense of humour and a natural gift of language, he possessed an experience so broad as to be national rather than sectional, with the advantages of an international point of view. He gave to American literature a series of books which constitute what may be called a national portrait gallery, thus providing for future generations a key to American civilisation when in a state of flux. The social conditions which he depicted were those which to a foreigner were quite inexplicable and which will ultimately present almost equal difficulties to Americans of the future. In this way his novels have a distinct historical value and, taken together, may be not unreasonably compared with the *Comédie Humaine* of Balzac. It was in 1885 that he published *The Rise of Silas Lapham,* which embodies a piece of portraiture attaining to the proportions of a broadly national type. The self-made man, who works his way up to material prosperity, was never more convincingly depicted; and the portrait is one that is true of the native American everywhere, in the East as well as in the West. Rooted in the soil of the farm, this homely figure, with its heaviness and gentleness, its simplicity and shrewdness, its rugged honesty and worldly wisdom, its uncouthness and native humour, its quaint conceit, and innocent pride, tempered always with a hesitating self-depreciation, its eye to the main chance, and its haunting and remorseless conscientiousness—one finds them all in this amusing yet profoundly touching creation, which is as vital as anything that human art has even limned. This book, together with *A Modern Instance, The Lady of the Aroostook, April Hopes,* and *The Kentons,* contain invaluable human documents over which the student of American conditions will hereafter linger with delight and gratitude.

During this period the United States produced nothing of lasting importance in other departments of literature. Many Americans had acquired a facile technique, and the level of literary excellence was a high one. Nevertheless, there arose no poet of real distinction, no great essayist, and no constructive philosopher. Stimulated, however, by the demands of education, an immense deal of interesting experimentation was carried on in psychological laboratories; and at least one psychologist, Professor William James of Harvard, left a mark upon the records of that science.

A survey of literature would be incomplete without some notice of American journalism, since, even when regarded in a narrow way, journalism and literature are intimately associated. The influence of the press in the United States had always been extremely great. Toward the close of the nineteenth century, however, that influence may be said to have, to some extent, declined owing to the changes wrought in the conditions under which journalism was carried on. Until about 1885, the great newspaper had been the mouthpiece of some single dominant personality, well known instances of which are to be found in the New York *Tribune* under Greeley, the New York *Times* under Raymond, the New York *Sun* under Dana, and the New York *Evening Post* under Godkin. Right or wrong, these men each lent a powerful individuality to the newspapers whose policies they swayed; and each of them practically compelled the adhesion of his readers to the causes which he advocated. Presently, however, newspapers became simply great properties purchased by wealthy men and used by them to further their own interests, political, financial, or social. The editorial page then came to represent not a single personality, but a syndicate, the members of which were unknown to the public and were simply employés who wrote as they were directed to write, and who came and went at the pleasure of the owner. In this way the newspaper staff lost its *esprit de corps,*

and so far as the editorial page was concerned, its influence.* In 1905 there remained only one editor of national renown, to continue for a time the old traditions of personality in journalism,—Mr. Henry Watterson, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal.* In place, however, of the kind of journalism which he typified, and side by side with the somewhat colourless journalism of the syndicate, there arose a third class of newspapers which succeeded to much of the power that had been wielded by the great journalists of former years.

In 1883, Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, a Hungarian by birth, but long resident in the United States, purchased the New York *World,* a paper which had for years been dwindling in circulation. Mr. Pulitzer, in his conduct of the *World,* introduced methods and policies which were not altogether new, since they had been foreshadowed long before by the Bennetts, but which were now carried out upon so startling a scale as to command general attention. Sensational journalism was not a new thing. Mr. Pulitzer's development of it was. In his hands the newspaper not merely sought to procure news, but to create it. A reporter would be instructed to feign insanity in order to gain access to an asylum and there secure material for vivid exploitation in the columns of the paper. A young woman was sent off at an hour's notice to make a circuit of the world, with instructions to do it in less than the eighty days required by Jules Verne's hero. Every stage of her journey was announced in a shower of cablegrams, and her return across the continent was made in a special train, decorated with banners, and received at various points with music and the cheers of the multitude. Anything and everything that could startle and cause talk was eagerly caught at by what presently came to be known as Yellow Journalism.† The example set by Mr. Pulitzer was followed with even greater energy and unrestraint by Mr. W. R. Hearst, who, in 1895, bought the New York *Journal* from Mr. Albert Pulitzer, and soon after started an evening edition of the same paper. The methods of Mr. Hearst were mainly those of Mr. Pulitzer, but they were exemplified upon a still larger and more striking scale. Mr. Hearst, however, combined the force of personality with that of the spectacular when he secured, as his principal editorial writer, Mr. Arthur Brisbane. Mr. Brisbane possessed a style of wonderful effectiveness. Short, pithy sentences and a strong Saxon vocabulary won him readers everywhere. Mr. Hearst founded other newspapers in various parts of the country, and in all of them the Brisbane editorials appeared. Finally, Mr. Hearst's six organs came to be read every day in the year by more than a million voters, most of whom read no other papers. It became impossible to ignore the influence which was thus exerted, especially as Mr. Hearst and Mr. Brisbane advocated the socialistic doctrines that were everywhere permeating the masses of the people. So marked became this influence that many persons actually believed the Spanish War to have been brought on by the so-called "Yellow Press." On this point *The Nation* said:

"Our cheap press to-day speaks in tones never before heard outside of Paris. It urges upon ignorant people schemes more savage, disregard of either policy, or justice, or experience more complete, than the modern world has witnessed since the French Revolution. It is true it addresses the multitude mainly or only. The wise and learned and the pious and industrious do not read it. But it is the multitude, and not the wise and learned and industrious, who now set fleets and armies in motion, who impose silence and acquiescence on all as soon as the word war is mentioned, and insist successfully that they shall not be interfered with, by either voice or vote until they have had their fill of fighting. They have already established a régimé in which a . . . boy with several millions

*See an article by R. W. Kemp entitled "The Policy of the Paper" in THE BOOKMAN for December, 1904, pp. 310-316.

†The origin of this name is as follows: A periodical entitled *The Yellow Book* devoted to rather questionable literature was appearing in London, and gave an unpleasant connotation to the term "Yellow." About this time the *World* happened to publish a series of rude cartoons in colour depicting the adventures of an urchin described as "The Yellow Kid." The public linked the two notions together and thus arose the combination "Yellow Journalism."

of dollars at his disposal has more influence on the use a great nation may make of its credit, of its army and navy, of its name and traditions than all the statesmen and philosophers and professors in the country." *

These words are savage and bitter, but they concede so much in the way of fact as to constitute a reluctant tribute to genuine power.

Summing up the underlying tendencies of these twenty years of the nation's life, it seems plain that they exhibited an evolution through which the civilisation of the United States was becoming rapidly assimilated to the civilisation of Europe. In place of an agglomeration of heterogeneous communities, having but few interests in common, and moved by no single dominant idea, there was emerging a compact and highly complex State, with all the characteristics of the Old World monarchies. Political power was centralised. Social distinctions were accentuated. The lines between class and class were every year more rigorously drawn. Luxury and all the refinements that great wealth could give were seen on every side, as were also, at the other extreme, the squalors and the suffering of pauperism. The American Republic was, in fact, responding to the play of those powerful forces which have shaped the destinies and the character of all great nations. It was yielding to the inexorable law of evolution. Those who looked with a myopic eye upon the evils which accompanied this process, recoiled and prophesied a future full of woe. Corruption, defiance or evasion of the law, social selfishness, and the denial of the fundamental rights of man were everywhere to be detected. Yet far more significant than all these things was the fact, made clear by a thousand evidences, that the heart of the nation at its core was sound; that there still existed the capacity for strong indignation which springs from righteousness; that every evil raised up swift avengers, and that all the blots upon the escutcheon of the Republic failed utterly to dim its brightness. The hope of the future lay in the racial characteristics of the American himself—in his sense of justice, in his courage, his humour, his capacity for high achievement, and his invincible love of country. Those, therefore, who were not blighted and blinded by a querulous pessimism could still make their own the noble words of Lincoln, and could say with him:

"Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or any equal hope in the whole world?"

* *The Nation* May 5, 1898, p. 336.

THE END



THE LONGEVITY OF FICTION AND SOME RECENT BOOKS



IT is curious that no one seems to have ever thought of tabulating the death-rate of books, on the analogy of the mortality tables of modern life insurance. The idea is by no means as fantastic as it would seem at first sight. Out of a thousand novels published this season in the English language, a certain percentage is destined to fall by the wayside during the first year, certain others will survive for two years, for five, for ten, in accordance with some yet unformulated law, until finally a scanty remnant will still be enjoying a hale and hearty old age, far beyond the span of human life,—still called for in the libraries of reference, still offered on the counters of the booksellers, still reprinted from time to time, in humble paper or in crushed levant. No human ingenuity, no expert skill can definitely predict whether any particular novel will still be read and enjoyed twenty years from now; yet from the publishers' records it ought to be quite practicable to draw up some sort of a working rule of probabilities, to discover what has been, for the past half century, the average life of novels; whether the percentage is fairly uniform in different countries, or whether the conditions in France or Germany are more favourable to the longevity of fiction than they are with us; and finally, whether the recent increase in the output of novels has tended to raise or to lower their annual death-rate.

When one stops to think of it, the analogy between a publisher and an insurance company is by no means far-fetched. Every book that he issues, he is practically insuring in advance to the extent at least of the cost of publication, relying upon the sliding scale of premiums accruing from the annual sales, to reimburse him. His staff of medical examiners are the expert readers, whose business it is to detect in the manuscript the signs of vital weakness, the seeds of early mortality; to say frankly to some, "you are hopeless cases, the finger of death is already laid upon you;" and to others, "you need a radical change, the tonic of healthful revision; try it and apply again six months later, and we will see what we can do for you." But no literary critic dares prophesy, with anything approaching the confidence of a medical practitioner, the probable longevity of a book; because the qualities needful to give a book long life cannot be determined by chemical analysis or laboratory methods; because literary criticsm never has been and never will be reduced to an exact science; and because after dogmatism has said its last word, and proved with finished rhetoric and flawless logic just what is needful to the greatness of a book: there comes forward, every now and then, some big, sane, splendid spirit, who troubles himself not in the least about the canons of literary schools, and writes a big, sane, splendid book, which will live, in spite of a host of plumb-line and spirit-level critics.

It will not do, however, to confuse ourselves with the idea that, because a book survives five years, or ten or fifty, it is proportionately a better book in every case than the volume which began to gather dust upon its shelf within a week of publication; any more than we may conclude that every octogenarian is necessarily a better citizen or a more loving father than the man who died in his prime. The law of the survival of the fittest does not mean that the survivors are always those best fitted to make the world a better place to live in, whether we are dealing with books or men or microbes. But there is one thing at least which a long life denotes, in books as well as in men,—and that is strength; and strength, if not abused, is a good and noble thing. We have all of us, from time to time, read some book which perhaps did not greatly impress us the day we read it. We were not conscious at the

time that it was especially different from dozens of other books, either in plot or characterisation, or literary style. We would say, if asked for a critical opinion, that it was on the whole a rather mediocre book, and very likely we would be correct in our estimate. And yet, a month, six months, a year later, we would suddenly become conscious that for some bizarre, unexplained, illogical reason that book had clung in our memory. If we set ourselves deliberately to the task of analysing just why an apparently commonplace story, about average men and women with casual, undistinctive names, perversely refuses to be forgotten, while many another book, that held us closer during the reading, has since become only a vague, blurred memory, we must own ourselves baffled. There was an unguessed strength about the book; that is the best answer we can give,—a significance that quietly sank into our consciousness, and took a firm hold upon us unawares. It is like the strong, unusual faces that now and then look at us out of the passing crowd, and stamp themselves indeliably on our memory. It may have been the grocer's clerk who tied up a pound of coffee for us last week, or the unknown woman whose glance half consciously crossed ours in a crowded trolley car; and the next time we pass them we almost pause to greet them, so strongly familiar do their faces seem.

It is fair to assume, other things being equal, that the books which quietly and unsuspectedly lay their hold upon us are the books which will be apt to lay a similar hold upon other people,—the books which stand the better chance of attaining a ripe old age. For instance, a group of people are engaged in social small talk, and some one flings out the hackneyed query, "what have you read lately that is good?" In making answer, what books are you likely to say the most about? The one that you liked best when you first read it, a week or a month ago? No, the one that you best remember to-day, the one from which you can quote some clever sayings, some striking situation. And that too, is the one that your hearers also will remember, and buy or borrow, and, in their turn, recommend.

Obviously, then, this quality of making a lasting impression, of being written in fast colors, so to speak, is one which a critic is not justified in disregarding. It is not the only test, or the best test of a story's worth, but it is one of the tests, and an important one. And yet, from the very nature of the case, it is one which the average reader of manuscripts, the average reviewer of books, is not in a position to apply. The one sure way of knowing whether a photograph is going to fade, is to expose it for a time to the light of day. The only way of knowing whether a particular piece of fiction may safely be warranted not to fade, is to suspend judgment for a few weeks, and then see what sort of an impression it has left behind it on your memory. But that sort of leisurely judgment is precisely what proves to be most impracticable for the professional reader and critic. Authors want their manuscripts passed upon without delay; editors want their review departments brought up to date; the value of expert opinion is supposed to lie largely in a swift and sure judgment of literary merit and of marketable value. Now, it would be foolish to contend that, in any important number of cases, a critic whose judgment is entitled to respect would seriously alter his snap-shot, overnight verdict, after a month's sober second thought. Very seldom would he find himself praising a book he had unhesitatingly condemned, or reversing judgment upon a manuscript that he had recommended for publication. But there would be interesting differences in the grounds for his decision, the finer shades of his praise or blame. Take for example a really big book, it makes no great difference of what particular class, —Kipling's *Kim*, let us say, or Owen Wister's *Virginian*, or *The Queen's Quair*, by Hewlett. No intelligent judge of books need to wait over night—no, not even an hour, after reading any one of those books, in order to know that he had before him something preëminently good. The difficulty is to preserve a due sense of proportion, to give the praise unerringly where it is due, to distinguish

the vital groundwork from the riotous overgrowth of incident and description. But how wonderfully a week or two of delay seem to clear the atmosphere. The bewildering richness of extrinsic detail fade away, leaving the author's central purpose standing out, clear-cut and symmetrical. But in the case of books of lesser strength, it is the plot itself which fades, in spots and streaks, revealing every structural weakness. In some cases you do not remember the plot at all, but only some odd phrase, here and there, or some quaint, secondary character. And worst of all is the novel of which nothing remains but an impression of monochrone dullness, like the photograph which has not received its fixing bath.

In the Shadow

A recent book which it seems to be especially worth while to discuss in connection with this whole question of the value, as a critical test, of a novel's power to make itself remembered, is Henry C. Rowland's new volume, *In The Shadow.* It is a story which is likely to attract a good deal of emphatic praise and blame. Considered as a race-problem novel, it is open to the charge of exaggeration and one-sidedness, palpably sacrificing probability for the sake of spectacular effect. As a sex novel, it handles the elemental emotions and instincts with a startling frankness that many readers will doubtless find repellant, although in fairness it never could be accused of morbidity. But taking it simply as a big, bold picture of primitive man, done with a certain fantastic realism, and measuring it by the strength of the impression it makes upon the mind's eye, you must needs admit that here is a book of a haunting grimness, a book that you are likely to remember as long as you remember any work of fiction—with something of a shudder, perhaps, if you are fastidious in your tastes, but for that very reason you will remember it all the more distinctly. Here, emphatically, the measure of memory is a wise measure of literary quality. No ordinary weak, conventional writer could have conceived this story, *In the Shadow,* far less have written it. Nor will the average conventional reader, who takes his fiction as he does his coffee, with plenty of sugar and milk in it, find Mr. Rowland's story to his taste. It will never, by any chance, be damned with the faint praise of a place among the best-selling books of the month. But those who read it will find, even after the details have faded out, that they still retain a few vivid, persistent impressions, of startling and grotesque contrast. They will remember the big, lithe, coal-black giant, Aristide, as primitive and cruel in his animal instincts as the black leopard whom his glossy limbs suggest. They will remember that all the veneer of an Oxford education, the prestige of a splendid record in athletics, the flattery of social recognition in England and Paris, the glamour of a whispered plot to place him on the throne of Hayti, could not change the physical or moral nature of the African that he still remained. They will remember further the first meeting of Aristide, on a footing of social equality, with Virginia Manning, the South Carolina girl, who had been bred in all the traditions and race prejudices of the South; and how he saves the girl from drowning, under a weir in the Thames River, with the sheer strength of his great, glossy black limbs; and how the girl finds next day, upon the white skin of her shoulder, the livid imprint of his huge black hands, and gazes at it in morbid fascination, as though he had already put upon her the brand of ownership. This is the beginning of a curious physical attraction, almost hypnotic in its nature, which the Congo giant exercises over Virginia, and which is two-thirds made up of fear. To Aristide, who with all his Oxford culture, in common sense is little better than a child, it seems a simple and natural thing to head a revolution, found a monarchy in Hayti and place Virginia on it, as his queen. But the simple-minded giant never gets even the first step upward in his ambitions. His friends in Hayti work valiantly for him, the revolution is ripe, and when the crucial night comes, Aristide fails them. Far out in the Haytian forest a band of degraded negroes are holding heathen orgies. Aristide can hear, hour after hour, the rhythmic beat of the primitive drums, the old ancestral rhythm of Afri-

can devil worship. The call of the wild comes upon him, and he goes blindly, impotently back to savagery, sacrificing a throne. Last scene of all, in this strange, fantastic book, is where the negro, shorn of all his borrowed finery, a poor, degraded, hunted human animal, finds his way to Virginia in her Southern home, as a sick dog crawls back to its mistress, sick, hungry, torn with brambles—for bloodhounds have tracked him through the swamps, and a posse of white men are close upon his heels, rightly or wrongly believing this strange, homeless black guilty of a recent outrage. And the girl, pitying his misery, remembering only that he once saved her life, and feeling still something of the physical attraction he once exerted over her, would have shielded him from the lynchers. But at the last moment some remnant of acquired decency, some instinct of the white man's chivalry, comes to the surface, and Aristide refuses to allow her to be endangered through shielding him from the fate that is inevitable. One feels, however, that Mr. Rowland killed off his Congo hero, not because it was a logical consequence of his past life, but simply because he really would not have known what to do next with him, had he lived.

The Evasion

A certain amount of attention has been bestowed upon Eugenia Brooks Frothingham's story of Boston social life, *The Evasion*. Here is a case where the simple test of waiting a week or so before passing judgment has borne good fruit. The first, fresh impression was that of extreme cleverness, unevenly distributed; a fund of good material, not perhaps used to the best advantage; conditions that promised strong developments, and only half justified their promise. After a lapse of time, just two things stand out clearly, the prologue, in which a small boy loses his faith, and the turning-point of the story, in which a man cheats at cards. A few years hence, one can easily imagine a reader saying, when reminded of the book, "Oh, yes, I recall the little boy and I remember the scene at the card table, but I can't for the life of me think what connection there was between them." There, in a nutshell, we have the real weakness of the book: a prologue, if it is pardonable at all, may only be so on the ground that it strikes the keynote of the whole story. In the prologue to *The Evasion* the boy's mother is dying. He comes to the door and pleads to go in, but the doctor says, "No, you may disturb her." The boy answers, "I shan't disturb her; I have never disturbed her in all my life." "How do you know?" asks the doctor, and he answers, with childish faith, "Because she told me so." Then the doctor lets him in, and he learns from his mother that she is dying. The little boy goes out into the orchard, to be alone with his grief, and there he remembers that he was once told that God always listened to the prayers of little boys; so he kneels down under the fruit trees and prays for his mother's life, and then drops to sleep in the golden sunshine, confident that his prayer will be answered. It is dusk when he awakens and makes his way back to his mother, who surely must be quite well by this time. But when he reaches the darkened room he finds his mother dead. And then the little boy, with a strange maturity in his childish face, draws himself to his full height and solemnly makes a vow, "I will never again ask God for anything, so long as I live!" Is not one justified in expecting, after such a prologue, something in the nature of a religious novel? But *The Evasion* is not in the least a religious novel, although the hero is frankly a man who is destitute of faith. It is really a story of two men who love the same woman, and who both happen to be involved in a game of poker at the club, when some of the cards were found to be marked. Both of these men are open to suspicion, because they both have been winning heavily. But the man who did not do it, the man who is destitute of faith, the man who has only to speak a word to prove his innocence, imagines that the girl he loves suspects him, imagines that she loves the other man, the one who is guilty. So he shoulders the other's blame, faces the world's contempt and later has to endure the added pain of knowing that the girl's marriage to his rival has brought her only sorrow and disillusion. There is much that is admirable about the volume. The social at-

mosphere of the Boston smart set is rendered with a light touch of satire that is delightful; and the personality of Gladys Lawrence, "all nerves and flame," is a strongly executed study in feminine moods. But the prologue strikes the wrong note. There is nothing in the later story which is not amply explained without it. It simply puts the emphasis in the wrong place, keeps the reader looking for something which is not there. The book would be much better without it.

The Scholar's Daughter

Beatrice Harraden's latest story, *The Scholar's Daughter*, ought to afford a mild degree of pleasure to a great many not too discriminating readers. It is a placid little story of the course of true love that runs as smoothly and swiftly as a modern through express. It is bright and buoyant, and full of outdoor sunshine and the scent of flowers; it treats the foibles of absent-minded scholarship with an indulgent irony; and after it has furnished all the entertainment to be expected from so unpretentious a book, it will gently fade out from the memory, like butterflies out of an autumn landscape. The scholar of the title is a fossilised old philologist whose one hobby in life is a monumental dictionary he is compiling. He had no love to give his young wife who soon found his dulness unbearable and ran away with another man; he has no love now to give his daughter, who has grown up in an atmosphere of austere scholarship, nurtured on Latin and Greek in place of sympathy, fed on etymologies in place of love. No women ever cross the threshold of her home; her only companions are the three elderly, dried-up book-worms who comprise her father's working staff. And yet in such an atmosphere we are asked to believe that the girl has flourished, that she has developed into a splendid, sane, independent creature, full of sweetness and sympathy and thirst for the joys of life; that she dares to run counter to her father's dearest plans, and to give her love to a man who is not a scholar at all, but just an honest, earnest young sheep-raiser from Australia. And finally she finds the mother whom she has been taught to think of as dead, and brings her home, and reconciles her to her father—and all the while the book is discreetly silent about the other man with whom her mother ran away. It all savours pleasantly of comic opera, with soothing little melodies running through it; and undeniably leaves a pleasant, if transitory, taste behind it.

The Healers

The best book which has come from the pen of Maarten Maartens in several years is *The Healers*. It is a complex book, with a great ideal in it worth reading slowly and thoughtfully, yet afterward, as memory clarifies, the central purpose stands out clearly and simply enough. The province of the physician, his duty to his colleagues, his clients, himself—that is what Maarten Maartens has tried, in a broad, general way, to define. And to show us how very wide apart are the two extremes—on the one hand, the bacteriologist in his laboratory, intent upon the infinitely small divisions of organic matter; on the other, the nerve specialist, stretching out tentatively over the borderline into the domain of the inorganic soul—he has taken two physicians, Professor Lisse, of Leyden, and his son, Edward, as examples of the two opposing types. With a satire that would be grotesque, if it were not done with just the right touch, he pictures the Professor as famous throughout the scientific world as the discoverer of a certain deadly microbe, the Semicolon Bacillus—at least, it would be deadly, if it could ever get inside of a human being. But it never did, because in the mouth of every living creature there are myriads of other bacteria which destroy the Semicolon before it has a chance to get past the palate. Nevertheless, its discovery has brought the Professor fame, and he has dedicated his life to experimenting with it, patiently injecting it into the blood of rabbits and frogs. In this laboratory atmosphere, surrounded by tortured beasts and expiring reptiles, young Edward has grown up, with a great, invincible hatred for all that a doctor's career denotes, as he understands it. The central story deals with the causes, among them a woman's influence, that lead Edward to take up the study of medi-

cine, not from his father's narrow, materialistic standpoint, but from the opposite side of neuropathic studies. More specifically, the story hinges upon an audacious case of brain surgery, where an English lad, heir to a large estate, and adjudged hopelessly idiotic from his birth, is awakened to some knowledge of the joy of living. Here and there, perhaps, the agony is laid on a little too strongly. One remembers rather longer than necessary the pitiful little cry of a dying rabbit.

Una L. Silberrad is an uneven writer. Once or twice she has given us a really strong piece of work, but nothing it seems that approaches her new book, *Curayl*, either in theme or in literary workmanship. The plot is not strikingly original. Beatrice Curayl, like hundreds of other refined, delicately nurtured women, in fiction and in real life, thinks that she can redeem her family's fallen fortunes by marrying a wealthy, selfish boor, and then too late finds that she loves another man. What gives *Curayl* its claim to distinction is rather the treatment than the plot; the insistent realness of the dialogue; the crass vulgarity of the husband, riding rough-shod over his wife's finer instincts; the dramatic tensity of the successive situations, under the cumulative force of minor details, artistically emphasised. Beatrice Curayl made rather a sorry bargain when she sold herself. Her husband paid her father's debts; that was the sum and substance of his generosity. He settled no money on her; he gave her no allowance; he refused absolutely to do anything for the old family estate which she loved, and which he hated, because it was a constant reminder of her superiority of birth. He would not even give a penny, when she pleaded for repairs to her tenants' cottages down on the Waterside, which were a scandal to the county. Instead, he buys her pink silk petticoats: he likes to see her "trimmed up like other women." If Anthony Luttrell had not yielded to the whim of masquerading one evening as a clergyman, and filling the place of his disabled friend in the pulpit at Curayl's old church; if he had not then and there preached a sermon on the consequences of sin that stirred the congregation as they had not been stirred in many a long year; if Beatrice Curayl had not been moved by it to stop him after service and open her heart to him, a stranger; above all, if he, understanding her needs only dimly, had told her bluntly, "When a woman sells herself the spirit is much the same, whether there is a wedding ring in the bargain or not"—there would have been no story worth the telling. This happens on the eve of the outbreak of an epidemic of typhus in the hovels of Waterside; and Beatrice, having no money to give, leaves home and husband and gives herself, her services, her health. And there, in the midst of misery and sickness, she again encounters the stranger, Luttrell, and learns to love him; and through her love learns how intolerable has become her part of the wretched bargain of her marriage. It seems invidious to find fault with the conclusion of a story which up to this point has shown such exceptional strength. Personally, the present reviewer finds his best satisfaction in quietly forgetting all that follows.

Curayl

Under the title of *The Lady of the Decoration* Frances Little has written an innocuous little story in epistolary form, in which a modicum of romance is copiously diluted with Japanese local color. The writer of the letters is supposably a vivacious Kentucky widow, who, after one unfortunate matrimonial experience, cannot make up her mind to do the sensible thing, and reward the man who has hopelessly been worshipping her for the past seven years. Instead, in a burst of independence, she volunteers as a Kindergarten teacher to one of our missions in Japan; and these letters are the record of her experiences during her four years of voluntary exile. About all one cares to remember is the implied moral, that if you are a man deeply in love with an obdurate little lady, worse things may happen than to have her join some foreign mission, because, long before you are both gray and wrinkled, she may repent of her folly, and come back and make you happy.

The Lady of the Decoration

Frederic Taber Cooper.



THE BASTION KRONBORG CASTLE

HAMLET AND HIS CASTLE



N the tragedy of *Hamlet* Shakespeare conforms to the dramatic convention of unity of place more closely than in any other play. There are nineteen scenes in the five acts, and with three exceptions, all these scenes take place within the walls of the Castle at Elsinore. Two scenes are enacted in the house of Polonius, one on a "plain in Denmark," and one in a churchyard; the striking incidents at the grave of Ophelia apart, the drama is entirely unfolded within the walls of a single building. The play hesitates on the verge of action to the very close, and then suddenly plunges into a tempest of activity; but it is, nevertheless, essentially and preëminently a drama of thought, temperament, emotion. It is not until thought, emotion and passion have arisen to a height where mental indecision, the over-weight of thought, the shrinking of a sensitive spirit from a deed of violence and blood, the brooding vacillation of a temperament deeply touched with melancholy, can no longer be kept within the bounds of inward struggle or collision that the tide, swiftly rising to the flood, bursts all bounds and spreads devastation over the rotten world of the Danish court.

As a story *Hamlet* has not only the cumulative interest of an antagonism so entirely beyond the reach of reconciliation that it conveys a sense of inevitable tragedy from the first scene, but of a series of incidents so rapidly introduced that they seem to emphasise the force and swiftness of the current which bears them onward rather than to arrest the attention by their own intrinsic significance. While the players enact their little play in a hall in the castle, the reader looks with Hamlet, not at the mummers, but at the king; and while Hamlet talks with Horatio and the gravedigger, the place grows sombre because the shadow of approaching doom rests upon it. It is not the mystery of the dead Yorick's empty



THE MAIN ENTRANCE, KRONBORG CASTLE



A GLIMPSE OF THE BALTIC, KRONBORG CASTLE



MOAT AND BRIDGE, KRONBORG CASTLE

skull that invests the hour with overpowering sadness, it is the oncoming of death in one of those tremendous moments in which the mortality of years is compressed. Before twenty lines of the first scene have been spoken something ominous begins to haunt the imagination, and a sense of coming tragedy steals silent and menacing behind every actor.

But crowded as is the play with the incidents and actors, after the manner of the time, clearly as it approaches the conventional tragedy of blood, and dramatic as is its unfolding, *Hamlet* is, nevertheless, a subjective drama dominated by a single figure. It has often been impressively staged, but it has never been completely presented on any visible stage; it is enacted within the invisible world of Hamlet's spirit; and to this date, after more than three centuries of dramatic personation and critical study, there remains a mystery at the heart of it which seems to be impenetrable. It is the subjectivity of the play which invests it with an interest for the men and women of the Twentieth which it did not possess for the men of the Seventeenth Century, and its subjectivity or inwardness of movement give it deeps beyond the plummet of criticism. *Œdipus* and *King Lear* stand for the most massive and impressive, *Hamlet* for the most profound and appealing, of the great tragedies.

It is possible, therefore, but the anchorage of *Hamlet* in one little plot of earth is not without significance. Among all the plays in literature it is preëminently the play of intension; it is full of movement which hurries toward but does not pass on into action. When the moment of action arrives it does not come from afar the messenger of some remote fate or the avenger of some distant deed; it issues from a crime committed in the very place where it is punished, brought to light on the outer walls of the castle, and the penalty is imposed by the tortured spirit which, but for a brief enforced exile, has had burnt into his consciousness the picture of a terrible offence and the recognition of an equally terrible duty within the walls of the house where a king was murdered and the murderer lives in adulterous marriage with his victim's widow. The castle at Elsinore has, therefore, a more vital and deep-seated interest than usually attaches to the background of those works of art which are original contributions to the history of the human spirit.

A literary association has the great advantage of lying well within the region of certainty; one surrenders his imagination to it without a subconscious fear that he is being imposed upon. So much history is false that one grows suspicious of facts; so much fiction is true that one gladly gives oneself up to the freedom of a rational faith. No self-respecting lover of Shakespeare will allow himself to visit the so-called grave of Hamlet lest he be counted among those who are ready to pay for a sensation by an act of credulity; but no discovery of scholarship, no relentless scrutiny of criticism, can separate Hamlet from the castle at Elsinore; to the end of time the ghost will rise to the level of the bastion and the brooding figure of the Prince of Denmark will haunt the halls and corridors of the castle. Shakespeare made the great house his own, peopled it with the creatures whom he had clothed with life, and his heirs will hold the place and its traditions in fee simple forever.

Their possession is indeed made absolutely secure by the fact that their title to the property does not run back of Shakespeare. The Amleth of Saxo Grammaticus, who lived in the twelfth century, acted his part and passed off the stage long centuries before the Castle of Kronborg was built. Its corner-stone was not laid until Shakespeare was well on in boyhood, and his occupancy took place twenty-six or seven years after the stately structure was completed by Frederick II. No shadow rests, therefore, on the title by which the readers of Shakespeare hold the Castle at Elsinore in fee simple. Present occupancy has no real bearing on the question; the Danish government uses the Castle as a barracks for troops, but Hamlet continues to be the sole inhabitant of the great building, and the vast company of the heirs of Shakespeare's creative genius can never be dispossessed by any process of law.

Hamlet was university-bred, and the atmosphere in which he lived is full of suggestions of wide intelligence, of an in-



THE STONE PORTAL, KRONBORG CASTLE



A CORNER OF THE COURT, KRONBORG CASTLE

sight into life at once penetrating and passionate, of a power of concentrated meditation which burns like the fire at the focus of a burning-glass; but his age was rude and violent, and the final catastrophe in the play so inclusive and bloody that one feels as if he were seeing a drama of the modern spirit against a semi-savage background. If a reader of "Macbeth" vizualises, as some readers must, the castle where Banquo was killed, the image and surroundings of a bleak, massive, feudal stronghold rise on the inward vision; in like manner, to some readers at least, the word Elsinore brings with it a frowning pile of masonry on a dim and stormy sea. It is, however, the modern rather than the barbaric aspect of the play which is realised to the eye in Kronborg Castle; a home for the meditative Hamlet, touched and all but overborne by the weight of thought, rather than for the Hamlet who thrusts at Polonius through the tapestry, slays Laertes and stabs the King. Spacious, many-windowed, open to the sun, almost encircled by the sea, it was the stately home of royalty in an age that had not subdued its wilder passions, but had changed its weapons and wore the softer air of a less martial time.

Elsinore has the air of a modern town, with its solid docks, its up-to-date station, and the coming and going of the ferry to Elsingborg, twenty minutes distant on the Swedish coast. There is little stir in the square and no rush of affairs in the streets; but there is an air of modest prosperity of the twentieth century kind. The drive over the cobble-stone pavements recalls the discomforts of our great grandfathers; but neither houses nor shops suggest even a moderate antiquity. Nor does the Castle, when the carriage draws up opposite the entrance; there is nothing distinctively mediæval about it except the moat. The bridge, which at the first glance suggests the familiar drawbridge of romance, is, in fact, a fixture, and useful chiefly as furnishing an approach that makes room for an impression of a structure of striking dignity and size. There is no hint of the majesty of Windsor, in which the tradition of the middle age is entrenched against the assaults of time and change, nor of the feudal strength of Warwick, surviving in the sweet English landscape like an old heroic ballad sung to a modern tune; there is, on the other hand, the suggestion of a royal hospitality lavishly dispensed against a background of Renaissance architecture and elegance. Space, grace of detail, breadth of construction, hospitable to air and light, rather than strength for the rigors of attack and resistance, minute adaptation to purposes of defence and shelter, are conveyed in the first impression as one crosses the bridge and passes through the stone arch set in a substantial wall of brick. The broad moat and ramparts bear witness to the survival of the conventionalities of warlike construction long after modern guns had made brick walls and wide stretches of water details of decoration. The belligerent exterior of Kronborg is so obviously a matter of conformity to a taste for romantic reminiscence that it deceives none save those who are bent on evoking the image of the feudal and mediæval at every turn.

Inside the outer wall, with its well-sustained severity of attitude toward the world, there is a space ample enough for a bit of foliage encircling a Renaissance front with that air of genial hospitality which marked the end of the age of the fighting life in savage piles of isolated and frowning masonry and the beginning of social life, with many-windowed cheerfulness, ample garden-space and noble drawing rooms. A short walk brings one to the long arched gateway with a portal of great dignity, with fluted columns, carved bases, niches with figures set into the walls between the columns, figures in relief over the arch and, above, a projecting window resting on the capstone which bears a stone crown and escutcheon. Out of the duskiness of the dim passage a spacious inner court discloses its amplitude of space and light; its environing walls pierced by windows; a long stretch of roof broken by turrets and spire, carved gables, hooded windows and chimneys. Towers at intervals hint at military uses, but the long lines of spacious windows belong to the piping times of peace. A summer sun floods the court with light, a few figures of serving people or of men in uniform move across the pave-

ment; but a deep peace broods over the place and there is no suggestion of tragedy in the quiet, wholesome air.

Nothing could be more commonplace than the part of the castle used as barracks, except the part open to visitors. The chapel has some interest, but the long succession of rooms through which the visitor is shown are as innocent of important human association as they are of art. There are, of course, many pictures, and the elderly woman who acts as guide conscientiously describes them all by rote without missing a syllable or varying her tone by any shading of voice. The visitor looks out of the windows to the smiling sky and sea with unavailing longing to be free, and feels as if he were in a nightmare from which there is no awakening. It may be that the background of tragedy against which he sees his surroundings touches the commonplace portraits of uninteresting royalties with a certain grotesque incongruity; it is quite certain that the monotony of the cicerone's voice is more intolerable at Kronborg than in other palaces and castles in which tales of forgotten potentates and descriptions of dreary pictures are poured into the ears of defenceless travelers.

With a sigh of relief the tower door closes at last and the visitor escapes into the freedom of the court and hastens through the archway to the open sea front. There is a fresh wind blowing and between Elsinore and Helsingborg on the Swedish coast the sea is tossing in orthodox Baltic fashion. The clouds fly fast and set the blue of the sky in striking contrast with their own fleecy whiteness. Within the Castle summer seems to sleep in meditative mood; without the castle everything seems to be in motion. The hurrying clouds seem to sweep the sky from its anchorage, and the air stirs as if invisible currents were streaming through it. In such a light, with such vitality pouring up from the sea, ghosts have no chance, and the bastion gives no hint of night and mystery. The ancient bronze cannon, the decorations of which give them the aspect of museum properties, are so obviously ornamental that the figure of the sentinel pacing to and fro seems a bit of stage setting also; and when he gravely and with a gesture of authority bans the use of the harmless camera to preserve an impression of the innocent artillery, the visitor accepts the limitation of his privileges as part of the play, and willingly conforms to the conventionalities of the place. As a lover of Shakespeare he makes no concession of his title to the Castle, but he respects the rights of the Danish government, the tenant in possession.

In the air of a summer morning which is neither "eager" nor "nipping," and which stirs as if all the forces of nature were in motion, it is not easy to stand where Bernardo and Francisco stood and see what they saw. The Majesty of Denmark is spending the summer in a charming castle an hour distant, in an old age full of honour and crowned with universal respect; his court has been a school for Kings and has taught them simplicity, industry, and frugality; the country is a synonym for self-respecting independence. There is nothing in present conditions which suggests the rotten Denmark of Hamlet's time; and for this very reason, by force of contrast, the tragedy stands out more distinctly in the imagination.

The most universal of modern plays in the sense of dealing with things which are interpreted by the experience of all ages and men, *Hamlet* has a local staging and belongs to a definite period of time. It has been the subject of contention so long, debate has raged about it so fiercely, so many glosses have been appended to the text and so many interpretations forced upon it with dogmatic assertion or urged with minute scholarship, that the text has become a little stream of type in a continent of notes, and we are in danger of losing a piece of dramatic literature, written for an audience which had neither the learning of the University nor the manners of the Court.

Hamlet is conspicuously free from bookishness, although diligent students of the kind who pile the world high with heaps of knowledge as dry as those hills of dust on which Mr. Boffin rested his soul, have found in it the philosophy of Thomas Aquinas and the ideas of Giordano Bruno.

It is distinctly unliterary, although Shakespeare passed through a stage of

verbal self-consciousness as disturbing to artistic poise as that which has sent Mr. Henry James wandering in a blackness of thick darkness which no grammar has penetrated. It is a problem play only in its penetrating and subtle presentation of a temperament which is full of mystery. The men who saw the drama at the Globe Theatre undoubtedly accepted it in perfect simplicitly as a drama and understood it as Shakespeare intended it should be understood. It is still a deeply interesting and moving story in spite of the desperate effrots on the part of sincere but misguided critics to erect a philosophy on the ruins of the story, and to turn a play book into a text-book. If the stage boxes could be cleared of the gentlemen who insist on explaining the play as it moves from scene to scene and taking the words out of the actors' mouths before they have gone home to the imagination, and nobody left in the theatre except the actors and the audience and a few friends of both and of Shakespeare himself, with Dr. Furness at the head of them, one should still have as much enjoyment in this wonder-story as Shakespeare's contemporaries had.

We should find no incongruity in the good, old-fashioned drama of blood,—a sixteenth century "blood and thunder" play,—with a subtle, elusive, psychological unfolding of a temperament which has never been lacking even in ages of action. We have so fallen into the habit of regarding ourselves as the custodians of the secrets of the subjective mood, of dating the introspective temper, the brooding habit, from Senancour and moderns of his type, and of laying to our souls the flattering conviction of being the only genuine analysts of emotions, weighers of motives, interpreters of moral and emotional complexities, that we are in danger of doing injustice to the earlier victims of the irresolute, vacillating, uncertain attitude of those who are so involved in the rush of the relativity of knowledge that they never attain, save by external pressure, to the absolute of action; the sensitive or timid or cautious souls whose idea of intelligent living is non-committal inactivity. This does not describe Shakespeare's Hamlet as the sixteenth century understood him; it does describe the state of mind of a good many critics to whom the play is a key to the psychology of our own age. Shakespeare's contemporaries had no trouble with the play and, although the experience of three hundred years has made certain glosses on the text which no man can leave unread, we ought to regain the lost art of enjoying it as a piece of dramatic literature. It is as good a story as it was when it was told the first time in the only way in which stories were told in Shakespeare's England.

The fresh air of the Baltic, the high light of the midsummer day, the friendly aspect of the castle, the old-fashioned guns and the peasant in uniform who means to protect the place from the dangerous camera at the cost of his life, if necessary, make one forgetful of Mr. Brandes, only twenty miles away, and his two big volumes, and of many other critics further away; and one remembers only Hamlet, the unfortunate Prince of Denmark, the perplexities of whose life but faintly prefigured the perplexities of his posthumous career. One of his latest critics has gone so far as to declare that he was a prince only in name, and that royalty was incarnate in the ghost! The search for the key of this noble work of art grows more eager as time uncovers the wealth of its reflection, the deeps of its knowledge of the secrets of temperament; should we not gain time if we could go back and sit on the benches of the Globe Theatre and take the play as simply as the London apprentices, town loungers, gallants, and men of parts took it? It means more to us than it meant to them by the measure of three centuries of further revelation of the spirit of man; but time has not changed its verse to prose nor transformed its living, breathing poetry into the formulæ of psychology.

Hamilton W. Mabie.

FOUR BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

The Lewis and Clark Expedition.*



OOKS of travel, telling of adventures in newly discovered or little known countries have been favorites of a large class of readers since the days of Marco Polo, perhaps even since the days of Herodotus. The day by day narrative of the explorer, telling of his strife with Nature in her most unpleasant hours—food being scarce, roads difficult to traverse, rivers impassable, accidents being numerous, encounters with wild beasts, even mosquitoes—all appeal to that portion of the wild man which, deep down within most of us city-bred men, still calls us to the woods.

There are times when in every man his wilder nature reiterates to him the "everlasting whisper" which Kipling's explorer was always hearing:

> "Something hidden. Go and find it.
> Go and look behind the Ranges—
> Something lost behind the Ranges,
> Lost and waiting for you, go."

But the joy of exploring unknown portions of the earth's surface was a joy of our ancestors, but little for ourselves, and almost none at all for our descendants. The Polar regions alone offer fields for the explorer who dares to pit himself against Nature at her harshest, and joys in the daring and the doing. Africa is the Dark Continent no longer—Cook's tourists are going or will soon be going to Timbuctoo. There are still, it is true, some comparatively small patches in South America and the highlands of Asia which are not accurately chartered, but the rest of our world's surface, excepting only the Polar regions, has been pretty well pricked out by the German map-makers.

*Original Journals of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, 1804-06. Edited by Reuben Gold Thwartes, New York, Dodd, Mead and Company.

Since, then, there are so few modern explorers telling of new adventures, in new books, we quiet home-stayers must read the old books again.

East of the Mississippi North America gradually became known mainly through the accounts of traders and settlers, though the annual reports of the Jesuit missionaries have some of the characteristics of the reports of scientific observers.

But towards the West have been sent by the Government numerous expeditions with the direct purpose of chartering the region, and describing it in a scientific manner, its geology, minerology, botany, meteorology, etc.

First and most important of these expeditions was that of Captain Merriwether Lewis and William Clark which set out from their winter quarters a little above St. Louis, in May, 1804, ascended the Missouri River, crossed the Bitterroot range of the Rock Mountains, descended the Columbia River, passed a winter on the coast, and returned the next year over practically the same route, arriving in St. Louis in September, 1806.

We have been celebrating the Centennials of the Louisiana purchase and the Lewis and Clark expedition with great expositions in St. Louis and in Portland, but the lasting monument to the expedition, its two leaders, the man who planned it (Thomas Jefferson), and the hardy pioneers who made up the rank and file, is the eight-volume edition of the journals of the expedition now, after a hundred years, for the first time published exactly as written. The necessary prefatory matter and notes have been supplied by Dr. Reuben Gold Thwaites, the acknowledged authority on all matters relating to Western discovery and expedition.

President Jefferson had advanced scientific ideas for his time. Before the cession of Louisana to the United States was accomplished or even thought of, he had made plans for the scientific exploration of that Western country. In 1783 he proposed to General George Rogers Clark, an expedition "for exploring the country

from the Mississippi to California." In 1792, while minister to Paris, he arranged with John Ledyard, a Connecticut adventurer who had been around the world with Captain Cook in his third voyage, to cross Europe and Siberia to Kamchatka, there to embark with some trading vessels for Nootka Sound, and strike inland to the sources of the Missouri. The next year, 1793, he arranged to send the French botanist André Michaux up the Missouri and overland or down streams to the Pacific. But these all came to naught.

Jefferson's elevation to the presidency gave him opportunities and powers not before enjoyed, and to him alone apparently belongs the credit of the inception and setting under way of the expedition of 1804. In his detailed instructions to Lewis, President Jefferson laid great stress upon the desirability and necessity of keeping full notes of every incident and observation. He even ordered these notes to be kept in duplicate by two leaders, "one of these copies to be written on the paper of the birch, as less liable to injury from damp than common paper." This suggestion as to the use of birch bark, was, of course, never carried out, but the manuscript journals as kept by the two captains, and which have come down to us, cover each and every day the expedition was out, and are as well, in large part, a double record. The four sergeants and one or more privates also kept journals, but those that have come down to us are less full and more fragamentary.

Besides the message of President Jefferson sent to Congress on the return of the expedition and the journal of Sergeant Gass, printed in 1807, the first official account of the expedition was that edited by Nicholas Biddle and published in Philadelphia in two volumes, in 1814. This is the book which has been many times reprinted and has heretofore been the standard account of the expedition. Mr. Biddle used the note books of the two captains and had the advantage as well of the assistance of Clark and of one or more other members of the expedition. The 1,500,000 words of the manuscript he condensed into 370,000 printed words. His book was and is a popular paraphrase, rather than the truer, more forceful, if at times less elegant, narrative of the explorers themselves.

As late as 1818 Jefferson, still following up the reports of the great journey, succeeded in getting those note-books which had been used by Biddle and retained meanwhile in his possession, deposited for safekeeping in the library of the American Pholosophical Society at Philadelphia. There they lay, nearly, if not quite forgotten, until 1892, when they were discovered by the late Dr. Elliot Coues, then engaged in editing a new edition of the Biddle text. As his work was already in type he was unable to do more than enrich his edition with numerous citations from the originals, and these he, unfortunately, freely modernised.

But all the note books did not find their way into the archives of the American Philosophical Society in 1818. Other note-books and manuscripts were retained by Clark in St. Louis. On his death they were wrapped up and labelled by his third son and executor, who died in 1858. From him they descended to Clark's granddaughter, Mrs. Julia Clark Voorhis, and many of the parcels remained undisturbed and their importance unknown and unappreciated until they were sought for by the editor of the present edition. Although the Voorhis collection is rich in note-books, letters to and from both Lewis and Clark, etc., the most important of all is a most remarkable and priceless collection of sixty detailed maps for the most part made by Clark, and illustrating the greater part of the journey. These charts vary in size from eight inches square to several feet in length. They throw new light on the route followed, and will undoubtedly settle numerous disputed questions. They have all been reproduced in exact fac-simile, forming Vol. VIII of the new and final edition.

In an address delivered on January 20, 1893, before the American Philosophical Society, Dr. Elliot Coues, than whom no man was better able to realise the importance of the material, said:

"If the actual texts of Lewis and Clark are ever published, they should be printed word for word, letter for letter, and point for point. This would make a wonderful book."

This has now been done, and the result

is indeed "a wonderful book." Biddle's condensed and altered narrative is well-written and interesting, but its pages do not pulsate with the life of the explorers, as do these original journals "word for word, letter for letter, and point for point."

In reading these original journals we feel and suffer with those hardy, uncomplaining pioneers. Some well-fed readers who have never felt the sensation of hunger, or have never tried to subsist on unaccustomed or unsavoury food may complain that the burden of the notes is too often of the bad quality or scarcity of food. But an explorer, as has been said of an army, travels on his stomach. It is this human element, this day by day detail of each event, insignificant in itself oftentimes, such as the food, good or bad, the little disappointments and accidents, minor happenings by the way, etc., which add immensely to the intense interest and readableness of the diaries.

Notwithstanding the physical sufferings and inconveniences there seems to have been little complaining and never a thought of turning back. Clark seems to have adapted himself stoically to the varying conditions. At Fort Clatsop he enters in his diary this quaintly expressed sentence:

"Having from habit become entirely cearless about my diat, . . . I have learned to think that if the cord be Sufficiently Strong which binds the Soul and boddy together, it does not so much matter about the materials which compose it."

The following entry, Clark's first draft of his diary for Sunday, December 8th, 1805, just after they had decided upon a place for their winter quarters, will serve to show the keen living interest in the narrative. A hundred others equally good might easily be selected.

"A cloudy morning, I took 5 men and set out to See to find the nearest place & make a way to prevent our men getting lost and find a place to make salt, steered S. 62° W. at 2 miles passed the head of a Brook runing to the right, the lands good roleing much falling timber, lofty Pine of the Spruce kind, & some fur, passed over a high hill & to a creek which we kept down 1½ miles and left it to our right, saw fish in this creek & Elk Bear tracks on it, passed over a ridge to a low marshey bottom which we crossed thro water & thick brush for ½ a mile to the commencement of a Prarie which wavers, covered with grass & Sackay commis at ½ crossed a marsh 200 yds. wide, boggey and arrived at a creek which runs to the right. Saw a gange of Elk on the opposite side below, rafted the creek with much difficulty & followed the Elk thro emence bogs, & over four small knobs in the bogs about 4 miles to the South & killed an Elk, and formed a camp, covered ourselves with the Elk skins, the left of us Bogs & a lake or pond those bogs shake, much cramberry growing amongst the moss. Some rain this evening. We made a harty supper of the Elk & hung up the bale."

These were the first white men to pass from the Missouri River to the Pacific and their very full notes as to the various tribes of Indians through which they passed have unusual value. The appearance, dress, weapons, food, methods of hunting and fishing, burial customs, etc., are very fully described, often in most interesting language.

As an example we quote Lewis's description of the Shoshone's method of making a shield from a buffalo hide:

"Forming the shield is a ceremony of great importance among them, this implement would in their minds be devested of much of its protecting power were it not inspired with those virtues by their old men and jugglers. their method of preparing it is thus, an entire skin of a bull buffaloe two years old is first provided: a feast is next prepared and all the warriors, old men and jugglers invited to partake. a hole is sunk in the ground about the same in diameter with the intended sheild and about 18 inches deep. a parcel of stones are now made red hot and thrown into the hole. water is next thrown in and the hot stones cause it to emit a very strong hot steem, over this they spread the green skin which must not have been suffered to dry after taken off the beast. the flesh side is laid next to the groround and as many of the workmen as can reach it take hold on its edges and extend it in every direction. as the skin becomes heated, the hair seperates

and is taken of[f] with the fingers, and the skin continues to contract until the who[l]e is drawn within the compas designed for the shield, it is then taken off and laid on a parchment hide where they pound it with their heels when barefoot. this operation of pounding continues for several days or as long as the feast lasts when it is delivered to the propryeter and declared by the jugglers and old men to be a sufficient defence against the arrows of their enemies or even bullets if [the] feast has been a satisfactory one. many of them beleive implisitly that a ball cannot penitrate their sheilds, in consequence of certain superna[t]ural powers with which they have been inspired by their jugglers."

Equally important are their records of animals and plants encountered on the journey. These Natural History notes were almost entirely omitted by Biddle, Jefferson's plan having been to have them elaborated into a separate volume by the Philadelphia naturalist, Dr. Benjamin S. Barton, for whom the notes were copied out. Barton's illness and death, however, prevented this "cientific part," as Clark called it, from being published. These notes, covering almost every branch of Natural Science, come therefore to the reader with entire freshness, a hundred years after they were written down.

Much of this scientific data was incorporated in the journals proper and so appears in the printed volumes. Such records, summaries, tabulations, etc., as were written out separately are here printed separately and form Vol. VI of the work. The records of courses and distances and tabulations of rivers and creeks fill 78 pages; tables of Indian words and other ethnological notes fill 56 pages; meteorology and astronomy 100 pages, etc.

In the identification of the species of animals and plants described by the explorers, Dr. Thwaites has had the assistance of specialists. Dr. William Trelease, director of the Botanical Garden at St. Louis, Mr. Charles V. Piper, of the Washington Agricultural and Experiment Station, with other other botanists, have furnished notes. Mr. Witmer Stone, of the Academy of Natural Sciences at Philadelphia, and Mr. James Newton Baskett have supplied notes on animals.

We are sorry to observe, however, that (at least so far as the botanical notes are concerned) the proofs do not seem to have been submitted to these specialists to read, and we have taken notice of far too many misprinted scientific botanical names. These names of course, spelled properly or misspelled, mean almost nothing to the ordinary reader, and the errors detract nothing from his pleasure. To the botanist, however, a misplaced letter changes the word from right to wrong, and as he reads the book these misspelled words stare glaringly from the page and he is prone to put the proof-reader in the same spelling class as Captain Clark. Clark's quaint spelling, as shown in our extracts, adds to the interest of the reader. The following examples of "quaint" spelling can, however, only be jeered at:

Louicera for Lonicera.
Picca for Picea.
Typhia for Typha.
Ruhus for Rubus.
Dodecaltheon for Dodecatheon.
Taxus brevisfolia for T. brevifolia.
Vaccinium membraceum for V. membranaceum.
Symphoricarpus raceinosus for S. racemosus.
Gaulthieria for Gaultheria.
Pinus Lambertina for P. Lambertiana.
Pinus contortu for P. contorta.
Veratrum oiride for V. viride.
Quercus Garryaria for Q. Garryana.
Rhus typhana for R. typhina.
Brassica Sin afistrum for Sinapistrum.
Asarum Canadensis for A. Canadense.

In addition to the journals of the two Captains this new edition includes the note-books of Sergeant Floyd (who died three months after the start) and Private Joseph Whitehouse, the latter recently discovered and now first published, besides a large Appendix made up of eighty-seven important and interesting letters and documents relating to the expedition.

Prefixed to Vol. I is an elaborate bibliography by Victor Hugo Paltsits. This bibliography is divided into five classes:

I. Jefferson's Message.

in the earliest years of the Twentieth Century, he may be expected to comment with some amusement on the violent contrasts in our tastes for fiction. He may be imagined placing in juxtaposition, as the two most seriously considered English story-writers of the day, Rudyard Kipling and Henry James; he may instance the diverging aberrations of the popular taste as evidenced in the sales of *Mrs. Wiggs* and *The Masquerader;* and he may find food for reflection in the concurrent wide acceptance of *The House of Mirth* and *The Spoilers.* This latter conjunction may well lead to a moment's consideration of our "muscular" school of fiction, so admirably represented by Mr. Beach's novel. Undoubtedly some significant relation will be discovered between the demand for stories of this kind and the degree or kind of our civilisation. It would be interesting to know whether the verdict will be that the taste for *The Sea-Wolf* and *The Spoilers* is an under-civilised or an over-civilised taste.

To attempt to anticipate this future verdict would be folly; it is, however, permissible to point out the dilemma. Certainly the taste for such fiction as *The Spoilers* is one to be accounted for. Most healthy, normal peoples have demanded a literature consonant with their own spirit, but here is a demand singularly out of keeping with our time. The present is only superficially a materialistic age; it is not, in spite of colleges and athletic women, an age of rude muscle. But *The Spoilers* is a frank glorification of brawn and bone; it is dedicated to the physical appetites and passions; it sings the praises of the savage life. Are we growing over-refined, effeminate, degenerate, that we take such delight in the mimic presentment of scenes of bloodshed and transports of brute passion? And how far removed is the spirit of this make-believe bloodthirstiness from that of the later Romans, who found a pleasant afternoon's entertainment in watching a murder?

For it is the brutality of *The Spoilers,* as of others of its kind, which makes it "go." Its other qualities are mainly negative. Indeed, if a literary point of view may for a moment be indulged in the face of such a book, it will be found to resemble nothing so much as a Belasco melodrama. The theatrical pieces of the most skillful of stage managers presuppose, of course, some admirable scene painting; and here we come on a "feature" of Mr. Beach's book that is in itself a signal merit. The stage setting is well conceived and expressed; it is not too familiar in books, and it carries with it certain romantic suggestions. Its advantage and its danger for the author is that the remoteness of the scene from our everyday life allows a certain leeway as to the true realisation of the characters. Nobody expects people to act quite the same "north of Fifty-three" as, say, north of Fifty-third street. And Mr. Beach has permitted himself free use of his opportunities in this direction. His characters do not create their own situations; on the contrary, he has made them just what he wants to fit his situations.

The only trouble with his method is that it results in an absolutely false picture of life; and falsity to the fundamentals of human life is the one thing that fiction can never rightly be stretched to include. The men and women of *The Spoilers* are the familiar, stock figures of melodrama. Not one of them is convincingly individualised. It makes no difference that Mr. Beach may be able to point to the living models for all of them. The pictures are none the less untrue. It is quite possible that there are men in Alaska as boldly unscrupulous as McNamara, or as heroic and brutal as Glenister; but they are not unscrupulous or heroic in quite the same way.

And because of this fundamental falsity *The Spoilers* is good only superficially. It all sounds made up—cleverly, no doubt, but none the less manufactured. To get the best of it you must take it to pieces. It is full of action, situations, "curtains." The very first chapter gives us a thrilling rescue by two gallant Northern knights errant of a girl fleeing from brutal sailors, who are heartlessly trying to prevent her escape from a quarantined boat. It a few pages there is a thrilling street shooting scene, introduced for the express purpose of giving the heroine a taste of primitive life. There are thrilling rides, for rescue or for revenge, through the blackness of blinding

storms; thrilling repulses by the heroine of a brute's dastardly advances; a thrilling scene in which the noble girl risks her reputation—so much dearer to her than life!—to warn the hero of impending danger; a thrilling rescue by the leading adventuress of the heroine from the jaws of a mad dog. A tremendous thriller is the scene where the hero, made desperate by the loss of his faith in the girl he loves, plays faro with the proprietor of a gambling hell, and stakes his entire fortune on the turn of a single card. Most thrilling of all is the description of the final hand-to-hand fight between the hero and the villain, in which the lighter but more active man, exhausted and crippled as he is, at last gets his enemy in a "hammer-lock" and breaks his arm.

Thus baldly recounted, these scenes have a familiar ring, suggestive of a glorified dime novel. Nevertheless they are in themselves really exciting, and they are set forth entertainingly, with the kind of vigor one expects in such a book. For *The Spoilers* is fittingly written in the artificially straightforward, rugged style usually affected by these rough writers about the primitive man—the style created by Jack London out of Kipling. It is not a difficult trick. The man who writes the advertisements for the book has caught it perfectly, as witness this sentence: "It is the story of the hunger for gold digged out of the hills, and the blinding hunger of man for woman and for woman's love—a story of to-day that is true of all men and all real women since time began." Mr. Beach himself could not improve on that for rugged Anglo-Saxon strength.

Edward Clark Marsh

IV

Robert Grant's "The Lawbreakers."*

Almost every story in this volume presents a sharp character contrast—The amateur reformer and the professional ward leader, the old and the new rich, the rationalist's theory of relative values and his practice, the well-meaning reporter and his victim. The chief excellence of *The Lawbreakers* lies in Judge Grant's genuine interest in the problems of his own day. He appears to be thinking out various matters for himself without too much eye on his audience. He deals with the average man and woman, or to be precise, with the average situation, since his people are conventionalised to a point which leaves them only sufficient life to illustrate his problems. Not that they are vague or ill thought out, but merely somewhat academic.

If George Colfax be not more vividly drawn it is because the author is confident of your acquaintance with the type of man who reads *The Nation,* and gives one dollar a year to the cause of Civil Service Reform and scolds at the universe. What need to particularise?

Jim Daly, the vulgar prototype, is even less explained. You may not be familiar with his type, but for the purposes of the story that is immaterial. The contrast is brought out through analogy, when George with Pecksniffian virtue cavils at Daly's political methods. The leader considers Civil Service Examinations a "Frill," an imposition to be evaded. George tips a Custom House officer to avoid duties which strike him as "impertinent." This outline is not much more fleshless than *The Lawbreakers.*

The whole story and its successor give the effect that Judge Grant in a recoil from "picturesque" writing, deprives himself of the luxury of visualising scenes, of garnishing and colouring situations. He tests the framework, sees that it is rational and workmanlike, but he despises any concession to your desire for amusement, for embellishment.

Against His Judgment reads like the author's own debate with himself on the wisdom of throwing away a valuable life to save a worthless one; but you suspect that the abstract problem had first arisen in his mind, and that he then exemplified it in a story. If on the other hand the heroism of Gorham had first caught and warmed his imagination, and then suggested certain reflections, *Against His Judgment* would not have left you so philosophically calm at its tragic end.

St. George and the Dragon brings out

*The Lawbreakers. By Robert Grant. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

more subtlety in the talk between a reporter sent to "do" a fashionable funeral and a recitrant mourner. There is a real moment when the pair catch gleams of each other's point of view, when the victim appreciates good intentions, and the reporter doubts his own method. Any treatment of this subject must invite comparison with Mr. James's inimitable study, *The Papers,* but it is hardly fair to match Judge Grant's epitome of a general situation against Mr. James's biting personification of the egregious Maude and her weary admirer.

In *The Romance of a Soul* the personal element becomes agreeably prominent. Marion Willis, growing old in her schoolhouse, but nourished by modest visions, is a sympathetic human creature. The treatment here loses all its hardness, the woman is alive, you see her disinterested struggle to reach the befogged mind of a particularly unpromising pupil. There is pathos in the child's never guessing what his teacher has done for him, in their drifting apart and ultimate meaningless encounter. The tale ends with a slight dramatic touch which gives it the indescribable quality of being a story, of possessing form, as opposed to mere intelligent digests of observation upon men and manners.

Throughout the book, Judge Grant seems to aim at dispassionate record, equally free from destructive or constructive bias. Whether as a result of the author's point of view—unflinching and without hope, or whether we Eastern Americans truly are the creatures he indicates, toneless, marrowless and devoid of vitals—the impression of the entire collection is one of discouragement. You could wish that the individual might seem better worth while. Indeed, with all due admiration for his truth and knowledge, it is to be hoped that this accomplished observer will not end by losing the human being in the type. In fiction as in life even the skilled psychologist will do well to bear in mind that wonderful protest of Mr. Thomas Hardy's when his *Spirit of the Pities* adjures us to remember that:

"These are the shapes that bleed, mere marionettes or no." *Mary Moss.*

THE INCREASE OF BOOK PRODUCTION



ITH regard to the production of books in the United States two theses have been set up, which seem to be somewhat contradictory. On the one hand it is asserted that too many books are being published, and that the interests of good literature suffer thereby. Mr. F. W. Halsey informs us in his book entitled "Our Literary Deluge" that from 1640 until 1776, that is, throughout our colonial period, there were produced in our country about 8000 books of every description, including sermons and almanacs, while for the single year 1900 the American publishers' *Trade List Annual* gave a total of 150,000 titles (a mis-leading comparison, by the way). It is owing to this modern flood of books, Mr. Halsey thinks, that books have become things ephemeral, which last for a month or a year, and then "oblivion overwhelms them." A similar conclusion is arrived at by Mr. A. Growoll, editor of the *Publishers' Weekly,* in the New York *Independent* for November 19, 1903. "The book trade," he tells us, "is suffering from overproduction, and the quality of literature is deteriorating. . . .Almost 80 per cent. of the new books are superfluous.. . . .The bulk of the new volumes are only a reshaping, condensing or expanding of already existing material."

This is one view of the matter. On

the other hand, there are those who maintain that we are the least literary of the great nations, that we produce a smaller number of books than does many a nation inferior to us in wealth and population, and that we are, at least in this regard, not contributing our share to the world's civilisation and progress. This view has been set forth by Mr. Ronald Smith in the *London Bookseller* for June 13, 1899, and by Mr. Percy L. Parker in the New York *Independent* for November 23 of the same year; and it has been supported by so formidable an array of figures, which are reinforced every year by the statistics of book production in the various countries, that it seems on the way to become the prevailing view. Sometimes however, as in the above mentioned article of Mr. Growoll, we find the two views subsisting peacefully together.

It seems, therefore, worth while to subject to a somewhat tedious analysis the figures concerning our production of books, the comparison of them with the figures for other nations, and also those phenomena of book production which seem peculiar to our age.

Beginning with the year 1880 the New York *Publishers' Weekly* has been giving annual summaries of the number and kind of books published in the United States. The following table, compiled from these summaries shows the number of books produced from 1880 to 1905.

1880	2076	1893	5134
1881	2991	1894	4484
1882	3472	1895	5469
1883	3481	1896	5703
1884	4088	1897	4928
1885	4030	1898	4886
1886	4676	1899	5321
1887	4437	1900	6356
1888	4631	1901	8141
1889	4014	1902	7833
1890	4559	1903	7865
1891	4665	1904	8291
1892	4862	1905	8112

On the face of it, our table showing the annual production of books in the United States tells a perfect tale. Let us, however, look into it more closely. In the first place, these figures have been gathered by a voluntary agency, without official or compulsory authority to elicit information. But not all publishers of books have volunteered the information, and there are publishers who do not even advertise their books or send them to the reviewers, so that their publications can not be registered at all. Our figures, therefore, are of necessity incomplete.

But it might be argued that although the figures are incomplete, yet they are quite adequate for purposes of comparison, since the imperfection of the data may be assumed to be a constant quantity and, therefore, negligible. This, however, would probably be an error. There is good reason for believing that in the course of a period extending over twenty-six years, the means for gathering information have been improving, and it is certain that particular classes of books, for example law books, are now being more fully recorded than they formerly were. Thus the record for the earlier years is more incomplete than for the later years, and every comparison is by so much vitiated.

Moreover, a complete register would enumerate not only the books published, or editions, but also the copies in each edition, so that the number of editions multiplied by the number of copies would give us the true publishing activity for the year. This, however, is not the case. We learn nothing concerning the numerical strength of each edition, and a book printed in 1,000 copies ranks with a book printed in 100,000 copies. Nor would it do to say that the less popular books may be superior to the more popular, for we are now dealing with quantity, not with quality.

Lastly, it should be noted that these figures include not only new books, but also new editions of old books, and not only books written by American authors, but also those by foreign authors, who, of course, are chiefly British. Thus for 1900 our figure includes 1866 new editions and 1388 works by foreign authors. In the same year, 1124 books were not printed here, but were imported in complete editions. These facts, however, concern our authors and printers rather than the general public.

Bearing these shortcomings of the

data in mind, let us inquire what our table, such as it is, may signify.

The first thing that strikes us is the persistent upward tendency of the annual register, notwithstanding temporary oscillations. From 2076 in 1880, the numbers advance to 4559 in 1890, 6356 in 1900, and 8112 in 1905. The year 1905 shows an increase of almost exactly 290 per cent. over 1880.

Next we observe that the increase is by no means regular or continuous. Our very first two years, 1880 and 1881, show a decided variation—an increase of 44 per cent. in one year. There is no such sharp divergence between any other two consecutive years. Our first thought naturally is that the record for 1880, the first year for which there exists any record, is exceptionally faulty. This may indeed, be the case, but the excessive deviation may be due to another cause. As we look down the table we see that there are years in which there is a very pronounced decline from the preceding year, and that there are other years with an equally pronounced advance. We also find years in which there is a comparative stagnation or immobility, that is to say, years which show no very marked variation, one way or the other, from the preceding year. Disregarding all variations under 500, we find that 1889, 1894, 1897, and 1898 show a decided decline from the preceding years; that 1881, 1884, 1886, 1890, 1895, 1900, 1901, and 1902 show a decided advance; while the remaining years show variations either way of under 500. And by the way, the fact that there are eight years of advance to four years of decline, only follows from the persistent upward tendency noted above.

We thus see that the publication of books undergoes periods of extraordinary elation, extraordinary depression, and also of slackness. In these respects it shares the fate of every other form of human activity. It is well known, however, that besides the particular fluctuation which are peculiar to each branch of trade, there is also a general cycle of prosperity, crisis, and stagnation, which embraces the entire industrial life of a country, and even of the civilised world. Does the production of books, this expression of the sublimated national life, also participate in these general periodic movements of vulgar industry? Our table shows that it does, but with one characteristic difference. As the intellectual life of the nation is a derivative of its material life, the periodic changes in this manifestation of the intellectual life are derived from the periodic changes of its material life. Accordingly, the general economic fluctuations are reflected in the fluctuations of book production not synchronously, but sequentially—much as in religious revivals. Thus after the financial stress of 1882, comes the depression of 1883 in book publication; after the severe economic crisis of 1893-97, there sets in the decline in book production of 1894, and although there is a temporary recovery in the two following years, the ebb sets in with renewed vigour in 1897, and is prolonged and intensified in 1898. We may therefore, conclude that the paucity in our register for 1880 is due, at least in part, to the persisting undulatory effect of the general economic crisis of 1873-79.

Having ascertained the relations of our annual figures among themselves, let us compare the production of books with some of the fundamental elements of our national life, in order to ascertain whether it has kept pace with them, fallen behind them, or outstripped them. For our purpose the elements of population, popular education (as represented by the attendance of the common schools), and wealth are perhaps the best.

The figures representing population, education, and wealth of the nation we obtain from the national censuses for 1880, 1890 and 1900. It is obvious, however, that it would not be proper to compare directly the number of books published in those years with the census figures, since the latter represent the progress of a decade and are thus truly typical, while the former vary from year to year. A sounder basis for comparison and a result more nearly approximating the truth will be obtained by taking the average of book publication for a number of years, say five. We shall therefore compare with the census figures the averages of book production for a period of

five years around the census year, that is, the two years preceding the census year, the two years following it, and the census year itself; excepting only the average for the first five-year period, which we are obliged to base upon the census year 1880 and the four following years.

The average annual production of books for the period 1880-1884 is 3222; for 1888-1892 it is 4546; and for 1898-1902 it is 6507. We thus obtain the subjoined table:

	Number of books published	Population	Number of pupils in common schools	National wealth
1880	3222	50,155,783	9,867,505	42,642 million dollars
1890	4546	62,622,250	12,722,581	65,037 " "
1900	6507	76,303,387	15,503,110	94,300 " "

This yields the following results: In 1880 there was published one book to each 15,568 of the population; in 1890, one to each 13,775; and in 1900, one to each 11,726. The publication of books thus increased faster than the population. In this connection it should however, be noted, that the number of illiterates which was 17% of the population in 1880, decreased to 13.3% in 1890, and 10.7% in 1900; so that the reading public has also increased faster than the general population.

The publication of books has also increased faster than the number of public school pupils, from whom the bulk of the reading public is recruited. In 1880 there was published one book to each 3063 pupils; in 1890, one to each 2798; and in 1900, one to each 2383.

On the other hand, the production of books has fallen somewhat behind the increase in national wealth. In 1880 one book was published to each $13,234,000 of national wealth; in 1890, one to each $14,306,000; and in 1900, one to each $14,492,000.

Expressed in percentages, the increase of book production from 1880 to 1890 was 41%, and from 1890 to 1900, 43%; the increase of population for the same periods was 25% and 22%; of common school pupils, 29% and 22%; and of wealth, 52% and 45%.

The next question for us to consider is the relation of the book production of the United States to that of foreign countries. In an address delivered in June last by Mr. Charles W. Burrows, of the publishing house of Burrows Brothers, it was stated that Germany publishes 354 books to each million of her population, France 344, and that about the same proportion prevails for Great Britain, Italy, Belgium, Sweden and Norway. Even Russia publishes 85 books per million inhabitants, while the United States publishes but 81. Germany beats us more than four to one, Japan three to one, "and it is left for us to seek out poor, benighted Spain to find the only one of the civilised countries on the globe that prints fewer books per million inhabitants than do we." And Mr. Burrows does not stand alone in this opinion. Mr. A. Growoll, in the above mentioned article in the *Independent*, gives the following figures for the leading countries: (Germany (1902), 29,906; Japan (1889), 21,255; Russia (1895), 17,895; France (1902), 12,199; Italy (1900), 9975; the United States (1902), 7833; Great Britain (1902), 7381. Similar figures are also given by Mr. Ronald Smith in the article in the London *Bookseller* referred to above. We refrain from quoting them here, but will note that according to them the United States ranks also below Great Britain.

Now on the face of it these figures are startling. They rouse our suspicion by proving too much. We might, considering our well known national modesty, be predisposed to accept a position of inferiority to such old, rich, and highly cultured nations as Germany and France. But we are hardly prepared to accept a place below Russia, where 78.9 per cent. of the population were illiterate according to the census of 1897; or below Italy, where 44 per cent. of the male and 60 per cent. of the female population were illiterate according to the census of 1901; or even below Japan, which, notwithstanding the high average of its intelligence and the great noise it has recently been making in the world, is a very poor country, forced to resort to foreign loans for the extraordinary expenses both of its government and its industry, and unable to provide for the modest needs of

its peasantry, who having whipped the Russian peasants, are now succumbing to that ever-present scourge of Russia, the famine. Moreover, the Japanese have but recently emerged from their rather primitive social condition, and the reading habit is not so readily acquired as the mastery over guns and ships. So that if Japan has not the means, neither, probably, has she the need and the desire for so great a mass of books as the figures indicate. What, then, are the real facts? Fortunately for us they have been subjected to a searching analysis by a specialist in this field, Dr. E. C. Richardson, librarian of Princeton University, in an article which appeared in the *Publishers' Weekly* for April 14, 1900. They are as follows:

The so-called German figures are (1), not exclusively German-national (*deutschländisch*), but include books printed in the German language in Austria and Switzerland to the number of about 6,000; (2), about 13,000 of the publications are pamphlets under one-hundred pages each; (3), periodicals are largely included, as well as parts of single books published in serial form. The French list does not include periodicals to so great an extent, but it includes, (1), annuals and almanacs to the number of 600; (2), about 1200 articles reprinted from periodicals; (3), over 6,000 pamphlets and (4), part continuations. The Italian list has almost 8000 pamphlets, many periodicals, and even legislative bills. The British and American lists, on the contrary, contain practically no part continuations, and the American list excludes even bound volumes of periodicals and annuals, which are included in the British. The American list also excludes dictionaries and school books, subscription books, paper-covered books, local histories, tracts and sermons, college and town reports, legislative bills, and a host of other publications regularly included in the Continental lists.

The causes of error are thus found to lie in the different standards employed, which have to be scaled down or up before comparison is possible. Dr. Richardson comes to the conclusion that if only substantial books were included, omitting all pamphlets and periodicals, the figures would stand about as follows: Germany, 4,500; France, 4,200; Italy 2,500; Great Britain, 8,000; and the United States, 6650. If on the other hand pamphlets of over one hundred pages and whole volumes of periodicals were also to be included (excluding, however, all the nondescript publications), the result would be: 47,000 for the United States, 12,000 for Germany, 10,000 for France, and 6,000 for Italy. But if all the books that are no books and all the pamphlets were to be included, as is the case on the Continent, the American list would reach a total of between 80,000 and 90,000, so that we would top not only Japan and Russia, but even Germany and France, and if our immense list of magazines were also to be included, England too would be left behind.

We thus see that of the two views which we set forth at the beginning of this article, that one is more nearly right which complains of the superabundance of our book production.

H. Simpson.



"THE GREAT CORNEILLE"

BORN JUNE 6, 1606



IT is said that the French called Corneille "the great" in order to distinguish him, in the first instance, from his brother Thomas, and, in the second instance, from mankind at large. There is another difference, however, which marks off his case from those of, say, Shakespeare, Goethe, and Molière. The man who has not read the works of Corneille is not ashamed to say so; and the man who has read them does not go about boasting of an intention to read them again. Nor is this, when one comes to think of it, unnatural or unreasonable. The negligence and the shamelessness are equally modes of criticism. What they express is a grateful acceptance of the conclusions of the Romantic School of the "thirties," and a firm refusal to re-establish in the Temple of Fame any idol which the courageous enthusiasts of that School has relegated to the lumber-room. For the Romantic leaders revolted against Corneille, as no one except Mr. Bernard Shaw has ever revolted against Shakespeare; and they spoke with more literary authority than Mr. Shaw. "No more of this sort of thing," was their principal critical message to the world; though Victor Hugo, in fact, was building much more in Corneille's manner than he knew. And in literature, when we want no more of a thing, we give up reading it. There is no better—perhaps no other—way.

One reads Corneille nowadays, if one does read him, not with any idea of fleeting the time carelessly, but with a solemn purpose, and as a part of education. Sainte-Beuve said that he was the first Frenchman who wrote French properly; and Sainte-Beuve was a judge. In that case we should be less grateful to Corneille for what he did himself than for what he enabled others coming after him to do. The language changes; and a style, however good, unless it has a substantial backing of ideas, soon gets to sound old-fashioned. Corneille's ideas, let it be granted, are admirable from the moral point of view. He pours out noble sentiments profusely. Unfortunately noble sentiments too easily grade into obvious sentiments. The spectacle of a good man wallowing in the obvious is much more frequent, and only a little less pathetic, than that of a good man struggling with adversity. Corneille's noble sentiments, no doubt, are often put so as to thrill the hearer. "Que peut un faire contre quatre?" "Mourir," is a case in point. Another is Augustus's determination to be master of his own soul as he is already master of the world. But Molière himself declared that these heights were only attained now and then. A good fairy, he said, occasionally inspired Corneille while he wrote twenty lines or so, and then withdrew, leaving him to compose as best he could without assistance, with the result that he lapsed into commonplace pomposity. It was much the same with Wordsworth who, when the fairy helped him, wrote "The world is too much with us," but, when the fairy abandoned him, wrote "Spade with which Wilkinson has tilled his lands."

The real defect, however, which prevents us from feeling towards Corneille as we feel towards Shakespeare and Molière is more deeply seated. He lacks humanity. His heroic figures seem to be strutting the stage on stilts, or to be declaiming at each other from rival pulpits. They are dummy demi-gods made articulate, not men and women of such flesh and blood as ours. That is why we do not remember a single one of Corneille's characters as we remember a score of Shakespeare's and a dozen of Molière's. Hamlet was realised as an individual before he was presented as a type. That is why he stands out for all time as the type of the irresolution of the "intellectual." Even Turgueneff, hard as he

tried, could add nothing to the conception. He altered the local colour, of course, and he substituted a loaded revolver for the bare bodkin; but, even so, Nejdanoff is a shadowy figure beside his English prototype. Similarly with King Lear, on whom Père Goriot was so obviously modelled. Balzac could modernise Shakespeare, but he could not supersede him. The original type was definitely individualised, and therefore it still holds the field. Similarly with Tartuffe, or M. Jourdain, or Harpagon, or Georges Dandin. Not one of them is a mere abstract idea, dressed up and given a part to speak. They are all our acquaintances, if not our friends. They are not heroic, but they are real. They stand for something more than the words set down for them. Therefore they live, and the works in which they are enshrined live also. Corneille's work does not live in that sense at all. It has the vitality of good Alexandrine verse, and of an occasional lofty sentiment that seems to come from nowhere. But that sort of vitality is not very vital. It leads up to immortality in the histories of literature rather than in the minds of men.

Personally, Corneille seems to have an admirable man—so admirable as to tempt the suggestion that perhaps a worse man might have written more durably. Some worse men have certainly done so—Francois Villon for example. He was, as the French say, "bon père de famille;" and, living for the greater part of his life securely in the provinces, he was proof against the seductive temptations of the capital. The house in which he lived near Rouen still exists; and the views of it printed on picture postcards are very suggestive of the "res angusta domi." None the less he was a man who maintained the dignity of the literary calling not only by refusing to work on the lines prescribed for tame authors' by Cardinal Richelieu, not only by his boast that his "Horace," "condemned by the judges was acquitted by the people," but also by raising the prices paid to authors. Dr. Johnson, it is well known, once praised a man for doing that; and he would certainly have extended his eulogy to Corneille if he had known the facts. The average dramatic author of his period was a hack who travelled with the company, and was called upon when required to play such minor parts as "Noise without." His emoluments would have seemed ridiculous even to the Surrey side manager who told George Augustus Sala that he "sometimes paid as much as £5 for a good farce." Of one author of the time, Du Ryer, we know that he was paid four francs for every hundred Alexandrine verses, and two francs for every hundred verses of eight syllables; while other modes of remuneration were in proportion. Corneille changed all that. He did not travel with the companies unless he chose to do so. It is not on record that he ever played "Noise without," or any other *rôle;* and an actress of the Hotel de Bourgogne theatre complained of the exorbitance of his fees. "Monsieur Corneille," she wrote, "has done us great harm. We formerly bought our pieces for three francs a night. Everybody was accustomed to this arrangement, and we used to make money. Now, Monsieur Corneille's plays cost us a great deal, and we make very little." There, at any rate, is evidence of a sort which authors in general, and the Society of Authors in particular, will appreciate. Perhaps the Society will erect a statue to him, in celebration of his tercentenary on the strength of it. Failing that, his bust at least, with a suitable inscription, ought to be given a prominent place in the Society's Office. *Francis Gribble.*

LITERARY METHODS



MERICAN writing today exhibits few noteworthy phenomena of style. Produced for a reading public vast, voracious and no more likely to criticise its novel or magazine than to hiss a vaudeville performance; stimulated by publishers who are tempted to bribe, so great is their consumption of sheer printed words and their need for the tang of novelty-writing is really one of our manufactures. American periodicals and books are infinitely better as a product than their forerunners of twenty, thirty and fifty years ago. Our craftsmen have a knack for seasoning everything with the anecdote, illustrative incident and typical saying, a faculty for presenting any matter with its entertaining phases uppermost, however superficial may be the treatment as a whole. But in individual style our output is singularly deficient. Hardly a man or woman stands out clearly anywhere. Criticism, seeking comparisons, finds it has undertaken to sort and compare very small potatoes. Public taste is formed largely by the vigorous assertions of publishers' advertisements. Here and there a serious writer is known for fidelity in echoing his or her elected model across seas, living or classic, and the discipleship becomes a market label. But the ruck and run of those who make our popular magazines and best-sellers have nothing more individual than a "method." They tread closely in one another's tracks, writing the same articles and stories over and over, adhering to the formulæ of a chosen manner as though it were Chinese poetry or Egyptian sculpture, preserving external forms and never seeking the sources at which the method rose. And the astonishing thing about these methods is that there are so few of them. A scant half-dozen suffice to clothe a prodigious literary activity.

The Strenuous method came into the world first when *Soldiers Three* set its new standard of virility in literature—in its infancy it was the "brass band style." Kipling's influence on American writing has been far wider than that on the literature of his own nation. Our popular magazines and larger Sunday newspaper have fairly grown up on him. But he has been entirely a surface influence because our writers have caught only his surface characteristics, transforming them into a method that has been for a full decade the dominant tone in our novels and periodicals. Kipling's real music has never been a factor in this method. Only the brass remains. His winning assurance and the freshness of his youthful work were fatally attractive to writers who saw no deeper than his mannerisms. Emulators, conscious and unconscious, struck his note of cocksureness, but altogether missed Kipling's sense for Biblical phrase, the oblique idiom of the Orient, his conciseness and humour, and that acquaintance with literatures he has never paraded by allusion or quotation.

Once reduced to working rules, the Strenuous method became universally serviceable. A race of strenuous heroes sprang up, and has become as permanent a fixture of our popular reading as the stage Irishman in melodrama. The hero of the Strenuous method is taller than other men, superhumanly strong and energetic, and altogether remarkable from a physiological standpoint. His blood now flows coolly through his veins and he is imperturbable, sweeping swift glances into every corner, unappalled, inscrutable; again it courses strangely, madly, burning, prickling, stinging. He has travelled in all countries, speaks all dialects, knows all levels of life. His will is iron, his nerve steel, his manners brass. He speaks jerkily, with abundant em dashes, and stalks through an environment as fretful as a Chinese gong, overcoming peril and plot with disdain for moral and statutory codes; the Maxime de Trailles of an older generation are gentles beside him; wise, human, tender Mulvaney is but his remotest ancestor. Successive arrivals in the field of mod-

erate-priced fiction have rung their slight changes upon him, illustrators have usurped for him the pages of magazines and books, and the feminine writer has drawn him feebly at second-hand, the shadow of a phantom, consorting with the female of his species.

From fiction the Strenuous method was extended to many other fields of writing. It is now a staple of the news, vivifying the murder trial, divorce suit, political campaign and public calamity. In one key and another it is employed to intone the "literature of exposure," until men have forgotten how Charles Dickens exposed evil. It has been worked up into industrial verse, is the basis of business articles, and seems the distinctive method in which to celebrate our captains of industry. So, with half our writers shouting in this high key, an occasional discriminating reader has put upon him an editorial function, and must treat every other article as though it were an advertisement, separating trustworthy information from the flow of bombast.

On the morning when decisive news of the evacuation of Liao-Yang reached the world the New York newspapers presented a curious study in this Strenuous writing. Dispatches from American correspondents filled their pages. Bits of official information, names of strange towns and unmapped streams were mingled with scraps of description by which correspondents tried to make the public realise how great an action had been fought. All the resources of overtone were drawn upon to transmit this "big news." Phrase was heaped on phrase to depict the "desperate death-grapple of the races," the "tremendous field of carnage," yet without conveying a comprehensive idea of the battle. Then, like the voice of a man above the shouts of little children, the military correspondent of the London *Times*, in a hundred and twenty-eight words, drew a clear picture of the situation, linked it in true perspective with the great battles of the past, and made one feel the gravity of what might follow:

"The situation," he said, in the Thunderer's authentic voice, "is now extraordinarily interesting and dramatic. The Russian army is in full retreat across a river which it has doubtless bridged in several places, but which must still seriously impede rapid movement. In the rear are two armies thirsting for its blood. On the flank, and not improbably across the front, the Japanese First Army is ready to fight to the death to arrest its retreat. There are no more forts, trenches and dominating positions. Matters are equal. The best army will win. Memories of Vionville and Hanan will occur to all readers of military history. Will Kuropatkin suffer the fate of Bazaine, or will he pass over the body of the First Army as Napoleon passed over the Bavarians who presumed to arrest his march?"

The Fashionplate method is older. In Thackeray it was true style. In the *Spectator* it was well developed, so that doubtless it may be found flourishing many centuries before the introduction of forks (which are so recent as to be still under suspicion of being a passing fad). But never before has it been developed and put to so many uses as with us.

The Fashionplate method is the minor of the Strenuous method's clanging major, and began to be practised when, after a century of rampant democracy in letters, we suddenly found that in no aristocratic country or times had there ever been such a demand for chronicles of high life as in these States. Our high life was only rudimentary. But our below stairs had fully developed. In those regions we had reverted to type. The Fashionplate method followed quickly on the heels of demand, and is now in a state of mechanical perfection, and widely serviceable. You may employ it in "society" fiction, in criticism of manners, books, drama, music, pictures, to describe clothes or a "function," to proclaim fashions, to chronicle news. Indeed, it is now quite the thing for a yellow journal to send two reporters to a divorce or murder trial—one recording in the Strenuous manner for those readers who like to feel that their divorce proceedings are alive, while the Fashionplate reporter handles murder in its polite and exclusive aspects.

By adhering to a few rules one may do this method acceptably and not go astray. Remember, always, that you are writing

in the best *ton*, and are presumed to know nothing about the vulgar lives of those who read you. Stick doggedly to an environment of ocean steamships, Florida hotels, opera, yachts, motor cars and old-world aristocracy. Refer as frequently, as casually, to old families, good blood, the infallibility of breeding, and as frequently, but less familiarly, to the middle and lower classes, with many vague speculations as to how they really *do* exist in that strange world of theirs. In fiction it is well to have your characters beg a thousand pardons, and to insert in every other speech they may utter a languid pause, thus: "I instructed our people to bring the pâté because I—fancied you might like it." Look carefully to the electric-bell equipment in your background. It will be in constant use. Have well-trained servants everywhere—the dignified butler and his "Very well, sir," the Master's man Perkins, the heroine's maid Jenkins. Add the club, the modiste's, the country house, a low cad or two as villains, and some dim personalities who move in curious sordid places like Wall Street, journalism, etc. Thus you have all the implements for enchanting good workaday women past the hour for putting on the potatoes, and diverting any sort of mixed company on a railway train.

Obviously this Fashionplate method echoes the English. But it would be difficult to find in Great Britain, even among the cheaper periodicals, anything like the strange American Briticisms that crop up in this school of writing. A certain New York publication devoted to men's fashions has a writer who outlines the correct mode in this home-made British argot. In his proper person he is a hardworking little man who travels up to Harlem nightly on the subway, and lives chiefly in the society of his babies. Before the world, as a fashion prophet, however, he is rigidly intolerant of clothes not sanctioned by what he calls the "best set," and his philosophy of cravats and shirt-stripes, handkerchief borders and monograms, together with his style, is rabidly British, though he has lived in New York all his life. This same publication has a correspondent in London who was born in that metropolis, and reports the state of its dress with a good deal of authority. His information is fresh, his predictions come true, and he writes as nearly like an Englishman as he can—in fact, does the Briton fairly well. But he is not one-half as uncompromisingly British as his New York coworker, and true, bracing Briticisms you would turn to our home-made article every time.

The Fashionplate method is also widely applied to advertisements. Clothes manufacturers show fortunate young men wearing their $15 suits in the smartest clubs; maidens display the $3.50 shoe as they step into French motor cars; even the lady who enamels an old picture-frame at slight cost has an air of lineage. In advertising text, it is presumed that advertised articles are for the pleasure of our nobility and gentry, and by making this point clear they naturally have greater attractions for our middle class.

O Thackeray, Master, who wrote up the fashionable town with so wise an insight into the human nature beneath the clothes! Here is the eternal snob using His Book as a pedestal.

O shade of Jeames Yellowplush!

The Cosmic-monotone, which goes back to Victor Hugo, is our great bow-wow of a method—a literary B flat in which we pitch epic narratives of great self-sacrifice, great emotions, great heroes whom Fate annihilates but cannot conquer. The youth in "Excelsior" was a proper subject for this method had he but lived, and generally speaking it may be said that when a hero is keyed in the Cosmic-monotone, heaven is his home. The Cosmic-monotone will surely get him. This manner has some limitations, but is extremely valuable in opening up new countries. All our stories of Alaska, for example, are written in it, as well as those of the Philippines, and it served before that, as the mark of a Western or Indian story. In some respects it is easier than any other method, as the writer simply begins and it rolls along of itself, the only attention required being frequent insertion of paragraphs. A large open place out of doors, preferably in a wilderness, is selected, and you start thus:

A bleak, primeval landscape, strewn

chaotically beneath a vast sky, across which sweep formless clouds and vapors, giving a sense of pitiless desolation.

Not a tree, not a bush, not a blade of grass, nor a clinging lichen, nor an atom of vegetable life to soften this forbidding immensity which æons ago was a playground of Nature's titanic forces.

Not a bird in the firmament;

Not a wolf, or hare, or weasel making its home anywhere in a crevice of the heartless rocks;

Not a crawling lizard, nor a creeping snake, nor the chirp of an insect, nor the purling of a brook.

Solitude as of the beginning of the world on that day when God said: "Let the dry land appear."

Solitude as of that day when the race shall have finished its struggle and the earth returns to interstellar night.

Solitude—except for the figure of a man, limping painfully over this trackless waste, clothed in fragments of what was once the garb of a civilised being, a tangled mass of beard and hair—and there you have it.

This later embodiment of the solitary horseman, once he appears over the horizon of the story, however, is doomed. Alone, alone, all, all alone on a wide sea of words, he swept along to his compelling destiny. His end is always tragic, which is probably why it is selected as the literary method for dealing with natives of savage countries. How relentless the Cosmic-monotone method can be, once set going, was demonstrated in an amusing way in a story of this sort by a fictionist whose name is known in connection with stories of Alaska. Across the face of a genuine Cosmic-monotone landscape a starving miner stumbled for days and days, his cartridges gone, his ankle sprained, feet bleeding, ribs through skin, pulling up an occasional root to gnaw, looking for stray frogs, baling out a pool to catch and eat a single minnow, and sometimes chasing wildly after a bird in his frenzy. Suddenly he came to the fresh-picked bones of a caribou, killed by wolves, but after sucking them for a time the exigencies of the method drove him on to his doom. Caribou bones contain marrow. Marrow is a nourishing, filling delicacy. But to have cracked them on a rock and satisfied his hunger would have destroyed the sweep of the story, and the victim of this tale got no more than Mother Hubbard's dog.

Humour is not only non-essential to authors who write in the Cosmic-monotone, but is even fatal to it. This is the medium for describing the chariot race, the lynching, the travels of the refined heroine through a pitiless city in search of work, the foreclosing of the mortgage, etc. In scenes and stories where it is not safe to crack a smile, it would be rash to pull out the Cosmic-monotone-stop. But this is a rich vein to the author who can work it. While a mere humourist is peddling his jokes about from editor to editor, the writer of a half-dozen lugubrious Cosmic-monotone stories can be covering the lyceum routes, explaining the meaning of life and other things.

The Optimo-platitudinous method is a swelling turkey gobbler style invented for the use of congressmen, senators and successful men of affairs when editors discovered, not many years ago, that their counsels had market value. Taking "Don't" as a theme, one simply re-clothes some of the good, ancient saws that sound well, and may be read both ways, and appear excellent axioms for anybody else to follow. In an article written according to Optimo-platitudinous rules you find all the prehistoric monsters of thought—it is a parade of proverbial mastodons and apothegmatic heavy-steppers. A method employed by congressmen and multi-millionaires might appear a profitless tool for the hack writer. But the latter really writes a large proportion of the orphic articles published over sounding names, so this method is one of the mainstays of Grub Street. With it goes a large admixture, that stimulus to action embodied in the motto "Do it now." "Give me," says the Optimo-platitudinous artist, "the man who can hold on where others let go; who pushes ahead when others turn back; who stiffens up where others weaken; who advances where others retreat; who knows no such word as 'can't' or 'give up'"—and so forth. And the reader echoes "Ay, that's the man for us!" And under the trade-mark of the "new

thought" a great body of Optimo-platitudinous writing has grown up.

Then there is the Old Homestead method, employed for stories laid in rural towns, where the characters wear quaint clothes, eat simple home-made dishes, and have a homely manner of living, talking, thinking and acting that wins them the loving pity of a reading public accustomed to a lavish scale of living in its fiction. With a few minor alterations it also serves as the vehicle for stories of childhood. Wild animal stories are usually handled in the Cosmic-monotone, for no matter how precocious they may be, animals are only animals, and at best another species of Filipino or Indian. Then there is the Aunt Molly method, with its wide field of usefulness in newspapers and magazines, the medium for conveying every sort of counsel to feminine readers, from problems of the subliminal self to ways of cleaning gloves. There is the Dolly method, with its hard, glittering repartee between the two characters who suffice for a Dolly skit—still a valuable tool, though going somewhat out of fashion. There is the Dialect method, too, now upon its last legs, but still saleable.

So they go. filling the visible world with reading matter that sells and is faithfully consumed by millions who never look into a real book or encounter a real article but feed contentedly upon this modern wood-pulp of literature. A genuine "method" is entirely free of the elements of vital style though when the first vestiges of a new one comes up on the magazine horizon it may appear for a time as though an unmistakable master had risen. But the rudiments of his method are soon caught, and soon every other periodical has its wild animal story, its bridge-building story, its narrative of Alaska, etc. But the genuinely individual writers are never reduced to a method—there is no standard "Sentimental Tommy" in the market, nor any ready-made "Huck Finn."

A curious fact about American literary methods is that each seems to be our own, whatever its origin. English periodicals have their stories and articles in various methods favoured by the British consuming public. But Kipling halted English writers only a moment, and there has been no widespread epidemic of imitation over there since the time of Dickens. Continental magazines have their methods, too—there is something in the very outward look of a French, a German, an Italian or Skandinavian tale, with its pessimism, its world-weary characters, its sordid setting, that amounts to a trademark. But nowhere else except America has such a volume of writing become "standardised."

What will come of it?

James H. Collins.

SOME PROBABLE SOURCES OF MR. HEWLETT'S "FOOL ERRANT"



HERE can be no doubt that Don Quixote is still immortal, and that the adventures of this most philosophic and most tenderly humourous of all half-lunatic gentlemen still charm the world's imagination. In 1872, Daudet reincarnated the Manchegan knight in Tartarin of Tarascon, slayer of toothless lions ambushed by moonlight; in 1886 he sent Tartarin forth again to scale the Alps. What, now, is Francis-Antony Strelley of Upcote but the eccentric Manchegan knight again reincarnated? Strelley began life as an Englishman and ended it, after many adventures, as a citizen of Lucca: such a change of country, race, and time, is possible only to those who are sufficiently great to merit reincarnation.

Even as Don Quixote had sallied forth from a village in La Mancha in quest of

a larger life; so sallied forth Strelley of Upcote. One was old, the other young; but both were idealists and both were driven hither and thither by all the winds of fortune. Don Quixote was a Knight Errant; Don Francesco, a Fool Errant (the same thing in another country), and each chose a peasant for his esquire. That Sancho Panza had on his hand a family needing his support and that he forsook them in order to share the adventures of a knight errant, and to become eventually the governor of an island, are facts which strengthen my implied contention; for Virginia Strozzi also had a hungry family, a mother, a father, as well as brothers and sisters, to look after; but she, too, deserted them all to heaven knows what fate, and set forth to mend her evil fortunes in the company of a Fool Errant, for whom, as both were young, she had conceived a passion enhancing the admiration that she bore him because of the elegance of his manners and the nobility of his ideals—qualities that Sancho lacked, though he felt their presence in Don Quixote.

Neither Sancho nor Virginia has studied books, but each has a stock of home-made wisdom of the utmost utility in restraining knights errant and fools errant—a bread-and-butter philosophy, without which pure idealists might easily become extinct.

The comparison could be amplified, but I turn to Aurelia, the realisation of Dulcinea, the lady whom Strelley's adoration involved in temporary ruin, to whom he in his misery tried to make full atonement, and in so doing found his Virginia and had, with or without her, many unusual adventures such as are bound to befall a fool errant, or a *caballero andante.*

Although Aurelia (unlike the real Dulcinea) had never scrubbed soiled linen in a village brook, and though she was, on the contrary, a "daughter of the ancient, noble but reduced family of Gualandi in Siena," she performs nevertheless a function similar to that of Dulcinea del Toboso; for she is the mistress of Francesco's thoughts, it is for her that he strives to live, yearning for her pardon, extolling her virtues, even avowing his fatal error to persons from whom he would have done well to keep the secret hid; but Knights Errant and Fools Errant do not hide their secrets: they tell them to the first wayfarer they encounter, and, if none be encountered, they confide them loudly and eloquently to the stars.

Not only because he is a poet by mirth as well as by deed, but also through another purely external circumstance, Francis-Antony Strelley bears a certain likeness to Eugene Marchbanks in Mr. G. B. Shaw's Candida. Though nephew to an earl, this youth has been rescued from his bed on a London embankment (note the symbolism of his name) and made welcome in the home of his rescuer, the James Mavor Morell. Here he loses no time in becoming desperately enamoured of Candida, the minister's wife. Being older than Eugene, and having already one husband, Candida pets her adoring waif and calls him her little boy; but he is a man for all that. Eugene soon confesses his passion to the minister, but he, first angrily masterful, then determined to win on merit, is so sure of his victory (or pretends to be) that, like Anselmo in Cervantes's tale of the Curioso Impertinente, he risks his honour for the sake of his pride, and Eugene remains.

One evening, when Morell, out of sheer bravado, has left Candida and Eugene alone, our poet reaches the danger line. "It is late . . . the curtains are drawn . . . Candida and Marchbanks are seated by the fire." She is in a mood of *abandon,* "profoundly unconscious of her appearance and surroundings." At the moment when Eugene is stretched at Candida's feet, with his head thrown back across her knees, looking up at her, losing himelf in the music of her name, declaring himself in heaven where want is unknown—at this blissful moment the door is opened and "Morell comes in." Engene is not forthwith flung into outer darkness, but after a valiant debate the husband wins, and Eugene withdraws into the night from which he had originally emerged.

A like fate befell Francis-Antony Strelley of Upcote; for having been received as a guest beneath the roof of Dr. Porfirio Lanfranchi, professor of law at

Padua, Strelley made love to Aurelia, Lanfranchi's youthful wife; in the midst of a "fatal avowal" he was surprised, and driven ignominiously out "into the dark;" but there is this difference: As Lanfranchi was heard labouring up the stairs, Nonna, an intriguing maid, flung open the door of a clothes-press, crying "In with you!" and in he went. Had Strelley followed the example set by Horace in Molière's Ecole des femmes,* he would have stayed where he was until Don Porfirio had returned to his lectures at ten o'clock the following morning; that he came forth to confess his infamy and thus involved the beautiful and innocent Aurelia in his ruin, is perfectly in keeping with his folly, and amply demonstrative of Mr. Hewlett's powers of description, as well as of the originality of his genius.

These unsanctioned love scenes, accompanied and furthered by the reading of prose or verse, as is the case both in the Fool Errant and in Candida, all go back to the famous episode of Paolo and Francesca. It is superfluous to say that Mr. Hewlett is as familiar with Dante as with Cervantes, and that in the opening chapters of the Fool Errant Strelley not only cites the original Spanish* of a famous phrase in Don Quixote's rhapsody on the Golden Age, but shows himself a great reader of Dante. It was in pouring over Dante, the Sonnets of Petrarch, "(fatal pap for lovers) . . . and Ariosto's honeyed pages," that Strelley "flew from ring to ring of the Heaven of pure light," or otherwise experienced with aided senses the bliss of Aurelia's company.* Yet we may well compare the situation of the young and lovely Aurelia Gualandi, wedded to a prosperous but aged professor of jurisprudence at Padua, with that of Boccaccio's Bartolomea Gualandi, "one of the fairest and most charming young ladies of Pisa," whose father bestowed her on messer Ricciardo Chinzica, a Pisan judge "endowed rather with wit than with bodily strength." What befell her is familiar to those who have read the ninth story of the second day, but Mr. Hewlett soon diverges from Boccaccio.

Other probable sources might be indicated, and each comparison might be convincing; yet none should abate one whit from Mr. Hewlett's genius. Notwithstanding his draughts on written documents, he rarely fails to thrill one with a fulness of life. His men and women are usually so real one almost feels them breathe; and even though many of them have crossed our path before, it is good to read Mr. Hewlett's English, and to discover that in nearly every case he has wrought a magic transformation.

Richard Holbrook.

*Act IV, Scene 6.

*"'Dichosa edad y siglos dichosos aquellos a quien los antiquos pusieron nombre de dorados!' cried the knight of La Mancha; and I may call that Paduan year my age of song." (Page 21).



EDUCATION

THE UNITY OF LANGUAGE



ABOUT two years ago the "Accademia dei Lincei," in Rome, crowned unanimously the manuscript of a young and almost altogether unknown scholar, on the genealogy of the languages of the ancient world. The work betrayed both an immense erudition and an extraordinarily clear and keen judgment. The laureate was hailed as one who was surely destined to become a star of first magnitude in the scientific world.

For several years a poor school teacher, he had succeeded in getting hold of a few books, especially grammars and dictionaries, which he read from cover to cover with greatest delight; thus he mastered the chief modern languages. His untiring zeal attracted the attention of some university professors at Bologna; they secured for him a scholarship which enabled him to prepare the crowned manuscript. He was then appointed professor at the University of Bologna, and has now just published in book form the results of several years of strenuous labour, under the title "The Unity of Origin of Language" (*L'unita d'origine del linguagio.* Bologna. Beltrani 1905.)

It is chiefly a scholarly work, the first part being devoted to a study of the roots of words and of verbal and nominal inflections, and the second dealing with verbs, adjectives and nouns as parts of the speech. But there is a long introduction, stating the philosophical results of the whole book. Those results, which are rather startling and far reaching in their consequences, upsetting a good many of our modern theories regarding mankind, I wish to point out here. As they are brought forward by the man who has most probably the widest range of knowledge at his command in the special field he is investigating, they cannot be ignored.

Trombetti had started, intending to study the Indo-European and the Semitic languages only, his purpose being to ascertain whether or not there was a kinship, even of the remotest kind, between the two families. Ascoli, von Raumer, Delitzsch and others had been inclined to accept a relation between the two groups, but without really proving their point. Trombetti was determined to settle the question once for all. He succeeded in doing so, confirming the vague surmises of his predecessors. And now, while he was at work over the Semitic languages, he was induced, for the sake of comparison, to take up the African languages, and he reached the conclusion that the latter formed a group by themselves, but which, although distinct from the Indo-European and Semitic group, could be conceived of as having originated from the same common stock. Then again, taking as a starting point his command of the languages of the extreme East of Asia, he proceeded to study the Oceanic tongues of Australia and Polynesia, and found another relationship with the Semitic languages. Thus, all the languages of the so-called Ancient World form two groups, the European-Asia-Oceanic group and the African group; and these, as said above, are not irreducible. The link between them is to be found according to Trombetti, in the Caucasian and the Biscayan dialects.

Having gone so far, Trombetti could not very well stop. No one would have resisted the temptation of finding out at any cost and without further delay, whether it was not possible to proclaim, on the firm basis of scientific data, the unity of all the languages spoken on the surface of the earth. So Trombetti went on, devoting now his whole attention to American languages, and finally found himself in a position to state that his anticipations were verified by facts. His conclusion is expressed by himself as follows: "The languages of Europe,

Asia, Africa and Oceania are related and have a common origin. Moreover, since I have recognised evident connections between the different American languages which I have been able to study up to now, and since these same languages offer distant relations with those of Eastern Asia, I do not believe that I can hesitate to proclaim that there is one unique origin of all languages."

Specialists will have, of course, to examine the value of the data which were used by Trombetti to support his views. In the meanwhile, it is well worth observing that the first scholar who ever succeeded in mastering languages from all over the world to such an extent as to be in a position to compare them, should reach this conclusion. Everybody is aware of the fact that the theory of the common origin of languages was looked upon, if not with scorn, at least with suspicion by scientists; it had practically been removed from the field of science as a myth ever since the book of Genesis—containing the story of the tower of Babel—was no longer supposed to give historical facts. If Trombetti's views are destined to prevail—Ascoli and Schuchardt, we are told, have already expressed themselves favourably in regard to them—this would go a long way toward proving how the spirit of reaction against ideas, which have nothing against them except that they are old, are apt to lead scholars astray as well as positive mistakes in the apprehension of scientific data. A case of *Idola fori* too only acting in the opposite direction; for surely, *a priori*, there is nothing at all that should render this theory less credible than the other—that of several distinct origins of the languages of the world.

Trombetti is young and enthusiastic. His first thesis seems to him to imply conclusions which take him out of the domain of linguistics, and he does not hesitate to mention some of them. First of all, he maintains that if we are convinced of the unity of origin of the various languages, it is difficult not to accept at the same time one common origin for the whole human race. Moreover, with the help of linguistic data, it will become possible to establish how long man has dwelt on our planet. We can get a fairly approximate estimate of the rate at which languages vary; thus, taking into account the circumstances that will hasten or delay the evolution of our various kinds of speeches, we will be able to calculate about how long it took to get from the common original language to our modern ways of expressing ourselves. (To do this, Trombetti must, of course, suppose that a being is human only as far as he speaks; but, if this point is granted, his contention seems reasonable enough.) A rough estimate, which pretends in no way to be final, would lead our author to believe that the age of mankind is no less than thirty and no more than fifty thousand years. This is much less than anthropologists generally say—some go to hundreds and hundreds of thousand years—and much more than the belief which prevailed as long as the church was taking care of the scientific opinions as well as of the needs of our souls. Bossuet's calculation in his *Discours sur l'Histoire Universelle* was generally accepted; he put the figure at six thousand years.

Less open to criticism, though still perhaps susceptible of some revision after more minute inquiries, is a very interesting theory of Trombetti about a few savage peoples which are generally considered as types of absolutely undeveloped species of the human race, e. g., the Fuegians and the Hottentots. The languages of those tribes, according to our Italian scholar, belong to linguistic groups which are rather rich in forms of speech. On this ground it would seem that they are not undeveloped savages, but peoples who were at one time civilised enough, but have fallen into moral and physical decadence.

It will be interesting to watch the attitude of naturalists toward the book under discussion. Since the forcible protest of Broca (*La linguistique et l'anthropologie, 1862*) against linguists trying to solve problems of anthropology, the diffidence and even the scorn of Broca's colleagues for the "science of language" has hardly diminished. Linguists themselves, for fear of appearing too bold, have of late treated very unjustly one of the most brilliant representatives, Max Müller,

simply because he indulged occasionally in speculative views. Is there any prospect that the bold contribution of the young professor of Bologna will bring about a change? Why not? There can be no doubt that every science can take something from another and contribute something to the advancement of our common knowledge — they are all branches of the same tree. But to speak more particularly of the recent view expressed by Trombetti, whoever follows, even at a distance, the researches of folklorists, or even of medieval literature, must have felt sometimes in recent years, that on that ground also a great many discoveries would go to prove the original unity of mankind; or at least, let us say, would point to a time when there must have been very intimate connections between peoples who are not at all thought of as being related now. Take, for instance, the story of Tristan and Iseult, a Celtic legend, as we are told: The name of King Mare, meaning Horse, suggests, as was shown by no less than Gaston Raris, a curious analogy with the Greek legend of King Midas; the fights with monsters in the same story remind one very much of Theseus and Minotaurus; again the sophistical oath of Iseult, of which several analogs are known, might very well prove oriental; the same would be true of the brewing of enchanted drinks, etc. G. Vicaire, in his studies of popular poetry in France, has called our attention to the fact that the famous "proof of the Sirat," in the Koran (that after death people will have to pass over a bridge as sharp as the edge of a sword in Orient, as thin as the hair of a virgin in the Occident, before entering the realm of everlasting happiness), is found in so many countries that it is almost impossible to account for it otherwise than by a common origin of all those peoples. And what about the discovery in the island of Martinique of remarkable analogs to the stories of the Roman de Renart? They might have been imported; but it is highly improbable, owing to the data of settlement of Europeans there; and because other samples of European literature are not found as far as we know.

The part of Trombetti's Introduction in which he refers to the moral consequences of his theories, seems to me less admirable. Surely it is very nice to think that all men are brothers and that they have been so for a very long time. But what has this sentimental note to do here? Moreover, it seems that the facts might support just as well other views directly opposed to those maintained by Trombetti; if men have been brothers so long without giving up war, it might perhaps be an indication that brotherhood ought not to be relied upon too much if one wishes to bring about universal and everlasting peace. It is true that we did not realise it so well before Professor Trombetti told us; but Cain et Abel were brothers, and they knew it; and so were Eteocles and Polynices, and the grandsons of Charlemagne, and many others who remained famous for their reciprocal hatred, while David and Jonathan, Orestes and Pilades, Damon and Pythias, Amis and Amiles, and many, many others were not brothers and yet remained famous for their devotion to each other.

These pages were already written, when my attention was called to Mr. Pierce's interesting article in the *Cosmopolitan* of last November. Some of the anthropological facts related there are so closely connected with, and support so well, the philological statements of Trombetti with regard to the connection between American and the Asiatic languages, that they ought to be recalled here. The Jessup North-Pacific Expedition of the American Museum of Natural History seems to have definitely established that there existed once, in a very remote past, a close relationship between Asiatic and American tribes;—a theory which was far from being generally recognized up to now. Some of the strongest of its opponents, however, such as Dr. Steward Culin, of the University of Pennsylvania, have now yielded to evidence.

Albert Schinz.

REVIEWS

NOVEL WRITING AS AN EDUCATIONAL MEANS.*

The growing importance of the study of fiction in our colleges is indicated by this book on narrative writing. It is entirely on the writing of fiction. An older view of narrative included history, biography and autobiography, and those accounts of particular happenings, which if they be personal, are included in journals or letters, and if of more general interest, find a place in magazine articles or newspapers. In a general way it would seem well to train students to this kind of writing. A student may not have any mind to be a historian; indeed, the great probability is that he will never have to write a ten-volume history or even a historical essay. Still the ability to write a clear account of a historical happening is a useful possession, and so also, one would say, is ability in the other directions indicated, even if it never came to practical results in after life, so far as writing a journal is concerned or being a reporter.

Our authors either do not consider these things to be narrative or else they do not consider them worth teaching. In this view they are not alone, for several of the later books on the work seem to conceive of narrative as story-writing only. We differ from them. We think that narrative includes the relation of what has actually happened, as well as of what has merely been imagined. We think further that it is of more advantage to a student to write something under the rigorous curb of fact that to write something out of his own head. We think also that it is well for him in college to turn for literary inspiration to histories and biographies, memoirs and diaries, as well as to novels and short stories. And we think, too, that it is no service to humanity to teach anybody to write a novel or a short story; one great effort of all interested in literature should be to prevent everyone that can possibly be prevented from so doing.

It appears to us, that granting the propriety of the fundamental conceptions, as we do not, the development of the subject is in the right order, and the exercises, as is usual in the text-books of these authors, ingenious and good. These latter are doubtless the most important thing in the book; without them it would be useful chiefly as a book on literature rather than on rhetoric. As it is, they suggest unending occupation, even amusement, for interested students, who will probably like this kind of writing better than some other kind. We should like to do some of them ourselves, for fun, that is, not for mental discipline.

E. E. Hale, Jr.

**A Course in Narrative Writing*, by Gertrude Buck, Ph.D., Associate Professor of English in Vassar College; and Elisabeth Woodbridge Morris, Ph.D.

LITERARY STUDY.*

This book is written from a scholastic rather than an artistic standpoint. It views literature as something to be studied. It gives one little idea of appreciation or enjoyment but presents the fundamental principles of a study of literature. It considers the methods of such study, it presents a definition of literature, it distinguishes between literature and some coordinates of the human mind, as science, philosophy, politics, language, criticism, ethics, the other arts, even life itself. Such a methodology brings forward many interesting matters, permits many interesting remarks. The book is one of those that quotes authorities, or sometimes disagreeing doctors. That makes rather hard reading, but it is the result of wide reading and a careful consideration.

Having given us a definition—for all these comparisons of literature, with science and the other matters mentioned serve as exposition of a definition, a making clear of the peace of our subject in the world of thought—Mr. Hunt proceeds to a division, or, to speak more logically, a partition. He treats of literature as analysed on the basis of form, and thus deals with the genesis and growth of literary forms, with primary prose types and primary poetic types, with more developed prose and poetic forms, especially the epic and the novel, and finally deals with some rather desultory open questions in literature.

Such is Mr. Hunt's plan. It is a study of literature made as scientific, or we would rather say as logical as possible. Such studies have in them much of value. They do not, we believe, do much to interest men in literature, but when men are interested in literature, books like this are often most useful in showing lines of thought and study. For older students who want to do something in literary criticism this book offers a good consideration of the principles and problems involved, because it is logically planned in the main and depends on a wide knowledge of literature and literary criticisms.

E. E. H. Jr.

ADAMS'S LYSIAS.†

The speeches of Lysias have many advantages as the first introduction to college Greek, because of their pure style and the light which they throw on an important side of Athenian life. This edition, as the editor states, is prepared primarily for the use of freshmen, but it might well be used by more

**Literature: Its Principles and Problems*, by Theodore W. Hunt, Professor of English in Princeton University. Funk and Wagnalls Company, New York and London.

†Lysias. Selected Speeches xii, xiv, xix, xxii, xxiv, xxv, xxxii, xxxiv. Edited with Introduction, Notes, and Appendices by Charles Darwin Adams, Ph.D., Lawrence Professor of Greek, Dartmouth College. American Book Company: New York, Cincinnati, Chicago, 1905.

advanced students. Considerable attention is given in the commentary to grammar, not however to the elementary principles but to the less usual and more difficult constructions. The growth in the number of our Greek Grammars in recent years is shown by the fact that reference is made to no less than five such manuals, as well as to Goodwin's *Greek Moods and Tenses*. Fortunately, however, for the appearance of the page, reference is very rarely made to all six books in the same note. The selections include all the speeches which are generally read, with the exception of that terror of the freshman, *On the Sacred Olive-Tree*. A very full introduction gives a readable account of the life, works and style of the orator, and of the revolutions of 411 and 404 B.C., while an Appendix has chapters on Athenian legal procedure, and on money and prices at Athens, together with a chronological outline, a list of rhetorical terms, some account of the manuscripts and editions, and critical notes on the text. Besides this, each speech is preceded by a special introduction, containing an analytical outline and comments on the argument and the style of the oration.

The commentary is unusually full, its length being in part due to the excellent feature, now becoming general, of translating the citations from other Greek writers as well as those from parts of Lysias not included in the text. The book gives the general impression of containing considerably more matter than a freshman can be expected to master, and in spite of the editor's disclaimer one cannot but suspect that parts of the notes, for example the references to periodicals and to German handbooks, are intended for the teacher rather than for the student.

The appearance of the book, like that of the other volumes of Professor Smyth's Series, leaves nothing to be desired.

FOSTER'S TRANSLATIONS OF DIO CASSIUS.*

Of all the ancient writers translations are most generally needed of the historians, and Professor Foster's work, which is to be completed shortly in four volumes, is sure to be heartily welcomed by classical scholars and by historians, and is likely to find favor also with the general reader. The task is a monumental one, not only on account of the great extent of that portion of Dio's work which has been preserved, but also because of the condition of the rest of the work. In an introduction the author gives a very clear account of Dio and of the fate of his History, with a bibliography of the more recent works dealing with his author and a list of articles in periodicals for the years 1884-1894. There follows a translation of the epitome of books i-xxi from the Chronicon of Johannes Zonaras, in which the fragments which are supposed to give Dio's own words are printed in capital letters. The detached fragments of books xxii-xxxv close the volume. The second volume contains books xxxvi to xliv, and the third, books xlv-li.

The author has certainly succeeded in giving a readable version of Dio, and so far as the reviewer has been able to test it, the translation is accurate and sufficiently literal. The style impresses one as somewhat affected, but it is rarely sufficiently so to become obscure to the plain man. However much one may deprecate the excessive and indiscriminate use of academic titles, a dedication to Mr. Gildersleeve of Baltimore does not impress one favorably, and the reviewer confesses with some shame that he has not succeeded in unraveling the meaning of the Delphic sentence which follows this. It is doubtless a trick of style too, just as Horace, in *Ars Poetica* 263, speaks of faulty metre in a verse without a caesura, that the author makes an eloquent protest against the long sentences of Thucydides and Dio in a sentence which is itself so long that one loses track of its syntax and is obliged to give it a second reading. However, though one suspects that Mr. Foster of Bethlehem, like other Hopkins men, has made a vain attempt to imitate the inimitably piquant style of Mr. Gildersleeve of Baltimore, it would be ungracious to find fault with his desire to relieve the tedium of his lengthy task by occasional eccentricities of diction and of style. As has been said, the version is thoroughly readable and is a real contribution to our literature of translations.

The volumes are handsomely bound and well printed, though the Greek type in the occasional footnotes on textual variants does not correspond with the English. It is frequently out of alinement (pages 54, 89, 100, 135, and 153 of vol. ii) and is sometimes badly or inaccurately printed (pages 334, 341 and 357 of vol. i, and page 110 of vol. ii and page 38 of vol. iii). There are two misprints in the English of the footnote to p. 259, vol. iii.

John C. Rolfe.

*Dio's Rome, an historical narrative originally composed in Greek during the reigns of Septimius Severus, Geta and Caracalla, Macrinus, Elagabalus and Alexander Severus, and now presented in English form by Herbert Baldwin Foster, A.B. (Harvard), Ph.D. (Johns Hopkins), Acting Professor of Greek in Lehigh University. Troy, New York: Pafraets Book Company. Volumes I and II, 1905, volume III, 1906.

A COMPANION TO GREEK STUDIES.*

If it were ever necessary to prove that scholars could place the results of their labors in a brief and compact form and, in so doing maintain the scholarly tone and flavor, this convenient companion and hand-book would demonstrate such a theory beyond question. The object of the book is to present in one volume of 672 pages "information (apart from that contained in histories and grammars) which would be most useful to the student of Greek literature." With this common sense purpose in view the Syndics of the University Press have accomplished their undertaking in

*A *Companion to Greek Studies*, by Leonard Whibley, M.A. The University Press, Cambridge.

a common sense way. They have not hesitated to widen the scope beyond that of other books of this character and we are not merely supplied with a brief survey of Greek life and thought and art, but chapters are assigned to the physical conditions of Greece, to parallel chronological tables of civil events, of literature and art, and finally to criticism and interpretation. Thirty-two writers of acknowledged reputation in the world of scholarship here treat of topics to which they have given special study. Among these we find the names of Sir Richard Jebb, who has written on Literature and Textual Criticism, Edward A. Gardner, the writer on Mythology and Religion and on Daily Life, Charles Waldstein who treats of Prehistoric Art and Sculpture, Henry Jackson, who gives a most excellent treatise on Philosophy, besides A. S. Wilkins, on Education, E. S. Roberts on Epigraphy, and Leonard W. Whibley, the editor, who has taken under his care the chapter on Public Antiquities. There are over forty different titles, which are set forth in a most elaborate table of contents, and finally the book is made attractive and helpful by the introduction of one hundred and forty illustrations and five maps. Scholars have not always been willing to accept a work of this kind. The strange identification of scholarship with abstruse and elaborate methods of presentation has in other days led the learned to look askance at such a collection of articles, simply giving results and knowledge in a concise form with no consideration of controverted points and technical details. But what a blessing to the young student of the classics did the old companion of Dr. Gow prove—yes, and proves to-day. Solomon Reinach rendered a like service in a larger and more important field when he published his *Manuel de Philologie Classique*. The student of Greek will find the present work an encyclopædia which will save him many weary hours of searching in numerous volumes. The editors of Greek classics may refer to it and then devote their commentaries to the study and interpretation of the authors. The only weakness is in a detail of arrangement *i. e.* the neglect of side references and the consequent lack of coherence. There are, therefore, a few contradictions, and subjects closely related are not linked in any way. The subject of "books" is given in connection with education and yet it should form a part of palæography. Wattenbach's *Schriftwesen im Mittelalter* is mentioned in the first article, and not given in the second where it is needed. There is much unevenness in the bibliographies, which are very full in some instances, but either very slender or entirely wanting in others. It seems peculiar to write on textual criticism without a reference to Madvig's *Adversaria Critica* or Cobet's *Variae Lectiones*. The indices which close the book are, with the exception of that of "scholars and modern writers," entirely satisfactory.

James C. Egbert.

EDUCATIONAL BOOK NOTES

HISTORICAL TEXT-BOOKS.

With few subjects of instruction have there been recently so rapid an improvement in the facilities for teaching as in the subject of history. This is notable in the texts themselves, and, since a disbelief in the entire dependence upon texts has been one chief cause of this improvement, in the various means for supplementing the texts. Among such supplementary means the use of source reading has come to be recognised as most valuable in college, high schools or grade. Professor J. H. Robinson's recent text, *Introduction to the History of Western Europe*, together with the two volumes of *Readings in European History*, have previously been noted as among the best of the new texts. The present *Readings in European History*,* *Abridged Edition*, is a one volume condensation of the previous two volumes and is specially designed for those high school classes that have not the time to give to the more extended work. The merits of the selections of the larger volumes, many of which have not been accessible in English before, belong to this volume also. Naturally, it has been found necessary to omit many selections and to condense others. Also the extended bibliographies have been simplified and contain only that which is immediately useable by the high school pupil. In its present form it is the most serviceable collection for the use of the average secondary school.

Under the title *Studies in Roman History*,* E. G. Hardy of Oxford, publishes a revised enlarged edition of his *Christianity and the Roman Government*, together with several other essays on related subjects. All have previously appeared in print, but are well worthy of preservation in this permanent form. All are of a most scholarly, some even of an extremely technical character; and hence all are deserving of the careful attention of the special student. The volume is not designed for nor will it appeal to the general reader or to the novice beginning the study of the subject. In substance the work is a treatise on the atti-

*Ginn and Company, New York.

*Swan, Sonnenschein and Company, Limited, London.

tude of the Roman Government toward Christianity in the light of its treatment of other religions especially the Jewish.

*The Story of Russia** by R. Van Bergen, is a moderately successful attempt to narrate the history of this people now of so much interest in a form attractive to the general reader or to the school boy or girl. However, the early portion of the narration relates so wholly to individual rulers or leaders, chiefly notable for their cruelty and semi-barbarism, and the entire story is so condensed into little more than outlines, that the chief aim of the book is hardly attained. Yet the sympathy with the subject and the general knowledge displayed by the author render the little volume a very serviceable sketch of the rise to territorial power of the people now playing so prominent part in the making of history. The central theme is that of territorial expansion and both dynastic history and account of social life are subordinated to this. In the exposition of this theme the chief value of the book is to be found.

The Story of the Nations—Greece† by E. S. Shuckburgh, is a more successful and more scholarly work than the former, but one more along traditional lines. When one recalls that one of the first issues of this series dealt with the same subject, the question of the value and the *raison d'être* of this volume immediately arises. These are found in the difference in the point of view of the authors. With the present volume, while each chapter is largely devoted to political narrative, special attention is given to the culture achievements of the Greeks and to the social development of each period. A second characteristic worthy of commendation is the greater proportionate emphasis given to the later period of Greek history than to the earlier. More than half of the volume is devoted to the period from the Macedonian Conquest. This undoubtedly is a result of the emphasis upon the culture achievements and influence of the people. But this is the feature most of interest to the general reader. The narrative is well written and in this respect is superior to several of the recent volumes of this series.

LITERATURE.

Manual of American Literature‡ by James B. Smiley. Mr. Smiley's book should have been called a Manual of American Authors. That is to say, he has dealt with the chief writers almost independently and then grouped in one chapter the rest, from James K. Paulding to Jack London. Such a method does not recommend itself to us. We feel the neglect of the historical element. Perhaps Mr. Smiley would say that our literature has had no history. We could ourselves propose an argument in favor of studying each author by himself, or rather his writings, without regard to his historical position. A poem is a poem whenever and by whomever written. If you really possess it entirely you have something better than a knowledge of the position in the history of the country's literature. But from such a standpoint one will not need a book like Mr. Smiley's, for his compilation presents little but facts, and refers the student to the books themselves for the real thing, wherein he is, of course, quite right.

LOGIC.

*An Elementary Logic** by John Russell, is a text-book for beginners in the science of logic. As such, its definitions are in simple language, and its treatment of the subject is such as to avoid troublesome difficulties. Only the major problems are set forth, and there is reason to believe that, in its present form, the book has been so arranged that young students can grasp the subject matter. Deductive Logic, which is here called the Logic of Consistency, is treated at length. Three-fifths of the books are devoted to it. The remainder is devoted to Inductive Logic, or the Logic of Science. Though the terminology differs the treatment is along the traditional lines; the aim of the writer being to make clear the difference between these two types of thinking. The content is treated in an interesting way, thus avoiding the dry and mathematical method so common to most text books on this subject. Maturer minds, who desire to study without the aid of a teacher, will find this book very helpful.

MODERN LANGUAGE TEXTS.

The Introduction to Scientific German by R. Blochman,† edited with notes and vocabulary by F. W. Meisnest, consists of eight popular lectures dealing with air, water, light and heat. They are as the editor states, "clear and concise in style," and well adapted for beginning students of scientific German. There is a brief introduction intended to aid the student in mastering the troublesome participial construction. The notes are clear and simple. The vocabulary is intended to be complete.

The edition of *Wilhelm Tell, Schauspiel von Friedrich Schilller*,‡ with introduction, notes and vocabulary by E. C. Roedder, claims a right to exist among the already numerous editions because of certain unique features. The foot-notes, for example, are planned to give the student a clear picture of the stage setting of the drama and also aid him to read the lines fittingly. It seems strange that such a commendable feature has not found its way in

*American Book Company.
†G. P. Putnam's Sons.
‡American Book Company, New York.

*New York: The Macmillan Company.
†Henry Holt and Company, New York.
‡American Book Company, New York.

previous editions. There hardly seems an equal need for the appendix, consisting chiefly of a number of poems, under the general head, *Tell and his Country in Song and Ballad.* The introduction reads very well in spite of the unattractive crowded make-up of the pages. Worthy of note also is the successful attempt of the editor to suggest in the vocabulary meanings of words and phrases in keeping with the spirit of the drama.

*Im Sonnenschein,** von Theodor Storm, edited for school-use by G. L. Swiggett, contains the story *Ein grünes Blatt* in addition to the one used as the book-title.. Both stories are well adapted as outside-reading for those wishing to add to their knowledge of Storm. The notes are simple and the vocabulary seems adequate.

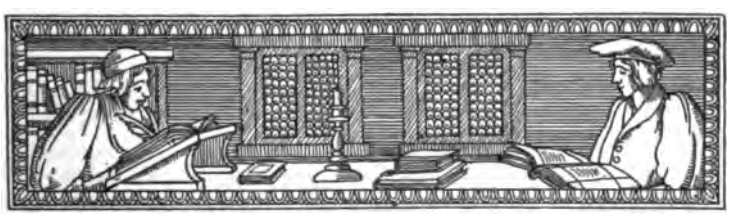
La Poudre aux Yeux,† *Comédie en deux actes,* par Labiche et Martin, with introduction, notes and vocabulary by V. E. François, is a simple, interesting comedy, suitable for high school or college classes. It contains the usual brief introduction, a few foot-notes and vocabulary. In addition there are composition exercises consisting of questions in French and short English sentences for translation. It would be interesting to ascertain how many teachers make use of these and similar exercises now found in so many modern language texts. The critic is inclined to believe that the use made of them does not justify the labour of the editor.

*American Book Company, New York.
†American Book Company, New York.

RHETORIC.

*Composition Rhetoric,** by Stratton D. Brooks and Marietta Hubbard. This book, so far as one can judge without a trial in class, is a good one. It is certainly sound in principle and ingeniously worked out on the lines that it proposes to itself. It is true that it obviates some of the difficulties of teaching Rhetoric by practically omitting the great topic of diction. Other books that lay stress on diction, entirely omit the topics of invention and disposition, which make up the subject matter of this book. But as these latter topics are those that arouse the interest and cultivate the power of thought, they appear to us to be fundamental. So thought the ancient teachers of the art, and so, (it would appear) think the English at the present day. We have found more of interest in this book than in any we have seen of late.

*Marietta Hubbard. American Book Company, New York.



THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED.

NEW YORK CITY

D. Appleton and Company:

Marcelle the Mad. By Seth Cook Comstock.

In France, in the days of Louis XI with messengers rushing about in response to a call from the House of Burgundy, the scenes of this story open. Marcelle, who takes the part of both man and woman, leads a band of outlaws and is one of the principles in a double romance. The reason for her bitter hatred against the House of Burgundy is not disclosed until near the end of the story.

The Triumphs of Eugene Valmont. By Robert Barr.

The recent detective stories by Robert Barr have been published in one volume. The first story tells of the French detective's defeat and his dismissal from the French service. It was in England, where the scenes of the remaining stories are laid, that he met with success. Among the twenty-four titles are: The Finding of the Fated Five Hundred, The Midnight Race Down the Seine, The Strange House in Park Lane, The Ghost with the Clubfoot, Liberating the Wrong Man, and The Fascinating Lady Alicia.

The False Gods. By George Horace Lorimer.

A Boston newspaper reporter, who is sent to New York to get a story about theosophism and its priestesses, tells this tale in his own words. He becomes the secretary of a woman who claims to be the reincarnation of Madame Blavatsky. In her home he thinks he discovers scandal, as her husband has gone away and left a handsome clergyman in charge of his wife's collection of Egyptian mummies. The reporter writes up a long story for his paper, in which he accuses the wife and the man of murdering the husband. The balance of the book is devoted to the impression which this story makes.

The Chateau of Montplaisir. By Molly Elliot Seawell.

Louis Victor de Latour and Victor Louis de Latour take prominent parts in this story. The former owns nothing in the world but the dilapidated Chateau of Montplaisir, while the latter is a soap-boiler, with plenty of money but no family position. Louis Victor accepts from Victor Louis the sum of three hundred thousand francs for sharing his family tree and is legally made his nephew. Many absurd situations which arise from the relationship are straightened out and the affairs end in four weddings.

The Great Refusal. By Maxwell Gray.

Upon finishing his course at Eton, Adrian Bassett, a young social reformer, refuses to share the tainted fortune of his father and devotes his time and attention to the slums. This, of course, shuts the door of his father's home to him and breaks his engagement with the daughter of a noted Irish house. He spends years in the study of social problems and eventually marries a girl who has always loved him.

The Castle of Lies. By Arthur Henry Vesey.

While mountain climbing Mr. Haddon, the hero, is branded a coward by his failure to risk his own life for that of his companion, who had fallen over a precipice. Soon after he meets the sweetheart of this man. Having told her the whole story she shows him that his duty is to save a life for a life. Soon after political intrigue comes into the story and there are many exciting adventures and hairbreadth escapes. The hero by his cleverness removes the stain from his name and wins out. The book takes its title from the castle owned by a Countess, the villain of the story, which, with its mistress, is important to the working out of the tale.

Brentano's:

Plays: Pleasant and Unpleasant. By Bernard Shaw.

The first volume of this new edition of dramas by Bernard Shaw contains the plays which are classed as unpleasant: Widower's Houses, The Philander, and Mrs. Warren's Profession. In the second volume, which contains the pleasant plays, are: Arms and the Man, Candida, The Man of Destiny, and You Never Can Tell. Both volumes contain prefaces and introductions. The work was previously published in 1898.

F. M. Buckles and Company:

The Poems of Oscar Wilde. 2 Vols.

This is said to be the first complete collection of Oscar Wilde's poems to appear in England or America. In the first volume are the general titles: Ra-

venna, Poems, Eleitheria, Rosa Mystica, and Wild Flowers. The sub-heads for the second volume are: Flowers of Gold, Impressions Du Théatre, The Fourth Movement, The Sphinx, The Ballad of Reading Jail, and Uncollected Poems. Under most of these titles there are included a number of poems of various lengths. Mr. Wilde will, it is claimed, be remembered longer for his lyrics than for anything else he has written.

The Century Company:

A Diplomatic Adventure. By S. Weir Mitchell.

This serio-comic story narrates the experiences of Secretary Greville, American Minister to France during the Civil War. The plot turns on a stolen dispatch which is found in the hands of the American Minister during that period when the Emperor was trying to force England to look upon the Confederate States as a nation. A pretty woman, who seeks refuge in a stranger's cab, is the cause of several duels, and there is much excitement before all is cleared up.

The Soul of the People. By William M. Ivins.

"A New Year's Sermon" upon social and political duty; by the Republican candidate for mayor of New York City in 1905.

G. W. Dillingham Company:

Party Leaders of the Time. By Charles Willis Thompson.

"Character studies of public men at Washington, Senate portraits, house etchings, snapshots at executive officers and diplomats, and flashlights in the country at large." This sub-title gives an excellent idea of just what this book is. The author has endeavoured to make clear the personalities of the public men of our time. He has confined the sketches chiefly to the men met in Washington,—the great centre for public men of America. Thirty-two portraits have been reproduced as full-page illustrations.

Lady Jim of Curzon Street. By Fergus Hume.

Lady Jim is the beautiful but unscrupulous wife of Lord Jim, the younger son of the Duke of Pentland. Lord Jim had but little money and the plot of the story hangs on the scheming of Lady Jim to secure her husband's life insurance before his death. Just how this is done and the ultimate fate of Lady Jim is left for the reader to discover.

Chip, Of the Flying U. By B. M. Bower.

The scenes of his story are laid on a western ranch, the Flying U. Chip, the hero, is sent to the station to bring the proprietor's sister, who is coming to spend the summer with her brother, the owner of the ranch. The sister i young and fair and is, also, a physician. She overcomes the prejudice of all the cowboys, particularly of Chip, when she saves the life of his favourite horse, and when she sets a broken collar-bone and treats a badly sprained ankle for him. That he eventually wins her for his wife may be surmised before the reader reaches the end of the story.

Skiddoo! By Hugh McHugh.

The tenth of the John Henry books gives the opinions of that gentleman concerning upper berths, cooks, patriotism, mosquitoes, street car etiquette, social affairs, and chafing dishes. Humour, witticisms, and the latest slang are generously sprinkled throughout the book. Gordon H. Grant has made the characteristic drawings.

The Financier. By Harris Burland.

John Gramphorn the principal figure in this tale of international intrigue, high finance, love, crime, and the African goldfields, is said to bear a striking resemblance to Cecil Rhodes. In order that the British Empire may become aroused concerning the possessions of Mashangweland, which the Germans also covet, Gramphorn pays George Stanyon a large sum of money to go to this African kingdom and report the discovery of rich gold mines. A beautiful young German woman, in charge of the German Secret Service in England, works for her people in an intelligent way, and an actress who is loved by both Gramphorn and Stanyon is an important character in the book.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

Cowardice Court. By George Barr McCutcheon.

The proximity of two estates in the Adirondacks, one owned by the rich American wife of an ignoble English peer and the other by a wealthy young bachelor, is the reason for the feud which springs up between the two families. A haunted house and a terrific thunderstorm play important parts in the romance which develops between the peer's sister and the athletic bachelor. The illustrations in colour are by Harrison Fisher, and the decorations by T. B. Hapgood.

The Happy Christ. By Harold Begbie.

If this work proves useful to those who experience difficulty in telling children the story of Jesus with absolute

and convincing reality, and those children old enough to know themselves teased by the perplexities of religious instruction, it will have accomplished its purpose.

Eaton and Mains:

Down in Porto Rico. By George Milton Fowles.

The object of this book is to give a true picture of Porto Rican life as it is to-day. The subjects dealt with are: Physical and Historical Sketches, The Homes of the People, Characteristics and Customs, Education, Morals and Religion, and Industrial and Political Situation. There are seventeen full-page illustrations.

J. B. Elwell:

The Declaration. By J. B. Elwell.

One of the lessons in Mr. Elwell's Bridge Correspondence Course is given in this pamphlet. This lesson teaches and illustrates the importance of the declaration of the trump.

R. F. Fenno and Company:

The Circular Study. By Anna Katharine Green.

This story, first published about six years ago, is reprinted in the Popular Edition.

Fox, Duffield and Company:

The Vest-Pocket Standard Dictionary. Abridged by James C. Fernald.

This abridgment of the Standard Dictionary is "designed to give the orthography, pronunciation, syllabication, and definition of more than 26,000 words in the speech of the English-speaking peoples." It contains a gazetteer, maps, of the United States, etc.

The Ghosts of Their Ancestors. By Weymer Jay Mills.

In this volume those persons who would rather rely upon the merits of their ancestors than upon their own worth are ridiculed in a good-natured way. The story contains a romance between a young man whose ancestors are not at all famous, and a young woman whose family worship at the shrine of their noted Knickerbocker lineage. After all the Knickerbocker ghosts have been viewed by the living members of the family, the traditions are swept away and the hero is found worthy of the girl. John Rae has made several characteristic illustrations for the book.

The Grafton Press:

Common Sense Gardens. By Cornelius V. V. Sewell.

The aim of this book is "to point out to the owners of small and unostentatious places a way to plant their grounds and make their gardens with small expense; to use the best known indigenous trees and the shrubs and plants that have been identified for so long with American gardens that they have become American by adoption; and to obtain, with these, good and lasting effects that will be the means of ever-increasing enjoyment, yet will not entail the cares and worries that inevitably accompany elaborateness and display." There are nearly one hundred full-page illustrations.

The Art and Craft of the Author. By C. E. Heisch.

The two points which the author discusses from various standpoints in this volume are the need of something to say and the skill to say it. He has endeavoured to point out principles which the reader may apply to himself, rather than to lay down rules.

Harper and Brothers:

Their Husbands' Wives. Harper's Novelettes. Edited by W. D. Howells and H. M. Alden.

In naming this little collection of tales, of varied interest but of single purport, "the editors have had peculiarly in mind those wives who perpetuate in the latest woman the ideal of the earliest." Mark Twain, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Abby Meguire Roach, Emery Pottle, George Hibbard, and Grace Ellery Channing are each represented by a story in which some phase of married life has been illustrated. This is the initial volume in a series of novelettes which will be brought out by these publishers.

The Princess Olga. By Ervin Wardman.

The hero of this romantic tale of adventure is a young American engineer. He accepts a commission to go to Crevonia, a small imaginary kingdom in Europe, for the purpose of straightening out a tangled state of affairs. He falls in love with Mlle. Vaillant, who represents herself to be a firm ally of the Princess Olga whom Harding, the engineer, is going to try to keep from taking the throne after the king's death. Although directly in opposition to the heroine's wishes, the hero accomplishes his purpose after many exciting adventures for both himself and Mlle. Vaillant, who is really Princess Olga. When given her choice as to whether she shall be a sovereign or his wife, the heroine comes to America.

Chatwit, The Man-talk Bird. By Philip Verrill Mighels.

A magpie that learned to talk man-talk while in captivity is the central

figure in Mr. Mighels's new book. Chatwit escapes to the forest and astonishes the birds and beasts by the knowledge thus acquired. The creatures inhabiting these wilds—the lion, the bear, the coyote, the buzzard, etc.—conspire against him, but by his strange power he outwits them all. When, however, every creature of the animal world is forbidden to befriend Chatwit on pain of death, he comes back broken-hearted to his boy master. Characteristic illustrations by the author add to the interest of the book.

The Spoilers. By Rex Beach.

Reviewed elsewhere in this magazine.

Mark Twain's Library of Humor. Women and Things.

The second volume of Mark Twain's Library of Humor contains thirty short stories and poems. Among the contributors are : George Ade, Josephine Daskam Bacon, John Kendrick Bangs, Gelett Burgess, May Isabel Fisk, Bret Harte, Marietta Holley, William Dean Howells, Owen Wister, Samuel L. Clemens, and seventeen others. Characteristic pictures illustrate several of the stories.

In Sun or Shade. By Louise Morgan Sill.

Many of the poems in this collection are here published for the first time; others have previously appeared in periodicals. Mrs. Sill's verses are said to be very impressive. There are over one hundred poems in the volume.

Henry Holt and Company:

Rahab. By Richard Burton.

This drama in blank verse tells the story of "The Woman of Jericho," founded on the Biblical story. In Dr. Burton's version Rahab plans a way of escape for the two spies of Israel, one of whom is her lover, and denies all knowledge of their whereabouts to the king's messengers; the second act represents the first day of the siege, when the gates of the city are closed to all who would go either in or out; the last act pictures the downfall of the city.

The Nonchalante. By Stanley Olmsted.

Two American students in a German university town play important parts in this tale. The heroine, from whom the book takes its title, is also an American girl who is studying to be an opera singer. Both students fall victims to the heroine. The story is said to give a vivid pen picture of Dresden and the colony of men and women who study there.

John F. Kelly:

The Man with the Grip. By John F. Kelly.

This "series of original stories, rhymes and illustrations for commercial travelers and other intelligent people" were written by a man who was for twenty-five years a commercial traveler for New York daily and weekly publications.

The Klebold Press:

The Heart of a Rose. By William Marabell.

A narrative drama in three parts: The Rose, The Dream, and The Awakening. While this story is writen in the style of a novel, as it is intended for public presentation on the stage, it should be judged from the dramatic standpoint.

John Lane Company:

The House by the Bridge. By M. G. Easton.

Soon after her father's death the heroine of this story, a girl who scatters sunshine wherever she goes, is taken from the regimental quarters, where she has lived so happily with her father, to the home of her aunt. Her new home is filled with gloom and mystery and the people are morose and silent. She wins the love of her aunt, but lives many years in the house before the mystery is cleared. An exciting scene in the story is when the aunt goes insane and tries to murder the niece. Several of the characters in the tale have stories of their own. The end of the book sees the heroine with every prospect of happiness. The tale is, of course, a love-story.

Love's Testament. By G. Constant Lounsbery.

These sonnets of love, absence, passion, doubt, philosophy, content, separation, solitude, reconciliation, jealousy, and retrospect are arranged in a sequence. There are sixty-six in all.

A Shropshire Lad. By A. E. Housman.

The theme of this narrative poem is given in its title. It is said to be a work of much significance.

Augustine the Man. By Amélie Rives.

A dramatic poem by the author of "The Quick and the Dead." The scenes are laid in Carthage, Milan, Lago Maggiore, and Tagaste. Augustine first appears living happily with the woman he loves and his son. He becomes convinced of his sins and enters the priesthood, taking his son with him. It is left to the reader to discover what effect this action has.

Longmans, Green and Company:

Notes from Nature's Garden. By Frances A. Bardswell.

Among the cornfields, pastures, and uplands of the seacoast of Norfolk

were most of these Nature Studies written. The author has given the names of the seasons to the four parts into which her book is divided. Under Spring there are studies of scare-crows, April's colours, the cuckoo call, etc.; the Summer season includes articles on Weeds or Wild Flowers, The Red Valerian, On Behalf of Insects, Dangerous Wild Flowers, Moths, etc.; under Autumn such subjects as Robin, Bonfires, The Death of the Leaves, The Harvest Mite, etc., are discussed; while Winter deals with Holly and Mistletoe, Winter Stars, Our Turnip-field, The Sun in Winter, and Sea-gulls in London. The topography of the book and thirty-four illustrations are praiseworthy.

The Pharsalia of Lucan. By Sir Edward Ridley.

The second edition of this translation into blank verse, the first appearing in 1896, has been revised and corrected wherever it has seemed necessary or advisable.

Life of Danton. By A. H. Beesly.

Some errors in words or punctuation have been rectified in this the third edition of a work which was first printed in 1899. A few alterations have been made and two appendices, in which "The State of France before the Revolution" and "Robespierre" are discussed, have been added. More notes have also been included.

McClure, Phillips and Company:

Plays and Lyrics. By Cale Young Rice.

In this collection will be found the play "Yolanda of Cyprus," never before published; new lyrics, "David," which first appeared in America in 1904; and reprints from other volumes of poetry by Mr. Rice. The author has endeavoured to include only his best work.

"Pigs is Pigs." By Ellis Parker Butler.

The whole difficulty in this humourous story arose over a dispute between the freight agent and the consignee concerning the rates on a consignment of two guinea pigs—was it fifty or sixty cents? Mr. Will Crawford has made five illustrations for the book.

In Our Town. By William Allen White.

The nineteen stories contained in this collection are written by the editor of a Western newspaper and are said to portray the persons and the things which happen in "our town," as seen through his window. Mr. White has endeavoured to do for a Kanasas town what Barrie has done for a Scottish town in "A Window in Thrums." Some of the titles are: The Society Editor, The Coming of the Leisure Class, Our Loathed but esteemed Contemporary, A Pilgrim in the Wilderness, The Tremolo Stop, Sown in our Weakness, etc. F. R. Gruger and W. Glackens have made the illustrations.

The Four Million. By O. Henry.

New York life on the Bowery, on Fifth avenue, on Wall street, at Coney Island, in fact, about every phase of life to be found in the city, is portrayed in the twenty-five stories included in this volume. "Tobin's Palm" is a humourous tale which describes the visit of an Irishman to a Coney Island palmist; "The Memoirs of a Yellow Dog" records the reminiscences of a pedigreed dog; in one story a broker falls in love with his stenographer; in another a clerk and his wife have a comfortable home and give Christmas presents on a very small salary. Some of the titles are: A Cosmopolitan in a Café, The Man About Town, The Cop and the Anthem, A Service of Love, Springtime a la Carte, Sisters of the Golden Circle, etc.

The Macmillan Company:

The Life of John Wesley. By C. T. Winchester.

This biography does not consider Wesley "merely as the founder of a great religious body, but as one of the most prominent figures of the eighteenth century, and as the leader of a movement profoundly affecting English society." Special attention is given to the personality, tastes. habits, and studies of Wesley, and to his attitude toward the social conditions, and the political questions of his own day.

New York Book Supply Company:

Rhapsody. By Alfred Hitch.

A paper-covered book containing both poetry and prose. In the first part of the volume are poems on various subjects; the prose selections are on Race Suicide, The Supernatural, Walt Whitman, and The Awakening. There are, also, the "advance sheets from an United States historical work, A.D. 2900."

The Outing Publishing Company:

The Lucky Piece. By Albert Bigelow Paine.

This is a story of the Adirondacks. The hero is a rich college man who finds his wealth a hindrance to real effort. It falls to the lot of the heroine to "make a man of him." The story takes its title from a small Spanish coin which the hero gave the heroine when they were but children, an incident

which he promptly forgot but which she always remembered, as she attributed her friends, health, and wealth to the luck which it brought her.

The Throwback. By Alfred Henry Lewis.

A romance of the Southwest. Alan Gordon, after being told by his father that he is a savage and that civilisation and refinement are lost on him, leaves his Southern home and goes to Texas and the Southwest. Here he proves himself a leader and has many exciting adventures. Once, when attacked by thirty Kiowa Indians, he kills seventeen. There is a villain relative who tries to cheat him out of his inheritance; an equally villainous associate; a pretty cousin whom he marries and brings back to his old home; and several other characters who are important to the story. This book will be found interesting to all who find entertainment in stories of cowboys and of wild ranch life. N. C. Wyeth has made the illustrations.

James Pott and Company:

Robert Louis Stevenson. By G. K. Chesterton and W. Robertson Nicoll.

A new edition of a monograph which has met with general favour in another form. The discussion of the characteristics, personality, and style of Mr. Stevenson are followed by a biographical note. A portrait of the subject appears as the frontispiece.

The Foundation of the Republic. By Edward Everett Hale.

"The Foundation" and "The Ideas of the Founders," the two addresses included in this small volume, were delivered by Dr. Hale before the departments of Government and Sociology in the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences on the evenings of November 4, 1905, and November 4, 1903, respectively. A portrait of Dr. Hale is the frontispiece.

Undistinguished Americans. Edited by Hamilton Holt.

From a collection of about seventy-five biographies of undistinguished American men and women, recently published periodically, these sixteen have been selected as being "most representative of the humbler classes in the nation, and of individuals whose training and work have been the most diverse." There are stories of the butcher, the bootblack, the push-cart peddler, the dressmaker, the nurse girl, the cook, the editor, the minister, the butler, etc. They represent the five great races of mankind and include immigrants from Lithuania, Poland, Sweden. Ireland, France, Germany, Italy, Greece, Syria, China, and Japan. Mr. Edwin E. Slosson has written an introduction to the book.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Brown of Moukden. By Robert Strang.

Last year Mr. Strang portrayed the Japanese side of the war in "Kobo;" in this year's story the same war is viewed from a Russian standpoint. Boys will find Jack Brown's efforts and adventures, while endeavouring to rescue his father from a Russian prison, both exciting and interesting. Mr. Strang is called Henty's successor. The story is illustrated with full-page pictures, maps, and plans.

Saints in Society. By Margaret Baillie-Saunders.

The rise to the candidacy for Parliament of a young London printer is the foundation upon which this story is laid. Flattered by the sudden financial and social success with which he meets, he becomes a regular cad. His wife, for whom, on acount of her origin, he never had any social hopes, becomes a real saint in society. This book was noted among these pages when it appeared in London.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Joseph Jefferson. By Francis Wilson.

Reviewed elsewhere in this magazine.

Francisco De Goya. By Richard Muther.

The life of this Spanish master has been added to the Langham Series of Art Monographs. In addition to the frontispiece, which is a portrait of Goya made by himself, there are sixteen full-page illustrations of his work. The volume is imported by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Tower. By Mary Tappan Wright.

Mrs. Wright's latest book is a picture of the faculty side of college life. There are several pairs of lovers but the real romance of the book is between an instructor who, eighteen years before, had left the town, undecided as to whether or not he loved Miss Langdon, the president's daughter. He returns in the belief that he loves her, but finds her somewhat inclined to meddle in the affairs of others. A widow, who lives at the college. is very agreeable and the hero proposes to her. Her first marriage being so unhappy, she hesitates before giving an answer. In the meantime, the hero proposes to and is accepted by Miss Langdon.

Six Stars. By Nelson Lloyd.

This book takes its title from the name of the tiny Pennsylvania village in which the characters of the different

stories reside. In the town are a small store, a blacksmith shop, a few scattered houses; a pretty music teacher, a church choir, a village bachelor, and the inevitable small boy. The village gossips, who congregate at the store, the annual hog guessing contest, the love affairs of the village choir, etc., are responsible for some of the sixteen stories in the collection. Howard Pyle, A. B. Frost, F. C. Ransom, and Albert Levering, have illustrated the book.

Later Queens of the French Stage. By H. Noel Williams.

The first book, recently published, which Mr. Williams wrote, dealt with the wife of Molière, Marie du Champmesté, Justine Favart, and others. The six "stage stars" discussed in his newest work were born in the middle or latter part of the eighteenth century. Their names are: Sophie Arnould, Mlle. Guimard, Mlle. Raucourt, Mme. Dugazon, Mlle. Contat, and Mme. Saint-Huberty. A portrait of Sophie Arnould is the frontispiece.

Essays of Addison.

An addition to the Caxton Thin Paper Classics, imported by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. The volume contains about three-fourths of all the essays written by Addison, including those from The Tatler, The Spectator, The Guardian, and The Lover. A portrait of Addison is the frontispiece.

The Law-breakers. By Robert Grant.

Reviewed elsewhere in this issue of THE BOOKMAN.

Things Indian. By William Crooke.

The object of the author in making these discursive notes on various subjects connected with India, has been "to search in the by-ways of Anglo-Indian literature, and discuss some of the quaint and curious matters connected with the country which are not specially considered in the ordinary books of reference." There are over one hundred and fifty subjects dealt with. The volume is intended to form one of a series which already includes "Things Chinese" and "Things Japanese," by Dr. J. D. Ball and Professor B. H. Chamberlain, respectively.

Byron. 3 Vols.

The works of Lord Byron are here published in The Caxton Thin Paper Classics and are imported. Volume I contains the Shorter Poems; Volume II, the Satires and Dramas; and Volume III, the Longer Poems. The frontispieces are reproductions of portraits of Lord Byron, Lady Byron, and the Countess Quiccioli, respectively.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

The Basses: Fresh Water and Marine. By William C. Harris and Tarleton H. Bean. Edited and Illustrated by Louis Rhead.

A companion volume to the Editor's Brook Trout book, previously published. The chief purpose of the work is "to supply readers with complete information, not only how, when, and where to fish for bass, but also to enable them to find 'poetic descriptions, entertaining accounts, and pleasing vicissitudes of angling,' so that they may catch a glimpse, if possible, of the glamour and light of nature-study, without which half of the delight in fishing would be lost." The fresh water basses are discussed by Mr. Harris, and the marine by Mr. Bean. The volume, which presents a handsome appearance, contains twenty-three illustrations, six of which are in colour, sixteen in black and white, and one a photogravure.

The Siege of the South Pole. By Hugh R. Mill.

"This book has been the burden of the holidays of three years—in Switzerland, in Scotland, and in the United States—and it expresses the result of the reading of thirty." It is the story of many attempts to reach the South Pole from the time the idea was first thought of to the present time. The volume is well illustrated with pictures, maps and charts.

The Morrison I. Swift Press:

Marriage and Race Death. By Morrison I. Swift.

The author seeks in this volume to give a true anatomy of modern society. This, he believes, will lead to the purification of society and will provide a foundation upon which a better race may be built. The sub-title of the book is "The Foundations of an Intelligent System of Marriage."

Benj. R. Tucker:

Slaves to Duty. By John Badcock, Jr.

A pamphlet containing a lecture delivered over twelve years ago.

Modern Marriage. By Emile Zola.

The contents of this brochure have been translated by Mr. Benj. R. Tucker. Four examples are cited, as illustrating modern marriage, where the man "has no time to love, and he marries his wife without knowing her, without being known by her."

BOSTON, MASS.

Richard G. Badger:

Shadow Land. By Florence H. Robertson.

These stories of the South have been written in memory of the unfaltering devotion and underlying love of the old negro slaves of Virginia. Miss Tilly an' Marse Jeems, Ubique Fidelis, and Children of the Woods are the titles of the tales. Mr. Robert E. Withers has written an introduction.

The Dying Musician. By Mary Elizabeth Powell.

Verses by a Maryland woman said to echo the old "Sunny South." The poems all have a connection.

Tangled Threads. By M. E. Dudley.

This is a tale of Mormonism told in verse illustrated by six full-page illustrations. It is divided into nine cantos.

Over the Bridge and Other Poems. By Ella M. Truesdell.

Nearly one hundred poems are included in this collection. Their themes cover a wide range of subjects.

Mystery of the West. By Henry Nehemiah Dodge.

The first of the three poems in this collection gives the book its title. This is said to be an epic of Freedom. The second poem "Chant for the Children of Mystery," may be called an interlude between the two greater poems. In the last poem, "Freedom," having taken up her abode in America, is figured as enthroned in the centre of the continent. To her throng the oppressed of every nation, each greeting her and supplicating her in a song, setting forth his peculiar wrongs."

Oliver Ditson Company:

College Songs. Compiled by Henry Randall Waite.

A new and enlarged edition of a well-known collection of songs. There are "jolly songs, nonsense songs, convivial songs, plantation melodies, serenades, songs of rollicking swagger, and songs of tender sentiment." There are in all one hundred and thirteen songs.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

The Reading of Shakespeare. By James Mason Hoppin.

These discussions include studies of Shakespeare's Life and Learning, Style, Nature and Art, and Morality. Each play is taken up separately and commented on. They are arranged in groups of Comedies, Greek Plays, Roman Tragedies, Italian Plays, and Some Last Great Plays.

Memories of A Great Schoolmaster. By an Old Saint Paul's Boy.

An appreciative collection of reminiscences of Dr. Henry A. Coit by one of his associates. The fiftieth anniversary, celebrated this year, of St. Paul's School at Concord, N. H., where Dr. Coit ministered for forty years, makes this work most timely. Following a biographical sketch are chapters on the School Room, the Class Room, the Doctor's Study, the Doctor's Talks, the Playground, the Chapel, the Sunday Evening Hymn, and an Appendix which contains addresses, papers and letters.

War Government, Federal and State. 1861-1865. By William B. Weeden.

This study of the Civil War period is intended to show that "war government, Federal and State, accomplished most potent and far-reaching results in the readjustment of the relations between States and the nation, and between the people and the governing body." Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Indiana and New York have been chosen as typical States by the author.

Between Two Masters. By Gamaliel Bradford, Jr.

This story turns on the struggle of a young college man to determine whether or not he shall devote his life to the accumulating of money, which will make him heir to his uncle's millions and win for himself the woman of his choice. He decides that he must aid his fellowmen and takes up his work in the College Settlement. Here he finds a woman who is worthy of his love, and in the end all are happy except the young woman who wanted both love and riches.

A Little Sister of Destiny. By Gelett Burgess.

The stories in this volume read like fairy tales. Margaret Million is the name of a wealthy young heiress, whose one ambition in life seems to be to mingle with the common people and befriend them in secret. She assumes the rôle of a chorus girl, cashier, manicurist, artist's model, and maid-servant and each time is the means of bringing lasting happiness to more than one with whom she comes in contact! The first chapter tells how she secures the services of a private secretary who has "manners, honour, kindness, and cleverness." In the last chapter this secretary becomes her fiancé.

The Mayor of Warwick. By Herbert M. Hopkins.

Felicity Wycliffe, the heroine of this story, is an educated girl of aristocratic temperament and the daughter of

the bishop. She is, moreover, inclined to be somewhat socialistic and is fond of experiments. Felicity is much interested in a street car conductor and baseball player, a man who at length becomes the Mayor of Warwick, and eventually her husband. College life and politics are portrayed in the tale.

Cattle Brands. By Andy Adams.

Life on the frontier in the eighties is vividly portrayed in the fourteen stories which Mr. Adams, "a veteran cowboy," has included in this volume. These are tales "of the desperado; of man-to-man difficulties; of queer characters; the adventures of the cowboy in the field of politics; the capture of outlaws by rangers; and the ransom of rich rancheros who have been kidnapped." Some of the titles are: Drifting North, Bad Medicine, A Winter Round-up, A College Vagabond, The Double Trail, Rangering, and The Story of a Poker Steer.

American Literary Masters. By Leon H. Vincent.

The reputation of each of the nineteen American authors whose work is reviewed in this volume rests on some work published between the years 1809 and 1860. The writers are Irving, Bryant, Cooper, Longfellow, Poe, Bancroft, Prescott, Hawthorne, Whittier, Holmes, Motley, Emerson, Thoreau, Taylor, Mitchell, Curtis, Lowell, Whitman, and Parkman. There is a descriptive sketch of the life, the character, the writer, and the works of a different author in each chapter.

Lincoln, Master of Men. By Alonzo Rothschild.

This character study of Lincoln is said to differ from his other biographies in its aim to show the reader his mastery over different types of men, as well as over himself. His physical prowess; his intellectual developments; his political career; the Douglas Debates; Lincoln's relations with Seward, Chase, Stanton, Frémont and McClellan are all handled in chapters by themselves, each chapter being prefaced by a portrait of the character dealt with.

Little, Brown and Company:

The Up-to-Date Waitress. By Janet McKenzie Hill.

"This book is intended as a guide to what may be called good, perhaps ideal, service for waitresses under all circumstances, and not as a set of hard and fast rules from which there is no appeal." There are chapters on the Care of the Dining-Room; Care of the Pantry; Styles of Serving Meals; Serving Breakfast, English Fashion; Serving Dinner, Russian Fashion; Serving Luncheon, Compromise Style; On Carving; Preparing and Dressing Salad Plants; and many other useful subjects.

The Fight for Canada. By William Wood.

A definitive edition of "A Sketch from the History of the Great Imperial War." Major Wood gives the following reasons which justify the writing of this book: first, "all the necessary sources of original information have only now been brought together for the very first time;" second, "the whole subject has never yet been described from the Naval and Military points of view combined together;" third, "the complete history of this Canadian campaign is a most valuable object-lesson in Imperial Defence." The book is illustrated with portraits and maps and contains a bibliography.

A Millionaire of Yesterday. By E. Phillips Oppenheim.

The fight which two men make for life and fortune is the foundation upon which this story is laid. The scenes are divided between England and West Africa. A new edition, illustrated by John W. Kennedy.

Old Washington. By Harriet Prescott Spofford.

The capital city, just after the close of the Civil War, is portrayed in the five stories in this volume. "In a Conspiracy" and "The Colonel's Christmas" are both love stories. The other titles are "A Thanksgiving Breakfast," "A Guardian Angel," and "A Little Old Woman." These studies of the Southern men and women, the old mammies, the politicians, and other characters are said to picture a different Washington from that which exists at present.

Called to the Field. By Lucy Meacham Thruston.

A young Virginian woman whose husband took up arms for the cause of his people a few months after their marriage, tells the story of the war from her standpoint. From a life of luxury and happiness, the young wife suffers the keenest anxiety for the safe return of her husband, father, and brothers; and the state of penury to which she is reduced is illustrated by the feeling of thankfulness for the coming of spring dandelions for food. An old black mammy plays an important part in the love-story of a young girl and her sweetheart which runs through the book.

Maid of Athens. By Lafayette McLaws.

Thyrza, the heroine of this story, is the beautiful "Maid of Athens" to whom Lord Byron is supposed to have written the song bearing that title. Her

father having lost his life for the cause of his country and her mother having taken her own life in order to save herself from the Turks, Thyrza is brought up by a renegade uncle in the employ of the Grand Vizier in Turkey's capitol. Thither came an Englishman, by the name of Byron, who made love to the girl. A Turk, who is himself determined to marry Thyrza, plots to destroy the romance between her and Byron by forging letters, and his duplicity is not discovered in time to avert a tragedy.

The Heart of the Railroad Problem. By Frank Parsons.

"The history of railway discrimination in the United States, the chief efforts at control and the remedies proposed, with hints from other countries." In addition to the foregoing sub-title, this book is said to "reveal the facts in reference to favouritism or unjust discrimination from the beginning of our railway history to the present time, discloses the motives and causes of discrimination, discusses various remedies that have been proposed, and gathers hints from the railway systems of other countries to clarify and develop the conclusions indicated by our own railroad history."

The Man and His Kingdom. By E. Phillips Oppenheim.

A new edition of a tale of love, intrigue, and revolution in South America. Many thrilling adventures are told in the narrative. Ch. Grunwald has made the illustrations.

Kenelm's Desire. By Hughes Cornell.

Kenelm is a full-blooded Alaska Indian, adopted and educated by a white family of British Columbia. Desire, the only daughter of Frau Eda, is a carefully nurtured music-loving girl. She is, moreover, the girl whom Kenelm has determined to marry. The hero, who has inherited an iron will from his ancestors, accomplishes his purpose—marries the girl, is a British Columbian M.P., and is received in the highest social circles.

John W. Luce and Company:

Whistler. By Haldane Macfall.

Stevenson. By Eve Blantyre Simpson.

These are the first and second numbers of the "Spirit of the Age Series." The object of this series is to present to the readers a living, marching personality, breathing with the individuality characteristic of the man or woman, whose work and influence in whatever field of literature or art was his or her chosen one, may be said to faintly reflect the spirit or tendencies of cultivated thought at the present time. By giving the names of the subheads into which the books are divided one can get a general idea of the treatment of each. In the first, they are: The Man, His Career, and That Which He Spoke; in the second, Of the Man, Apprenticeship, and Across the Seas. More books are promised for this series.

L. C. Page and Company:

The Count at Harvard. By Rupert Sargent Holland.

The sub-title—"Being the Adventures of a Young Gentleman of Fashion at Harvard University"—tells just what this book is. There is no distinct plot but the "Count," a nickname given to a typical young American, and Peter and Giles, his two friends, give animated accounts of "The Spring Rowing," "The Pudding Show," "The Yale Baseball Game," "Class Day," a game of whist, the gymnasium, the clubhouse, the dormitory, the lecture room, the theatre, and other phases of college life. Mr. Holland is said to have given a pen portrait of his college life and college friends.

The Pilgrim Press:

The Valley of Troubling. By Grace Duffield Goodwin.

A paper-covered brochure, the first article in which gives its title. Firewood, The Answering Voice, and Mrs. Oliphant's Last Verses are the other selections.

Small, Maynard and Company:

Josiah Warren. By William Bailie.

A sociological study of the first American anarchist. Preceding the biography is an essay defining anarchistic belief in relation to other social forces. A portrait of Mr. Warren is the frontispiece.

Herbert B. Turner and Company:

The Stigma. By Emily Selkirk.

The race problem is the foundation upon which Miss Selkirk has laid her story. One of the chief characters is a mulatto girl, who finds her "stigma" of blood such a curse that she commits suicide. A villainous white man is another important character. A romance between a Southern man and woman runs through the tale.

The Snare of Strength. By Randolph Bedford.

Love, politics, mining, farming, prospecting, and other phases of Australian life are portrayed by the author, who is himself a son of that country. Three

strong men, a proud woman and another weak one play the leading parts in the story. The plot is hinged on the point wherein these strong men are weak, a weakness that means a political defeat.

The Conquest of Jerusalem. By Myriam Harry.

In the European colony at Jerusalem are laid the scenes of this novel. The hero, a young French archaeologist who has gone to the Holy Land to bring back the dead past, loses his hold of the Catholic faith. He meets with an accident and is taken to the hospital, and eventually marries his Protestant nurse. A difference in religious views tends to make a breach between them, which widens with the birth of their child. All three come to a tragic end. Into the story are sprinkled glimpses of the life in the famous city—beggars, lepers, religious sects, mysteries, etc.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Laird and Lee:

A Modern Tragedy. By John Merritte Driver.

A story of love and intrigue, the scenes of which are laid in Italy and America.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

The Glory Seekers. By William Horace Brown.

"The romance of would-be founders of empire in the early days of the Great Southwest." Woven into a narrative that reads like fiction are the facts concerning the early invasions of Spanish territory in the United States. Among the scores of names mentioned are: President Adams, Benedict Arnold, Blennerhasset, James Boivie, Aaron Burr, John Brown, J. R. Giddings, Bernardo Gutierrez, Andrew Jackson, Thomas Jefferson, Reuben Kemper, Augustus Magee, Captain Perry, James Wilkinson, etc., etc. The volume is well illustrated.

Panama to Patagonia. By Charles M. Pepper.

The purpose of this work is "to consider and describe the effect of the Panama Canal on the West Coast countries of South America from the year 1905." The different chapters give illustrations of the increased commerce which the Canal has brought to the Pacific Coast; give suggestions regarding modes of living and methods of travel to those who intend visiting the West Coast countries; give descriptions of the country's resources, topography, political progress, fiscal systems, native races, and social and industrial conditions. The last chapter discusses commerce as a basis of the new Monroe Doctrine. The volume is amply illustrated with pictures and maps.

Hawaiian Yesterdays. By Henry M. Lyman.

"Chapters from a boy's life in the Islands in the early days." Dr. Lyman tells of the experiences of his boyhood, and the life, manners and homes of the people among whom he lived until he went to college. Many of the natural wonders of Hawaii are described and illustrated. The book contains twenty-seven illustrations and two maps.

Old Tales from Rome. By Alice Zimmern.

These tales are intended for young readers. The first part of the book tells the story of Aeneas and his comrades from the fall of Troy to the founding of Lavinium; the second part deals with the early days of Rome; and Part III. contains stories of Italian and Greek origin, giving the legends and myths of Proseipina, Orpheus, Acis and Galatea, Narcissus and Echo, Pyramus and Thisbe, King Midas, Halcyone, and Philemon and Baucis. There are twenty-one full-page illustrations.

Dick Pentreath. By Katharine Tynan.

This novel portrays country life in England, and "there was no one so well liked in the country by rich and poor as Dick Pentreath," the hero. On the evening of Dick's wedding to Dorothea Semple, some of the young men, at a gathering in his honour, played tricks with Dick's glass of wine. When Dick meets Dorothea a little later, he is not quite himself. As a result, instead of his bride, he receives the next day a curt dismissal. Then follow six years of torture and suffering for both, during which time Dick marries a coarse woman from whom death releases him and happiness is theirs at last. There are several other love affairs woven into the story.

The Ghost in Hamlet and Other Essays. By Maurice Francis Egan.

This is a collection of ten essays in "comparative literature"—so-called because "they are founded on qualities in literature that constantly connote comparison, contrast, and the influence of the writer on readers or hearers, who in turn affect him." Other essays are entitled: Imitators of Shakespeare, Some Pedagogical Uses of Shakespeare, Lyrism in Shakespeare's Comedies, The Puzzle of Hamlet, A Definition of Literature, The Ebb and Flow of Romance, etc.

Nicanor: Teller of Tales. By C. Bryson Taylor.

Nicanor, a slave in the days when Britain was ruled by the Romans, in-

herited from his grandfather a wonderful gift for telling tales. Varia, the daughter of a Roman lord, was the one most bewitched. She forgot he was a slave. The story tells of the adventures of Nicanor, of Varia, and of Eldris, a Greek maiden, who loved Nicanor and who was also a slave. The typography of the book is especially praiseworthy. The illustrations, which are in colour, and decorations are by the Kinneys.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

The following is a list of the six most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of April and the 1st of May.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN.

1. Retold in English. Brooks. (Brentano.) $1.00.
2. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. An Angel of Pain. Benson. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. Cowardice Court. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
5. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Alton of Somasco. Bindloss. (Stokes.) $1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN.

Second List

1. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Pam Decides. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Scholar's Daughter. Harraden. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. A Motor Car Divorce. Hale. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN.

1. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. A Maker of History. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner's.) $1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. The Most Beautiful Thing in the World. Swift. (Dutton) $1.00.
2. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Truth About Tolna. Runkle. (Century.) $1.50.
5. Cowardice Court. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
6. The Woman in the Alcove. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Cowardice Court. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
3. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Idlers. Roberts. (L. C. Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Called to the Field. Thurston. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Patriots. Brady. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Great Refusal. Gray. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Dawn of a To-morrow. Burnett. (Scribner's.) $1.00.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

1. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Double Trouble. Quick. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Cowardice Court. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
4. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Silas Strong. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. A Maker of History. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Evasion. Frothingham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Man from America. De La Pasture. (Dutton.) $1.50.
4. The Upton Letters. T. B. (Putman.) $1,25 net.
5. In Old Bellaire. Dillon. (Century.) $1.50.
6. Folly. Ricket. (Baker, Taylor & Co.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Evasion. Frothingham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Girl in Waiting. Eyre. (J. W. Luce & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Count at Harvard. Holland. (L. C. Page & Co.) $1.50.

4. The Triumphs of Eugene Valmont. Barr. (D. Appleton & Co.) $1.50.
5. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. An Angel of Pain. Benson. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Woman in the Alcove. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Silas Strong. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Cowardice Court. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
6. The Dawn of a To-morrow. Burnett. (Scribner's.) $1.00.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

1. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Evasion. Frothingham. (Houghton Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Genius. Potter. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Great Refusal. Gray. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. A Motor Car Divorce. Hale. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. A Maker of History. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
3. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Barbara Winslow, Rebel. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Truth About Tolna. Runkle. (Century.) $1.50.
6. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEXAS.

1. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Double Trouble. Quick. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Barbara Winslow, Rebel. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. On the Field of Glory. Sienkiewicz. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.

DENVER, COLO.

1. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Dawn of a To-morrow. Burnett. (Scribner's.) $1.00.
3. The Quickening. Lynde. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Uncle William. Lee. (Century.) $1.00.
6. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Woman in the Alcove. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Dawn of a To-morrow. Burnett. (Scribner's.) $1.00.
4. Judith. Alexander. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Scarlet Empire. Parry. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. The Dawn of a To-morrow. Burnett. (Scribner's.) $1.00.
2. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

LOS. ANGELES, CAL.

1. The Wood-Carver of Lympus. Waller. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50
3. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Cowardice Court. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
2. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Quickening. Lynde. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Throwback, Lewis. (Outing Publishing Co.) $1.50.
6. Silas Strong. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Dawn of a To-morrow. Burnett. (Scribner's.) $1.00.

4. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Truth About Tolna. Runkle. (Century.) $1.50.
6. The Quickening. Lynde. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

1. The Dawn of a To-morrow. Burnett. (Scribner's.) $1.00.
2. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. Silas Strong. Bacheller. (Harper Bros.) $1.50.
6. The Lake. Moore. (Appleton.) $1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Uncle William. Lee. (Century.) $1.00.
4. Hearts and Creeds. Ray. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
5. Cowardice Court. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
6. The Truth About Tolna. Runkle. (Century.) $1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Famous Introductions to Shakespeare's Plays. Warner. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $2.50 net.
3. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Reckoning. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Truth About Tolna. Runkle. (Century.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Cowardice Court. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
3. The Truth About Tolna. Runkle. (Century.) $1.50.
4. If Youth But Knew. Castle. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. In Old Bellaire. Dillon. (Century.) $1.00.
6. A Diplomatic Adventure. Mitchell. (Century.) $1.25.

OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

1. Chip, of the Flying U. Bower. (Dillingham.) $1.50.
2. Silas Strong. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Fair Margaret. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Field of Glory. Sienkiewicz. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.

PHILA, PA.

1. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Silas Strong. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner's.) $1.50.
4. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Cowardice Court. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
6. Chip, of the Flying U. Bower. (Dillingham.) $1.25.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Alton of Somasco. (Bindloss. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. "Pigs is Pigs." Butler. (McClure.) $.50.
4. A Maker of History. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
5. Silas Strong. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. A Diplomatic Adventure. Mitchell. (Century.) $1.00.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Cowardice Court. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
3. Silas Strong. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Barbara Winslow, Rebel. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Girl from Tim's Place. Munn. (Lathrop, Lee & Sheppard.) $1.50.
6. Uncle William. Lee. (Century Co.) $1.00.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

1. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Silas Strong. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Genius. Potter. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

RICHMOND, VA.

1. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Quickening. Lynde. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Truth About Tolna. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. How to Prepare for Europe. Guerber. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $2.00.
6. Ballads of the Sunlit Years. Gordon. (North American Press.) $1.00.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Uncle William. Lee. (Century.) $1.25.
2. The Girl in Waiting. Eyre. (Luce & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Silas Strong. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Cowardice Court. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Evasion. Frothingham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Dawn of a To-morrow. Burnett. (Scribner's.) $1.00.
5. Silas Strong. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

SEATTLE, WASH.

1. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Cowardice Court. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
4. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner's.) $1.00.
5. The Dawn of a To-morrow. Burnett. (Scribner's.) $1.00.
6. On the Field of Glory. Sienkiewicz. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.

TOLEDO OHIO.

1. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Cowardice Court. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
3. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner's.) $1.00.
6. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. The Truth About Tolna. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Musson Co. Ltd.) $1.50.
3. The Long Arm. Gardenhire. (The Poole Pub. Co.) $1.25.
4. First it Was Ordained. Guy Thorne. (The Musson Book Co. Ltd.) $1.25.
5. The Man of the Hour. Thanet. (McLeod & Allen.) $1.25.
6. Hazel of Heatherland. Grundy. (Baker, Taylor Co.) $1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Long Arm. Gardenhire. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Barbara Winslow, Rebel. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. Cowardice Court. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Cowardice Court. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
4. Uncle William. Lee. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Silas Strong. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Evasion. Frothingham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

					POINTS
A book standing	1st	on any	list	receives	10
"	"	2d	"	"	8
"	"	3d	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.	263
2. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.	131
3. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.	117
4. Cowardice Court. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.	99
5. Silas Strong. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.50	72
6. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.	61
6. The Dawn of a To-Morrow. Burnett. (Scribner's.) $1.50.	61



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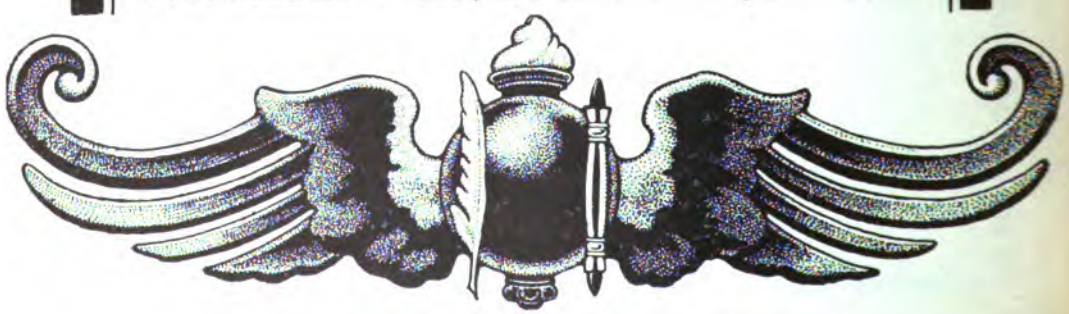
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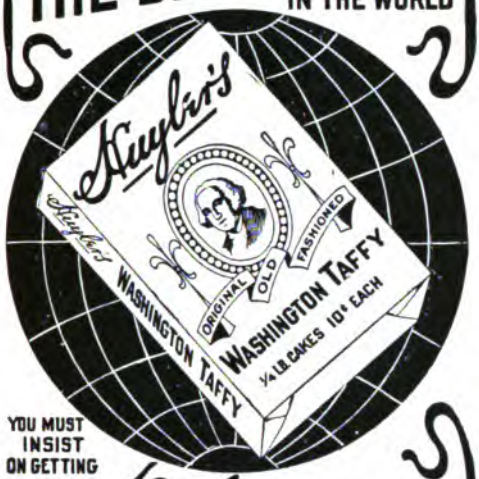
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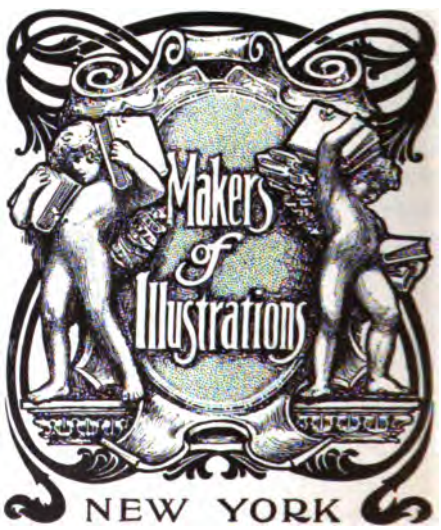
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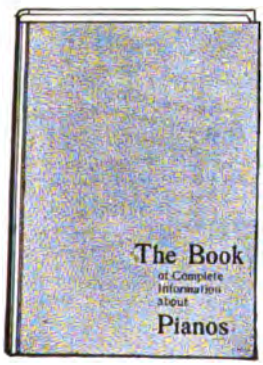
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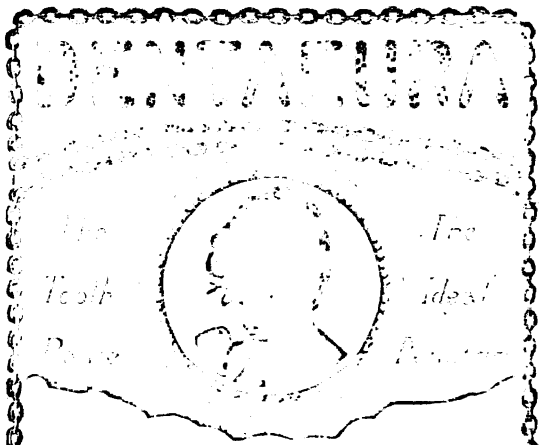
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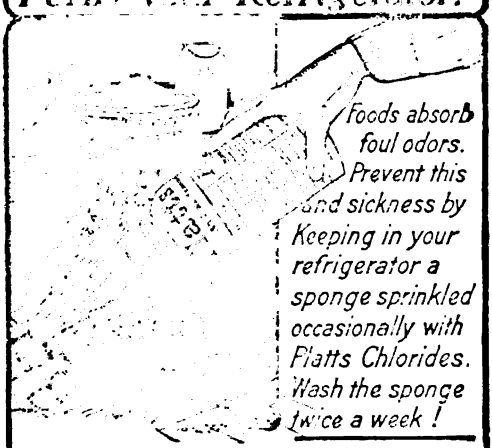
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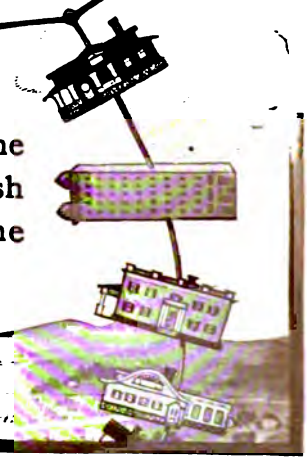
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VOL. XXIII. No. 5

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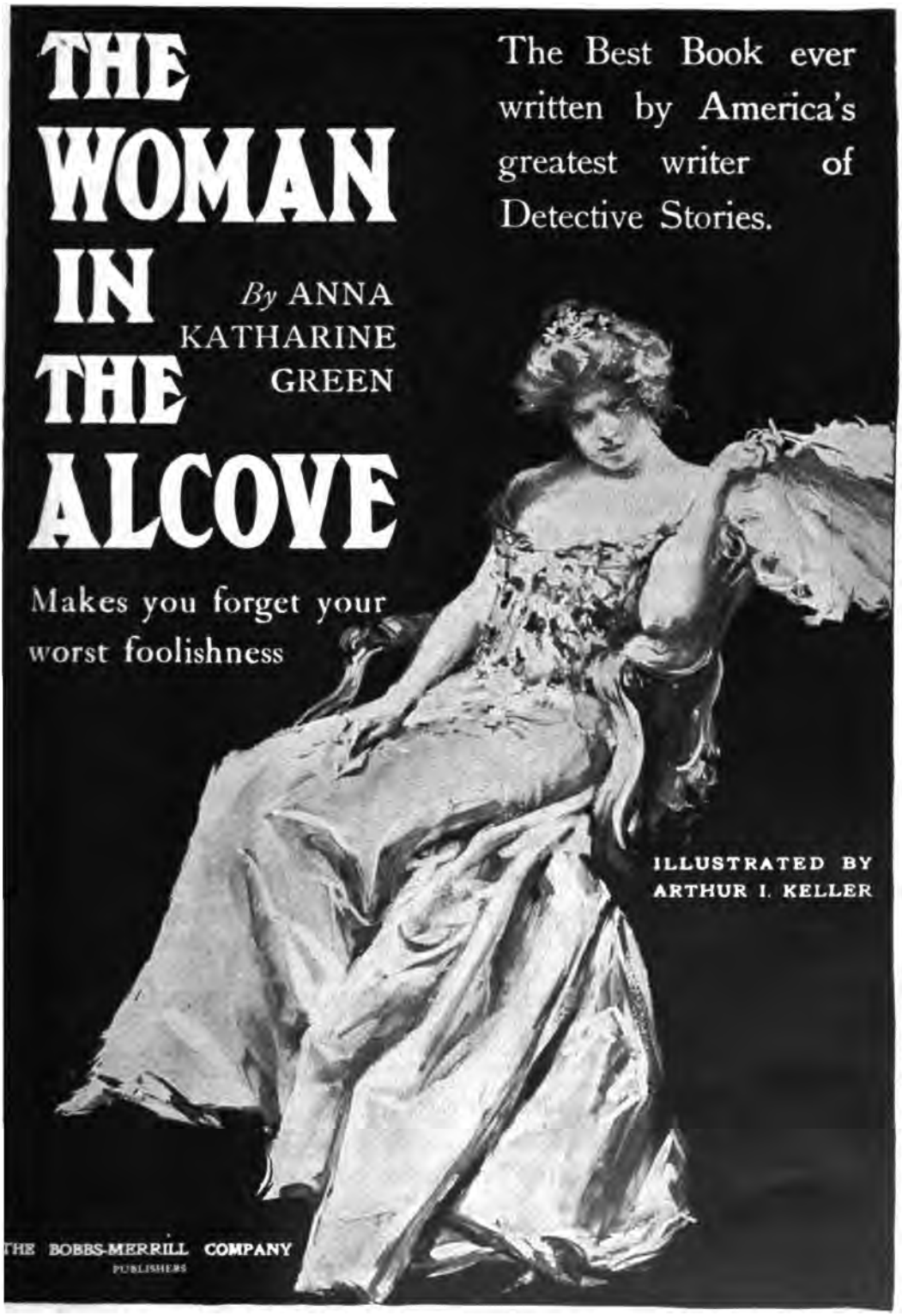
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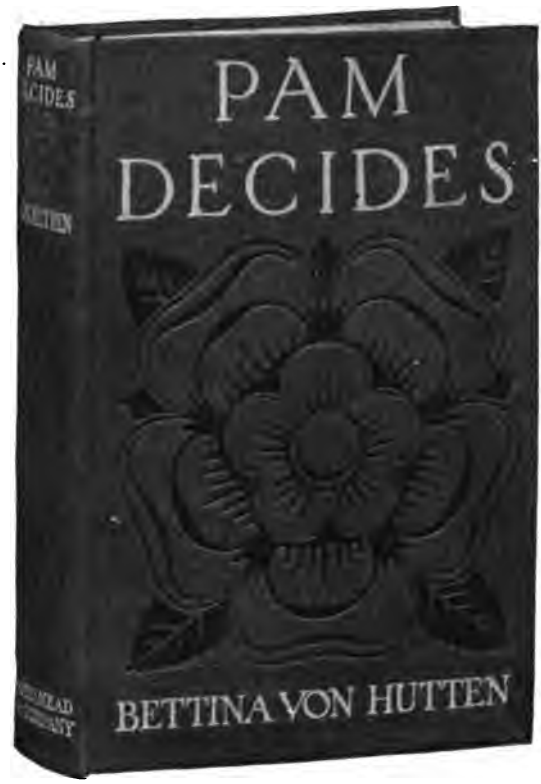
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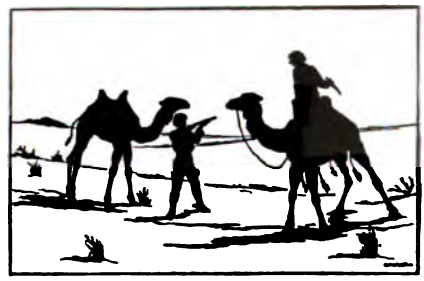
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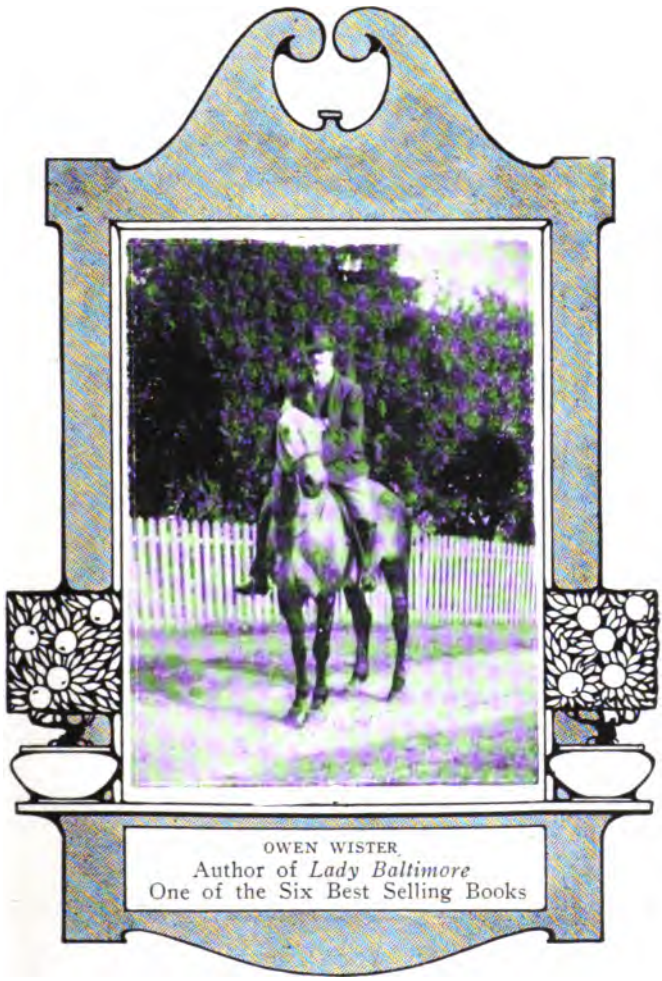
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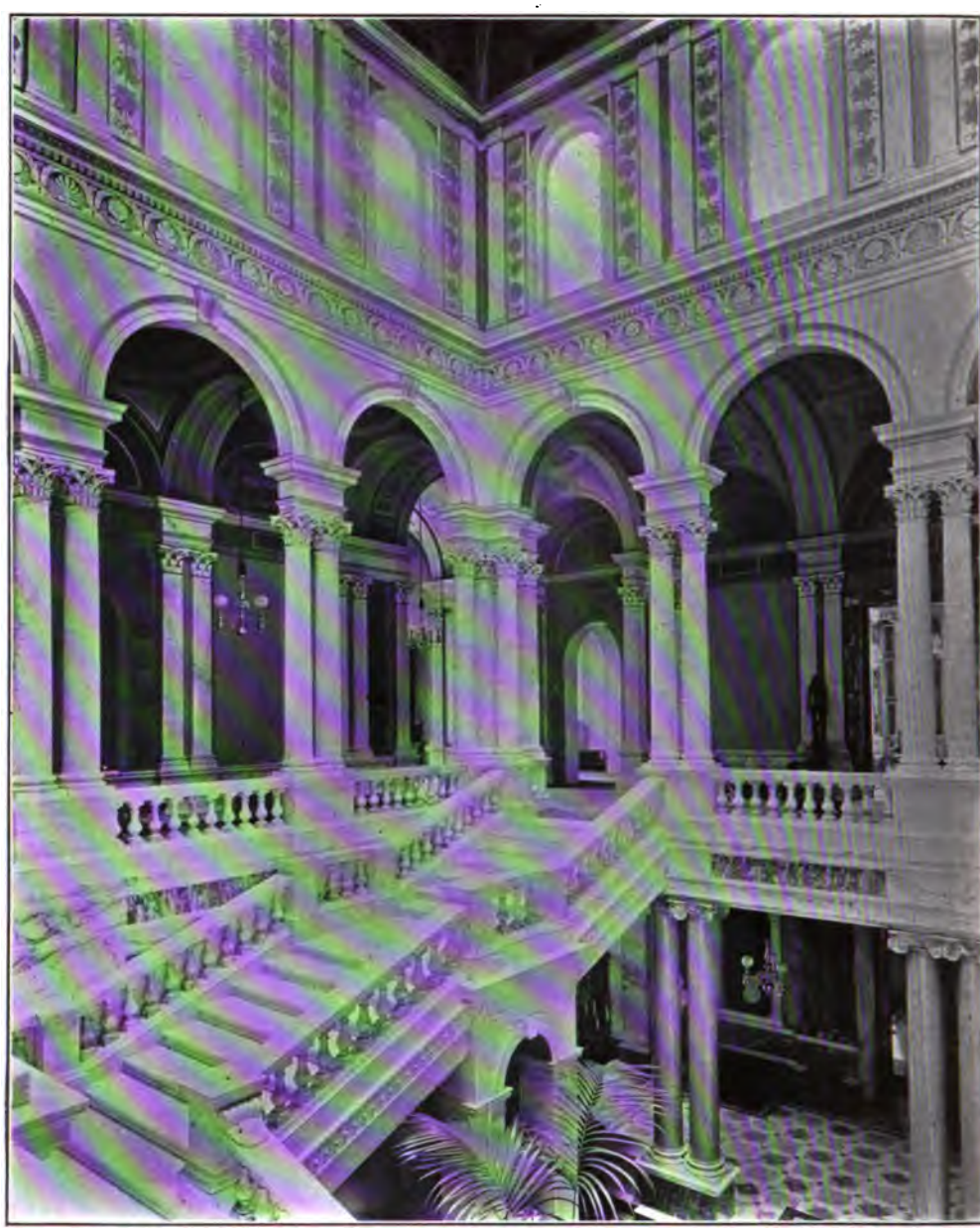
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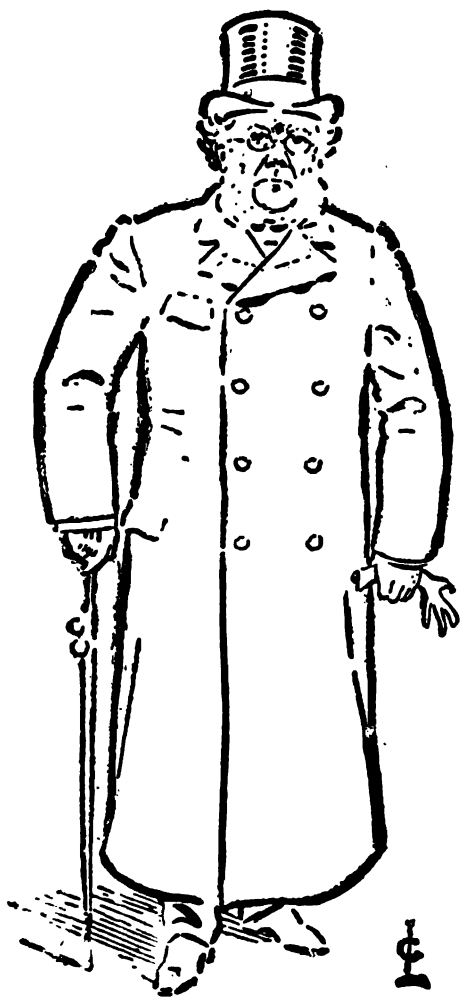
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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Ibsen as Seen

It is a little late in the day to add anything to the volume of Ibsen-talk which has flooded the literary periodicals since the death of that vitriolic dramatist. For our part we have been interested mainly in noting the curious divergence of opinions reflected in these post-mortem appreciations. Ibsen, cries one critic, was simply a sardonic exploiter of the diseases of society—one who dwelt longingly upon base passions, moral distortions, and hereditary taints. Not so, replies another; Ibsen is the direct descendant of Sophocles, a mighty dramaturge whose relentlessness is only the relentlessness of Nature or of Fate. He is an individualist in revolt against society, remarks a third, a sort of Prometheus of the drama, defying all the conventions and hypocrisies which fetter and emasculate the individual. No, says a fourth. Ibsen is really much more subtle than that. While depicting the struggle of the individual against the established order, he is really satirizing the folly of such a struggle, and very vividly illustrating its predestined hopelessness. Still another view makes him innocent of all philosophy, desiring to teach no lesson, having no thesis to defend, but standing forth, first and last and preëminently, as a great artist whose allegiance is given wholly to his art. We should say that this last position is the only one which satisfies the mind and remains tenable to the end. Ibsen, with an analytical intel-



THE LATE HENRIK IBSEN



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF WINSTON CHURCHILL

Mr. Churchill's new novel, *Coniston*, will be reviewed in our next issue



HARLAKENDEN HOUSE, MR. CHURCHILL'S HOME IN CORNISH
One of the features of the literary and artistic New Hampshire Colony

lect and a wonderful dramatic gift, knew his little Norwegian world as he knew the four corners of his own room. His vision burned into the depths of its meanness, its sordid motives, its hidden sins against the spirit and the flesh. He hated intensely; and this hate distilled its venom into the lines of his plays, and at the same time gave his knowledge an intense reality. He doubtless thought he was merely holding up to scorn the nakedness of his Norwegian neighbours. He found that he had in fact exposed and scarified the feculent morality of modern life; for Berlin and Paris and London and New York are, after all, only Skien and Christiania swollen to a monstrous size. Probably Ibsen himself could not have told whether or not he was an individualist or a collectivist. But he would most certainly have claimed the name of artist, and there would have been none so bold as to deny his claim.

Remembering that Ibsen is now ranked by many serious critics not far below the Shakespearian level, ambitious and impecunious beginners may comfort themselves with the thought of how he fared in the days of his earlier successes. For *Love's Comedy* his publishers paid him only one hundred *dalers*—considerably less than $100. For *Fru Inger* and *The Chieftain* he received about $35. Even *Brand*—his first genuine success—brought him fame rather than money, and the fame was blended with the sort of notoriety given to one who is thought to be a purveyor of vileness. When *Ghosts* appeared, a torrent of slander descended upon Ibsen. His private life was assailed and his character was blackened by a thousand scribes. So difficult is it for men and women to understand that the artist is not himself necessarily the thing which he depicts, and that his material comes to him from observation and not from participation.

A House of Mirth

For several years a certain Western millionaire has been engaged in erecting a house in the city of New York into which he has thrown an amount of architectural imagination sufficient to excite a widespread interest; though the sort of impression which he has created is not precisely an impression of æsthetic satisfaction. The structure looks somewhat as though the material for it had been first melted and had then been poured gradually from above until it hardened into its present form. In front of it there is a large white dentated screen. The interior of the house has also witnessed a riot of decorative ideas. The other day an artist who had been invited to look it over, and who had subsequently retired to his club for refreshment, was asked what he thought of this mansion.

"Oh," said he, wearily, "it reminds me of a bride-cake with a set of artificial teeth hung across the front."

"But what do you think of the interior decoration?"

"Ah," sighed he, "the interior decoration is a happy union of Early Lincoln and Late North German Lloyd!"

Lesser Literary Centres

An interesting recent development has been the growth of the lesser literary centres. In Louisville, Kentucky, for instance, are gathered a number of men and women who write novels, books of other kinds, or articles for the magazines. The men and women of letters and art who have established their homes at Cornish, New Hampshire, form a community that is even better known as an example of the kind of literary centre which is growing up here and there far away from the cities. There reside Mr. Winston Churchill, and not far from him lives Mr. Louis Evan Shipman, a writer of plays as well as of novels, who, it will be remembered, made the dramatisation of Mr. Churchill's novel of two years ago, *The Crossing*. There also live Augustus Saint Gaudens, the sculptor; Percy Mackaye, the poet and playwright; Maxfield Parrish, and Mr. Norman Hapgood, the editor of *Collier's Weekly*. There did reside until very lately, at least for the summers, Everett Shinn, the artist, and his talented wife, Florence Scovel Shinn; and to this colony has recently come a





TWO VIEWS OF MARK TWAIN'S HOME IN THE LITERARY COLONY, REDDING, CONNECTICUT



E. NESBIT
Author of *The Incomplete Amorist*

most welcome accession in the person of Mr. Robert Herrick. Another literary centre seems to be growing up at the present time in a place of which most of our readers have probably never heard. Mabel Osgood Wright dedicates her new book, *The Garden, You and I,* to "J.L.G., I.M.T., and A.B.P., the Literary Gardeners of Redding;" and inquiry reveals the fact that a number of folk more or less literary have recently betaken themselves to this pretty little town in Connecticut. Albert Bigelow Paine discovered it; and after he had secured a farm and established his home, he proceeded to interest a good many of his friends in its advantages. He did not have much difficulty; for, though exceedingly hilly, the little place is very attractive, and fairly accessible to New York. Last year Mark Twain bought a farm in the neighbourhood of Mr. Paine; Miss Gilder, of *The Critic,* has a place not far away; and Mrs. Kate V. Saint Maur, whose book, *A Self-Supporting Home,* has sent almost as many people to the country as did *The Fat of the Land,* has established herself in a house on the winding road that leads down from Mr. Clemens's place toward the mill-pond.

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E. Nesbit

It is not generally known that the woman who signs herself "E. Nesbit" is in private life Mrs. Hubert Bland, and lives in an old place, Well Hall, Kent, in England. She reverses the usual order of things by being a successful writer of children's stories turned writer of tales for grown-ups; for in *The Incomplete Amorist* she has written a book with a character something like "Sentimental Tommy." It is the story of a man who is a universal lover, and who is finally bitten by a real passion himself. Mrs. Bland has become widely known as a poet too. She is an enthusiastic "outdoor" woman, and takes great delight in swimming and boating.



MRS. KATE V. SAINT MAUR

"The Jungle" Vindicated

Mr. Upton Sinclair has scored a triumph of which the completeness is perhaps less remarkable than the swiftness. His book appeared only a few months ago, and already the loathsome and infamous conditions which it revealed in the Chicago packing-houses have been attacked by the Federal law. The President of the United States investigated through experts the accuracy of Mr. Sinclair's revelations. He found them to have been, if anything, less startling than the reality. He embodied his discoveries in a message to Congress; and almost



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF JOHN LUTHER LONG

Mr. Long's new novel, *The Way of the Gods*, will be reviewed in a later issue



WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE
Author of *In Our Town*

within an hour, both packers and packinghouse senators were tumbling over each other in their haste to pass the most drastic law if only the President would withhold his message. This put an end to the attempts made to discredit Mr. Sinclair's chapters on Packingtown. The New York *Evening Post* remarked: "It is not an uncommon thing to dramatise a novel, but this is the first instance on record, possibly, where one has been enacted into law." The *Post's* remark is a little too sweeping. Two of Charles Reade's novels—*It is Never Too Late To Mend* and *Hard Cash*—were enacted into law in the same sense that Mr. Sinclair's novel is likely to be enacted. The Squeers chapters of *Nicholas Nickleby* did not make law, but they led to its enforcement; and the satire on Chancery proceedings in *Bleak House* did something to cut the meshes of red tape in the world of British officialdom. Yet we do believe that never has any book produced a concrete result of this sort so rapidly as did *The Jungle*. Mr. Sinclair deserves all the credit that he is getting. We are not so sure, however, that he may not spoil it all by a lack of discretion and of reticence. He is making rather too much capital out of the whole affair, in writing letters to the President, giving him directions, expostulating with him, and pointing out his mistakes and then publishing these letters in the newspapers almost as soon as they have reached the White House. This may be due to zeal inspired by a worthy cause; but the cynical will be apt to see in it the motives of the literary advertiser, and Mr. Sinclair will be well advised to keep himself a little in the background and allow others to do some of the fighting.

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Incidentally this whole episode serves to explain very clearly one of the sources of Mr. Roosevelt's boundless popularity. He is alert for any hint which may enable him to better existing conditions in American life. Every wrong finds in him an instant enemy; every good cause, an eager and efficient advocate. We cannot imagine any other President whom the country has ever had, paying any at-



CHARLES STEDMAN HANKS ("Niblick")
Author of *Camp Kits and Camp Life*

tention at all to what was written in a novel. Cleveland, Harrison, Arthur, Garfield, Hayes, and Grant—some of these men would never even have heard of *The Jungle*. Some of them would have looked at it simply as a harmless outbreak on the part of what old Simon Cameron used to call one of the "lit'ry fellers." Some of them might have read it with interest. But not one of them would ever have dreamed of investigating its statements and preparing a message to Congress on the subject. Yet Mr. Roosevelt cared nothing where or by whom the assertions were published. He simply asked whether they were true. If they were true, and if so great an evil actually existed, then he was prepared to smash it just as quickly as he could; and it looks as though in this case he had done it. And that is why the American people are willing to ignore any number of what they are fond of calling "Teddy's breaks;" because in spite of "breaks" the President is headed in the right direction, and he is not afraid of making a few blunders if in the end he can strike and strike hard the lawless, who for years have forgotten that there is such a thing as retribution.

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We have been interested in noting the unanimity with which Mr. Sinclair's method has been compared with that of Zola. Critics have been equally unanimous in saying that only the Packingtown part of *The Jungle* is Zolaesque. The nebulous and extremely tiresome socialistic ranting in the later chapters is supposed to depart entirely from the manner of the great master of Naturalism. As a matter of fact, this part is just as much like Zola as is the first part, only it represents the later, and not the earlier, Zola. The chapters on Packingtown vividly recall the grim and powerful pictures of filth and squalor contained in *L'Assomoir* and *Germinal;* but the concluding chapters almost as surely remind one of the later chapters of *Travail*—the general thesis being about the same in both books. Therefore, Mr. Sinclair, in his single novel, has given us a complete Zola—not merely Zola, the photographer of sewage, but also Zola, the social reformer. If the latter phase is far the less interesting of the two, as discovered in *The Jungle*, this is likewise the case with the same thing in its great French prototypes.

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The Value of a Catchword

Politicians have always been aware of the inestimable value of a taking catchword. A good catchword persistently reiterated is often better than a good cause, and infinitely better than a good argument, both for purposes of attack and of defence. General Scott was kept out of the presidency by the changes which were rung upon his "hasty-plate-of-soup." Blaine went down before Dr. Burchard's too apt alliteration. "British free trade" routed the Democrats in 1880; and the very same doctrine, ingeniously styled "reciprocity," saved the Republicans in 1888. But we have never seen so successful a use of a catchword, invoked in behalf of a perfectly despicable cause, as within the past few months. Every one is painfully well aware of the widespread rottenness of the American business and financial world. You cannot stick even so much as a pin into any part of our commercial system without seeing putrescence ooze out through the puncture. Banks, life insurance companies, railways, oil trusts, ship-building concerns and sugar companies—everywhere it is the same; and now we have the crowning abomination of the Chicago stockyards and Packingtown. For a year or more, these iniquities have been exposed with a sickening wealth of documentary evidence and irrefutable proof. No one has attempted to deny the repulsive facts. Denial was absolutely impossible. But the friends of these atrocities are not lacking in cleverness; so they called into their discreditable service the Catchword. When the *Evening Post* of this city first resurrected from Bunyan the Man with the Muck Rake, it quite unintentionally armed the forces of evil with a weapon almost more powerful than the sword of justice. "Aha!" cried all the grafters, "that is a fine phrase. Any one who exposes us and uncovers our iniquities is

not a decent person. He is a Man with a Muck Rake." The phrase flew from mouth to mouth. If you objected to vileness, if you sought to blot it out, you were a "Muck Raker." Even the President helped to spread this opprobrious term. No one seemed to consider that if there had not been such heaps of muck nobody could have raked it. Yet the persons who were responsible for the muck were half forgiven, and the main torrent of abuse descended on the individuals who held the rakes. Now it makes no difference what were the motives of those who raked the muck. The real issue is to be found in the muck itself. Among the rakers there are some pretty distinguished persons. President Roosevelt's messages to Congress on the Standard Oil Company and the meat scandal are admirable instances of muckraking. Commissioner Garfield and Mr. Charles E. Hughes and the members of the Armstrong committee and of the Interstate Commerce Commission are all most eminent muckrakers. One ought to regard this epithet as a title of honour; for unless the raking shall prove to be successful, there is danger lest the great American Republic become submerged in a mighty sea of muck.

Another phrase that has been overworked in the service of filthy criminals is the phrase *ex parte*. Messrs. Neill and Reynolds went to Packingtown and told exactly what they saw. They were employed by the Government, and they had no motive for misrepresenting facts. They did not hold a brief for either side of a controverted case. Nor did they need to be experts in sanitation. They were honest men with eyes and noses, and they had common sense. Had they found the sausage-making and the meat-tinning going on in handsome halls with tiled floors, and mother-of-pearl walls, and with all the appurtenances of luxurious scrupulosity, they would certainly have described these beautiful things in the most appreciative language. As they happened to discover nothing but filth, disease, intolerable stenches, and a worse than bestial disregard of elementary decency, they set that down exactly as it was. "Don't listen to them!" cries the New York *Sun*, always the defender of the unspeakable. "They are making an *ex parte* statement!" But this is precisely what they did not do. Any statement which the packers make or for which the *Sun* may be responsible will naturally be *ex parte*, because it is the statement of interested persons; but the Government is not a party to the case at all. It is the arbiter between the public and the packers; and if it objects to have its citizens fed on uterine veal and on sausages tinctured with hog cholera, even a Latin phrase ought not to check the swiftness and paralyse the power of its restraining hand.

The Made-Over Henry James

Psychological problems are not popular in the summer months, except perhaps such problems as relate to youths and maidens. Therefore, we shall devote only a paragraph instead of an article to a question which has an interest of its own. Everybody knows how the actor's art is conditioned and qualified by the demands of his audiences. Unconsciously he accentuates those points in his interpretation which are the most approved by the spectators, broadening the humour here and exaggerating the emphasis there, until at last the part has been moulded over, and very often in a way which is contrary to the actor's own convictions. Take, for example, Mrs. Leslie Carter's Zaza. When she first assumed this rôle it was a consistent, forceful and even touching creation. But her Philistine audiences mistook some of the pathetic touches for broad humour and grinned at them; and they failed to note many delicate little strokes which in France would have been instantly appreciated. In consequence, Mrs. Carter gradually transformed what was originally a finished portrait into a glaring caricature—and she had her reward by way of the box-office. The point which we wish to make is that the same thing is often true in literature. A writer will sometimes sacrifice his artistic conscience because he seeks a larger public than the public

which could thoroughly enjoy him at his best. He gives them his worst because his worst is much more profitable, or perhaps because it suits his whim to gratify the mob.

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To some extent this was illustrated in the career of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, who was not at all the tenuous, anæmic, and moonlit sort of person that some of his pictures would suggest. A more striking instance, however, is Oscar Wilde. Wilde was a man with a keen sense of humour, a vigourous and manly style, and the last person in the world to languish over a lily. But because he took an interest in the æsthetic movement which swept over England in the early eighties, the average man got a notion that Wilde was an extreme type of the fatuous æsthete. Then, after Du Maurier had burlesqued him pictorially as Maudle or Postlethwaite, and after Gilbert had worked him into *Patience* in the character of Bunthorne, the popular belief became irrevocably fixed. Wilde found his account in humouring the idea. He let his hair grow long, wore a huge sunflower, and perpetrated epigrams redolent of South Kensington. All this gave him an immense notoriety and made his plays and books successful for a time. But in the end it reduced him to the position of a sort of clown whom no one would take with any seriousness. We greatly fear that Mr. Henry James is the last example of this same evolution, or rather devolution. Mr. James for many years wrote books which were, to be sure, highly finished in style and subtle in their psychology. But no educated, intelligent person found them at all obscure. Uncultivated readers sometimes failed to follow him, yet this was only because they did not, as it were, speak the language of breeding, of wide knowledge, and of cosmopolis. But as the reading public increased, these half-baked persons fell into the habit of describing Mr. James as tremendously recondite, as elusive, and as a little "queer." That is the way in which finally they liked him to manifest himself. Looking back over his writings for the past decade, it seems evident enough that Mr. James has gradually accepted the rôle which the public has been so eager to thrust upon him. His style has gone from preciosity to eccentricity. He is playing down to the level of the groundlings. Take, for example, any of the chapters from his earlier books of travel, such as *English Hours* or *Foreign Parts* and contrast them with such preposterous sentences as these from the papers which he is now contributing to the *North American Review*. This particular passage relates to the city of Washington:

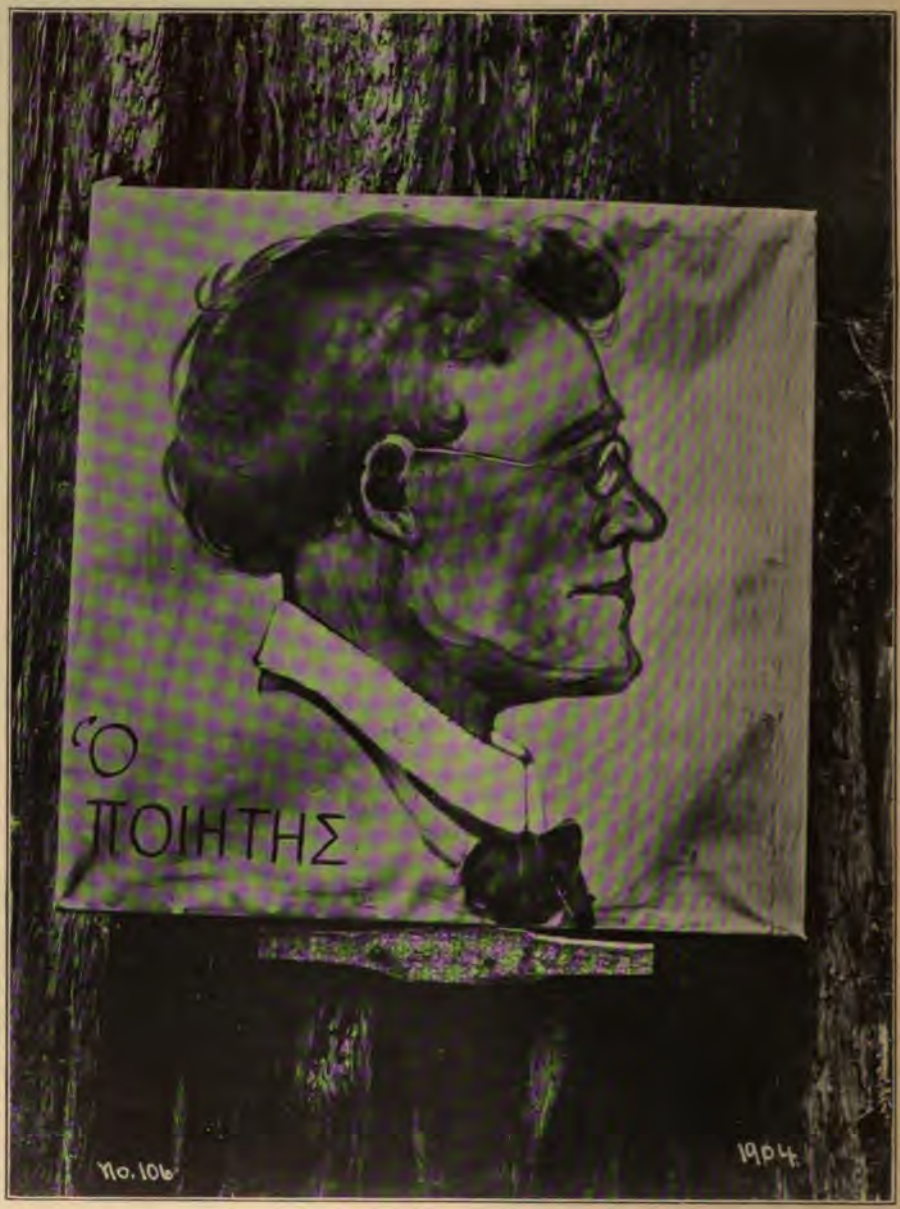
"We are aware none the less of impressions —that of the ponderous proud Senate, for instance, so sensibly massive; that of the Supreme Court, so simply, one almost says so chastely, yet, while it breathes supremacy, so elegantly, so all intellectually, in session—under which the view, taking one extravagance with another, recurs rather ruefully to glimpses elsewhere caught, glimpses of authority emblazoned, bewigged, bemantled, bemarshalled in almost direct defeat of its intention of gravity. For the reinstated absentee, in these presences the mere recovery of native privilege was at all events a balm—after too many challenged appeals and abused patiences, too many hushed circuitous creepings among the downtrodden, in other and more bristling halls of state."

Is it not obvious to any one that in writing such stuff as this, Mr. James has cast aside his old distinction and that, like the actor, he is letting his audience make him over into something quite foreign to his own conception of himself and something quite at variance with his natural good taste? In our opinion, at the present time he is engaged in nothing less than literary "mugging."

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Loss of Jekyll and Hyde Mss.

The San Francisco fire wiped out more literary treasures than the newspapers have reported. It develops that the original manuscripts of Frank Norris's books which were the property of his brother Mr. Chas. G. Norris were destroyed. Mr. Norris was also the owner of the original manuscript of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, and this too was also lost. By hard work the house occupied



MR. WILL IRWIN AS SEEN BY THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

Mr. Irwin has long been one of the leading spirits of this San Francisco organisation. He wrote the libretto for one of the club's most notable "jinks." We recommend this libretto to any one who can borrow or steal a copy of it as it contains much verse of a really unusual quality

by Robert Louis Stevenson in San Francisco was saved. A few pages of some of Frank Norris's books which fortunately are in the possession of friends in New York and California have been placed at the disposal of Mr. Norris.

Kipling's Children's Stories

A propos of the new series, *Robin Goodfellow and His Friends,* our readers may be interested to know that it has been understood Mr. Kipling has always put aside for his own children the royalties derived from his children's stories. There has, however, been one exception to this rule. Some years ago the son of one of his most intimate friends —an American boy, by the way—gave him the idea for one of the Jungle tales. Mr. Kipling insisted on treating the boy as a collaborator, and turned over to him a good share of the profits of the story.

Mr. Will Irwin

In all the vast amount of material about San Francisco that has been printed since the disaster of April 18, there has been just one bit of writing that to us has left a lasting impression. This was a newspaper story, two or three columns in length, that appeared three or four days after the news of the first earthquake shock had been flashed over the world. The story was entitled "The City That Was." Ignoring problems and questions of more immediate importance, the writer sat down to draw a pen picture of the San Francisco of the past—its charm and its elusive mystery. There were evidences of hurried writing—we have since learned that the work was done with a copy boy at the author's elbow—yet when you had read the story through, you understood, as never before, the feelings of that native son who said: "I'd rather be a busted lamp-post on Battery Street, San Francisco, than the Waldorf-Astoria."

The writer of this story, which we understand is to be brought out soon in book form, is Mr. Will Irwin, who came from California some years ago to join the staff of the New York *Sun,* and who has recently become associated with *McClure's Magazine.* Here is an illustration of hospitality in San Francisco as Mr. Irwin describes it: "As in the early mining days, if they liked the stranger the people took him in. At the first meeting the San Francisco man probably had him put up at the club; at the second, he invited him home to dinner. As long as the stranger stayed he was being invited to week-end parties at ranches, to little dinners in this or that restaurant and to the houses of new acquaintances, until his engagements grew beyond hope of fulfilment. Perhaps there was rather too much of this kind of thing. At the end of a fortnight a visitor with a pleasant smile and a good story left the place a wreck. This tendency ran through all grades of society—except, perhaps, the sporting people who kept the tracks and the fighting game alive. Those also met the stranger—and also took him in."

The New Statesman's Year Book

An exceedingly significant change in the new edition of *The Statesman's Year Book,* which has just reached us, is the addition of more than one hundred and fifty pages to the section devoted to the United States. These additional pages contain a detailed account of each State of the Union on the same plan as that followed in dealing with other States of the world. The dissolution of the Union between Sweden and Norway, the conclusion of the Russo-Japanese war, the events in Russia, and developments and modifications in the Colonial Empires of Great Britain, France and Germany have been noted. The results of the recent election in England are of course included, and the Navy sections of the various States have been thoroughly brought up to date.

THE ETERNAL CHILD



TEN or twelve years ago, if I remember rightly, the grown-up person (in English fiction) had it all his own way. The Child was not welcomed on his own account. Novelists used him, but used him for purposes not his own, to point, like the *Heavenly Twins,* a moral, and adorn a tale of the awful doings of the Adult. "Innocence" (to quote one of these authors, I forget which) "is so piquante;" and the presence of the Child in their horrific volumes was felt to add much to their æsthetic (and commercial) values.

With the appearance of Mr. Kenneth Grahame's *Golden Age* the Child may be said to have come into his kingdom. And yet it was not his own kingdom altogether. The gold of Mr. Grahame's book had some alloy. His perfect pages reveal the Child, but reveal him too often as he appears to the wiser and sadder mind of the pitiful grown-up. The golden atmosphere is charged too heavily with memories and regrets, with mature associations fatal to its entire purity. Mr. Grahame is in that country an alien interpreter, a man of many languages who should have had but one.

Other books we have had, notably those of Mrs. Hubert Bland (E. Nesbit), which have another flavour and another charm. All these, in England, have made already their direct appeal. But the work of Mrs. Allen Harker is known, even in her own country, only to the discerning few. In America she is not, I believe, known at all.

She could not be better represented than by the two volumes, *The Romance of the Nursery,* and its sequel, *Concerning Paul and Fiammetta,* lately published by Charles Scribner's Sons. Mrs. Harker's work takes a place that she has made her own. For her the obscuring veil is lifted; she sees the child, not as the grown-up sees him, but as he sees himself; she draws him in his own medium. For she is not only a charming writer, but a psychologist. It is not merely that each one of her children is a highly individualised creature, sounding, by no means uncertainly, "the personal note" in manner and behaviour; but the engaging processes of personal thinking are laid bare to us too.

My design is not to criticise these volumes, but to set forth to lovers of nice children and good literature what they will find there, to bring them under the same spell that charmed me when I first came upon *The Romance of the Nursery,* and found Paul, and heard the chant of his deathless verse:

"The mournful moon hath ta'en his trousers off.
And all the stars they have cast down their shoes."

It is a privilege to be permitted to sit with Janey on Paul's bed, and hear him expound his theory of repentance. Paul is being punished for cheeking the governess. His sister Janey tells the tale. (She is grown up when she tells it.) Paul says to her:

"'I'm going to tell a lie now, 'cause I'm tired of being here. I'm not sorry, not a bit. But Harry promised to bowl to me after tea, so I must get up somehow—but it's a nawful lie!' And Paul sighed, shaking his head over the inevitability of this perjury.

"'Are you never sorry when you are naughty?' I asked, mournfully; such hardness of heart seemed incomprehensible in one so young.

"'Never,' said Paul, with evident conviction. 'At least never at the time. Perhaps I am a year after—a little—if I remember. I daresay when I am growed up I shall be awfully sorry, but it comes very slow with me.'"

Paul cannot be released till he has found sincere repentance, but his ingenuity provides the way out.

"'Tell you what.....I'll pretend I'm a prodigal. Then I'll feel ever so sorry. Hurry up and fetch Miss Goodlake.'

"I hurried up."

This is good, but it is better still to be present at the birth of "Tonks." "Tonks"

was born from Paul's brain, and followed him everywhere as his familiar spirit. Paul explained him thus: " 'He's my foster brother; we was changed at birf, but we've got right now. He's ten years older than me and 'normously strong.' "

"Tonks" appears with even greater effect in the book *Concerning Paul and Fiammetta.*

Sequels are always hard—hard on the writer; harder more often on the reader. For the writer it is not always possible to create a second time the charm that is part and parcel of the original setting. For the reader it is difficult to abandon himself yet again to the same compulsion. But there are sequels and sequels. Some no doubt are indefensible. Such are the cases (too frequent) when the author's resuscitation of his characters is a monstrous act, when the characters themselves have lain some time dead in the author's brain, and reappear with every sign of dissolution. Some characters, on the other hand, are so full of vitality that they refuse to die. And such, I venture to think, is the little company of which Paul and Fiammetta are the leaders. The author has brought them on again because they could not keep away from the stage they had made gay so long. She tells us more and more about them, not because she can think of nothing else, but because there is always more to tell. It is their imaginations that are so full.

The Romance of the Nursery, however, was hard to beat, and it is not beaten by its younger rival. But in literary workmanship, quite as much as in its human quality, *Concerning Paul and Fiammetta* may almost rank as high. The atmosphere was created for us in the first book, and has had inevitably to be taken somewhat for granted in the second. An introductory chapter reproduces it faintly for the benefit of those who may chance upon the second first. They will probably maintain stoutly that it is the better book, alleging the chapters about "Mr. Belton" and "Aunt Eunice," "Paul and his Books," and "The Vagaries of Paul." Then there is Fiammetta, that "vivid, infinitely mutable little presence," who came to Janey, "the sturdy Philistine of field and hedgerow," and won her heart as she wins ours. Kate Douglas Wiggin has declared herself for Fiammetta, and Fiammetta is seductive, especially in her treatment of grown-up persons. She is used to them and tolerant of their ways; Fiammetta's charm lies partly in her almost indestructible urbanity. She is only ruffled a little sometimes by "the boys." Each of these children will find, if I am not much mistaken, his or her exclusive partisan. Those whom Fiammetta fails to conquer will own to no love but Janey, the teller of the tales. A feeble few may be caught by fat three-year-old Lucy's sensuous charm. My own weakness is for Paul, the creator of "Tonks," the deviser of many devices. Paul—I was about to quote again, but there is not room for any more of him. The reader may be referred to a certain chapter in the *Romance*—"On Matters Educational."

"No one," says Mrs. Harker in her sequel, "No one can take from us the good times we have had." And after all the charm of these books is their gaiety and humour. There is no lachrymose adult in them, weeping behind the scenes over the lost Innocence, no hint that this happy state of things is ever to pass away. The children feel no forebodings, why should we?

Praise should be given to this writer's style, a style which does not lend itself to quotation because it is simplicity itself, as unbroken and as quietly happy as morning sunlight on a smooth English lawn. Simplicity itself, until you try to "do it," for there is a smiling art in it that eludes imitation and research. A few, a very few, chapters might have been eliminated and no harm done. I do not care myself for Fiammetta when she "Meets a Falconer," but that may be because I have never met a falconer myself. I don't know what I should say to him if I did meet him—but Fiammetta knew. It was not easy for a falconer, or any other person, to take Fiammetta at a disadvantage. I resent, too, the intruding drama that closes the romance, for romances of the nursery have really no beginning, and no middle, and should have no end but the end of the romance.

It is not for any English writer to suggest to the American public how it should take these English books. Their nationality is all over them. Their setting, their character, their charm is English; their very faults are English, too. And it would be highly unbecoming in this particular English writer to follow them across the Atlantic, as if in any doubt lest they should ever reach the hospitable homes prepared for English writers there. And if they had come, these glad-hearted and delightful books, with a timid plea for protection, what is there left for anyone to say in the presence of the graceful Introduction, in which the creator of Timothy and Rebecca takes her two literary god-children by the hand, as they come, for the first time, to face the strange, untried audience?

The audience is as yet, for this young writer, certainly untried. But is it, after all, so very strange? Wherein does the American differ from the English reader, if not in a greater facility in attempting, for his part, the untried?—so, if anything, a greater love of the spontaneous, the unabashed, the all-exploring? Is not America, before all, the country where the Child is always sure of an audience?

These are English children, and yet that is not the truth about them. For the Child of all romances is neither English nor American. Neither does he in the least resemble the horrid, precocious Wordsworthian infant who is the "father of the man." He is the Eternal Child, the father of humanity. Under other names than "Paul and Fiammetta"—a thing of sublime dreams and less sublime disaster, of power which is pathos, and pathos which is power, of mortal passion and immortal mystery—in every happy garden he runs or hides, in every happy home you find him at his work (seraphic or diabolic), and at his heartrending, incommunicable play.

May Sinclair

"PRIGS" AND "CADS" IN FICTION



A RECENT review puts the question thus: "Although women make the amenities of life, and men would soon 'hottentot,' as Miss Edgeworth has it, if left to themselves, why is it that women's heroes are almost invariably prigs or cads of the first water?" And the reviewer adds: "We thought we had reached the limit in Daniel Deronda, but even he shows up well beside Mrs. Wharton's insufferable Selden; and now here is Barry Carleton filling us with a vulgar but lively desire to 'punch his head for him.'"

Why is it that this reviewer dislikes Daniel Deronda and Selden—why do we all dislike these gentlemen, in spite of the fact that we are meant to admire them? Perhaps it is because we are meant to admire them. They are painted full of delicacy, refinement and virtue—yet we are somehow obliged to consider them either prigs or cads. The author of the review we quote gives us the choice; and strict justice requires that we should choose the less rigourous term, and say that Deronda and Selden were prigs—of the first water, if you will.

But the hasty person might very well choose the other term; at least in accordance with a man's definition: "A cad is a man who is admired by women without a good and sufficient reason apparent to other men. He is the converse of a cat; for a cat is a woman who is admired by men and not by women."

According to this rule Daniel Deronda is a cad; so is Mr. Selden. In this sense, almost all women's heroes *are* cads. For they are usually enormously admired by the women of the story, and apparently by the feminine authors themselves, and they are made love to by more women than they can possibly love—at least according to the feminine code. And, therefore, they are obliged to repulse some of the women, or at least not to respond to all the advances that are made

to them, and *this* it is, no matter how gently and sweetly it is done, that revolts the masculine reader. He cannot endure to see man pursued and fleeing, however tactfully.

We think that this feeling, which calls Deronda a cad because Gwendolen made love to him, and Selden because he did not meet Lily more than half-way, is partly a kind of jealousy. Gwendolen Harlette is a wonderfully charming woman (*not* a cat), and Lily Bart, too, is charming; and it exasperates us to see their liking wasted on men who perhaps think themselves too good but are really not good enough for them.

Also there is here some element of masculine idealism. It is natural that woman should be charming; but it is very unnatural that man should be unappreciative, and especially that he should lack chivalry. If he were truly chivalrous he would manage somehow to get out of even the typical position in which he is placed by the feminine novelist, that of the ass between two bundles of hay, or of the too fortunate lover who sighed,

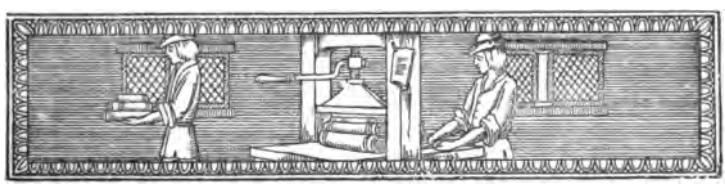
"How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away!"

There *is* something asinine in this position, almost inevitably. And perhaps there is a subtle intention under the seeming admiration of the feminine novelist for her hero! Possibly she means to make him absurd and typical too. The most exasperated tone of criticism, certainly, is justified by such a proceeding. Prig, cad even, is a weak word for such a creation. It is all very well to paint an Egoist, frankly, clearly, so that nobody can possibly mistake your meaning or apply it to himself. But to set forth as admirable and admired a creature who, as you must suspect, would be unpopular at his clubs—!

In another sense, we suppose, Rochester was a cad; and Tito Melema. Adam Bede wasn't; but very likely, if two women had been in love with him, he would have been. As it is, he has the sympathetic rôle of the fighter against odds, the lover of an unwilling or ungrateful woman; and so has the only attractive man in *Middlemarch,* whose name we ungratefully forget.

George Sand's heroes—but where are they gone? They are not even shadows in our memory. And Jane Austen's—? Jane must pay the penalty of her spinsterhood, and of her carefulness to observe the rule which some critic has approvingly laid down for her, "never to describe a scene in which a woman was not a participant." Her men are vague in outline, compared to her women; they fade out of the picture. They *may* be the most delightful persons possible, without a trace of priggishness or caddishness. Let us go and take down our Jane Austen and find out.

Neith Boyce.



DOUBTING CASTLE



RIARS and vines, even trees of good girth, have so grown over and around Hammerton House that it has become part of the wilderness again, and one standing six feet away from the high wall would not suspect a hidden cicatrice of crumbled roof, fallen doors, choked cellars.

It lies at the edge of the primeval forest which wraps Mount Powasket in a blue-green cloak, and whose underbrush is kept out of New Greece with difficulty. Some day the hem of the old mountain's garment may again sweep over New Greece as it has over Hammerton House, or it may be that New Greece will spread its blight into the forest until that mountain is as naked and unlovely as many of its brethren—the shorn hills, like Samson, without strength.

Hammerton House is the scar of an ancient sin. There once lived in it a strange company of three: an Englishman, a Hindoo Princess, and a servant, known to New Greece as "Ali Baba." One day the Englishman and Ali Baba went away together, taking with them a swarthy child, but leaving the Princess behind. It was told that there was a statue of an armless woman—some heathen goddess—at the place where a Christian headstone should have been.

After that the smoke rose no more from the red chimneys of Hammerton House, and the swallows built there instead; the roses grew wild, clambering with their forbidding thorns all around the gates, so weaving them together and upholding the rusting iron that the place was better guarded than ever, particularly as it was well known in the village that the Princess still walked and cried in the deserted garden. You could hear her on any midnight, in June, among the unruly roses—in the snows of Adirondack winters, or among the fallen leaves of autumn.

But daytimes, the brave little boys of New Greece tested their strength of mind by throwing stones at the glass of the dormer windows, which were just visible from a rise of ground across the road, or from the branches of a pine tree, and at last there were only splinters, like jagged shining teeth, left in the windows.

The wilderness had possessed Hammerton House for twenty years when little Phil Blanchard climbed the matted green walls. He had been reading about a Princess who slept for a century protected by a charmed hedge through which only the right man could pass. He did not find the Princess, although within a great tangle of thorns was a beautiful woman of marble, who had no arms.

Phil was eight years old, and felt that he needed just such a house as this. One could easily be a pirate or a robber at will in this secluded place. It was also particularly suitable to scenes from *Pilgrim's Progress*; a most excellent castle for Giant Despair, a Giant Despair who could change in the twinkling of an eye to Great Heart and cut off his own head, or to Apollyon, and be conquered by himself in the character of Christian.

After due deliberation he named the place "Doubting Castle," and took up his abode there formally. At first he was a little shy of the gloomy structure with its many mouths full of glass teeth, but once accustomed to it, there was nothing terrible about rotting furniture, rugs which had become dust, bits of moss and fern where pools of water had disintegrated floors and window-casings, and over a marble mantel-piece a hardly decipherable portrait of a proud-looking man in a red coat. At a corner of the frame a bat hung up-side-down, and grinned over its shoulder with angry white teeth.

By degrees, as Phil took possession of his kingdom, he became acquainted further with his subjects. There was the garter snake who lived in the fireplace under the portrait of the Englishman; in the kitchen cupboard, the door of which had fallen away, was a family of owls, each one exactly like all the rest, sitting in a row on the shelf and turning their heads this way and that in unison when he looked at them.

Upstairs was a pirate ship—an old-

fashioned four-posted bed, not so fallen to dust and decay but that one might poke it into shape and go to sleep on it when tired of other things. The windows of this room had not been broken, for the shutters had been left closed upon them and a grapevine had fastened them in place. It was dark, mysterious and close, with an odour of sandalwood.

Phil had heard about the Englishman, the Princess and Ali Baba, and how their ghosts came back and walked in the jungle garden; but he took care never to do anything that would displease them, and came to feel that they liked to have him there, sometimes joining in his games, silently. He found that instead of being terrible, as grown people had said, they were lonely creatures, needing comfort and companionship; and he knew how they looked, though they were evident to him only by sighing and rustling—shadows that glided away when he turned his head; but if he could have seen, the Princess no doubt would have been like pictures of Scheherezade, or Lalla Rookh, who wore veils up to their large eyes. Ali Baba must be dark and fierce, with a turban, a curved sword at his side. As for the Englishman, whose picture was still above the mantel-piece, Phil liked him the least of the three.

If the moon is full and bright on a warm June evening there is really not much sense in going to bed at eight o'clock and staying there. Especially as that is the time, according to tradition, when the Englishman, the Princess and Ali Baba become visible. One might see, if one ventured at such a time, whether the Princess really looked like Scheherezade and Lalla Rookh, how it was that Ali Baba constructed his curious turban, and if the Englishman might not be in reality a better fellow than the portrait indicated.

Phil rose and stood by his window, small and ghost-like in his clinging nightgown. The full moon stood just above Mount Powasket, which rose like a cloud-bank behind his Doubting Castle. Bats and lady birds were busy on swift errands through the blue air, and a night hawk high up repeated some magic word incessantly. An apple tree stretched sympathetic arms quite to Phil's window and whispered, "Jump! I'll catch you!" He hung to the window-sill with his strong little fingers, feeling for the friendly bark with his bare toes, and before he fairly knew it, was in the cold dewy grass, welcomed shrilly by crickets. He ran down the garden path and entered his runway through the brush, constructed by many days' patient toil, and leading directly to the great brick wall, where a wild grapevine was always in waiting to give one a hand over.

The moonlight lay in great squares over the dining room floor, on the dusty table and the two chairs; there were only two, for the Englishman and his Princess had never received guests.

The Princess was sitting in her chair, the moonlight shining through her. She seemed sad and paid no attention to Phil. The Englishman, dim and haughty like his portrait, stood with his back to the empty fireplace, where the little garter snake lived. Phil crept around behind him and sat down in the fireplace, which was wide and deep, with stars showing at the top of the chimney.

But the ghosts seemed out of humour that evening, and played their own games, disputing among themselves about things that Phil did not understand.

"You did well, my lord," said the Princess, "to place that armless goddess at the head of my grave. Behold the symbol! She is the goddess of love, and she cannot in any way assist her worshippers, being armless. She could not keep me from growing old and frost-blackened in this wintry place—with the naked rose bushes and the snow. Your love, which was to be deathless—"

"It doesn't mend matters to reproach me," said the Englishman, wearily. "I loved while I could. Death is the order of the world, and the passing of a woman's beauty is merely one form of death. Why couldn't you take it as a soldier takes a gunshot wound—as a matter of course? We lived while we lived—and you were very beautiful—for a year or two."

"Love is not worth while," wailed the Princess. "I learned that—and yet love is the core of the world. There are no gods!"

Ali Baba had been standing at one side, stiff and silent, a model servant. But when the Princess declared there were no gods he pointed toward the window and the patch of starry sky that showed through it, meaning, perhaps, that stars are in some sense deities, or indicate, at least, much room outside the world and chance for many things to happen.

But the Princess said: "They are too far away. They have nothing to do with us, who are small and many like a swarming ant-hill. And the world is all a mistake, for love is not worth while."

"Well, well, my dear," said the Englishman, "neither are any of the other things worth while that men make such a fuss about—power, honour, glory, and all that. Why should love be an exception? Ali Baba, what is your philosophy?"

"My hands were busy and my soul found no time for thought. Yet, I do not know that I found any pleasure in my service that repaid me for the pain of my own life and of the lives I watched."

"Observe!" said the Englishman, making a gesture as if towards something listening outside in the forest, "we have weighed the world in the balance, we three, and we find it wanting."

A sound struck through the ghosts like a breeze through smoke, disintegrating them, and a moving light accompanied footsteps and voices about the house. There was a thumping reverberation as of boxes being brought in; a horse stamped somewhere in the bushes.

When it was still again a woman came into the dining room, carrying a candle which lit her face redly from below, as you will see in Doré's pictures of Hell. She looked for a long time at the portrait above the mantel-piece, unaware of little Phil peering out of the cavernous fireplace in front of her.

Phil thought her very beautiful and unhappy. It came to him with a pang of regret that she probably had a better claim to Doubting Castle than he could show, and that she might want it all to herself. Yet the house had been his for so long that he felt himself in a manner to be her host. There were holes in the floors that she should be warned against, and it would be well to establish the reputation of the owls, the bats, and the garter snake, who were really excellent people but easily misunderstood.

She turned away from the picture at last, and went up the stairs that led to the room where was the great four-posted bed that Phil went voyaging in. He remembered with dismay that he had left the tattered coverlid displayed as a sail, and that his collection of broken china was set out upon the dresser in a way that might not please the rightful occupant of the room.

He came out of the fireplace and stood for a while musing with downcast head, working his bare toes in the matted dust of the rug. The light from the candle above lay in a yellow bar upon the hall floor, contrasting oddly with the white squares of moonlight. He could hear her moving about, the rustle of her skirts as she paced back and forth, and the soft sound of her voice, a low moaning under the breath.

Suddenly she stopped, with an exclamation of fright. Phil had crept half way upstairs, and could see her through the open door, examining with the candle the print of his own bare feet in the dust. He thought of his picture book that showed Crusoe bending over Friday's track in the sand, and laughed aloud. She sprang erect with her hand against her heart.

"I'm sorry I scared you," said Phil, his slim, white figure appearing in the doorway. "I only came up to tell you I'd been here, and about the owls and things. I didn't know you were coming."

She still held her hand over her heart, but the colour came back to her cheeks a little. She said quaveringly, "I expected to find ghosts here, but not children."

"There are ghosts," he replied; "but they're all the same as fairies and don't hurt anybody. I'm not afraid. I guess most boys wouldn't dast to come here at night, but *I* don't mind. My father was a soldier."

"So was mine, but it doesn't make one brave enough to bear—some things."

She looked at him doubtfully, as though, in his angelic attire, he might really have some wisdom from a higher

world to share with her—so harassed and miserable.

"The world," she said, "is a terrible place. You suffer there for the follies of people dead and gone. You are fawned upon for your money, and hunted for your face. I am tired of people. I'm going to live here all alone. I thought living here away from everybody would not be so bad as—being in the world."

Phil thought this a good idea. He explained to her how it was not such a bad place—gave the bats, owls, and garter snakes a good character. He also related with much picturesque detail the story of Giant Despair and Doubting Castle, and pointed out the advantages of the house for playing this game.

She listened with wide, sad eyes which held somewhere in their depths the promise that they might smile when she was less tired and wretched.

"And so *you*," she said, thoughtfully, "are Giant Despair!"

Giant Dispair hid a yawn behind a grimy hand and showed an inclination, which she encouraged, to climb into her lap, where he promptly fell asleep.

Looking down upon him in wonder, she presently felt drowsy herself, and carried him to the wrecked four-masted pirate vessel, took down the sail, and covered him over.

She pondered sleepily for a few moments, then lay down with her cheek against that of Giant Despair, and so they slept, quietly and comfortably.

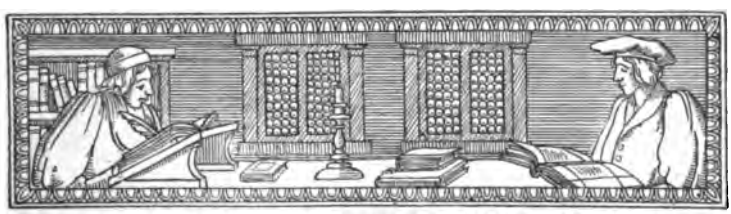
The Princess wept in the moonlight: "My punishment is too heavy. She suffers; she is so young and knows already that nothing is worth while!"

"Don't reproach me," sighed the Englishman. "Everybody has to find it out sooner or later."

But Ali Baba said, diffidently: "If there is something better than love and power—when Buddha sat solitary under the Bo-Tree, after a while, Peace came."

So it happened that as the daughter of the Princess and the Englishman slept with her cheek against the small warm one of Giant Despair, a new consideration was creeping into the argument of the ghosts in Doubting Castle. If Ali Baba was right, they might, in time, decide that ghosts, ruins, and old sins need not be so very tragic—that even Giant Despair may be at core a child in masquerade, and Doubting Castle, if one looked at it reasonably, as cheerful a place as any other.

Georgia Wood Pangborn.



REMBRANDT AND HIS ETCHINGS



THREE hundred years ago, on July 15, there was born in Leyden in the comfortable home of a miller, Rembrandt Van Ryn, the greatest etcher as well as one of the greatest painters the world has ever known. If it were possible to forget the great masterpieces of Rembrandt's brush and to fancy that his drawings had never existed, Amsterdam would still be *en fête* for him this summer by reason of his fame as an etcher. Philip Gilbert Hamerton once predicted that Rembrandt would be very much at home in the twentieth century because etching must by that time be recognised as the very wonderful art that it is. This prophecy bids fair to be fulfilled; etching is every day coming more and more into its own and Rembrandt is now widely acclaimed by etchers the king of their noble craft. Fitly, therefore, has it been decided to focus the interest of this ter-centenary upon the etchings of Rembrandt.

Tested by the quantity as well as the quality of his etched work Rembrandt compels wondering attention. The most conservative critics credit him with well over three hundred plates. And of these there are very few which are not distinctly a credit even to the painter of that great trio—"The Anatomy Lesson," "The Night Watch" (so called) and "The Syndics." That this should be true is not so strange as at first appears. For etching is essentially an artist's art; moreover it is an art particularly adapted to the creative impulse of a man like Rembrandt—a son of the people to whom nothing human was without interest and for whom no act in life lacked spiritual significance.

From youth to age, too, Rembrandt expressed himself in etching. Hamerton has observed, in ironical comment upon nineteenth century eagerness to stamp each accredited Rembrandt etching with a neatly fitted date, that those for whom chronology in art is an overmastering passion may safely assume that any etching by Rembrandt was produced between the year when the artist came into the world and 1669, when he went out of it. "No other plan is absolutely safe." The truth is that Rembrandt probably took up the etching needle when a mere lad and did not permanently lay it down until death. The art of etching was an intimate part of him. Through it, in a very real sense, he lived and moved and had his artistic being.

For this reason it is possible as well as profitable to trace many of the ups and downs of Rembrandt's somewhat troubled career through his etched work. One of his first prints, "Head of a Woman Lightly Etched"—the earliest known of the many portraits of his mother which Rembrandt did—is dated 1628. At twenty-two, then—for the excellencies of this plate were not often surpassed—we find Rembrandt already a master-etcher. We may be sure, however, that the plain but kindly face here presented to us has often been contracted with anxiety over the career of the clever youth. When Rembrandt had refused to be a diligent pupil at the Leyden Academy and to learn Latin by which he should grow into an ornament of his native town, this mother no doubt persuaded the lad's father to give him a chance in the direction of his bent. Very likely it was she who suggested as a teacher neighbour Van Swanenburch, who, to atone for his limited artistic gifts, possessed the recommendation of belonging to an old and highly respected Leyden family.

Rembrandt speedily outgrew, however, the powers of this home-made teacher, and in his sixteenth year we find him studying at Amsterdam under the tuition of Lastman. By 1624 he is back at Leyden "determined," says Orlers, the best authority for his early years, "to study and practise painting alone in his own fashion." During the succeeding six years he doubtless worked long and earnestly with his etching needle, as well as with his paintbrush. In 1630, having already attained a considerable reputation, he removed permanently to Amsterdam and soon established himself, near his



REMBRANDT'S HOUSE

Recently acquired by the city of Amsterdam for a permanent Rembrandt Museum.—From an etching by Flameng

former master Lastman, in the house (herewith pictured) which the committee charged with the present Rembrandt celebration has just been enabled to purchase through public subscription. Upon this house in the Jodenbreestraat (or great street of the Jews) no admirer of Rembrandt can look unmoved. For it was here that he lived for thirty full years—seven of them those gloriously illumined years during which Saskia was his constant comrade and unfailing inspiration.

What Laura was to Petrarch and Beatrice to Dante his wife Saskia was to Rembrandt. Not only was she an intimate part of his life, but she also pervaded his work. Nothing so delighted Rembrandt as painting her dear features; for no less than twelve portraits in oils and for seven etchings she was unmistakably the model and there are dozens of things of one sort or another for which she probably posed as well. The earliest portrait is that in the gallery at Cassel where she is presented to us as a smiling, bright-eyed girl with full round features and long waving tresses adorned with a gay hat and feather, rich pearls and embroidered gown. Again, in the well-known picture in the Dresden gallery we see her full of the joy of living, perched upon the knee of her proud and happy husband. The "Sick Woman" shows her in her last illness. Not even when death was at hand could Rembrandt cease to trace with his pencil her well-loved lineaments.

Saskia was peculiarly able to enter into the pursuits and interests of her husband.



SASKIA AND TWO OTHER HEADS—SECOND STATE

An orphan whose only brother was an artist and whose favourite sister had married an artist, she was also much in the family of her cousin, a dealer in rare prints, who acted as Rembrandt's publisher. Through him she met the etcher, already become a collector and a great personage. The two were married June 22, 1634, and for their honeymoon travelled to Leeuwarden, the home of the bride's family, sixty miles away. This was the longest journey Rembrandt ever took. He passed the balance of his very full life in the house which is now to be his memorial. But he did not die there. When bankruptcy came upon him—in the course of the disintegrating years which succeeded Saskia's premature death in 1641—he withdrew to a house in the Rozengracht. Here, too, the Rembrandt committee will now repair, by its tardy homage, an omission often deplored; a plaque will henceforth mark the place of the great man's death as well



PORTRAIT OF REMBRANDT LEANING ON A STONE SILL

Considered by many Rembrandt's greatest piece of pure etching. It frequently brings $1,000



VIEW OF ORMVAL, NEAR AMSTERDAM.—SECOND STATE



Hundred Guilder Print, so called from the fact that a Roman merchant is said to have exchanged with Rembrandt, for one impression of this "Christ Healing the Sick" seven Marc Antonio prints valued at a hundred guilders ($40). This was the highest price ever paid to Rembrandt for an etching. A recent copy of this plate sold for nearly $10,000



THREE BEGGARS AT THE DOOR OF A HOUSE—SECOND STATE

One of the most popular etchings extant



PORTRAIT OF JAN SIX—THIRD STATE

A single impression of this plate has brought over $3,000. The plate is still in the possession of the Six family, who made the last impressions in 1734. Competent critics pronounce this the most finished and perfect of Rembrandt's etchings. It is supposed to be all in dry point

as the tomb in the Westerkerk where in October, 1669, his mortal remains were laid away.

Rembrandt's first great corporation picture, "The Anatomy Lesson," we owe to the year of his acquaintance with Saskia; the year of her death is marked by the production of the work perversely known as "The Night Watch," a canvas so familiar, however, to all picture-lovers—with its spirited portrayal of Captain Cook's military company hurrying from the guard-house to attend afternoon drill—that explanation of its misnomer is superfluous. To Saskia's influence are attributable also nearly one-third of the etchings. Yet no stronger evidence could be adduced that Rembrandt was really a great man than the fact that, when he had grown old and suffered much, had been through the trials of bankruptcy and was living a life in poignant contrast to the high light of his most seemingly successful years, he produced "The Syndics." These plain men, meeting to settle the accounts of their city, are wholly without the sensational appeal of "The Anatomy Lesson," or the spectacular quality which distinguishes the "Civic Sortie." But we feel, as we look at them, that, to Rembrandt, they represented the *foundation of the Republic*, and that in painting them he, all unconsciously, expressed his new respect for simple reliability, his conviction that, to the seeing eye, these law-abiding burghers, from whom he himself had sprung, are not a whit less picturesque than the most dashing "Youth on Horseback" he had ever painted or the most gaily irresponsible "Saskia" he had ever etched.

Mary Caroline Crawford.



OLD WOMAN LIGHTLY ETCHED (Rembrandt's Mother)
Though this etching bears the earliest Rembrandt date, authorities pronounce it artistically and technically complete

AMERICAN POLITICAL WORKERS ABROAD

II. THE DIPLOMATIC SERVICE

BY GEORGE BARR BAKER



IT seems only yesterday that the United States representative in Europe was one of the few men who in Rome carefully must refrain from doing as the Romans did. On the contrary, he was expected conspicuously to shine forth as one apart from the suave and conventional diplomats of effete Europe; to wear an air of aggression, even of contempt for his surroundings, after the manner of "Cy. Perkins," of Pumpkinville, who attended his nephew's dinner party in New York, clad as to the body in a "sack" suit, but as to mental attitude, in an atmosphere of indignation at the reversion of his relative into habits of aristocratic delicacy and extravagance. Much of this might be ascribed to extreme sensitiveness, to a general desire, more or less sub-conscious, to conceal under an air of brusque independence the feeling that, despite our sudden wealth, power and great expectations, we were not yet, as a nation, quite "in society," whatever that may be.

Ours was the first nation ever born fully civilised. The republic came into being physically healthy, largely because its component parts embraced only that which had been fittest to survive; aggressive, because only the most aggressive could have attempted what was achieved; of a fearfully intense mentality, because only through the aid of such a quality could the early dreams of empire so quickly have been moulded into something like a successfully working model. But beyond all this, the nation seems to have made its entry into life with a lusty wail of protest. Aristocrats from Europe came protesting against conditions which made them less powerful than their friends, rivals and relations; came determined to found new fortunes and large estates which should make them as great as those they had left behind. Dissenters from the Anglican and Roman churches came protesting their right to worship in their own sweet way, and to force others to agree with them. Irishmen, weary of paying rent, came protesting that they must acquire land and tenants of their own. Missionaries came to teach the poor Indian that he must go their way in peace or go to the devil. Germans and Frenchmen came protesting against all manner of things in the constituted order of their own countries; while the Dutch, who came mostly to make a new Holland under old conditions, protested so little that they often have been lost to view in the stump-speaking school of general information. At best they seem to have remained what they had been in free and hospitable Holland—merely respectable, industrious, contented, stubborn, prosperous. Who ever heard of a Dutchman protesting that his business or social representative abroad was inclined to make too good an impression upon the people whom he was sent to impress? On the other hand, who that has lived in the West and Middle West, has failed to hear representatives of the other dominant elements of our make-up rail at the subservient attitude of this, that, and the other minister to various countries, particularly those accredited to the Court of St. James?

All of which, perhaps, brings us to the fact that, despite the protests of our progenitors, their points of view were as wide apart as the poles. The different communities had little in common except their spirit of protest, and it was only by the exercise of the wisest diplomacy that they were held together long enough to get them to agree to a constitution un-

der which they and their descendants might live in mutual harmony, and for whose integrity they might freely give their lives. Nor was it anything like shirtsleeve diplomacy which Gouverneur Morris, for instance, displayed, when at the psychological moment he stepped forward with his draft of the Constitution, calming the ruffled and bewildered spirits of the assembled colonial representatives, and with a smoothness and tact not sufficiently well-known to the school board of orators of a later date, brought assent out of dissent, and secured the adoption of that immortal document. If this was not the first diplomatic act *under* the Constitution it was, to a certainty, the first diplomatic triumph immediately ratified by the Constitution.

Gouverneur Morris, moreover, was a man inclined to polite ways and accustomed to dress in the best fashion of the period. He lived in a good house, the site of which is still known as Morrisania, and there is little doubt that had he been alive and a foreign minister or ambassador during the middle or toward the close of the nineteenth century, a certain type of newspaper and a large number of vociferous patriots would have found occasion bitterly to protest against those very qualities which placed the nation under peculiar obligation to him at a critical point in history. His natural impulse, as well as his training, must certainly have impelled him to conduct himself at a foreign court in a manner indicating that he was to the manner born, and to a certain extent in sympathy with those about him.

AN AMERICAN GRIEVANCE

But during this middle period of our history as a nation there had grown up a distinct difference of opinion between the popular American idea and the general European conception of ministerial or ambassadorial functions. Indeed, the ambassador, as a superior title, had been tabooed. In the United States the opinion most loudly prevailing was that the minister from this country was the direct representative of the people at the various courts and that it was his business to please the aforesaid people, individually and collectively, on pain of unbridled and unstinted condemnation by all concerned. A goodly proportion of the public press stood ready at all times to make "copy" out of the complaints of any and every citizen and citizeness who had a grievance against his or her representative in any foreign country.

If Mrs. Jones, of Paterson, New Jersey, whose husband had been left at home to keep the wolf from dogging too closely at Mrs. Jones's heels, happened to reach London in the height of the season, she was apt to take a penny bus or a shilling cab down Victoria street to the American Embassy. Arriving at that dingy headquarters of the great American republic, she entered, modestly, of course, and informed the first person she met that she was Mrs. James Hodgson Jones, of Paterson, New Jersey; told him just exactly what Paterson and Mrs. Jones thought of the existing administration, and—by that time, the person first addressed generally managed to make her understand that he was not the son of the ambassador. Indeed, deeply as he regretted it, he was merely a clerk. She did not, as a rule, notice that he pronounced the word "clark," because she was busy collecting breath for a second onslaught, which ran something like this:

"Ah, to be sure. But then you are a citizen of our glorious land of the free, where no man ever bowed the knee save in homage to his countrywomen, who are acknowledged by all the world to be—

"What? Not American! Well, of all the impudence— Is this the American Embassy?

"Oh, it is! And the young gentleman over there is the third secretary? Why didn't you say so? Glad to meet you, sir. So you are the third secretary. The minister not at home? Well, I'm sorry. You see, I hated to go through London without calling on our own representative. I've brought a flag with me all the way from home. You should have seen me wave it from the omnibus when that conductor refused to take my American money for fare. I told him how 'shamed he ought to be, living at the beck and call of a king and a lot of lords. I don't see how you stand their ways over here, but I suppose you go mostly with Americans, and the others may be a good study.

I'm very fond of studies myself, and, and—"

During all this interesting conversation, the third secretary had been making a mental estimate of the lady, putting in an occasional "yes, indeed," or other politely meaningless response, but really coming to a decision as to the exact degree of attention due her. Apparently, she was without one of those formidable-looking documents, signed by the Secretary of State, requesting that she receive every possible purely social courtesy from United States officers abroad. The possession of such a paper would have indicated that in some way, possibly remote, she had a connection with a congressman or senator, who had been asked to provide credentials. In this event, she might have received an invitation to sit in the gallery of a big hotel banquet-hall and listen to the speeches at a Fourth of July celebration, or something equally delicate and instructive. She might even have secured a pass to the ladies' gallery at the House of Commons. But as her only means of identification were her Jersey intonation and a card containing her husband's full name, and as the room was even now rapidly filling with other Mrs. Jones's, some with evidences of political or social influence which could not be ignored, the third secretary, with perfect manner, expressed his joy at the possibility of Mr. Jones changing his politics and supporting the President, if he "runs again," and while pressing upon her some tickets to an agricultural show or a parade in Hyde Park, gently, but firmly, got her headed toward the door. There the long suffering Englishman tactfully assisted in her eviction as far as the vestibule, at which point the well-trained "commissionaire," of any possible nationality excepting American or English, helped her into a cab or bus, with instructions as to her destination. Some time later Mrs. Jones recovered from her bewilderment with something of a shock. She did not like the agricultural show, or the parade in Hyde Park, because it transpired that, although she was near many of the hated aristocrats, she was not placed with them, which was absurd. She felt herself entitled to such a place, and knew it was only a scheme of those horrid embassy folks to keep her from asserting herself among her equals. It was pretty hard for a perfectly democratic person of her social position to be obliged to stand among the common people, and she let Mr. Jones, of Paterson, know it by the first post. She harped upon the subject, enlarging upon the enormities of a snobbish minister and his minions, who had grown so devoted to English life that they had no time for nice, cordial, patriotic ladies from home. An accumulation of Mesdames Jones caused a series of bitter letters to local newspapers. Metropolitan papers, having the additional grievance that the minister had grown somewhat complimentary to his hosts at public dinners, carried the various embassy outrages into large headlines, and at least one man ceased to be popular in the national and local politics of his own country.

Yet the chances are that had the poor man been able to discharge his daily routine, attend necessary social functions, look after the interests of all who came with political influence, which included getting a considerable number of women presented at court, and at the same time have found time personally to meet and entertain all of his fellow countrymen and women, he would have done so with pleasure. But the volume of travel from America, increasing enormously with every year, without in the least increasing the income, the staff, or the space allotted the embassies, had far outstripped the capacity of the minister to be a personal representative of each of his masters.

In this rush of travellers, the women predominated, as did their demands, and this it was which caused the late king of Italy, on one occasion, to exclaim, when the names of a lot of American women had been offered for presentation at his court, "Great Heavens! have these women no husbands? How can it be that respectable women make these important arrangements without their natural escort?"

THE ENVOY'S REAL STATUS

Thus the real status, the *raison d'être,* of the envoy frequently was quite lost to

sight. The fact is, an ambassador or minister plenipotentiary is the direct medium of communication between the heads of two governments. He is an officer sent by one sovereign power to treat with another on affairs of state. His credentials are directly from one sovereign to another, or, in the case of a republic, from the chief executive of that republic to the King, or Emperor, of the country to which he is accredited. He represents not only the affairs, but the power and dignity of his master. By the law of nations he has many special privileges, chief of which is exemption from control of municipal laws, and this exemption extends to his entire suite, as well as his wife, his chaplain and his household generally. To all intents and purposes his house is territory of the country he represents. The dignity is so great that the most distinguished noblemen are proud to enter the service, and in Europe, at least, the career of diplomacy is one for which families of importance select their young men with great care.

The practice generally adopted provides that a youth entering the service must be possessed of an income sufficient to enable him to live well and pay his debts, as any scandal arising from unpaid embassy obligations is considered the offense of the sovereign and the nation from which he comes. From the position of minor secretary, the youth is expected by slow degrees to progress through various stages toward a first secretaryship, and thence to the title of minister to a small court, from which he may go as high as his talents, tact, and personality can carry him. The gift of popularity is an important factor. Not popularity with the crowd, but with the sovereign to whom he is accredited, and with that sovereign's government.

Many years of training teach the aspiring diplomat the value of a knowledge of form, of custom, and of tradition, without which qualities the most learned and well meaning of men is certain frequently to cause annoyance or to give actual offence.

Mr. Godkin, some twenty years ago, in the *North American Review*, expressed our own situation rather bitterly when he said:

"The unorganised and untrained character of our diplomatists has not resulted in much mischief hitherto, because of our geographical isolation from the other great powers, and because, therefore, the other great powers have generally agreed to treat us as mere amateurs who were not to be held accountable for our language. The American minister is nowhere abroad considered a real member of the diplomatic corps. His mistakes, therefore, do not count. His indiscretions excite amusement or sympathy. He is understood to be a politician, with home interests which are much more important than his diplomatic interests."

Mr. Godkin then cited a case where Mr. William C. Whitney saw in the Mediterranean something of an international character which he gave to the public as having "made his blood boil" against a power friendly to the United States.

THE DIPLOMACY OF FRANKLIN

Now had the expression come from a recent cabinet minister and intimate of the chief executive of any other great power, Europe would have been found for some days in an excited state of mind. The statement would have been taken as representing some definite policy or feeling on the part of the government involved.

As it was, Europe laughed. Mr. Whitney, personally, was respected and liked in several capitals, but Mr. Whitney, ex-cabinet minister, etc., was not expected to observe the amenities of international intercourse.

Politicians opposing the idea of a trained diplomatic service, generally point to the success of Franklin in support of their claims. It is true that Franklin went to France without knowledge or experience of court forms, and it is equally true that Franklin remains a tradition recognised by all the world as the highest and best, as well as the most successful. But so is it true that Adams, also without diplomatic training, joined Franklin in Paris, and came uncomfortably close to upsetting much of the latter's great work.

Franklin went to France at a time when a blasé court and public sought

eagerly for something new and diverting. He represented a new and strange nation, a democracy which was making the hated English uncomfortable. His appearance corresponded with the Parisian ideal of an apostle of freedom and democracy, but had he lacked other qualifications he soon must have gone the way of all nine days wonders. Franklin was a scientist, a publicist, a philosopher, a poet, and, probably above all things for the good of his country at that moment, a phrase-maker. He charmed the French with his wit, giving them something to repeat and something to look forward to. And Franklin was no prude. He had no noticeable puritanism. He was fond of the ladies, knew how to please them, recognised their influence, and used them for his own entertainment and his nation's welfare.

Franklin could breakfast easily with Madame at one o'clock, in her boudoir; could dine splendidly with mesdames and messieurs in the evening, and at night could charm the salon, at the same time quietly working to make the influential about him realise how fine a thing it would be for France to help the struggling people across the seas; France, the friend of the oppressed; France, the beneficent.

Then came Adams—just as good a man and patriot as Franklin, but narrow, insular, puritanical, without finesse, incapable of understanding French mental processes. Adams wanted France to see that to help America was to injure England, and therefore to help France. The chivalrous side was to be submerged.

The bare intimation of such a thing created a chilling atmosphere, requiring all of the astute and charming Franklin's subleties to thaw. No, if France were to help, it must be done with every art of what Mr. Peter McArthur called that "high and mendacious courtesy," which could hide any ulterior motive under a spangled cloak of noble philanthropy.

FORMS AND CEREMONIALS

The French, like their neighbours, had grown formal with the centuries. When our republic came into being, more than two thousand years had elapsed since one C. Flavius had stolen from his employer, Appius, a list of the forms employed in Roman law, and published them for the good of his fellow citizens. Since that day "forms, formulas and formalities" have multiplied beyond the realising powers of the most arithmetically organised mind. During those twenty centuries "a great part of the inventive genius of man had been directed, in every land, among every tribe, to the discovery and framing of new special shapes of rules, wordings, documents, reports and regulations, all rendered obligatory, at some time or other, by edict or by usage. More books have been written about forms than on any other subject that the world has known. Forms have been created for every act of life—Greek fire, dinner, troubadours, women's rights, gladiators, salvation, chemistry, single combat, cricket, cockfighting and revolutions. Only the fractiousness of nature has prevented legislators from affixing strict formalities to earthquakes, avalanches, meteors and typhoons. Everything is controlled by form. Passports, quarantines, rights of local jurisdiction, naturalisation, domicile and the length of a court train, all the thousand and one complicated observances between people, are but international formalities, just as are treaties."

All may be broken, treaties, trains and quarantines, but each break carries with it a certain amount of disorganisation and discomfort, besides bringing the offender into disfavour. Most conventions are the outgrowth of a desire for order, for comfort in the management of the affairs of life. To be unconventional only too frequently is to conduct one's self in a manner inconvenient, if not positively harmful, to others.

One of the earliest Anglo-Saxon forms, or conventions, was an edict to the effect that "no noble shall give the queen a blow or snatch anything with violence from her, under penalty of incurring her majesty's displeasure."

Imagine the situation of the royal lady in question if she had been forced constantly to live in a court where an envoy from some Welsh king might, at dinner, have adopted the ruse of dealing her a blow in the face to detract her attention while he snatched a tit-bit from her maj-

esty's trencher! Yet when Tennyson, in his ignorance or perversity, stood before the fireplace upon the mat kept sacred to Queen Victoria, he is said to have disturbed her royal composure quite as seriously as did the rude courtiers of her more robust predecessor.

"What," says an old writer, "what, we may ask, would be a court *without* ceremony, and what the dignity of a sovereign if divested of all forms, ill understood by, and consequently awful, to the vulgar?"

Ceremonies, originally, were few in number, simply because there were few officers of state to stand between sovereign and subject, and to enforce an observance of them. But royalty grew exclusive as the nobility grew rich and powerful.

To the possession of the landed estates conferred by the Conqueror upon his Norman followers, many before unheard-of services connected with the king's person and dwelling were attached, and thus, almost imperceptibly, the number of royal officers increased, until the sovereign came to be surrounded by an assemblage of officials who showed the nation at large their own grandeur by exacting profound reverence both toward themselves and their royal masters.

Thus began the modern era of puppet kings, sovereigns who reign, but do not rule. Elisabeth was a maiden lady of so fierce a will and so cunning a mind that she kept a fairly sharp check upon the foreign envoy, as well as upon her own ministers, but her successor, James, on his arrival from Scotland, faced a different problem. Ambassadors from nearly every court awaited him, prepared to offer congratulations on his new dignities, to exalt his sacred person in the eyes of the public, but at the same time to force from king, noble and commoner, the recognition due themselves as personal representatives of their respective royal masters.

At this date, ambassadors were ready to fight and die for the principle that they were entitled to the same degree of attention as in their own countries was given their king.

The Spanish and French envoys were the most troublesome, each scrupulously careful to prevent the other from securing any especial favour. They maintained quite royal establishments, and drove about with splendid escorts, demanding precedence over all but the king himself. Indeed, the prerogatives of ambassadors became in many cases, almost greater than those of the sovereigns they represented. For a long time they exercised the direct right of judgment, and consequently of life and death, over the members of their suites. Their houses, and even their carriages, were recognised asylums from all local justice, and often served as such for criminals of any nationality. They kept guards for the defence of these rights, often carrying their pretensions to ridiculous extremes.

When Rosney came to London as special envoy to greet James, a brawl occurred between some of his suite and a crowd of Englishmen, in which one of the latter was killed. Rosney instituted an inquiry, discovered the murderer, sentenced him to death, and notified the lord mayor that he might at any time proceed with the execution.

But after he had been given into the lord mayor's custody, the poor man managed to get a hearing before the resident French ambassador, who, on his plea of justification, laid the matter before King James. The latter granted a pardon.

When Rosney heard what had occurred, he lodged a protest with the French king, who demanded to know by what right the British sovereign had interfered with what was purely a private affair of Rosney's. A serious crisis finally was averted by complete surrender to Rosney.

Under such conditions it may be imagined that each capital came to maintain as many sovereigns as there were ambassadors. In Venice, Madrid, Rome and Frankfort each ambassador marked out a portion of territory surrounding his residence, wherein he exercised the *franchise de quartier*, maintaining discipline therein, to the exclusion of all local officers of justice. Prowlers were hanged by order of the ambassador.

In 1680 the King of Spain, exasperated by many excesses of the envoys, made a

vigourous attempt to resume sway over his own territory, but the French ambassador, de Villiers, whose lawless conduct had caused most of the trouble, made such threats of reprisals that the question was dropped.

SPECIAL PRIVELEGE

We have had recent experiences in this country of secretaries to foreign embassies refusing to submit to arrest at the hands of constables who accused them of driving motor cars beyond the speed limit. Some of our newspapers were inclined to censure the gentlemen for what they deemed a breach of good manners. Some even went so far as to give an impression that the affair was the entering wedge to a class distinction, forgetting, or, owing to the general courtesy of European papers, not knowing that secretaries of American embassies abroad frequently have exercised privileges denied to the most powerful of nobles not protected by international custom.

About three years ago, a genial American, distinguished in the foreign service, was dining in London with another American, also in the diplomatic field. After dinner, the night being fine, they set out for a motor ride to Windsor. At 8:30 o'clock, there seemed to be sufficient daylight to complete the run of four or five miles into town without lighting the lamps.

A few minutes later, however, when they were running at full speed, the sky became rapidly overcast, and a constable ordered them to halt.

"Name and address, please," said the man of the law, the custom being to send a summons to the offender notifying him when and where to appear.

Knowing all this, and being somewhat annoyed with themselves for a carelessness which might bring them into unpleasant prominence, both gentlemen promptly handed the officer their cards, explained that darkness had come more suddenly than they had expected, and, after lighting their lamps, proceeded on their way. In these latter preparations the constable had willingly assisted, explaining that he had no desire to seem officious, but was there to perform his duty.

They were just getting under way, when a second halt was called. This time the constable, carrying their cards in his hand, approached the car with great deference.

"I beg your pardon," he began, "but I had not looked at the addresses on your cards. Am I to understand that you are in the foreign service?"

"Certainly," was the reply, "but what of it?"

"Well, sirs," said the constable diffidently, "I am afraid you are making sport of me. You must know that I have no authority over you."

A great light broke upon them. They had forgotten that they were exempt from the law. It was a happy thought, for rain was threatening. With a hearty good night, and with many thanks for the courtesy, they ordered their driver to make the best speed the engine could stand, and at the rate of something like forty miles an hour pounded through the village streets, leaving consternation in their path, but happy in their superiority to the law. Yet for a similar offence the Prime Minister of England recently had been obliged to pay a fine, while a prince of the blood royal, visiting England for the coronation, had been arrested in the street like any common offender, charged with disorderly conduct, in that he had set out from the palace to see London from the point of view of a man of the people, and, falling in with a gang of toughs, had drunk indiscreetly with them.

But there have been disputes among legal writers as to whether this exemption extends to all crimes, or whether it is limited so as not to include murder, arson, etc. "Practice," as Villefort says, "has always tended to exaggerate the law, which is not surprising when it is considered that privileges are precisely the sort of rights which are always trying to grow bigger."

During Cromwell's protectorate it was held that the restricted sense must obtain, and when the Portuguese ambassador was convicted of an atrocious murder he was executed. Now, however, it is generally conceded that the absolute

inviolability of the person and household of an ambassador conducting the intercourse of nations is of greater importance than the punishment of a particular crime. For this reason there have been few examples of punishment of ambassadors in modern times.

Sir Edward Coke once held that an Ambassador to the Court of St. James was answerable "for any contract which was good according to the law of nations," but during the reign of Queen Anne it was decided otherwise. It happened that the Russian ambassador of Peter the Great was arrested in London for a debt of about fifty pounds, dragged from his coach, and forced to appear before a magistrate. For some reason never clearly explained, instead of demanding to be released because of his rank, he gave bail and then appealed directly to the Queen. Anne promptly summoned the Privy Council, before whom some seventeen persons concerned in the arrest were called and committed to prison.

At their trial before the lord chief justice, the jury declared them guilty as to the facts alleged, but left it to the judges to decide just how far their acts were criminal. The judges could not agree, and the problem remains unsolved to this day; but Peter, regarding the Ambassador as being practically himself, deeply resented the affront, and demanded that the Sheriff of Middlesex and all others concerned in the arrest be put to death.

Queen Anne, however, amazed the despotic court of the Czar by causing it to be explained that she was so situated as to be unable to punish even the meanest of her subjects, except after due process of law, and she therefore felt certain that he would not insist upon the impossible.

The matter might have been allowed to drag on until it was recorded among the forgotten incidents, but that the entire body of foreign representatives in London entered into the controversy, making common cause with Peter, and threatening serious international complications. To avert this, a bill was introduced and hurried through Parliament providing for the punishment in future of any "who might be guilty of such outrageous insolence."

Anne sent a special envoy to St. Petersburg to assure Peter that "though her majesty was unable to inflict such a punishment as was desired, because of its defect, in that particular, of the former established constitutions of her kingdom, yet, with the unanimous consent of Parliament, she had caused a new law to be passed, to serve as a law for the future."

"This humiliating step," says Blackstone, "was accepted as full satisfaction by the Czar, and the offenders, at his request, were discharged from all further prosecution."

THE CASE OF THE FRENCH EMBASSY

It was because of this law that when some four or five years ago the splendid French embassy in London was remodelled, and a new addition erected, it was possible for red tape in Paris to delay payment to British workmen and contractors until they were in despair.

It was impossible to attach the building itself, because it ranked as French territory; the ambassador could not be proceeded against, for even had a court been found to grant judgment, he could not have been forced to pay, and it was, obviously, equally out of the question to sue the French nation in a British court.

As the months passed, and men in a small way of business grew more and more cramped for need of money which they actually had put into that bit of France situated in the heart of London, they reached a point where they were willing to adopt any expedient which ingenuity might devise.

The ambassador and his suite, it should be understood, felt the position keenly, and were willing to help in any way within their power, but appeal after appeal to the various department in Paris failed of result, until the creditors, as a final resort, determined to ascertain what virtue there might be in publicity. They would ask the newspapers to air their grievances.

At that moment, however, the two countries were in the first labour of the new *entente cordiale;* the French and the British were friends, and no paper cared to risk responsibility for fresh misunder-



DORCHESTER HOUSE. THE PRESENT RESIDENCE OF THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR TO GREAT BRITAIN



THE GERMAN EMBASSY IN LONDON



THE FRENCH EMBASSY IN LONDON



THE LIBRARY IN DORCHESTER HOUSE



THE AMERICAN EMBASSY IN PARIS

standings by publishing matter which might be construed as unfriendly.

"But," it was argued, "the French themselves would feel most annoyed if they knew that their creditors were being held up in this manner."

"Then why not ask the French press to interest itself?" was the response.

The idea seemed good, and the writer of this was asked diplomatically to approach the London correspondent of a great French daily. The matter was broached one night over coffee and cigars, when the air was filled with music and all things seemed favourable for a quiet talk over intimate affairs. It has been said that any subject may be freely discussed if time, place and opportunity synchronise, but it is to be doubted that the man who first gave voice to that sentiment ever approached a patriotic French journalist on a matter inimical to the policy of his political party. The coffee seemed to grow rank, the cigar stale, and the music to degenerate into jangling discord, as the gentleman of France gave vent to his opinion of any man who would not prefer the loss of a few paltry thousands to the possible interruption of an international good fellowship, while the newspaper man, who, merely to gain an exclusive sensation for his employers, would put his country in an unfair light, was given a reputation unspeakable. No, let the aggrieved parties journey to Paris, and there personally lay their troubles before the proper authorities.

The journey was made, but nothing came of it but polite regrets that the accounts had still to be endorsed by some department, while the writer found himself regarded with suspicion by the never-to-be-too-greatly admired correspondent.

Furious at this, one of the creditors, more influential than the others, attempted to have the matter brought up in Parliament, but, although one or two opposition members agreed to make the attempt, they seem later to have come so far under the influence of the new friendship that the question was dropped, and the creditors were obliged to wait as best they could until, in the fullness of time, the proper department got a new appropriation, or a new approval, or found a way to utilise an old one. The last the writer knew of the situation the accounts were about two years old.

On the same principle, an American ambassador, paying in rent and fixed household expense more than his salary, and being obliged, in addition, to spend at least double the amount in keeping up anything like the dignity to which the United States is entitled by its position as a world power, might, by sudden reversal of fortune, become unable to pay his debts to foreign creditors, but unless the Government was willing to assume the responsibility, the scandal might go unpunished, and the creditors might whistle for their money.

A troublesome case arose in 1839, when Mr. Wheaton, then United States Minister to Prussia, attempted to move from one house to another. His former landlord, claiming that some stains on the walls had not been settled for, according to the terms of the lease, at the last moment seized the carpets and curtains as security for the alleged debt. Mr. Wheaton, claiming privilege, appealed to the Prussian Foreign Office, where it was asserted that as he had signed a lease like any other resident, he was in duty bound to submit to the regular process of law.

The immediate question, as to possession of the carpets and curtains, was, of course, instantly arranged, but the dispute continued until 1844, and then was left to die unsettled, while to the world at large was presented the anomaly of the most progressive of republics fighting for feudal prerogatives against the attempts of a monarchy to bring its customs into line with modern procedure.

The whole question is vague and individual. The "law of nations" is an empty phrase, and must remain so until a way is found to enforce it. Writers at best can only reproduce the arguments of their predecessors, with personal variation, so that at best one can only generalise.

Yet, although custom admits that an ambassador is not amenable to any tribunal of the country in which he resides, he cannot misconduct himself with impunity. Should he persistently offend the laws and the customs of the country



THE AMERICAN LEGATION IN THE HAGUE



FORMER AMBASSADOR CHOATE'S HOUSE IN CARLTON TERRACE

in which he resides, he may be complained of to his home government, or, if the offence is very serious, his recall may be demanded, or the sovereign to whom he has given offence may dismiss him peremptorily, and further, may insist that he be brought to trial in his own country. Among inferior privileges generally allowed ambassadors and ministers are exemption from general taxation, and freedom from import duty, although this, on account of abuses, has sometimes been limited.

The permanent ambassador of to-day is comparatively a modern institution, the original form being to send envoys extraordinary when occasion required, as when Mr. Reid was sent to the British coronation, and Mr. Whitridge to Spain.

PRINCE HENRY AND THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR

Since the Peace of Westphalia the title of "Excellency" has been given to all diplomatic agents of the first class, this including ministers plenipotentiary. Monarchies at first refused this title to republics, but Venice secured it by intrigue in 1636, since when its use has been general. Second and third class ministers can not claim quite the honours accorded those of the first class, who may demand the same ceremonial that would be shown the sovereign himself were he present. This class included papal nuncios. The ambassador can at any reasonable time demand personal audience with the sovereign, while diplomats of the second and third class must deal through officers of state. For this reason the Ministry to Turkey has been raised to the rank of ambassadorship, and in future Abdul Hamid will be forced to see the United States representative, whose troubles with the Porte, in the past, have added greatly to the gaiety of nations. This ambassadorial right leads to some interesting situations, as may be shown by an encounter between Prince Henry, brother of the Kaiser, and a British ambassador. The two were old friends, but both were momentarily on official duty when they met at the grand entrance to an oriental audience chamber. Each wished to impress the observant strangers with the power of his own sovereign, but neither felt quite certain of his exact status. One was the brother of an emperor, the other the personal representative of a king. The Englishman might claim precedence if the prince was unofficial, but he did not know just how far the prince ranked as actual representative of the emperor. They stood for a moment after shaking hands, each waiting for the other to move. The delicacy of the situation doubtless impressed them both, and one of them later stated that while he saw the danger of being slighted, he was at the same time keenly alive to the complications which might arise if he administered a slight. However, with a smile, the prince solved the problem by taking the arm of the Englishman, and together, quite in step, they squeezed through the doorway.

SALARIES AND EXPENSES

With the increasing power and wealth of the United States, as well as with the growth of a national pride in the fact that not only are we "in society," as a nation, but that everywhere a man or a nation is judged largely by appearances, has come a demand for the highest class of men for the foreign embassies, and eight ambassadorships have been created. The salaries of $17,500 a year to those in Great Britain, France Germany, Russia, Mexico, and now to those in Turkey, and $12,000 to those at the Austro-Hungarian and Italian courts, have made it necessary that these men of the highest class also be men of wealth. The mere expense of moving back and forth is considerable, while the rent of a house suitable to the office runs into figures which make the available balance of salary dwindle almost to the vanishing point. To-day, practically for the first time, the United States Ambassador to Great Britain is housed in a manner to place him on a par, if not a little above, the representatives of the other great powers. If Mr. Reid does not pay more rent than twice the sum total of his salary, the owner is not receiving three per cent. on the value of his property. Indeed, it is said that the owner never has cared to live in the house because its vast size calls for an

expenditure in mere light, heat, service and general upkeep scarcely warranted except by one in an official position. For years the building has been used largely for the entertainment of foreign visitors of note, and many are the stories of the woes of the owner arising from the peculiar habits and customs of a certain eastern potentate, whose great retinue was unaccustomed to the amenities of modern household life.

Mr. Choate had a fine house in aristocratic Carlton House Terrace, but toward the close of his term was forced to move because the owner, Lord Curzon, had returned to England. To the French, it must seem somewhat out of keeping with official dignity to find each succeeding United States ambassador house-hunting, and selecting a headquarters suited, not to the dignity of his position, but to the size of his income.

NAPOLEON III AND HIS NEW ENGLAND PIE

But the French long since learned to smile politely at the oddities of their sister republic. The wife of one United States representative, so tradition has it, once horrified the French court by sending her servants to occupy the imperial box at the theatre, when the monarch, as a token of respect and friendship, had placed it at her disposal for the occasion. Needless to say, the act of courtesy was almost a command that the embassy party attend the theatre, and when it was found that they would be unable to do so, the fact should have been communicated to the sovereign through the proper channels. The scandal, still according to tradition, was hushed only because of the lady's rare charm and the court's sense of the ridiculous. On another occasion the Emperor and Empress are reported to have expressed a desire to taste genuine American pie, of the New England variety. The minister's wife therefore arranged a dinner at her house, where the *picce de resistance* was to be a pie. All went well until the time arrived for the pie. It was brought on with some ceremony, those present displaying as much interest and curiosity as etiquette permitted. Imagine, then, the horror which filled the breast of the poor minister when he saw that the pie had been raped of one small piece. Looking sadly toward his wife, who sat at the right of the Emperor, he was met by a guilty smile, and the hurried explanation that she had gone to the kitchen just before dinner, to see that all was as it should be, when the sight of the pie had proved too tempting for her, and impulsively she had cut and eaten of it.

To the minds of most of her hearers, it is hard to say which offence had the worst effect, the visit of a *grande dame* to the kitchen, or the mutilation of the pie. Again, however, the politeness of the French in general, and the bourgeoise origin of the Emperor in particular, saved the face of the lady, and all ended in a laugh.

Less fortunate was the fate of the man who drove through the streets of Berlin with his feet hanging outside the carriage, while the man who wore a Knight Templar's full regalia to court because he was so weary of appearing in evening dress in the daytime, is reported to have caused a query to the state department at Washington, as to just what the imposing array meant, and how much honour was due to it. The reply, to the effect that it was one of the oldest and most to be respected in the world, hardly cleared matters, and the politically appointed minister was instructed that for the future he was not to risk a collision with the custodian of the traditions.

Perhaps one of the most interesting tales of an underpaid minister is in the diary of a man who went to Great Britain in the early Victorian era. The documents will be published after the lapse of a few more years has eliminated several persons, whose susceptibilities might be affected by a recital of how such and such a royal lady was noticeably indifferent to the condition of her finger nails, and how another such lady slapped her daughter's face in public. The minister in question was old and pious. His days had been spent, for the most part, in simple living and high thinking, but he felt quite at home when invited to spend the night at Windsor Castle.

"The Queen," he wrote, "received me with a cordiality very touching to one of my modest station, while her graceful

dignity did not a little to inspire respect for her royal person. All at the court were most courteous and considerate, so that when I came to depart early the following morning, it seemed quite natural and in keeping that there should be many servants and lackeys lining my pathway with smiling faces. But my secretary whispered to me that they expected gifts of money. This at first occasioned me sad embarrassment, but a happy thought coming to me, I walked slowly past them, saying to each in turn, 'God be with you, my son, God be with you.' It seemed to me then that perhaps an old man's blessing might be of as much value to them as any other gifts, particularly as they all were well placed and comfortable looking. Nevertheless, on explaining to my secretary, what he very well knew, that I had barely sufficient money for our most urgent necessities, I was made to feel that as I left the castle, the faces of those who waited had lost something of their kindliness."

THE DRESS OF AN ENVOY

During the height of ambassadorial glory the matter of dress played an important part. Gold braid, costly lace, silks, satins and jewels were used with utter disregard of cost. The envoy himself wore a costume, generally of his own invention, which by its splendour forced kings into wild, extravagant competition. Secretaries and other *attachés* of legation were provided with finery copied from their masters', only lessening in glitter from grade to grade, until the junior members were found with less lace, narrower braid, plainer hats, and wearing swords whose jewels were less likely than their chief's to require constant military protection for the bearer.

Into a company of such brilliant plumage came Franklin, with his woollen stockings and thick shoes. But Franklin was picturesque, and the French liked his assumption of simplicity. The word "assumption" is used with intent, for it is not to be doubted that many at Versailles looked upon his garb as anything more than a clever pose to catch the popular fancy.

During these early days there seems to have been little or no attempt at anything uniform in the dress of the American diplomatic service, but in 1817 we find that in some vague way a costume had been devised, and was being worn, as follows:

"Blue coat, lined with white silk; straight standing cape embroidered with gold, single breasted; straight or round button holes, slightly embroidered; buttons plain, or, if they can be had, with the artillerist's eagle stamped upon them, i.e., an eagle flying with a wreath in its mouth, grasping lightening in one of its talons. Cuffs embroidered in the manner of the cape; white cassimere breeches; gold knee-buckles; white silk stockings, and gold or gilt shoe buckles. A three cornered chapeau bras, not so large as those used by the French, nor so small as those used by the English. A black cockade, to which, lately, an eagle has been attached. Sword, etc., corresponding."

When Andrew Jackson became president, however, he came to the conclusion that the costume was rather too gorgeous and he prescribed and rather strongly recommended the following as being cheaper and better "adapted to the simplicity of our institutions."

"A black coat with a gold star on each side of the collar near its termination; the underclothes to be black or white at the option of the wearer; a three-cornered chapeau de bras, with a black cockade and gold eagle; and a steel-mounted sword with gold scabbard." This falling off in splendour left the minister still respectably dressed, and not conspicuous.

Things so continued, some ministers wearing one costume and some the other, until 1853, when Marcy launched a circular recommending ministers when appearing at court to confine themselves to the "simple dress of an American citizen." This might mean anything from shirt sleeves and homespun pantaloons to evening dress, but the circular was accepted merely as a recommendation, leaving ministers free to exercise their own discretion.

In Europe, we are told, it "produced a terrible uproar."

Mr. Sanford wrote from Paris that immediately on receipt of the news, he had

determined to attend court in "citizen's" dress;" that he had made representations to the French government explaining the whole theory of the change, and had been assured that "it would not affect injuriously the relations of the two countries." Mr. Seibels sent his thanks and rejoicings from Brussels, and Mr. Daniel found the court of Turin "prepared to accept the blow with perfect composure."

The King of Prussia, however, took the matter as a reflection upon himself and his court, and Mr. Vroom was obliged to "procure something plain and simple," but still "dress." Mr. Schroeder, too, at Stockholm, was forced to consider the prejudices of the king.

At the Hague, one of the most formalesque of courts, Mr. Belmont nobly stood his ground and won his point. The court chamberlain and the masters of ceremonies generally, were shocked at the thought of a man appearing at dress functions in undress costume. It was to them, as indeed it was to the rest of Europe, exactly as though the captain of one lone company had persisted in attending a review of the troops in civilian's attire. But the king liked Mr. Belmont, knew something of his position, and courteously received him in street dress. Having done so much, his majesty still had doubts as to the attitude of the queen mother, who was a stickler for the proprieties, and had been known to show great rudeness to those who transgressed the rules. Again Mr. Belmont rose to the occasion. Politely, but with dignity, he faced her and met—nothing but dignified politeness in return. Indeed, from a letter written by him about this time, we learn that:

"I, as well as my family, have been treated with the utmost courtesy, on all occasions, by every member of the royal family, and at the last ball at the Casino, one of a series of entertainments similar to the Washington Assembly Ball, which are attended by the whole court, I was honoured by an invitation of the Queen to dance a quadrille with her, which was not the less gratifying for happening on a more public occasion than the ordinary court balls, and for my being the only member of the diplomatic corps so honoured that evening."

At Paris things did not go smoothly after Mr. Mason's arrival in 1854. Mr. Sanford, as chargé d'affaires, had been a fanatical champion of plain clothes, but Mason took kindly to court dress. This so disgusted Sanford, who took it as a slur upon himself and as a national disgrace, that he resigned, on the ground that Mr. Mason was going to court in "a coat embroidered with gilt tinsel, a sword and a cocked hat, the invention of a Dutch tailor in Paris, borrowed chiefly from the livery of a subordinate attaché of legation of one of the petty powers of Europe." Mr. Mason defended himself in a lengthy despatch in which he called his clothes a "simple uniform dress."

In London, Mr. Buchanan was placed in a most embarrassing position. He had several interviews with Sir Edward Cust, Master of the Ceremonies, who urged him to appear at court in some sort of attire which could be dignified by the name of "costume," and not to present himself in the clothes he wore in the street.

"After due deliberation," Mr. Buchanan "determined neither to wear gold lace nor embroidery." On any other point he was ready to yield so much as was necessary to please the queen, so long as it left him wearing "something in character with our democratic institutions." While puzzling his brains over this knotty question in diplomacy, a solution was offered of which he says:

"It was then suggested to me, from a quarter which I do not feel at liberty to mention, that I might assume the civil dress worn by General Washington, but after examining Stewart's portrait at the house of a friend, I came to the conclusion that it would not be proper for me to adopt the costume. I observed 'fashions have so changed since the days of Washington, that if I were to put on his dress and appear in it before the chief magistrate of my own country at one of his receptions, I should render myself a subject of ridicule for life. Besides, it would be considered presumption in me to affect the style of dress of the Father of his Country.'"

It was in this unsettled state of the question, and before he had adopted any style of dress, that Parliament was

opened. Presumably, Mr. Buchanan did not attend the opening.

Sumner was a bitter and persistent agitator against any conformity on the part of ministers, with the customs of the countries to which they were accredited. In 1868 he secured the passing of a regulation prohibiting court dress of any kind, and Adams was obliged to absent himself from the British court, where the rule was that all guests must appear either in military uniform or in court dress, "the wearing of which," said the nation, at the time, "has the advantage of preventing guests from seeming singular, and from being mistaken for waiters and valets." "We hope," continues the indignant writer, "that the effect of this republican protest against monarchial follies will be as deep and lasting as Congress intended it to be, and will hasten the day when the United States will prescribe to the whole of this continent the cut of its clothes."

The London *Times* said that Mr. Adams had been absent through "unavoidable circumstances," but it was a source of general amusement that like the proud wife of the man in the story book, he had stayed at home because he "had nothing fit to wear." No one who has not seen a United States representative drive down the Mall toward Buckingham Palace or to St. James's on a state occasion, can realise how shabby a figure he cuts. Ordinary evening dress, often called "full" in provincial descriptive articles, never looks other than funereal beside a military or other attractive uniform, which perhaps accounts for the fact that most Frenchmen never appear in such garb except at burials. But in broad daylight, out of doors, beside the glitter and pomp of all the embassies of all the world, the black evening coat, the black trousers, the stiff white shirt front of an American representative, render him conspicuously *de trop* in appearance, and subject him to many of the petty annoyances of one who knows he is entitled to honours, but who looks not so much to the mode, even, as a well-paid doorkeeper, butler, or coachman, but rather like the combination house servant of a poor but respectable dowager, who expects him to serve lunch, and afterwards in the same clothes to take his place on the carriage seat beside the driver, to give the appearance of a well-kept establishment, and to walk behind and carry parcels when her ladyship shops.

THE LANGUAGES OF DIPLOMACY

Much has been written and said about French as the language of diplomacy, and certain it is that one of the greatest drawbacks of United States diplomatists has been their general inability fluently to speak any language other than their own, but it is a fact that in treaty making and in correspondence between heads of states, Latin has played an important part. This is particularly true of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when French is imagined to have been almost the universal tongue.

The treaties of Nimeguen, Ryswick, Utrecht (1713) and Vienna (1725-1738) were all in Latin. In 1752 the Austrian minister at Naples spoke Latin officially to the king, and when Louis XIV. wrote in French to Leopold II. of Austria, the latter complained that this was contrary to the usages of the court, which specified that communications be in Latin; and noting that although the treaty of Lunéville (1801) was written in French alone, its ratification by the German emperor was given in Latin.

In 1800 the English foreign office began using English to ambassadors resident in London, and the German diet in 1817 decided to employ German, with translations in French or Latin, for all foreign communications. This has become the general custom, largely because it leads to fewer chances of misunderstandings.

Constitutional monarchies, with ministers responsible to the public; telegraph, newspapers, and the general advance of education, all have tended during recent years to place the ambassador relatively in the same position as the king—i. e., his glory remains, but his power declines. Nations are beginning to understand each other; foreign offices (departments of state) are able to keep in fairly close touch, and the ambassador is growing to be more and more of a social functionary, whose

duties, always vague and indefinable, increase in haziness. No one doubts the necessity of the ambassador, but one must search in vain for anything like an exact description of his work.

THE SOCIAL SIDE OF THE SERVICE

With ourselves, diplomacy not being a profession, and our men rarely trained for the work, the very fact that foreign governments know that all kinds of men, for all sorts of reasons, are sent to them, forces them to begin without that social status which is found ready made for him by the smallest of European envoys.

The best suffers at the start from the fact that he is not a member of the calling, and that his fitness for the work may have had nothing to do with his appointment, besides which he was forced for many years to bear the brunt of that good old "democratic" period when our representatives got drunk at this court, neglected their debts at another, had street brawls at another, and even lived in an attic and did their own cooking. The good people of one little capital still tell how dreadful the Americans are, since one of their chosen representatives sat at table with his wife in a public restaurant, and after having satisfied his appetite, lounged back comfortably in his chair, plucked a pin from the lady's toilette, and proceeded serenely to perform an operation in dentistry.

To Europeans the *business* of the embassies is only a minor part of the duties, a special envoy being sent for special purposes. The main object is to keep informed of the feelings, tendencies and tempers of the ruling classes, so that when difficulties arise they know the people, how to influence them, etc., what to ask and what to yield. The duty, in short, of supplying their home governments with facts, rather than making bargains.

The qualifications for such a task are good manners, eligibility, by temperament and experience, to good society in any country, social experience, conversational ability, knowledge of the language of the country, besides French.

The ambassador must be civil to those of his own people *of his own rank* who happen to be where he is stationed. He must mingle freely in foreign society, with eyes and ears open, and report what he sees and hears. Mostly his work is done at dinners, parties, clubs, and in private chit-chat.

Treaties, protocals, et cetera, rarely contain anything not settled in advance, or shadowed forth, over the wine and nuts in town and country houses. Hospitality is protected by freedom from those *not of the court circle* in his own country.

We, on the contrary, have not been accustomed to expecting business success from social affairs, and are apt to see progress only in what meets the eye and ear, such as speech-making, article-writing, and interviews in the press, so that it is only lately that the United States public has received with anything but derision the idea of selecting diplomats for their social qualifications, and within the month we have had the spectacle in Congress of members bitterly attacking, in the best form of twenty-five years ago, the suggestion of making for our foreign representatives financial provision suitable to the interests they represent.

Owing to these objections, the United States minister, unless rich, still will be obliged to stop at an hotel while he goes house-hunting, and still, if in England, will drive up to St. James's Palace in a hired cab, or walk if the weather is good, and there make his bow and present his credentials to a monarch who, extremely democratic in his unofficial habits, still clings, officially, to the old customs. If the United States minister be not rich, he will have no proper home in which to return the courtesies of the large diplomatic society of Paris, Rome, Vienna, London and Berlin.

He will, in fact, begin his work, even if suited by training or by nature to the task, without the tools of the profession, without the weapons which await his confreres.

PRESENTING AMERICANS AT COURT

The late Mr. Mason, in Paris, knew so little of the ordinary social amenities of Europe that he presented at court any person who claimed United States citizenship, with the result that when some

gossip told what many of the persons were, and that one of the latest had been a German barber, there was something of a storm. The result was that after Mr. Dayton arrived and had prepared a list of people whom he desired to present at court, the list was returned with a request that he append after each name the "*qualité*" (calling or condition) of the owner. This he refused to do, and several women who had spent much time and money on gowns seemed doomed to bitter disappointment. At the last moment, however, some kindly court official put his approval on the list and the presentation occurred.

Mr. Seward was indignant, and freely voiced his opinion of people who were so indecent and of so little pride as to go begging for imperial invitations when their country was in the throes of civil war.

This matter of presentation has caused so many scandals that even the British court has at length taken steps to restrict the list of Americans "to those whose names occur on a list authorised by the president."

Why an American woman should be so anxious, regardless of cost in money, time, fatigue, often humiliation, to get herself presented to a foreign sovereign, is one of the unanswerable questions of modern society. In money, she is fortunate if she gets through on an expenditure of less than five hundred dollars for actual necessities of the day, to say nothing of the cost of a previous social campaign, with, possibly, the tipping of some needy aristocrat who presents her, but who hates herself and her protégé for what she is driven to do.

Then there are the weeks of preparation before the final day, after which comes the necessity of being cooped up in a carriage which may stand in line for hours before finally taking its turn to stop at the palace door. From here the woman is shown into a waiting-room, where she may stand for an hour or two longer, herded among a lot of others, all in terror lest their trains be torn or their jewels lost: hot, cross, excited, often trembling. The terror of slipping or falling over backward while making curtesy before the king is not the least of worries.

Finally comes the supreme moment: the candidate's train, of a length fixed by rule, is straightened out, and, following some other candidate, at a distance also fixed by rule, she struts across an open space until, before the throne, she makes her little bow, sinking nearly to the ground, rises, backs out, always facing the sovereign, and, if she does not fall over her train, is out in fairly good order.

The king and queen have stared at her, bowed slightly, and without a smile, unless they know her. She has been presented, and—she is no more a member of smart society than she was before. No one but the "society" reporter has noticed her, unless, perhaps, she has been so indiscreet as to wear more diamonds and a bigger crown than the Queen, in which case the sisters and cousins and aunts of royalty, who stand about the throne, nudge each other, and later indulge in a good laugh.

With the men, it is easier. They are presented to the king alone, and can hire a court costume for the occasion, drive to the palace in a hired cab, and be back in the street in a short time.

An ambassador from the United States generally has a special first audience, driving to the palace by arrangement with the chamberlain. There he is met and escorted directly to the audience chamber, where, surrounded by civil, military and naval officials, the sovereign awaits him. The presentation is brief and formal, but is given a show of cordiality. The ambassador presents his credentials, which the sovereign hands unread to an official; there is a brief speech of welcome, with assurances of good will on both sides, and it is over.

All envoys are expected to attend levees and courts, taking precedence according to the length of their service at the particular court, so that the representative of a South American republic, if he has been longer than any other at one court, may walk ahead of ambassadors of the great powers.

The service of an ambassador, technically speaking, ends with the death or removal of his sovereign or president, but custom permits him nominally to continue

until a successor is appointed or other arrangement made.

Something of the terrors of court life on ceremonial occasions may be gathered from the writings of Miss Burney during her term as lady in waiting to Queen Charlotte of England.

"When before royalty," she says, "you must not cough. If you feel a tickling in the throat, you must arrest it from making any sound; if you find yourself choking with the effort, you must choke, but not cough. So, if you feel impelled to sneeze, you may burst a blood-vessel, but you *must not* sneeze. If a black pin runs into your head, bleed, suffer, bite your cheek, but do nothing. If you bite so hard that you take out a piece, let it go down your throat, but do not seem to swallow."

It might well be asked why, under such circumstances, any sane person should care to be connected with a court, but the answer, probably, is that ceremonial lasts only part of the time, and the love of glory is great.

"No decent Englishman," says an old writer, "could possibly be impolite to glory," and the aphorism doubtless applies to all nations. Voltaire adds that "it presupposes grave obstacles surmounted," which seems a better answer, and is more in accord with La Fontaine's *"Aucun chemin de fleurs ne conduit à la gloire."*

IN TIME OF WAR

The ambassador's position in time of war is one of extreme delicacy. If a war is imminent between his own country and the one to which he is accredited, much depends upon his tact, firmness and discretion. He must go about socially, and to court, with all of his usual cordiality, showing no possible ill-feeling. If mobs attack his residence, he is expected to remember that he is vice-royal, and to conduct himself with the *sang-froid* shown by monarchs, who are supposed to be accustomed to bombs and hostile demonstrations.

If he is somewhat cold-shouldered by a few of his confrères, he is not to notice it.

When war is declared, or begun, he is handed his passports by direction of the sovereign, and is, in civilised countries, bid adieu with every possible show of personal sympathy and esteem, and his personal safety is a matter of honour to the country he is leaving.

The position of members of an embassy whose country is about to war with a nation closely allied with the one in which they are resident, often is one of extreme discomfort.

The writer happened, at the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese war, to call upon one of the Russian attachés just after King Edward had held a levee at St. James's Palace.

The attaché, a handsome young fellow, with a degree from a British University, and well acquainted with English life, entered smilingly, but once the door was closed, sank into a chair and silently lit a cigarette. On his splendid white uniform glittered a diamond-studded order, pinned there by his Emperor.

"Well?" queried a close friend who also had been waiting for him.

"Oh, they were polite. Certainly they were most polite, all of them—when they couldn't help seeing me," he said bitterly. "Everybody courted the little Japs, and nearly everybody forgot how they had loved me just the other day. Only the Japanese were very polite, which was small comfort, although one respects them for it."

In the early days of organised diplomacy, political prisoners, in time of revolution, were supposed to find safe asylum at the foreign embassies, but it is doubtful if that would be permitted to-day.

During the French Revolution the Marquis de Chausenets, governor of the king's palace at the Tuileries, fled to the British embassy, wounded, bleeding, hungry, his clothes in rags, sought by a mob thirsting for his blood. But the envoy, fearful of consequences, dared only to feed and dress him, and then turned him adrift into the night.

London, to the American diplomat, possibly offers the greatest attraction, but the favourite posts to the general service are, in the order named: Paris, London, Vienna, Berlin, Washington, St. Petersburg, Madrid.

Secretaries of legation from the United States are appointed from the State

Department, but form part of the official family of the envoy, and are of late years much petted in foreign society, where the fact that they really are not henpecked husbands, or mere inferior males, comes as a delightful surprise to that large proportion of Europeans, who, from observation, had supposed that all American men were small, sallow, furrow-faced persons, whose knack of making money made them serviceable to the assertive females whom they occasionally, only occasionally, were permitted to escort, but who always patronised them, apologised for them, and shut them up in the middle of anything they tried to say.

To the American man whom fate sometimes sends into foreign parts, this levening work of the embassy eventually must be a boon. It really marks the beginning of something like conformity with the European idea of a diplomatic mission.

These young men are giving us a good reputation.

FOUR BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I.

Mr. Herbert Paul's "The Life of Froude." *



R. HERBERT PAUL is well fitted to write a sympathetic life of Froude, both because of his own historical studies and because, like Froude himself, he possesses imagination and a sense of style. These two qualities, indeed—imagination and style—are indispensable to any writer of history who aims at reaching the first rank. To ignore them is common enough, and to sneer at them is a mark of the mechanical school of historical composition. Yet what enduring records of men's achievement, and of the destinies of nations, can be found divested of them? Thucydides and Tacitus in antiquity; Gibbon, Macaulay, Mommsen, Ranke, Thiers, Carlyle, Prescott and Motley—these are all men who laboured assiduously amid archives and state papers and every possible form of historical material; yet they were much more than cataloguers and chroniclers. They touched the dry bones of the past with the creative fire of imagination and gave life once more to what had long been dead. And this is why they live themselves, and why their names will be remembered when thousands after thousands of hewers of wood and drawers of water shall have been deservedly forgotten. Much is said by pedestrian and pedantic historians about the "scientific method." Yet in history, as in every other pursuit, the highest form of science is that which is illumined and made vital by intuition and imagination.

Mr. Paul has taken as his subject a writer of history who was cruelly wronged by some of his contemporaries, and to whom even now full justice has not been done. The cynical and caustic Jowett spoke but the truth when he said: "Froude is a man of genius; and he has been abominably treated." We welcome a book which is at once a faithful record of the facts and a convincing vindication. Those portions of Froude's life which are of ephemeral interest, such as his relation to the Tractarian movement and his quasi-political career, we may pass over. The part which concerns his personality and his place as an historian must be spoken of in the light of Mr. Paul's biography.

James Anthony Froude, as a child, was weak and sickly and fared ill in a household the head of which was a burly fox-hunting Tory parson, and in which the two eldest sons in their abounding health had little sympathy with that brother of theirs whose frail and sensitive physique inspired them with something like contempt. Young Hurrell Froude thought that Anthony was "saw-

*The Life of Froude. By Herbert Paul. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

neyish," and he felt it his duty to shock him both mentally and physically. Young Anthony was frightened by the most appalling ghost stories. His brother told him that back of the house there lurked a monstrous and malignant spectre, which terrified the imaginative child by his mere belief in it. Hurrell Froude used to take his brother by the heels and stir the mud at the bottom of a stream with his head. Again, to make him "manly" he would throw him from a boat into deep water. But these experiences were mild compared with what the boy was made to undergo at school. He was sent to Westminster, where fagging and bullying throve without restraint. Froude would be waked up in the night by the older boys, who burned holes in his face with the hot ends of their cigars and made him drunk by forcing him to swallow great draughts of brandy punch. He was often thrashed and usually half starved. This was before the days when Arnold worked his great reforms at Rugby and finally escaped, dulled in mind and physically enfeebled. Nevertheless he had acquired a sort of Spartan indifference to luxury; and at Oxford he took high rank in classics, won the Chancellor's Prize for English, and was elected a fellow of Exeter.

His first experiments in literature were far from memorable; yet he was slowly gaining a most attractive style. He was always a glutton for hard work. In preparing himself for the writing of his masterpiece he read voraciously, going to the original sources and making an infinity of notes, all of which he studied and compared as laboriously as did any of his supercilious rivals in later years, and with far more insight. His first historical compositions were essays which he contributed to the magazines. One of them is especially notable, not only for the fact that it marked a definite crystallisation of his brilliant style, but because of its influence upon two other men of genius. This essay was entitled "England's Forgotten Worthies," and it was written with splendid eloquence and with an ardent patriotism which stirs the blood. From it Charles Kingsley derived the inspiration for his *Westward Ho!* while Tennyson drew from it the story of his poem *The Revenge*. It was in 1856 that Froude published the first volume of his history of England, which began with the fall of Cardinal Wolsey and ended with the defeat of the Spanish Armada. This was not completed until 1870, in which year the twelfth volume issued from the press; yet from the very outset the book was widely read and won for its author instant fame. Some have chosen to regard it as being simply an *ex-parte* defence of Henry VIII and Elisabeth. It would seem from some comments which have been made upon it as though Froude were viewed in the light of an historian who chose from a love of paradox to make a hero out of a ruffian, and to whitewash Henry VIII as Beesly whitewashed the Emperor Tiberius. But, as Mr. Paul points out, the animating motive went deeper down than this. Froude was an intense believer in the subordination of the Church to the State; and to his mind Henry, and afterwards Elisabeth, personified the cause of State supremacy. Mr. Paul very rightly says: "The true hero of Froude's history is not Henry VIII, but Cecil, the firm, incorruptible, sagacious Minister who saved Elisabeth's throne and made England the leading anti-Catholic country."

Many honours came to Froude. He was elected Lord Rector of the University of St. Andrews and was later sent by Lord Carnarvon to investigate the colonies in South Africa. But the sweets of fame were poisoned by the persistent and, it is not unfair to say, the malignant attacks that were made upon him in the columns of the *Saturday Review* and elsewhere by Mr. Edward A. Freeman, himself a close student of English history, but possessed of greater industry than genius. Inasmuch as Freeman's censure of Froude was often frankly personal, it is not improper to consider here the personality of Freeman himself. The man was at heart one of the most obnoxious specimens of an educated cad—insolent, vulgar, and taking a real pleasure in giving gratuitous offence to others, even to those who showed him every possible courtesy. As befitted a contributor to the *Saturday Review*, he had a dislike of everything American. When the Civil War broke out, he gleefully began his

History of Federal Government From the Foundation of the Achæan League to the Disruption of the United States—a work which was naturally never finished, but which remains a monument to Mr. Freeman's international prejudices. When he visited the United States in 1882, he astonished his American hosts by his boorish manners and ill-breeding. At some of the universities where he was entertained, a whole cycle of legends sprang up regarding him and his ostentatious incivility. It was this man who, upon every occasion and with the utmost unfairness and even indecency, heaped on Froude a mass of criticism which by its very venom finally sank into the public mind. Mr. Paul says: "Freeman's assiduous efforts did ultimately produce an impression, never yet fully dispelled, that Froude was an habitual garbler of facts and constitutionally reckless of the truth." Freeman detested Froude. He envied him his style, he disliked his politics, and he was jealous of his entrance upon what Freeman obviously regarded as his own peculiar field. This hatred is curiously exhibited in some pencilled notes which Freeman made in a copy of Froude's history—a copy now preserved in Owens College, Manchester. Some of these marginal entries give us a curious glimpse into Freeman's mind and manner. "Beast!" is one of them. "A lie!" is another. On one page Freeman scribbles, "Froude is certainly the vilest brute that ever wrote a book." On still another page he scrawled the pleasant wish: "May I live to disembowel James Anthony Froude!"

In his published censure of Froude, Freeman, of course, was not so brutally outspoken as this, yet what he said was perhaps no less opposed to the ordinary canons of courtesy. From 1864 to 1870 his assaults in the *Saturday Review* were persistently kept up. Regarding the amount of truth upon which all this malevolence was based, let us quote Mr. Paul:

> "Freeman's boisterous truculence made such a deafening noise, and raised such a blinding dust, that it takes some little time and trouble to discover the hollowness of the charges. With four-fifths of Froude's narrative he does not deal at all, except to borrow from it for his own purposes, as he used to borrow from the History in the *Saturday Review*. In the other fifth, the preliminary pages, he discovered two misprints of names, one mistake of fact, and three or four exaggerations. Not one of these errors is so grave as his own statement, picked up from some bad lawyer, that 'the preamble of an Act of Parliament need not be received as of any binding effect.' The preamble is part of the Act, and gives the reasons why the Act was passed. Of course the rules of grammar show that, being explanatory, it is not an operative part; but it can be quoted in any court of justice to explain the meaning of the clauses."

Froude's patience under treatment such as we have just described was in keeping with his natural dignity and self-restraint. At last, however, Freeman went too far and brought a charge against his enemy which even the most courteous of men would not fail to feel and to resent. Freeman wrote:

> "Natural kindness, if no other feeling, might have kept back the fiercest of partisans from ignoring the work of a long-forgotten brother, and from dealing stabs in the dark at a brother's almost forgotten fame."

The only shred of foundation for this remark was found in the fact that Froude in writing of the life of Becket had not mentioned a fragmentary work on the same subject put forth by his brother, Hurrell Froude. He had not mentioned it for the reason that it was only a fragment and was published after the author's death in an imperfect form. But as for "stabs in the dark"—this accusation was little less than infamous. Freeman had passed the line of what was bearable; and so Froude wrote a short but most effective paper in the *Nineteenth Century* under the title "A Few Words on Mr. Freeman." They were read, says Mr. Paul, with a sense of general pleasure and satisfaction, a boyish delight in seeing a big bully well thrashed before the whole school. Froude was calm, and dignified, and self-restrained, and consciously superior to his rough antagonist in temper and behaviour. He proceeded not only to vindicate himself against the charges which Freeman had

so recklessly brought against him; but he also turned on his antagonist and pointed out some of his most serious blunders. The work was done so thoroughly that Freeman stood pilloried before the whole English-speaking world. "If his offence had been rank, his punishment had been tremendous. Dreading a repetition of the penalty if he repeated the offence, and fearing that silence would imply acquiescence in charges of persistent calumny, he blurted out a kind of awkward half apology." He did so with an ill grace and with no sign of good feeling, and he blustered as he was bound to do. But from that day he never troubled Froude again.

Mr. Paul does not relate a little anecdote which has long been familiar in the circles where both Froude and Freeman moved, but which may be repeated here as an amusing addition to the story of this famous controversy. The two men happened once to be present at the meeting of a learned society, before which Freeman was to speak upon an Early English subject. Some blundering person went up to Froude and asked him to introduce the speaker. It was an embarrassing moment; yet Froude could not decline without a long explanation. Therefore, he advanced to the front of the platform and spoke the following words:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: I have the honour to present to you Mr. Edward A. Freeman, the distinguished Regius Professor of History in the University of Oxford. He illustrates in his own person, better than any Englishman now living, the rude manners of our Saxon ancestors!"

H. T. P.

II

Francis Wilson's "Joseph Jefferson." *

Francis Wilson in his book on Joseph Jefferson has bound together and presented a series of pleasant reminiscences that a player would call the "Jefferson stories." He has given as well a careful *resumé* of the labours of this great actor, he has told of his aims and ambitions, he has touched on his character showing the gold of it, and he has written with his heart in the matter, but, best of all, he has glowingly illustrated this matter with the "Jefferson stories."

They are gentle stories, and we laugh with a lump in our throats, while in the the breast of the player who reads there is a welling up of pride, for from every page Joseph Jefferson's love for his profession cries itself. The biographer, himself an actor of prominence, has plainly demonstrated that the comradeship of one of our great presidents, honours from our great colleges, and social recognition from any to whom the comedian chose to recognise made him none the less a Thespian who loved to sit among his kind and talk stage lore. On one occasion when Mr. Wilson called upon him in New Orleans and finding the actor quite lost in a huge painting apron, he declared that he would rather paint than act, but in a hundred other instances he denies this statement.

He had the qualities that all actors possess—he liked praise, but not over praise. "Madame," he once replied, as mildly as possible to an effusive woman, "you make me very uncomfortable." And yet, to quote the text: "He was never tired of talking of Rip Van Winkle, and he loved everything connected with it. He was too modest ever to intrude the subject upon any one, but he never dodged it."

He was extraordinarily glad to gain recognition as a painter and faced his first public exhibition with all the dread and nervousness of a first night. Afterwards he wrote to Mr. Wilson sending some notices of the event. "You will see by the enclosed that I am no longer an amateur but a full-fledged rising young artist" (he was then within three months of 71)....."I have no excuse to offer for sending you the enclosed except my small new departure and great vanity."

Like his lesser comrades Jefferson suffered from stage fright and was not ashamed to confess it. "He was thoroughly sincere in his reply to an amateur who asked him for a cure for stage fright." writes his biographer.

"'If you find one,' blurted out Jefferson, 'I wish you would let me have it.'"

On the occasion of the opening of a

*Joseph Jefferson. By Francis Wilson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

new theatre named in his honour the comedian was to make an address and admitted his extreme nervousness before going upon the stage. There were no evidences of his mental agony during the speech, which was remarked to him afterwards.

"Of course not," said the fine old player. "I'm too old a bird for that."

"I hope I'll strike that high to-night," he said, as he was once about to make an entrance, "I am as nervous as I can be."

"I know you are," answered Mr. Wilson.

"Of course you do," Mr. Jefferson replied. "You understand the sense of responsibility."

Mr. Wilson does well to dwell upon his fearfulness. It is this quality and the lack of it that so perfectly defines the actor and the amateur. Joseph Jefferson was no amateur, nor to judge by his biography was he of that order of "stars" which in their remoteness seemed truly not of this earth. "Joe, you've done well," cried a lout of a stage hand, as the curtain dropped on the performance in a Pennsylvania town.

"I was astonished of course, then amused," the comedian related afterwards, "so I simply said 'do you think so! When we are here again come to see us.'"

He had also the rare quality of enjoying a joke on himself which is the severest test of every actor's sense of humour. He speaks of a trip to San Francisco in the early part of his career which had been announced by a printed circular containing the verdict of the eastern critics. "On my arrival," said Mr. Jefferson, "I found Harry Parry, an old-time actor, reading one of these papers and asked what he thought of it."

"'Gad,' said he, 'but you must have improved since I last saw you.'"

One of the most delightful bits in the book is the portion devoted to the All Star Company of *The Rivals*. Here again that which touches us most is the very human quality of these well-known men and women. From that topic Mr. Wilson goes on to the last ripe years of the great actor, and, delicately reminiscent, closes his chapters with the closing chapter of his gentle old friend.

A short time before his death Jefferson said to his family, after giving the subject several days of perfection: "I shall never act again. It will seem strange to me at first to act no more, but I shall now begin what I have looked forward to these many years—my long, long holiday."

Louise Closser Hale.

III

Mrs. Ward's "Fenwick's Career." *

Mrs. Humphry Ward has her own consistent, well-deliberated theory of how to write a novel, and whatever one's personal taste, it is impossible to read any story of hers without paying an instant tribute to the dignified fashion in which that theory is carried out.

In *Fenwick's Career*, as in its predecessors, there is nothing small, cheap or unworthy. There is even a certain nobleness in the amount of justice dealt out to every character and situation. At the present date it is almost impertinent to lay stress on this distinguished author's cultivation, upon her complete freedom from any hint of journalistic cramming, of hasty preparation, of "getting up" her atmosphere or subject.

Granting this freely, you read her latest volume with a wish that, having conceived so vital and typical a character as Fenwick, she might have been inspired to treat him less conventionally. The gifted, conceited "impossible" genius of uneven talent and uneven civilisation is so far outside the author's own temperament that, while seeing him clearly, it is impossible for her to penetrate below his rugged surface.

She in fact creates a situation which the high qualities of her own nature prevent her from fully using. Fenwick (a composite frankly blended of Romney and Benjamin Haydon) leaves a young wife in Westmoreland, and comes to make his way as a painter in London. Half taught, passionate, opinionated, *gauche*, talking when he should listen, demanding admiration as his due, yet resenting it as patronage, he still has per-

*Fenwick's Career. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York, 1906: Harper Brothers.

sonal and artistic gifts which win him speedy recognition.

Through momentary awkwardness he lets himself be classed as a bachelor, and afterwards lacks courage to explain his clumsy reticence. His young wife, the proverbial artist's mate who does *not* understand, hears of this. She drops in suddenly, finds a beautiful lady's portrait in his studio, destroys it, and leaving a line of farewell, vanishes into space.

Fenwick comes laden with presents for her (the result of his first big checque) to find the defaced picture and her note. After that for twelve years he has no trace of her.

To outline the further development is an injustice to a story so skilfully managed that an accomplished novel reader can make no exact prediction of where it will come out. Only so much is necessary to give an idea of the setting. The scene is in artistic and fashionable London, with Burne Jones and Whistler exhibiting at the Grosvenor, and the Academy as usual depreciating genius and crowning mediocrity.

In describing Fenwick's struggles, his successes, his imprudence, his well-meaning slackness in money matters, Mrs. Ward has drawn largely (legitimately and with due acknowledgment) from the journal and letters of Haydon. Legitimately, from the point of honour, but to the undoing of her story. In many places she has followed the journal so closely (as in Haydon's strange, instinctive religious outbursts, and in Wilkie's presenting his poorer friend to that tricksy art patron, Sir George Beaumont) that anyone familiar with that marvellous autobiography cannot but compare the copy to the original, greatly to the novel's disadvantage.

The fire and fury of Haydon, the brilliancy, contumacious conceit, the impatience, the burning unforgettable character of his own words, all are totally lacking in this intelligent rearrangement. In moderating the very impossibilities, in giving Fenwick more dignity and less simplicity, she at once makes him less extraordinary and more unsympathetic. The whole conveys as little the impression of the tumult of that tragic life as a careful diagram would give of the flame and reverberation of Vesuvius in eruption. The comparison, moreover, is fair and inevitable, since the novelist openly invites it.

She suffers from being too much a lady, too restrained a gentlewoman, to grip her character savagely, or to subject him to the pitiless dissection of the French. Her analysis again is weakened from putting her early nineteenth century man in a late nineteenth century setting. She is too polite either to penetrate or satirise the artistic situation in London. Compare her treatment of the setting itself with the Goncourts' method in *Manette Salomon,* or of Daudet's handling of the relation between artists and their wives. The comparison is impossible! But then, it may be objected, is she not merely telling a story? If that be the case, from this side also *Fenwick's Career* is disappointing, because as story pure and simple, it drags, it lacks colour and life, interest, in fact. It is the type of situation which demands deep, pitiless groping into the inmost places of Fenwick's twisted nature. This is no Trilby situation, to be served with a sauce of pleasantness, no story of a happy-natured Clive Newcome. In truth, for all her appreciation, the very balance and justice of Mrs. Ward's attitude hamper her. To extract Fenwick's full flavour she must either have better hated or loved him. In that case, the entirely conventional, shadowy figures of the painter group, of Phœbe and Carrie Fenwick, Madame de Pastourelles and the rest, might have been acceptable as a dim, academic background. As it is, not being thrown into sufficiently remote perspective by the nearness of one dominating presence, their sayings and doings become mildly wearisome. You lay down the work of imagination as if it were an intelligent and trustworthy abstract, turning for excitement, laughter and pity to the brilliant and disturbing memoir of a forgotten painter.

Most unfairly accused of plagiarism, Mrs. Ward defends her position, not only in the preface, but by reference in the story itself. Ethically this leaves nothing to be desired. But to readers not interested in Romney or Haydon, these quotations must rather destroy all illusion of

truth, while to anyone familiar with poor Haydon's own writing, the actual truth, vibrating with his trenchant wit, passion and general intensity, so far outstrips the work of imagination as to rob it of keen interest and importance, although never of the admiration due a writer who under no circumstances fails to respect her craft.

In his distinguished illustrations Mr. Sterner not only shows all his usual literary quality, but he has contrived to render costume and atmosphere with a tact which gives his figures a promise of permanence rather as characters than as exponents of any passing mode.

Mary Moss.

IV

Miss Sinclair's "The Tysons."*

A somewhat confusing sequence of events has attended the presentation to American readers of a new work by the author of *The Divine Fire.* While the story is still considerably short of completing its serial appearance in an American magazine, it comes to us under a different title in book form, though not from the publisher of the earlier work. The discrepancies are, however, explained by the announcement that *The Tysons* is actually the earlier of the two novels, and that it was published in England before *The Divine Fire.* The new material for studying the development of Miss Sinclair's talent is none the less welcome, even though it compels inspection through the wrong end of the critical telescope.

Without this information concerning the chronology of the two books, their relation would indeed be somewhat puzzling. *The Tysons* has neither the length nor the breadth, neither the largeness of design nor the maturity of treatment, of *The Divine Fire.* On the other hand, its narrower compass gives it the advantage of greater solidity; it is apparently more spontaneous, less premeditated; it is distinctly a clever book, and one youthfully defiant of Philistinism. In the modest simplicity of its structure *The Tysons* suggests the novice in the art of plot-building, just as its content betrays not the hardened and calculating author, but the woman eager to find expression for the accumulated ideas of a lifetime. Every novelist who is to achieve anything tries to put all he knows into his first book; the wise calculation of effects, the economy of material, come later.

It is not surprising, then, to find *The Tysons* not altogether homogeneous, frequently failing to attain the perfect illusion of character; and, by the same token, immensely stimulating and interesting. Its structural simplicity does not indeed prevent a psychological aim of considerable complexity and difficulty. Outwardly it is a study of the old triangle, with the third side reduced to a mere dotted line. But there is novelty in the conception of Mr. and Mrs. Nevill Tyson, as strangely assorted a pair as ever foregathered between the covers of a novel. With a concentration worthy of admiration the author pursues her inquiry into the relations of this ill-mated husband and wife. In Nevill Tyson she has all but realised a remarkable and original character. He is a man of plebian birth and cosmopolitan education, a sentimental brute with a veneer of cleverness and polish, an egoist with a hopeless longing for some honest activity in which he may lose himself. Thrust by accident into the position of an English country gentleman, he commits the fatal error of marrying a pretty girl who is universally regarded as a fool. But if Mrs. Nevill Tyson is a fool, hers is the folly of the wise. She loves her husband with a devotion so complete as to blind him and others to its true nature. For him she sacrifices first her child, then her beauty and finally her life. His return for her devotion is to desert her, return to accuse her of infidelity, and leave her again to die heart-broken while he finds a hero's death in Africa.

Such a character is far from attractive in its outlines, and it is no easy task to unify its complexities in a way to make it "carry" to the reader. Miss Sinclair has not fully accomplished it; there are times when Nevill Tyson becomes an artificial creature whom the author manipulates in the interest of an abstract idea. Yet on the whole the man has the genuine

*The Tysons. By May Sinclair. New York: B. W. Dodge & Co.

appearance of life; it is possible even to sympathise with him, to feel that he is struggling with circumstances that bring out the worst instead of the best in him. He has his good qualities in abundance, his good intentions which are constantly frustrated, and make his life a tragedy. If the character is not wholly successful, it is at least far from being a failure.

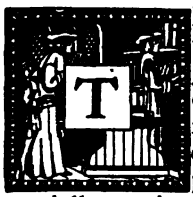
The woman is a simpler creature, and perhaps for that very reason more successfully realised. The contradictions in her nature are no less apparent than in that of Nevill Tyson, but they are deeper and more elemental. The pursuit of these contradictory elements in character, the insistence on contrasts, the parade of paradox, are characteristic of Miss Sinclair. The ironic touch is constantly in evidence. She delights in turning the best intentions into evil results, in discovering the heroic element in baseness. The supreme stroke of irony in the book is, of course, the death of Nevill Tyson. At the moment when his moral cowardice is most apparent he gives up his life in leading a charge of his men against an overwhelmingly superior force.

Thus the book ends with the death of the two characters who give it its entire interest. It is an "unpleasant" story, and though it may find its admirers it cannot possibly win a large number of readers. Miss Sinclair has indeed the appearance of defying the mob that reads popular novels. There are moments of brutal, disillusioned frankness in *The Tysons* that remind me of that bitterly truthful book, *Pigs in Clover*. There is an episode that parallels the most distressing event in Robert Hichens's melancholy story, *The Woman with the Fan*. There is the wanton paradox, the persistent irony that are so annoying to the plain reader. No, there are few concessions to popularity in *The Tysons*. It is a clever, original, distinctive first novel, and it is fair to look to its author for future work that shall be well worth watching.

Edward Clark Marsh.



THE FOCUS OF INTEREST AND SOME RECENT NOVELS



HERE are few better ways to clarify one's judgment of fiction and of drama than to recognise frankly that the art of the novelist and the playwright alike is essentially a pictorial art; that the printed page and the acted scene are so much vivid word-painting, making their appeal to the mind's eye rather than to the mind's ear; in short, that one's memory of a favourite story or a favourite play resembles more nearly the vision of a moving picture than the revolving record of a phonograph. Many a technical flaw in novels as well as in plays might be explained by working out in detail the analogy between author and painter. Each of these practices a strictly imitative art; each is trying to make a transcript of life, as he sees it, the one with brush and palette, the other with pen and the pigment of words. Each has the ambition to impress upon the brain of his special public a specific action or series of actions, as they might have occurred in real life,—and what is more vital still, as they might have been seen in real life, if any one of his chosen audience had chanced to be there. Neither painter nor writer should ever attempt to picture more than could be seen at any one time by the individual spectator. No artist, in painting a besieged castle, would think of attempting to show both the outside and the inside of the castle in a single picture. Similarly, a novelist relating the progress of such a siege, should make quite clear the precise point at which he elects to set up his easel, and then he should maintain his position until that particular picture is finished, instead of keeping the reader restlessly skipping back and forth with him, through solid stone walls, watching both sides of the contest at once, with no clear perspective of either of them.

A distinct advantage which the dramatist enjoys over the novelist is that he more frankly recognises the analogy of his art to that of painting. He has taught himself to see his situations in the form of pictures, within the glittering frame of footlights and proscaenium. And because the play is a form of story where the pictorial quality is accentuated by the stage setting, the tableau, and every trick of lime-light and stage-craft, the average dramatist has come to hold an exaggerated idea of the difference between the technique of the play and the novel. He will tell you that he is handicapped by the fact that on the stage a room can have only three sides, while in a novel, as in real life, it has four. Plausible as it may sound, this distinction does not, in the practice of the best novelists, amount to very much. We live in a world of three dimensions, but the eyes of every one of us translate it to our brain in terms of two dimensions,—a flat picture mirrored on the back of the retina. Whether we are occupying an orchestra chair at the theatre, or lounging comfortably at home, it is equally a physical impossibility ever to see more than three walls at a time of any room. Of course, it is possible to think simultaneously about all four walls, even if we cannot see them. We may even amuse ourselves by imagining specific cases where the simultaneous thought of all four walls might be tensely dramatic. Suppose, for instance, that the heir to an ancient title, having disgraced his name, is about to take his life; and as he crouches over the library table, writing his farewell letters, he feels that on every side of him, on right, on left, in front and behind, the ancestral portraits are looking down upon him, with eyes of anger and loathing. Yet even this might easily be put upon the stage. The actor of course, could not see the four walls, as he told his thoughts; neither could the audience see four walls, as they listened.

In drama as well as in fiction, the uttered thoughts of the characters may

rove at will, through seen and unseen alike. But when it comes to the action of the plot, that novelist will produce the best work, the strongest, most dramatic work, who looks out upon the world as a place which has only three sides at a time, and pictures only so much of it as is included in the normal field of vision. And this is not a matter of study but of instinct. The author who strongly visualises his scenes will picture them just as he sees them, with a sort of photographic fidelity. If he takes you into a room, in company with his hero, he will describe that room just as you and he and the hero first see it, from the doorway. It will not occur to him to include, in that first impressionistic description, objects hanging above the door, which could not be seen until after you had entered the room and turned around.

But this question of the point of view is merely one aspect of the pictorial nature of fiction. A more vital matter is that of composition, in the artistic sense, —the grouping of the figures, as it were, in relation to each other, to the background, to the light and shade of the plot. In art, there should always be some central figure, some point where the interest focuses, and towards which the eye is unconsciously guided by the general trend of the lines, the arrangement of sunshine and shadow. It does not follow that you always agree with the artist as to where the focus of interest should have been. Perhaps, if you had had a voice in the composition of a particular picture, you would have shifted the focus to some other man or woman, some other part of the action. The important thing is not whether you agree with the artist regarding the central purpose of his painting, but whether he himself has made quite obvious what he intends that central purpose to be. The picture in question may be Diana and her nymphs surprised by Actaeon,—you are not compelled to find Diana the one pre-eminently beautiful figure in that picture; you may even find your own private delight in the least conspicuous of the nymphs, half hidden in the lower left-hand corner; you may tell yourself that, had you been painting that picture, there would have been an interchange of models. But having chosen his Diana, it was that painter's duty to give her the centre of the canvas, to surround her unmistakably with the halo of her deity; otherwise, he has failed lamentably in the first principles of composition.

In like manner, the novelist ought to think of his plot as a pictorial composition. From the opening page to the last, he ought to make perfectly plain just where the focus of interest is intended to centre,—whether upon a single man or woman, a point of ethics, or a great national crisis. What that central interest shall be, it is his privilege to decide. But whatever it is, he must not leave the reader in doubt as to his intentions. Yet it is no uncommon experience to come across a novel, otherwise well enough written, in which the author has focussed his lens in the first chapter upon a certain woman, transferred it later on to another, and then perhaps ended by fixing it on a third, by which time the poor discarded first heroine has quite passed out of the field of vision. Now there is no obligation resting upon the author to introduce his heroine into every chapter, any more than the leading lady in a play need hold the stage in every separate act. But if he understands the trick of focussing the interest, he will make the personality of his heroine felt from the opening chapter onward, even if she does not bodily enter his pages until the middle of the book; he will make his hero dominate the action of the plot to the very last, even though he is dead and buried in Chapter IV. The fact that Julius Cæsar falls by Pompey's statue, before the middle of the play is reached, does not rob him of his pre-eminence as the hero of Shakespeare's tragedy. Some other dramatist, using the same material in a different way, might call it *Brutus* or *Antony*. But Shakespeare left no room for doubt on whom he meant the interest to focus.

The Way of The Gods

There is this month one little volume so exceptional, so unique, so altogether admirable, that one would feel himself exacting, unreasonable, almost churlish to find fault if it did not conform to cut-and-dried rules of construc-

tion,—*The Way of the Gods,* by John Luther Long. But perhaps the oddest thing about it is that, on close inspection, this curious, erratic, exotic bit of fiction offers a better example of this whole matter of pictorial art in novels than any other book of the month. One cannot hold out against the impression that it is intensely Japanesque; one feels as though screen after screen and panel after panel, of Hokusai's strangest and most inexplicable designs were being revealed, commented, made clear. Just what the Japanese themselves would think of this book is a question which could be answered only in Japan. We know what queer mistakes the Anglo-Saxon of Great Britain makes when he tries to put into fiction his brother Anglo-Saxon of the United States. One also recalls a certain young Japanese who had been in this country long enough to be rather homesick, and whose friends thought they were doing a charitable deed when they took him to see *The Darling of the Gods.* He afterwards thanked them with grave courtesy, "he had enjoyed himself immensely, because it was so unlike anything he had ever seen before." However that may be, there is quite as much of the exotic and the Japanesque as the occidental mind could possibly grasp in a single book,—so much, in fact, that to give an intelligible epitome of it would require almost as much space as to tell the story itself.

"Four times on earth and once elsewhere Shijiro Arisuga thought the happiest moment of his life had come." Shijiro Arisuga was a valiant little warrior, the colour-bearer of his regiment, and also a poet of fame, immortalised by one little seventeen syllable verse, as is the case in Japan,—where other countries demand an epic in twelve cantos. This was the poem that made Shijiro immortal:

> Yell of metal,
> Strake of flame!
> Death-wound spurting
> In my face!
> Hail Red Death!

And because he had written this, he was admitted to the Imperial Guards, even though he was undersized and sometimes nicknamed "Girl-boy." Now, to make clear how it happened that Shijiro Arisuga, after the battle of Ping-Yang and the peace of Shimonoseki remained in China, and relieved the monotony of barrack life by falling in love; how he wooed Hoshiko, "Dream-of-a-Star," and married her, although she was of a different caste; how he could do this with impunity, in an alien country, but became degraded and unfit to serve in the army, the instant that he and Hoshiko set their feet on their native shore, is altogether too complicated, too saturated with the traditions of the Samurai, for any mere reviewer to attempt to explain. However, such was the case, and the young couple, with despair in their hearts, are exiled to America, and nearly starve to death in the streets of New York, waiting for the only possible chance of pardon,—another Japanese war. But when at last the imperial summons comes, with the news that Togo has sunk the Russian vessels at Port Arthur, poor Arisuga has breathed his last in a New York hospital. To tell what follows sounds like the wildest nonsense, but to read it, in Mr. Long's tense, poignant pages, there is no nonsense, but only deep, pent-up anguish, an impression of dry, breathless sobs made visible in words. For though he is dead, Shijiro Arisuga answers to his name on the morning that the Imperial Guards start for the Yalu. How his flower-like little wife, Hoshiko, sacrificed her honour to pay her way back from America, how she mutilated her beauty to counterfeit the martial scars on her dead husband's face, in short, how she became the reincarnation of Shijiro Arisuga, must be left for Mr. Long to tell in his own matchless, inimitable way. You might search for months, and not find a better example of a book where the interest is deliberately focussed on a particular character, and kept there till the word *finis* is written, even though that character is dead before the story is three-quarters told. For at the very end, we know that, wherever he is, beyond the sky, Shijiro Arisuga for the fifth and last time, thinks that his happiest moment has come.

If Eleanor Talbot Kinkead has writ-

ten any books before *The Invisible Bond*, the present reviewer regrets that they have not been brought to his notice. She is obviously a writer who sees much in life that escapes the attention of the average novelist. She never could do simply mediocre work; and if only her pictorial sense were better developed,—if she were half as good in the composition of her plot as she is in the use of verbal colouring,—*The Invisible Bond* would be a very uncommon and interesting book. But where does the interest focus? That is the first doubt that rises, as one starts to analyse the plot. At the start, it focusses upon Marian Day, and one feels fairly safe in classing the story as a study of the adventuress type, an ambitious attempt to the Becky Sharps and Lily Barts of fiction. The way in which Marian Day forces herself upon the reluctant hospitality of a small Kentucky town, the way that she convinces Roger Bolling that he wants to marry her, in spite of the fact that he already loves another woman, the way in which she hides unsavoury secrets of her past, and browbeats other people into helping her hide them; and finally, the way in which she spoils all her own carefully laid plots for social triumphs, by letting lawless passion sweep her off her feet,—all this is done with admirable insight, self-restraint, and at the same time a certain sensuous warmth of verbal colour that sets the woman before you as clearly as though she were painted for you by a Gainsborough or a Peter Lely. If only the interest had been focussed throughout on Marian Day, then it would have remained until the end a book that would be a pleasure to praise. But there is too much else dragged into the story that need not have been there at all, or at least not given in detail. Roger Bolling, the rather weak-kneed, uninteresting hero, should have been kept where he belongs, in a secondary place, instead of being thrust forward into the lime-light; and if, in the end, it was really necessary to kill off Marian, and leave Roger free to marry Sibyl Fontaine, it might have been done inferentially. There really was no necessity of a long final chapter, telling just what Roger said, and what Sibyl said, and how she wept, and how he kissed her, one little month after Marian Day was dead. We suspect the author lost her interest in poor Marian towards the end of the story; otherwise she would surely have done her the bare justice of letting her hold the centre of the stage till the curtain was rung down. Marian Day is an uncommonly good bit of work, although her creator does not seem to have realised it.

The Invisible Bond

That eminently successful pair of collaborators, C. W. and A. M. Williamson, have reason to be very well pleased with themselves regarding their latest volume, *Lady Betty across the Water*. Of course, it is hammock-novel literature, but very good of its kind, cool, frothy and refreshing on a hot day. To return to the pictorial simile, it suggests a series of very light, very clever, pink and blue social caricatures, done in pastelles, with a certain chic sauciness about them more Parisian than English. Lady Betty,—to go a bit into details,—is the pretty, younger sister of an impoverished English duke, who is sent over to America for the summer, under the chaperonage of a certain Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox, who is a social leader at Newport. Lady Betty is young, barely eighteen, unspoiled and deliciously frank. She sees much in America that she likes, and much that she doesn't, and she fearlessly voices her opinion. She has been sent over, chiefly in the hope of marrying her to a rich New Yorker; but unfortunately for her mother's plans, there is a handsome young Californian in the steerage, who makes himself a hero by saving a drowning boy; and not all of Lady Betty's pride of caste and careful training can long stand out against him. The only adverse criticism one feels tempted to make is that the book leaves a doubt whether it is meant to be a dainty love story, with a trifle too much padding, or a social satire with a thread of romance interwoven, to help it sell. A little more of the handsome Californian, and a little less Violet Teas and Cat Lunches would have made it a better balanced book.

Lady Betty across the Water

Here is a story done all in gray and brown and black, with scarcely a relieving gleam of sunshine.

The House by the Bridge

It is quite safe to say that *The House by the Bridge* would never have been written if the author had not read *Jane Eyre*. In fact, she makes her heroine refer to Charlotte Bronté's book quite frankly as one which helped her to understand the mysteries of her own gloomy life. Joan Chantry was born in India, but when her father's death left her an orphan at nine, she was sent home to England, to the funereal atmosphere of Bridge House, with its silence, its mystery, its uncanny sounds that filled her with a childish horror. Years later, it develops that the only real mystery about the house was that, at certain definite intervals, her Aunt Ezekiel felt herself overcome with a craving for strong drink and retired to the north wing, for a prolonged debauch, where inquisitive friends and neighbours could not penetrate and discover her secret. Another aunt, who goes crazy, and a young man who loves Joan but dies of consumption, add a few more murky touches to a distinctly unpleasant sort of book. As for the allusions to India, here and there dragged into the story, possibly with the idea of giving a gleam of colour, they are about as futile for that purpose as if one were to hang up an oriental scarf or two, at a funeral, in order to make it cheerful.

The Baroness Von Hutten has accomplished the uncommon feat of writing a sequel that is likely to please the majority of those readers in whose eyes *Pam* found favour a year ago. The obvious explanation why *Pam Decides* does not fall within the category of sequels that register failure, is that it is really not a sequel at all in the ordinary sense, but a new story—and a strong, well-rounded story too, even better than *Pam*, in some respects. A sequel is usually a rather despicable thing, for it is a confession of weakness—an acknowledgment that the prior volume was defective, incomplete. No author ever tells us all that he might about his characters. We often feel that there are other strong, interesting, untold stories lying in each direction, beyond the front and rear covers of the books we like. But they are not sequels. They are distinctly other stories. So it is with *Pam Decides*. You need no knowledge of the preceding volume in order to enjoy the new one and to feel the appeal of Pam's most unusual personality. Unquestionably, it is a book of quite uncommon quality, very true in its characterisation, strong in its human appeal, and as for artistic workmanship, it is seldom that one finds a book in which the interest is so steadfastly focussed, like a lime-light, upon the central figure. The swarming life of London rushes past us as the panorama of passing landscape sweeps past the window of a railroad carriage. But the figure of Pam, fascinating, tantalising, elusive, hovers persistently in the very centre of the picture, down to the closing pen-stroke. One parts company with Pam at last with a genuine reluctance, a lingering regret.

Pam Decides

Frederic Taber Cooper.



THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER BOX



E are afraid that some of our readers may have thought the Letter Box permanently closed. Such, however, was not the case; nor should we ever willingly cut ourselves off from the chance which this department gives us of communing with our friends and foes. Many of the former, indeed, have been writing us the nicest sort of letters, saying the most complimentary things, and urging us once more to resume the game of give-and-take. It is with great pleasure that we do so in this number; and hereafter our shield shall be hung before our tent to be struck either with the reverse of the lance or with the deadly point.

I

It happens that the first comer is Professor Brander Matthews. He does not challenge with the lance at all; but, as it were, sidles up and shies a half-brick into our pavilion. Here is the half-brick:

"JUNE 1, 1906.

"DEAR SIR:

"I regret to see that you have hardened your heart and that you vainly persist in opposing that simplification of English spelling which has been going on steadily for centuries.

"In the firm trust that there are many readers of THE BOOKMAN more open-minded than its Senior Editor, I beg leave to call attention to the fact that various publications—setting forth what has been done in the past and what ought to be done in the future—will be sent free of charge to anyone who will address a postal-card of inquiry to the Simplified Spelling Board, 1 Madison Avenue, New York.

"Yours truly,

"BRANDER MATTHEWS."

Naturally we are glad to publish this address, as we have published it once before. We even advise our friends to send for stacks of the subsidised Simplified Spelling literature. A little of it is good comic reading for the summer. A large quantity of it will cause even the most ardent innovator to weary at the thought of Simplified Spelling. What the Board will need ere long is a simplified way of inducing anybody to read their documents.

II

A linguistic investigator writes us from Springfield, Massachusetts:

"I am rather puzzled to know what preposition ought to be used after the verb 'compare.' Ought one to say 'He compared Edward *to* George,' or 'He compared Edward *with* George?' Etymologically I should think that the 'with' would be more correct: yet it doesn't always seem to convey the right meaning."

It all depends on what form the comparison is to take. If it is a mere comparison, including points both of likeness and unlikeness, then one should say 'with.' If on the other hand the comparison suggests resemblance rather than contrast one should use 'to.' For instance, one compares Washington *with* Lincoln in order to bring out all the points of the two men without any implication that they are contrasted or the contrary. On the other hand, one may compare President Roosevelt *to* the German Kaiser because there is a very close resemblance in their characters.

III

From a reader in Faribault, Minnesota:

"I should like to see an analytical definition of poetry which would be sufficiently comprehensive to include all the potential elements of true poetry, eliminating everything which could belong possibly to verse on a lower plane than that of poetry itself, and thereby giving me a standard by which to test the various productions which I come upon in my reading, so that I may not be misled by mere technical excellence and neatness of form. Will you not kindly prepare such an analytical definition for me?—R. B."

Not in the summer months.

IV

The following letter has come to us from a gentleman in Pawtucket, Rhode Island:

"In the last chapter of *Twenty Years of the Republic* I find it stated that 'The Anglo-Saxon cherishes an intolerance of social equality as intense and as ineradicable as is his championship of equality before the law.'

"Now it is generally understood that the writer of this sentence has a rather close connection with the Letter Box. If so, I should like to ask him to justify that statement; for it seems to me to be utterly opposed to everything that I have been taught. I have always supposed that the Anglo-Saxon race—that is, the English and American peoples—were above all the champions of equality. Your flat contradiction of this belief almost took my breath away when I read it."

We have always said that we are not answerable in the Letter Box for whatever we may have written and published elsewhere. Therefore, instead of going into an argument on the subject of our correspondent's letter, we shall simply repeat some remarks which were made a while ago by Rudyard Kipling in the course of a private conversation,—Mr. Kipling being a decidedly shrewd observer of humanity, including "the lesser breeds." Someone had repeated to him the French motto, *Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité,* and had praised it as embodying an ideal.

"Yes," said Mr. Kipling, "it embodies an ideal, or rather three ideals. But of the three great nations none has attained to more than one of these ideals. You will never find the three united. The French, for example, have never enjoyed Liberty, and they care nothing about Fraternity; but they have really attained to Equality, and they insist upon it. The English, on the other hand, despise Equality and detest Fraternity, but they do enjoy Liberty and will die for it at any time. You Americans haven't even a taste of Liberty. You are the least free of any of the great peoples. Equality is the thing that you are always trying to avoid. But you come out tremendously strong on Fraternity. You are immensely good-natured, easy-going and tolerant—scandalously so, in fact. Your ideal is that all of you shall be 'good fellows' together. And so what you have succeeded in achieving is just Fraternity."

V

A lady writing us from Columbia, South Carolina, makes an interesting contribution to the Longstreet-Hardy discussion in the following letter which would seem to imply that Longstreet and Hardy both borrowed from the same source:

"To the Editors of The Bookman:

"Allow me to suggest the probable source from which Hardy got his *Georgia Scenes.* In 1806-08 an Englishman named John Lambert visited the United States. He wrote some good descriptive letters. One from Charleston contains an account or synopsis of the militia system then in force in South Carolina. As an illustration of the drills he copies from a periodical a burlesque, which he says is a good specimen of the humourous writing of these people. This is verbatim, 'The Militia Drill.' *Lambert's Travels* was published in London in 1810. Is it not likely that Mr. Hardy found the 'Scene' which he transferred to the *Trumpet Major* in one of these old volumes?

"The local humour of *Georgia Scenes* would scarcely appeal to an Englishman. Yet he could fit to the trainband the description of our militia."

VI

Several subscribers have asked us to explain the allusion in the last sentence of the following passage from an address lately made by Rudyard Kipling at a banquet of the London Royal Academy:

"The magic of literature lies in the words and not in any man. Witness, a thousand excellent, strenuous words can leave us quite cold or put us to sleep, while a bare half-hundred words breathed by some man in his agony, in his exultation, or in his idleness generations ago can still lead whole nations into captivity, can still open to us the doors of three worlds, can still stir us so intolerably that we can scarcely bear the look of our souls. It is a miracle, and one that happens very seldom; but such masterless man with the words is hoping, or has had hopes. that the miracle may be repeated again through him. And why not? If a tinker in Bedford Gaol, if a pamphleteering shopkeeper in London, if a muzzy Scotsman, if a despised Ger-

man Jew, if a condemned French thief, or an English Admiralty official can be miraculously afflicted with the magic of the necessary words, why not any man?"

The tinker is John Bunyan; the pamphleteering shopkeeper is Daniel Defoe; the muzzy Scotchman is James Boswell; the German Jew is Heinrich Heine; the condemned French thief is François Villon; and the English Admiralty official is Samuel Pepys.

VII

A propos of something which appeared in our last number, a Boston subscriber asks us where there can be found any detailed account of the rise of Yellow Journalism. We cannot think of anything at the moment except a paper entitled "American Yellow Journalism," written by Miss Elizabeth L. Banks, and published in the *Nineteenth Century* for August, 1898.

VIII

A gentleman writing us from Washington has something to say regarding "Secretary Taft's Bull."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

"A propos of your comments in the June BOOKMAN on 'Secretary Taft's Bull,' have you not been a trifle unfair to our speech by asserting that this bull affords an interesting illustration of a certain defect inherent in the English language?

"Dear knows our language has enough defects without holding it responsible for faults committed in its name. In the present instance it is assumed that the Secretary chose the proper word to express his meaning, and upon that assumption our already harried tongue must needs be dealt another whack.

"The confusion resulting from the use of the word 'surrounded' instead of the word 'bounded' is a defect for which Mr. Taft, and not the English language, must answer.—C. H."

THE AUTO-CAR

"I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul."
—*Henley.*



HERE are some men," said the Junior Editor, as he fastened on his goggles and settled his head comfortably down in the leather collar of his motoring coat—"there are some men who are the slaves of their machines. Whenever they go out for a spin, they can't say their souls are their own, they are so tied down to the motor. But other men have passed through that stage, and *they* get real enjoyment out of automobiling. I think I may say that I am one of that kind. It's taken me two years to master it, but now I really have arrived."

He pressed a lever and we moved slowly up the road.

It was in the pretty little town of Elizabeth, New Jersey. The railway station, covered with vines, rises picturesquely above the platform and also descends like a Rhenish stronghold into the street below. There the Junior Editor with his auto-car met me on a glorious morning toward the end of May. At last he had persuaded me to take a long run with him into the country, so as to savour the freshness of the spring and the perfection of his auto-car. Personally I prefer a saddle horse to any mere machine; but it is well at times to humour the Junior Editor.

"Somehow or other, we never have a chance for a good talk in the office any more," he had remarked in giving me the invitation. "What we want is to be all by ourselves in the open air, with the country spread out before us, and the exhilaration of swift movement to stir the blood. All that, and one of our old-time talks. It will be *épatant!*"

So there we were, in Elizabeth, New Jersey, gliding easily along in the direction of Short Hills.

"I have often thought," said the Junior Editor, slightly increasing the speed, "how Dumas *père* would have revelled in an automobile. And there was a time, when if he had had one, a little adventure of his would have turned out very differently from the way it did. Do you remember that time when he used to visit Villenave's house so often? I mean when he fell in love with Mélanie—the first Mélanie, you know. Well, there was a big dragoon—a superb fencer—who came there pretty often too, and he didn't like Dumas—was jealous of him, I fancy. So one day—"

Just then an elongated zinc-coloured machine came whirling along behind us, and passed us rapidly in a cloud of dust. A look of fine scorn came over the face of the Junior Editor.

"That's a pretty fast one," I observed.

"Ye-e-s, she's fast," he admitted grudgingly. "She's a Franklin. She's fast. But they've had to strip her all to pieces. Now I'll tell you something." He lowered his voice, as one who imparts a bit of scandal at a club. "She's fast; but—*she's air-cooled!*"

He waited a moment to let this sink into my consciousness. I looked properly shocked. Then he added, still under his breath:

"I might even say that her engine is oil-cooled!"

I didn't know just why this was so detrimental to the character of the zinc Franklin, but I felt that it must be. It made me guiltily uncomfortable to hear such things bruited about. So I led the Junior Editor's reflections back to literature.

"You were saying that Dumas—that the dragoon didn't like him—" I hinted.

"Yes, that is to say—wait a moment. I'm going to throw in the high speed."

He threw it in, and the auto-car slid forward like a swallow in full flight. The Junior Editor bent over the crank. His face grew rigid; his eyes were fixed; his whole body became tense. I knew by instinct that Dumas would have to wait. Minutes passed in silence. The purr of the machine was the only sound. I respected the emotional *crise*.

Presently the high speed was shut off, and we began to crawl. We were entering a small village. Here was another chance for Dumas.

"Hold on!" said the Junior Editor. "This is the town where they raised all the street-crossings just to keep us from speeding through the place. There is one of the things now!"

The auto-car bumped over a small, ridge-like elevation. The Junior Editor gave a look of gloomy satisfaction at the obstacle.

"It doesn't amount to a row of pins," he commented. "I could go over it at a thirty-mile clip if I wanted to."

And once more he threw in the high speed and we were off again. But the tension settled down upon him and no word was spoken. I was getting discouraged over Dumas, and artfully tried another lure to which I was sure that my companion would rise.

"I came upon a very pretty little puzzle for a real Sherlockian the other day," said I. "Maybe you would like to try to solve it. I happen to know the answer, but I won't tell it to you until you have given me your solution."

Something like a gleam of interest flitted across his face; though he spoke no word, but kept his eyes fixed on the long ribbon-like road ahead.

"Here are the facts," I resumed. "Now imagine that you are Holmes, and I am a client stating the case. At 4 P.M. a sum of money was taken from the desk in an office. It consisted of $84 in bills and $72 in silver. There was no clue to the identity of the thief, for all sorts of persons had access to the office. An unofficial detective took up the case, and presently brought back the $72 in silver, but said that the bills could not be secured and that the owner must not ask any questions at all about the matter. Now what would you deduce from these facts—I mean as to the personality of the thief?"

"By gracious!" cried the Junior Editor, suddenly making play with the lever of the auto-car and sounding the horn horribly. I thought that a Sherlockian idea had struck him hard; but I soon perceived that it wasn't that. Then I saw, following his gaze, a small curly dog ahead of us in the middle of the street.

Roused by the horn, it got up and strolled off into the grass.

"I wish dogs would learn not to walk in the street!" said the Junior Editor impatiently. The perspiration stood out on his forehead.

There followed a long silence, during which the auto-car purred steadily, and the Junior Editor guided its whirling flight. As we neared the outskirts of Morristown, and began to pass drug-stores and fruit-stands at low speed, signs of returning consciousness were visible. Humanity slowly resumed its sway; and before long the Junior Editor turned to me with all the genial warmth of manner which distinguishes him in our daily intercourse.

"I fear that I may have lost a word or two of what you were saying," he explained with graceful deprecation. "But when one is motoring there are a thousand things to think of all at once, you know—or rather you don't know. You can't know. You can't know."

There was a note of gentle melancholy in his voice as he said these words. I felt that I must cheer him up.

"Now that little problem in deduction," said I. "You've evidently been thinking of it pretty hard for the last quarter of an hour."

His eyes looked at me uncomprehendingly.

"Little problem?" he repeated. "In deduction?"

"Yes," said I. "The problem of the recovered silver."

"I don't seem to remember," he said. "Perhaps I didn't catch a sentence or two back there."

I stated the problem all over again. His face lightened at once.

"Oh," said he, "the solution is perfectly obvious. The person who robbed the desk must have been a woman. She couldn't carry off the silver, because she had no pockets. And her being a woman explains why the unofficial detective didn't want any questions asked."

"That's really very ingenious," I answered. "But you will notice that, as a matter of fact, the silver *was* carried off. The curious circumstance is this: that after having been carried off, it was recovered, while the bills disappeared entirely."

He knitted his brows and thought for moment. As he did so, he instinctively threw in the high speed again and we bounded away from Morristown like the ball from a Mauser rifle. Somehow I felt it in my bones that the Junior Editor was not destined to solve that little problem in deduction—at least, not just then. I was right.

The sun was creeping past the meridian. I should have known that it was one o'clock, even without looking at my watch. My appetite was getting to be phenomenal. So much fresh air, and a breakfast so early as now to seem years away, created a hunger that was colossal and Gargantuan. Yet here we were in the open country, and apparently far distant from any human habitation. The verdure was beautiful and the rich hillsides were crowned with noble forests; but grass and bark are not satisfying to a sophisticated, and at the same time healthy, hunger. What hope was there of appeasing the *ingeniosa gula?* But I did the Junior Editor an injustice. *He* knew. Presently the auto-car skimmed though a cluster of maples and, in a graceful curve, entered a driveway which led up to a most satisfactory looking inn, with broad verandas, gay awnings and a general appearance of sumptuous adequacy. A dozen automobiles were standing before it in the sunshine, and the auto-car took its place at the end of the line.

"I am willing to admit," said I, "that this is where you have an advantage over one who comes here on a horse. You can leave your machine just where it is without bothering to look after it. Nothing stands between us and our luncheon."

But to my surprise the Junior Editor had pulled on a long brown linen coat marked here and there with oil and grease. Immediately afterwards he fished out a large tooth-brush from some hidden receptacle.

"What on earth are you going to do?" said I.

"Well," he answered with a business-like air, "I just want to touch up the spark-plugs a little. But don't wait. Go

in and order luncheon. I'll be with you in a jiffy."

I went in and didn't wait. The dining-room and its concomitants gave me a high opinion of the management of that inn. Many things could be had, and I ordered largely. Some delicate pinkish Little Necks in the pearly background of their shells, and nestling down in a pellucid nest of pounded ice, made me forget the Junior Editor and his spark-plugs. There succeeded a lovely *bisque,* a bit of bluefish, beautifully broiled, and then a *filet mignon Bordelaise* with *pommes soufflées.* These things were only introductory, as it were—a mere *gustatio,* preparing the way for other and still more delectable viands. A few words exchanged in confidence with the head-waiter effected the production of some genuine Clos Vougeot. A delicious sense of absolute well-being stole over me. The soft spring breeze entered the open French windows, stirring the gay awnings, and bringing with it the breath of honeysuckle and of new-mown hay. A carolling bird in a syringa-bush was nature's orchestra, heralding the advent of another delectable little bird displayed temptingly upon a triangle of toast, and producing, with its golden-brown marks of the grill, an æsthetic contrast with the green cresses which half concealed it as it lay before me. I had forgotten all about the Junior Editor, and was trifling with a water-ice *au marasquin* when he hurried into the room with a troubled look upon his face. In his hands he carried several large fluttering and unmanageable squares of white paper which he proceeded to spread out upon the table, incidentally upsetting the salted almonds and some cheese-sticks. I surveyed him in a spirit of philosophical detachment. After all, I had lunched. The past at any rate was secure.

"I hear they've been macadamizing the roads below here," said the Junior Editor in a tone of anxious preoccupation; "and a road that's just been macadamized plays the very mischief with one's tires. Now these road-maps are most unsatisfactory. They don't offer any alternate route. I can't seem to make them out."

He splashed around in a sea of white paper. Never before had I seen him so perturbed. I lighted a French cigarette—*paquet rose*—and its scent was diffused amid its thin blue smoke.

"Aren't you going to have some luncheon?" I asked.

"Oh, I suppose so. Anything will do. Here, waiter, bring me some cold mutton!"

He bolted his cold mutton, poring the while over his maps, while I leisurely finished a steaming demi-tasse. Finally, his countenance seemed to clear.

"Come on," said he. "I think I've got it now. By taking a little side-cut, I can strike the Somerville Road at Pluckamin, and then it will be a clear run down to Bound Brook, where you can catch an express train back to New York."

He was in a hurry to be off; so I strolled out after him to the auto-car. He had eaten only half of his cold mutton. By this time I had acquired a scientific knowledge of his ways; and instead of sitting beside him, I crept into the tonneau and disposed myself with a view to obtaining the maximum of comfort. He was quite unconscious of me. The macadamized roads were puncturing his imagination. As he glided away, I hung my legs comfortably over the side of the auto-car; and, resting on the leather cushions, I gazed up into the blue sky overhead. All was well with the world. The birds sang; the breezes blew; the whole earth breathed forth the freshness and the fragrance of immortal spring. I murmured drowsily a few lines of the *Pervigilium Veneris,* and soon afterwards sank deliciously into a sea of lotus and of asphodel.

I came out of it with a bump. The Junior Editor, clad in his long brown linen coat, was doing things to various portions of the auto-car's anatomy. I looked lazily out upon him and found that he had seventeen different tools disposed around him in the road, each one of which he used in turn.

"We crossed that bridge back there a little too hard," said he. "We've broken a spring. But," he added, with infinite pride, "she's got double springs, so it doesn't really matter. If she had single springs, we couldn't go on. But she has

double springs—double springs. Yes, her springs are double."

He poked around some more and tried all the tools one after the other. From his muttered exclamations I inferred that he needed a Stilton wrench. I don't know what a Stilton wrench is, but he needed it. However, at last he went around to the front of the auto-car and seemed to be violently lifting something two or three times. The auto-car responded with a vigourous pluttering.

"It's all right now," said the Junior Editor, hot but gratified.

Just at that moment, a huge black automobile which had crept up behind us, waiting for us to get out of the way, burst into a cloud of steam and emitted a tremendous sound like the roar of a thousand thunders. It was sublime.

"Is it blowing up?" I asked.

"No," he explained patiently, "that is a White Steamer. It's merely blowing off steam."

"Now that," said I with enthusiasm, "is the automobile for me! I shouldn't want to ride in it; but if I had it I should keep it all day long blowing off steam."

The Junior Editor looked at me from head to foot. He was evidently holding himself in.

"I suppose YOU would!" said he.

And then he climbed up into his seat and we hummed along the road in a long and silent and satisfactory run. As we reached the station at Bound Brook, the Junior Editor underwent a sudden transformation. Once more he was my old-time comrade, alert, cordial, and radiant with that winning courtesy which makes every one his friend. I told him how much I had enjoyed our day together. I really had.

"Yes," said he, "wasn't it good to spend all this time together with nothing on our minds, chatting about Dumas and Baudelaire—I think we talked of Baudelaire—and Sherlock Holmes? You must come out again soon, and we'll do it all over."

"Yes," said I; "and what I liked best was to see that you are not a slave to your machine. Now some men never get that perfect mastery which allows them to be quite free when they are motoring."

The Junior Editor beamed all over.

"Yes, yes!" cried he, infinitely delighted. "Didn't I tell you so when I asked you out?"

The express train thundered into the station. As I entered it, I looked back and saw the Junior Editor clad once more in his long brown linen coat, and plunging into the very penetralia of his auto-car.

The Senior Editor.



TO MISS JANE AUSTEN

Madam, I must express respectful wonder
At your delightful novels, penned despite
Your unawareness of the proper thunder
Employed by those professionals who write
For present generations.

You've minor merits; we have—Miss Correlli—
She's in "Who's Who" and so is Mistress Ward;
Your heroines are bourgeoise Liz or Nellie—
Such homely English hearts you seem to hoard,
Untoned by foreign nations.

Your canvas, too, is very small and shrinking—
You've said as much yourself—and yet you smile,
Content with gentle raillery, not thinking
Of what you *ought* to do—belabour guile
With stageable gyrations.

Indeed, Dear Madam Jane, the eagle wheeling
The vulture tearing, e'en the owl sedate
Or brooding hen,—such modern modes of feeling
Are foreign to you, I regret to state
(With mental reservations).

So mild and unobtrusive seems your pleasure
It minds us rather of the humming-bird,
Sipping and skimming to a patterned measure
Within an ordered park of way and word,
'Mid Spring's felicitations.

It's true, of course, that you amused Sir Walter,
Lewes, Macaulay, and a number more,
But fashions change, Miss Austen, *have* to alter.—
Your glowworm humour now is ancient lore,
Barren of imitations.

In short, although we like you still extremely,
It's not the thing to read you nowadays;
If only you had been a bit unseemly
In style, or bold of plot, why then our praise
Might still perform oblations.

So good-bye, Madam; we must leave behind us
Your wit and wisdom, for no more they'll do:
We must progress, the publishers remind us,—
This chat was pleasant, but it means—adieu!—
Our people are creations.

George Herbert Clarke.

JANE AUSTEN'S SNOBS



IT is to lay one's self open to the charge of presumption, it would seem, to attempt to add anything to the very respectable amount of Austeniana—we hope that our fair author, if she perchance has a subscription to a clipping bureau, may pardon, without too satirical a smile, so formidable a word—which is already extant.

"Unless some new and startling facts in regard to the life and career of this author have been discovered," the Long-suffering Reader will exclaim, "quite the last word has been said!"

"Even those of us who make no pretence to being signed and sealed to the Austen-cult," he continues, "know by heart the stock facts and appreciations repeated by each new biographer.

"For instance, the ordinary reader remains somewhat aghast at the storm of dissent and assent which has followed Macaulay's claim that Jane Austen was Shakespearean. With every mention of her name we have seen quoted the high opinion that Scott expressed of *Pride and Prejudice,* and we look with painful instinct for the words 'big bow-wow style' with which he dubbed his own strenuous way in contrast with the delicate manner of Jane Austen. We are a little tired of the fact that the Prince Regent deigned to approve of her work, absurd as an appreciation coming from such a quarter strikes us, and delicious as are the condescending letters of his secretary, Mr. Clarke, with their fatuous suggestions as to subjects suitable for her portrayal. What capital comedy material this same Mr. Clarke would have made for her pen! Then there is her well-known critique of her own work, more valuable, to be sure, than half that has been written about her, though expressed in a few words: her 'little bit of ivory two inches wide on which she worked with a brush so fine as to produce little effect after much labour.' Again, we are weary of hearing that Miss Mitford would deprive herself of her right hand if she could write like this modest little author.

"We have lost our interest in the fact that Sydney Smith was 'quite in love with Fanny Price,' and that Macaulay wasn't, while Miss Austen herself naïvely declares, 'I must confess that I think her' (Elisabeth Bennet) 'as delightful a creature as ever appeared in print, and how I shall be able to tolerate those who do not like her at least I do not know;' and then George Saintsbury, joining in this worship, admits with candour that he would like to have married her.

"No," continues the irate if Long-suffering Reader, "I'll no more of it!" But by such an intolerant attitude he betrays himself; he can be no ardent and boni-fide admirer of our Jane. For the truly elect every word written about their idol is avidly perused, either with objurgations against the sad lack of insight shown or, if the estimate be a favourable one, with the stamp of their august approval. Surely nothing could prove more delightful to this laughter-loving goddess of the pen, if she might know of it, than the exclusive attitude of some of her devotees; for the humour of the cult is inimitable. They imagine themselves a close corporation, take as a motto the dictum of George Eliot: "Only cultivated minds fairly appreciate the exquisite art of Jane Austen," and look askance at any new applicant for admission. Each is even doubtful of the ability of his fellows to quite appreciate the "sustained purity of style" of their divinity or the subtle humour of her characterisations.

But all alike—the esoterics and the humble admirers—all who have actually come under the spell of this author, love to join in a chat about her and her little world of interesting people. We are left unmoved by the dogma of the dictatorial that one should read books and not talks about books. For such critics deprive themselves of a very real pleasure. There is a time for reading literature; and if a time for reading "the best-selling book," surely a time for a

quiet talk about an artist of the calibre of Jane Austen.

Jowett, the famous Oxonian, used to ask: "Have you thoroughly made yourself up in Miss Austen, the 'Vicar of Wakefield' and Boswell? No person is educated who does not know them." By the judicious she is regarded as the Meissonier of literary art, affecting no huge canvases with a confusion of figures, but in her own small *genre* pictures doing her exquisite best; she always remembered in her work what so many forget, that *"Chacun ne comprend que ce qu'il trouve en soi."* The waves of the American and French Revolutions, though filling with their roar the annals of the times, were heard but faintly in her world. It is only when she tries to treat such episodes as the early career of Willoughby and the elopement of Lydia with Wickham that she becomes unconvincing. Her inability to give to vice and the uglier aspects of sinful living their true perspective and value, is inevitable. All intrigue she manages awkwardly. She must have realised this herself, for she says: "Let other pens dwell on guilt and misery; I quit such odious subjects as soon as I can, impatient to restore everybody to tolerable comfort and to have done with all the rest."

It is of course inconceivable that Miss Austen could do such work without recognising the quality and presumably the value of it. But this conviction never caused this author to deviate from the modest tenor of her style.

The spectacle of this demure girl novelist looking out upon her world with a calm serenity, but with all-seeing eyes, is unique in literary history. It has often been pointed out that she knew no person of any literary distinction whatever. She had no George Lewes to point the way, to aid by suggestion and encouragement, above all to offer an intellectual and artistic sympathy, as was the lot of George Eliot. We may be profoundly thankful that no pedantic father tried to "improve" her style, a fate which Miss Edgeworth bore with good-natured equanimity. She is perhaps farthest removed in point of view from George Sand, who made copy from her various "experiences" and had the stimulus which naturally attended her intimate acquaintance with some of the keenest minds of her time. Even Charlotte Brontë played the part of lion in the eyes of literary London for a season and won the lasting friendship of Thackeray. Fanny Burney too had her Dr. Johnson, was presented to Louis XVIII in Paris and was complimented by him upon her novels.

Yet with all her seeming lack of opportunity nothing could be more finely studied than the psychology of her creations—especially her women.

Yet it was all done spontaneously, without seeming effort, for she was not a modern in any sense. She simply knew her corner of England, humourously, inimitably. She modestly declares: "I think I may boast myself to be, with all possible vanity, the most unlearned and uninformed female who ever dared to be an authoress." No wonder that Lewes declares she was "almost alone in her freedom from a lettered vanity." She had none of the dynamic intensity of Charlotte Brontë; she had none of George Eliot's high ethical note; in the blooming fields of fiction she stands alone, a modest flower but giving a quaint and haunting fragrance. Is it so very strange that Guizot said that of all novels he preferred the English, and of all English novels he liked best those of Jane Austen?

While other young girls were painfully working stiff samplers, she was delightedly and delightfully weaving her tales and looking upon her world with good-natured cynicism.

It is in this phase of her work especially that we wish to view her. We yield to no man in our allegiance to her charming heroines; we have an honest liking for most of her heroes; the fatuity of her prigs would be an engrossing subject to discuss; some have chosen to talk entertainingly of the prattle of her bores—but with the latter we would take issue, for there are no bores in Jane Austen. We will be humble and choose for our portion the snobs, but it is with the pseudo-humility of a Uriah Heep, for we frankly confess that to us her snobs are the most delightful of all. They are the

salt which gives the delicious flavour to the whole concoction, and like a cunning cook she knows well how to use it. All will agree, I think, to the assertion that, after all, Jane Austen's highest claim to distinction is in her unique humour, and where is this displayed so abundantly as in her portrayal of snobs?

At the mention of snobs one's mind naturally reverts to Thackeray and his *Book of Snobs*. But not even his most ardent admirers will claim that this book can compare with Jane Austen's six books of snobs. Thackeray himself least of all would make such a claim, for ten years after the appearance of the *Snobs* in *Punch* had laid the foundation to his popular fame, the author declared to the American historian Motley that he hated the *Book of Snobs* and would not read a word of it. One remembers his definition of a snob: "He who meanly admires mean things is a snob," and in its broadest import this is surely entirely adequate.

Trollope says: "A tuft hunter is a snob, a parasite is a snob, the man who allows the manhood within him to be awed by a coronet is a snob. The man who worships mere wealth is a snob." To many novelists a snob is a snob, and, as in the case of Peter Bell and the fellow Primrose, it is nothing more. They ticket him and leave him. Jane Austen nicely divines and differentiates her gallery of snobs. Her snobs aristocratical, of which Lady Catherine de Bourgh and Sir Walter Elliot are types, although bearing certain likenesses, are essentially different. The Lady of Rosings is graphically and obviously vulgar, with a certain unconscious bourgeois vulgarity. Sir Walter, though the same at heart, is at some pains to hide this fact under a show of breeding, and chiefly evinces his *métier* by a mean selfishness, faintly veiled. Her snobs clerical are alike in having no high conception of their exalted calling, and in being unfortunate in their matrimonial projects. But Collins in *Pride and Prejudice* is treated in as purely a farcical strain as Jane Austen ever allowed herself. He is a fool and is never separated for an instant from his folly. Elton in *Emma* has presence and an outward show of polish, and succeeds in hiding his real character from the heroine until that horrible moment for both when he is fatuous enough to imagine that the fastidious Emma has conceived a *penchant* for him. Then there is the snob military of General Tilney in *Persuasion*, and the sporting snob of John Thorpe in the same book; the snobs matrimonial in the guise of the John Dashwoods, and the snob officious and penurious of the redoubtable Mrs. Norris in *Mansfield Park*. In presenting this blessed little army of snobs, Jane Austen evinces a quaint wisdom as well as humour which appeals directly to one's common sense.

Miss Austen's novels naturally fall into two classes, those she wrote as a girl and those which are the product of her prime. *Pride and Prejudice, Sense and Sensibility* and *Northanger Abbey* are redolent of youth. The production of a work of such quality as *Pride and Prejudice*, at the age she wrote it, is unexampled.

Only youth could so perfectly realise and reproduce the joy of youthful living which she presents—the joy of the dance; the joy of the minor details of life which are apt to bore age; the joy of loving. She gives us an exquisite *comédie humain* from the point of view of youth, replete with the Attic salt of life. There is something fresh and fair, sentient and delicate in her conception. It need hardly be said that she was as far removed as possible from the smugness of the usual youthful precocity. Especially in her snobs she allows herself a *laissez allez*, a certain mischievous and jocund malice that is irresistible.

Her joy in the portrayal of Collins and Lady Catherine de Bourgh fairly bubbles over, making them frankly farcical at times, though always delightful. The letter of Collins announcing his arrival is a model for a would-be snob, and the ensuing conversation is all extremely good.

Elisabeth was chiefly struck with his extraordinary deference for Lady Catherine, and his kind intention of christening, marrying and burying his parishioners whenever it were required.

"He must be an oddity, I think," said

she. "I cannot make him out. There is something very pompous in his style. Can he be a sensible man, sir?"

"No, my dear" (answers Mr. Bennet), "I think not. I have great hopes of finding him quite the reverse. There is a mixture of servility and self-importance in his letter which promises well. I am impatient to see him."

The Right Honourable Lady Catherine de Bourgh is surely eminently fitted to be the snobbish patroness of this snob. He glories in her condescension with cringing servility. "She had also asked him twice to dine at Rosings and had sent for him only the Saturday before to make up her pool of quadrille in the evening." He goes so far as to fussily advise the ladies, on their first appearance before her ladyship, "merely to put on whatever of your clothes is superior to the rest; there is no occasion for anything more. Lady Catherine will not think the worse of you for being simply dressed. She likes to have the distinction of rank preserved." When asked by the saturnine Mr. Bennet if in his sycophant attitude to her "these pleasing attentions proceed from the impulse of the moment, or are the result of previous study," he answers, to the secret delight of his interlocutor, "They arise chiefly from what is passing at the time; and though I sometimes amuse myself with suggesting and arranging such little elegant compliments as may be adapted to ordinary occasions, I always wish to give them as unstudied an air as possible."

The perfect ease with which he transfers his affections from Jane to Elisabeth, and again from Elisabeth to Charlotte Lucas, is characteristic.

The proposal scene between Collins and Elisabeth is perennially funny. After being assured by a young lady that "you could not make me happy," and "this matter may be considered as finally settled," and "to accept your proposals is absolutely impossible. My feelings in every way prevent it. Can I speak plainer?"—for a young man to calmly reply with his "air of awkward gallantry": "You are uniformly charming! and I am persuaded when sanctioned by the express authority of both your excellent parents, my proposals will not fail of being acceptable," must be, to say the least, somewhat disconcerting to that lady.

She is, however, enough the daughter of her father to enjoy her position on the horns of a dilemma, when he declares: "An unhappy alternative is before you, Elisabeth. From this day you must be a stranger to one of your parents. Your mother will never see you again if you do not marry Collins, and I will never see you again if you do."

Collins's letter of condolence when Lydia elopes with Wickham may be studied with profit by any one who wishes to know how to be disagreeable, brutal and censorious in an apparently unconscious way. This must especially appeal to a father: "Let me advise you, then, my dear sir, to console yourself as much as possible, to throw off your unworthy child from your affection forever, and leave her to reap the fruits of her own heinous offence."

Perhaps the most famous scene in this book is the scene in which the Lady of Rosings tries to force Elisabeth to renounce Darcy. Its comedy is certainly very amusing, and the final revolt of outraged maidenhood against the arrogance of rank has a positive thrill in it. From her ladyship's point of view nothing could be more scathing than the anathema that she launched at Elisabeth at the close of the interview:

"I take no leave of you, Miss Bennet. I send no compliments to your mother. You deserve no such attention. I am most seriously displeased." Could wrath go more terribly further?

There is certainly something very winning about Elisabeth. We all have our literary loves, and though we may not entirely agree with Saintsbury, we sympathise with him in his frank declaration of affection: "In the novels of the last one hundred years there are vast numbers of young ladies with whom it might be a pleasure to fall in love; there are at least five with whom, as it seems to me, no man of taste and spirit can help doing so. Their names are, in chronological order: Elisabeth Bennet, Diana Vernon, Argemont Lavington, Beatrix Esmond and Barbara Grant."

Poor Elisabeth! All well-regulated

families are provided with a skeleton in the closet, and most of them can produce a snob also. Mrs. Bennet played this rôle at Longbourn. She detested Darcy, but when she learned that she was to become the mother-in-law of this wealthy personage, she acted like a female Shylock gone mad.

"Good gracious! Lord bless me! only think! dear me! Mr. Darcy! Who would have thought it? And is it really true? Oh, my sweetest Lizzy! how rich and how great you will be! What pin-money, what jewels, what carriages you will have! Jane's is nothing to it—nothing at all. I am so pleased—so happy! Such a charming man! so handsome, so tall! Oh, my dear Lizzy! A house in town! Everything that is charming? Three daughters married! Ten thousand a year! Oh, Lord! what will become of me? I shall go distracted!"

The final discomfiture of Lady Catherine and Collins is one of the truly soothing and satisfying things in fiction, and we must share with Mr. Bennet in the justifiable gratification which must have been his when he penned this letter to Collins:

"Dear Sir,—I must trouble you once more for congratulations. Elisabeth will soon be the wife of Mr. Darcy. Console Lady Catherine as well as you can. But if I were you, I would stand by the nephew. He has more to give. Yours sincerely, etc."

Disraeli told Jowett that he had read *Pride and Prejudice* seventeen times, and our only wonder is that just such a type of a man should be attracted by just such a type of book. Miss Austen never kept her finger on her literary pulse in the distressing manner of Beaconsfield.

It is inconceivable that the taste of any one who shall read this book with attention shall not be impressed and sensitised. She wrote for love and not for lucre and wrought her work to suit her own exacting taste.

In *Sense and Sensibility* we have the John Dashwoods conceived in the highest manner of comedy.

In pursuance of his promise to his dying father, John Dashwood decides to give his sisters and step-mother three thousand pounds. But he had reckoned without his wife. "She begged him to think again on the subject. How could he answer it to himself to rob his child. and his only child too, of so large a sum?" His father must have been "light-headed." He is induced by the careful manipulations of Mrs. John Dashwood to lower the amount first to five hundred pounds apiece, then to a hundred a year. But then, as his wife points out, "if Mrs. Dashwood should live fifteen years, we shall be completely taken in." "I believe you are right, my love; it will be better that there shall be no annuity in the case. A present of fifty pounds now and then" will be quite sufficient. He finally resolves that it would be absolutely unnecessary if not highly indecorous to do more for the widow and children of his father than to send them "presents of fish and game and so forth, whenever they are in season."

This Macbeth was altogether too willing a tool in his lady's hands. The inability of the John Dashwoods to entertain his sisters in their London home; John's greedy haste to throw Elinor into Colonel Brandon's arms; the powerlessness of both of these snobs to face with any degree of equanimity good fortune coming to their friends or relations—all of these matters are touched up with the brush of an artist. Jane Austen never scruples to make a plain statement of her opinion of her characters, a method abhorred by the ultra modern novelist. She can with fine skill use suggestion in presenting her people, but she never leaves us in doubt as to how she views them. She treats life very much as Providence appears to—not as it is pictured very often in fiction. She has the keen intellectual curiosity and devotion of a scientist in her data, and would no more think of falsifying her returns than a scientist. We are made to feel her own immense interest in her characters, and we cannot grow weary of her "divine chit-chat." Some will declare, and be honest in their belief, that to them her men and women are pallid ghosts of bloodless people, but what a gray, uninteresting affair life itself must prove to such people! It is not for her

to offer us a "bleeding slice of life." It is the quieter aspects of life which constitute her *métier.*

At Bath or elsewhere Miss Austen must have suffered from the attentions of the snob—Corinthian—for with a spice of malice she gives us the very broth of such a snob in the person of Mr. John Thorpe in *Northanger Abbey.* He is an imitation sport, a rattle and very much of a fool. The portrayal of this character has been objected to on the score that her effects were laid on with too broad strokes and in too glaring colours, but this is just the manner that such a type of man paints himself.

His absurd bragging of the speed of his horse; his too familiar admiration of the heroine Catherine Morland; his ill-bred slighting of his sisters; his fear of being "too handsome unless he wore the dress of a groom, and too much like a gentleman unless he were easy where he ought to be civil, and impudent where he might be easy," are all done to the life. Catherine engages him on her favourite topic of Mrs. Radcliffe's novels: "Have you ever read *Udolpho,* Mr. Thorpe?" *"Udolpho?* Oh, Lord! not I. I never read novels; I have something else to do." "I think you must like *Udolpho* if you were to read it; it is very interesting." "Not I, faith! No, if I read any, it shall be Mrs. Radcliffe's; her novels are amusing enough; they are worth reading; some fun and nature in them." He is able to exhibit a like discriminating and dogmatic ignorance on a large variety of subjects. He has a pleasant way of addressing the ladies of his family; to his mother, "Ah, mother, how do you do? Where did you get that quiz of a hat? It makes you look like an old witch;" he observes to his sisters that they "both looked very ugly."

Note his gallant invitation to the dance: "Well, Miss Morland, I suppose you and I are to stand up and jig it together again?"

It is the snobbism in the hearts of the snob and of General Tilney, the other snob of the book, which leads to the rather pitiful climax of the story. In his flattered vanity at being noticed by the General, he lets himself go slightly on the subject of the fortune of the Morlands; by "merely adding twice as much for the grandeur of the moment, by doubling what he chose to think the amount of Mr. Morland's preferment, trebling his private fortune, bestowing a rich aunt and sinking half the children, he was able to represent the whole family to the General in a most respectable light." This had a disastrous effect for Catherine, since the snob in General Tilney jumps at such a fortune for his son. The contrast of his assiduous court and oppressive hospitality at first, with his brutality in practically thrusting Catherine out of the house when he learns that she is not an heiress, is rather too painfully abrupt. In fact, he is managed with less skill than any of Miss Austen's snobs, for he is treated without her usual humour. He may be necessary to the exigencies of her rather frail plot, but he is eminently unpleasant.

In *Northanger Abbey* Jane Austen has not only deliciously satirised the taste for Mrs. Radcliffe's highly spiced novels, but we find a rather amusing anachronism in a passage which seems to plainly burlesque *Jane Eyre.* Romantic Catherine Morland, fed on the sensational pabulum of the period, conceives a suspicion that General Tilney is the perpetrator of some dark crime in connection with his wife. The passage where her lively imagination presents to her mind "the probability that Mrs. Tilney yet lived, shut up for causes unknown and receiving from the pitiless hands of her husband a nightly supply of food," is almost startlingly prophetic. It is an unconscious retort to the lack of appreciation of Charlotte Brontë and her declaration, "I should hardly like to live with her ladies and gentlemen in their elegant but confined houses." Surely an ironical fate allowed Miss Brontë to say this, for no part of her own work came so near failure as her attempt at drawing fine ladies and gentlemen. I think that a gentlewoman like Jane Austen would have had a very decided disinclination to living with Blanche Ingram in any kind of a house whatever. Jane never offers us pinchbeck manners when she wishes to denote the real article.

To be sure, the stock "ladies" of this period of fiction had as a rule little more

character than the simpering angels done in oils by artistic young ladies. But Jane Austen, whether she chose to simply sketch a character or to lovingly elaborate it, could not make it otherwise than lifelike. We must repeat what Lewes said of her in this connection because it is so just. He hails her as "one of the greatest painters of human character and one of the writers with the nicest sense of means to the end that ever lived." Carpers at her delicate art it may be will claim that to place her among the literary great is as foolish as to hail as a classic an epic on a distracted honeybee. To such this is a sufficient answer.

Of all Miss Austen's snobs perhaps Mrs. Norris in *Mansfield Park*, as representative of the genus the snob-feminine, is most carefully worked out. She enters so quietly upon the scene that at first we fail to recognise her as one of the cult. But the masterly way she manages to get Sir Thomas to perform acts which are peculiarly her own duty, entailing no expense and trouble for herself, reveals her perfectly to the reader. We get a little side light thrown on her character in the following: "And no other attempt made at secrecy than Mrs. Norris's talking of it everywhere as a matter not to be talked of at present." Then we have snobbism at a tender age when Mrs. Norris's school for snobs is revealed in the prattle of her two nieces who have become past masters in the art. They are talking of their poor cousin Fanny Price.

"But, aunt, she is really so very ignorant! I am sure I should have been ashamed of myself, if I had not known better long before I was so old as she is. I cannot remember the time when I did not know a great deal that she has not the least notion of yet. How long ago is it, aunt, since we used to repeat the chronological order of the Kings of England with the dates of their accession, and most of the principal events of their reigns?"

"Yes," added the other, "and of the Roman emperors as low as Severus; besides a great deal of the heathen mythology and all the metals, semi-metals, planets and distinguished philosophers."

"Very true indeed, my dears; but you are blessed with wonderful memories, and your poor cousin has probably none at all."

Mrs. Norris with excellent common sense consoles herself "for the loss of her husband by considering that she could do very well without him." Her consistent opposition to anything which could please her niece is characteristic. And yet with all her meannesses we are gladdest when "my aunt Norris" is on the scene, and saddest when we are alone with lachrymose Fanny and her woes.

We could almost find it in our heart to sympathise with Mrs. Norris in her desire to shake Fanny when she rejects the addresses of Henry Crawford, who at least had the making of a fine fellow in him, and prefers the solemn prig of an Edmund. It is heresy, I suppose, to feel that the tender consciences of this couple were at times synonymous with a fussy self-righteousness. In our heart we refuse to believe that Henry Crawford could ever have conceived a real passion for the meek passivity of Fanny Price. Mrs. Norris's "sponging" proclivities, her "beautiful pheasants' eggs," her "supernumerary jellies to nurse a sick maid," her appropriation of the green baize curtain—the only bright spot for her in the wreck of the theatricals—fill us with joy. Lady Bertram, all unconscious, gives her a blow when she has been boasting of her really "generous" gift to her nephew William. "I am glad you gave him something considerable," said Lady Bertram, with most unsuspicious calmness, "for I gave him only ten pounds." "Indeed!" cried Mrs. Norris, reddening. "Upon my word, he must have gone off with his pockets well lined!" We learn from a letter of Jane Austen's that aunt Norris's "something considerable" amounted to the munificent sum of one pound.

In the final disposal of Mrs. Norris, Jane Austen has indulged in a bit of poetic justice. We can hardly believe that Mrs. Norris would ever voluntarily have left the flesh-pots of Mansfield and the perquisites of her position there for a residence with the discredited Maria, notwithstanding her professed love for her niece.

Match-making Emma in the novel of

that name has herself just a delicious little touch of the snob, first in her horror at the presumption of Elton in believing she could look at him (it was so plainly his duty to fall in love with Harriet Smith), and then in her amazement at the presumption of Harriet in believing that Knightley could look at *her.*

We confess to feeling little sympathy with her in the first instance, for to a man as fatuous as Elton her manner must have meant the most open-faced encouragement. No wonder, when she insists on thrusting Miss Smith down his throat, that his outraged vanity at last exclaims, "Miss Smith indeed!—*I* think of Miss Smith! Miss Smith is a very nice sort of girl, and I should be happy to see her respectably settled. Everybody has their level, but as for myself, I am not, I think, quite so much at a loss—I need not so totally despair of an equal alliance—as to be addressing myself to Miss Smith."

Elton is too superficial a prig to be long amusing, but the fair lady who caught his heart on the rebound outsnobs him on his own grounds with her everlasting prattle about her *caro sposo;* her ill-bred familiarities; her little feminine meannesses to Emma. She is extremely diverting. Surely in the wife of his heart Elton got his deserts and more for all his snobbishness.

We wonder who was the most uncomfortable at that famous call when Mr. Elton found himself "in the same room at once with the woman he had just married, the woman he wanted to marry and the woman he had been expected to marry." We also wonder what the "resources" which Mrs. Elton continually harped on could possibly have been.

Poor Emma! Imagine her dismay at the offer of this "little upstart" with "all her airs of pert pretension and underbred finery," "to introduce her into the best society of Bath." The climax of snobbishness on the part of Elton is seen at the ball, when to spite Emma he ostentatiously slights Harriet Smith by refusing to dance with her. Knightley, ostensibly the *jeune premier* of the novel, appears at times, with his strictures on the conduct of Emma, a priggish old bachelor, but at this crisis he saves the situation like a gentleman, and gallantly leads out the blushing Harriet to the set. Incidentally, this episode leads up to the final happiness of Emma and Knightley, and to the doubtful privilege for the latter of living with her meticulous old father. Mrs. Elton could not resist a final shaft. She thought the wedding "extremely shabby and very inferior to her own—very little white satin, very few lace veils; a most pitiful business! Selina would stare when she heard of it."

It was the misfortune of the present writer to read *Persuasion* first in an emasculated "arrangement" which pretended to give the gist of the story without subjecting one to the dullness of Miss Austen's style! This is only a step more absurd than the so-called arrangements of Chopin and Mozart. For with Jane Austen it is not what her people do that matters but what they are. There is something very lovely about *Persuasion,* the story of sweet Anne Elliot, who says: "All the privilege I claim for my own sex is that of loving longest when existence or hope is gone." To "arrange" such a story is like crushing a delicate blossom. Its very *raison d'être* is taken from it. Almost as absurd is to attempt to build up a tender tragedy in Jane's life from the story of the vicissitudes of Anne Elliot. One might as well attribute to her the meanness of a Mrs. Norris, the silliness of a Harriet Smith, the lack of breeding of a Mrs. Elton or the fatuity of a Lady Catherine. In this book our snob-aristocratical, Sir Walter Elliot, gives us a taste of his quality in the very first sentence: "Sir Walter Elliot of Kellynch Hall, Somersetshire, was a man who for his own amusement never took up any book but the Baronetage; there he found occupation for an idle hour, and consolation in a distressed one;—and there if every other leaf were powerless, he could read his own history with an interest which never failed." Here we certainly have a fine old instance of Narcissus-like perversity. A selfish vanity sums up this person, for he never seems to have an emotion outside of these limits. "Few women could think more of their personal appearance than he did, nor could the valet of any

new-made lord be more delighted with the place he held in society. He considered the blessing of beauty as inferior only to the blessing of a baronetcy; and Sir Walter Elliot, who united these gifts, was the constant object of his warmest respect and devotion."

It was his cold-blooded lack of sympathy with his daughter when her heart first went out towards Wentworth, his "great astonishment, great coldness, great silence and a professed resolution of doing nothing for his daughter," that nearly robbed her of her happiness. At Bath it was his greatest joy to walk out and compare his own comeliness with the painful ugliness of men he met. His nearest approach to yielding to a generous impulse towards his youngest daughter consisted in remarking: "If I thought it would not tempt her to go out in sharp winds and grow coarse, I would send her a new hat and pelisse." His snobbish letter to the Dowager Viscountess Russell is quite in the picture. We only wish we had it in full.

The happiness of no one of Miss Austen's heroines fills us with the satisfaction that we feel in getting Anne Elliot "settled," for Captain Wentworth, become wealthy, " was now esteemed quite worthy to address the daughter of a foolish spendthrift baronet who had not principle or sense enough to maintain himself in the situation in which Providence had placed him."

It is a very winning story, and we sympathise with Tennyson when on his visit to Lyme-Regis he impatiently refused all nourishment and exclaimed, "Now take me to the Cobb and show me the steps from which Louisa Musgrove fell."

We are not surprised, the more we come under the spell of this author, to find Macaulay a short time before his death declaring, "If I could get materials, I really would write a short life of that wonderful woman, and raise a little money to put up a monument to her in Winchester Cathedral." But after all no one but Jane herself could have written her biography, to our mind. We wonder a little what she would have thought of the little pomposities of Macaulay's style when applied to such a subject, but it is quite certain that he had a real and discriminating liking for Jane Austen. "Home," we find him writing in his diary in 1851, and "finished *Persuasion*. I have now read over again all Miss Austen's novels. Charming they are; but I found a little more to criticise than formerly. Yet there are in the world no compositions which approach nearer to perfection." In speaking of snobs it may be interesting to recall that, unjust as it may have been, Macaulay himself after that famous letter dated from Windsor Castle became a snob in the eyes of half England.

And then one always thinks of Newman reading Jane Austen every year to improve his style. Is it, then, too much to say with Saintsbury, "We shall have another Homer before we see another Jane?"

Most of us value her especially because, as Miss Mitford says in her tribute to this sister artist, "We love to be gay." And so long as we have Jane Austen with us, why need we go mournful all our days?

Eugene Wendell Harter.



THE AUTHOR AND MODERN SOCIETY



OME few years ago a writer who had won considerable reputation from his stories of the North-West settled down in New York for a few weeks, at the end of which he had acquired some very decided convictions. To a certain professional cynic one day he unburdened himself at great length. What had particularly impressed him, he declared somewhat oratorically, was the utter shallowness of the so-called New York society, what in these days was known as the "Four Hundred." Was it, after all, so shallow, the other protested. Unquestionably it was, maintained the westerner. A society based on nothing; having its roots in nothing. A society made up of flirts and fribbles of purposeless men and light-minded women; aping old world aristocracy, and obliged to resort to the most idiotic pastimes in order to find relief from deadly *ennui*. It was a sham and a preposterous humbug. That was all. "I say, Blank," suggested the cynic "Why don't you write a book about it?" "I should like to," nodded the other. "I should like very much to." "But then" he went on with sweet, engaging candour, "you see, I know nothing whatever about the subject."

In itself the above anecdote may be comparatively trivial; taken in connection with certain phases of contemporary novel spinning it is exceedingly significant. For several years Edith Wharton has held a very definite place in American letters. Her books have been read with keen relish by ten or twenty thousand cultured and discriminating men and women. There has never in her style or method, been anything of popular appeal; she has never intentionally made a bid for the audience of Mr. Winston Churchill or Mr. Charles Major. Nevertheless, when at the end of the year we come to sum up the novels in the cold-blooded light of "Best Sellers," we shall certainly be obliged to refer to *The House of Mirth* in the terms that we formerly have used in speaking of *When Knighthood was in Flower*, or *Richard Carvel*, or *Alice of Old Vincennes*. And this sudden popularity—which must have proved highly amusing to Mrs. Wharton—has been all owing to the fact that she alone among writers of real talent has been able to gratify the greedy curiosity as to the deportment and manner of life of the so-called Smart Set in a novel written from the inside. But with Mrs. Wharton it has been a case of a woman of society taking to novel writing and not of a novelist invading society for the purpose of taking notes.

Strange as it must sound, the gulf between what we call "society" and the average man or woman of letters, seems wider in modern democrative America or England than it has in any other period of history. A great nobleman, who recognised or fancied he recognised a likeness to himself in a character of one of Molière's plays, grabbed the playwright by the ears and rubbed his face up and down the buttons of his—the nobleman's—doublet. When Voltaire offended another nobleman in the same way, the latter applied for a *lettre de cachét*, and the unlucky scribe was introduced to the inconveniences of life in the Bastille. And yet it was in a society based on just such conditions as these, where the great were so powerful, and the lowly so humble, that the novelists and the dramatists were able to study their world at first hand, and to know a nobleman with the close intimacy of his tailor, his hairdresser, or his valet de chambre. Whereas in modern times, and in lands where distinctions of caste, if not entirely obsolete, are no longer clearly defined, the average novelist when he sits down to write about "Smart" life has just the knowledge of the society reporter, who is admitted reluctantly and suspiciously into the hall, for the purpose of taking down the names and costumes of the guests.

Raymond Allen.

THE SHORTHOUSE "REMAINS"



OW much we of this bustling day owe those bookish, ruminating, human and humane Englishmen of the past generation—all of them, not only the Paters and the Arnolds, but the FitzGeralds, Hawkers and Shorthouses. The author of *John Inglesant* was not precisely a great man, but he was a strong and sound one, with a mellowness of character which expresses itself, as if by rendering a kind of diffused light in everything he wrote. *John Inglesant* is a minor novel, in the sense, at least, that it has not joined the majority of fictions which have gone the road to dusty death. Its title at all events would still strike most people as familiar —like a *John Halifax, Gentleman,* or, to the very latest generation, a *Robert Elsmere.* To the *Life and Letters* of last year, Mrs. Shorthouse now adds a volume of *Literary Remains:* an interesting miscellany of essays, stories and verse.

For the verse not much can be said. It would, perhaps, have been better if these "remains" had not lain here in state; their mortality is somewhat too evident. The early essays and the stories were written not to be printed, but to be read at the Friend's Essay Society of Birmingham. Produced between the ages of twenty and forty, they are naturally of varied tone and quality. It is impossible to think that they are arranged in chronological order, so good an essay as the "Books *versus* Books" being sandwiched between two obviously crude and youthful effusions. The publisher says there are three short stories in the book; the editor counts four; we count seven. How, after all, is the difference between an essay, a "sketch" and a "short story" to be determined? The distinguishing tone of Shorthouse's work is a kind of warm-blooded mysticism, a dreaminess with piety which we might term the curate tone, only we do not wish to suggest an excess of the clerical in what is really an unofficial religious atmosphere. Many of the pleasant discursive papers run frankly yet unconsciously from the meditative into the worshipping mood. In the more mature papers of the kind, however, this tendency is less marked. Religious didacticism here gives place to a secular mysticism, which is at its best in such an essay as "Fragilia"

> No doubt this "insubstantial pageant faded" is the intellectual and ideal world, the world of spirits, our home for all eternity. . . . To our real selves and our true positions, the possessions of our intellect, the present is nothing, the future nothing, the past is as much present as either, and to spiritual man already there is no more time. . . . I am not sure that the fragile and temporary nature of pleasure has not a charm of its own, especially as life advances. It would be difficult to say in what it consists, nor are we certain that it does exist. It would seem to arise from a sort of acquiescence in a fact of human nature, a proud acceptance of the lot and nature of humanity, and a perception that it would not be noble without its sorrows and its sufferings.

Of the early critical essays that on "The Idylls of the King" is clearly the best. Prepared not long after the first publication of the collected "Idylls," it shows a remarkably clear, critical sense of the serious fallacy underlying the structure of that already much-lauded poetical effort. Tennyson has, he intimates, bowed down to his public, and realising the futility of attempting to present the true mediæval chivalry of Malory's narrative, has discovered "no course left him but to reproduce the lifeless form of the legends, animating the characters by his genius into some sort of galvanised life, but preserving not the faintest gleam of that spirit which alone gives to the tales of knight-errantry a vitality and a never-dying truth." The Virgin Mary is brought in by the heels, Galahad is but the shadow of a name: "The character of the knights, especially of Lancelot, is precisely that of a modern highly bred gentleman, with a dash of the Balaklava cavalry officer. The impression of the country conveyed is that of modern England. The knights might be fox-hunters going to a meet." What does this leave for other

critics to say of that middle-class masterpiece? Unless something (which would be true) about the beauty of many detached passages, considered as modern poetry; or about the poet's accurate knowledge of botany or what not?

Among the five later essays here printed, "The Humourous in Literature" is, rather unexpectedly, the most striking and original. We can bear up pretty cheerfully while people talk about religion, and the tariff, and Mary, Queen of Scots, and the authorship of the Shakespeare plays, and bridge; but when they begin on humour, we make the nearest cover. I do not know that Shorthouse in this paper says anything absolutely new about humour, but there is much of value in her classification of accepted humourists. Cervantes, Shakespeare and Richter are the greatest of all. Fielding (except in *Amelia*) is deficient because he does not present the ideal pole of humour. So is Thackeray: even *Vanity Fair* fails to rank with the highest works of humour for precisely the reason that it is a "novel without a hero." For Dobbin cannot serve in that capacity: "Constantly spooning after a foolish woman is not the end of existence, and that book which represents it as such cannot take the highest rank as a mirror of human life." To Addison and Irving the critic gives a more conspicuous place than they have commonly held. There are other essays in this book which it would be a pleasure to specify; but we must content ourselves with once more making the old remark, which is perhaps the most profitable that can fall from the pen, or rattle from the typewriter of a reviewer: the book is very well worth reading, for its own sake as well as for the impression it gives us of the man who wrote it.

H. W. B.



EDUCATION

THE ABOLITION OF ACADEMIC DEGREES*



HE present moment—just after so many college and university degrees have been given—is the best that could be chosen to suggest that college and university degrees, honourary and ordinary, might be for the future relegated to the place where the evidential parchment is usually relegated, namely, no one knows where.

That so classic an institution as the college degree, especially the A.B., should be a barbarism must be a matter of regret to those who value the classics. College degrees are the product of medievalism, and are entirely in keeping with the general turn of the medieval mind. They were originally imitations of the usage of the Trade Guilds, and are quite as much out of date as the rest of the guild usages. They used to be part of the order and arrangement of a privileged class, a class made up, it may be said, of those who very much needed privileges, namely, strangers at a time when strangers had few legal rights. The original constitution of the medieval universities came about as a natural result of the legal standpoint of the middle ages, which gave very little legal right to anyone not connected with some definitely privileged corporation or class. The universities themselves were not originally scholastic corporations but civil, that is to say their statutes had to do not with scholarship but political right. From this fact flowed a number of consequences that are now utter absurdities. Thus the Rector of a University was originally a student; the students in the early times prescribed the university rules and regulations for the professors and their teaching; the professors themselves were often not even members of the corporations, the university itself had judicial powers of which the *carcer* of the German University is a remnant. But these things no one would perpetuate now because they arose from necessities that have now passed away, and are quite out of harmony with our ideas and practices. We could not very well have a student the president of one of our colleges, we could not allow the students to make the governing rules and regulations, we could not imagine a professor as a mere outsider, we could not give our colleges civil and criminal jurisdiction. Such ideas are too absurd even to suggest.

It must be remembered that the existence of a usage in university life offers no reason for supposing the usage to be a sensible one. Thus in the English Universities of the 18th century the professors had entirely given up any effort to teach. So says Gibbon, in speaking of his own university, Oxford, and such was the case with the poet Gray, who became Professor of History at Cambridge and never delivered a lecture. That was certainly a great abuse, and in course of time people began to see it, and it was corrected. In the 18th century the German Universities still preserved the power of administration of justice. That was originally not an abuse, but it came to be entirely foreign to modern necessities and has been corrected. In all countries, until recently, even, on certain occasions, the universities used the Latin language habitually. This was not an abuse and never got to be one exactly, but it was inconvenient and in time impossible. When it became ridiculous in view of present necessities it was abandoned. Yet these things were natural results of medieval conditions, and only appeared to be absurd when they came into contact with the necessities and standpoints of modern life.

It is well enough known that college degrees to-day do not serve the purpose they are ostensibly supposed to serve.

*NOTE.—The present article seems to us to sum up effectively the arguments that may be urged against the granting of academic degrees. In a later number of this magazine some considerations on the other side will be presented.—Editors.

We do not speak of honorary degrees, which have long been too ridiculous to argue about, but of the *common*, ordinary degrees. Degrees were originally evidence of admission into a privileged class, but they have for a good while been accepted chiefly as evidence of a man's scholastic training. Unless they be this, it is hard to see what they are except a formality or a gratification of a harmless sentiment. When the possession of a college degree does open to a man certain privileges, as in the case of various schools, colleges, clubs, etc., it is only because those privileges are due to a man of certain scholastic acquirements. Yet it is notorious that so far from being evidence of a certain scholastic training, a college degree to-day is, as a rule, evidence of nothing at all. Consider the two letters A.B.: are they evidence of anything except that a man has been to college? They are not in themselves sure evidence even of that, for the degree is given by some institutions not colleges. In most cases, however, the A.B. does mean that the holder of it has not only been to college but has completed some college course. Sometimes it does not mean that. At this last commencement many A.B. degrees have been given in the various colleges of the country "as of the class of —" to men who did not complete any college course, but who have shown themselves in after life honourable and, perhaps, scholarly men, often more honourable and scholarly than men who did finish the course. And even if the A.B. did always mean that the holder had completed a course, everyone in the college would know that one must ask, what college? There are institutions in our country that do good work as far as they go, which give the degree of A.B. to students who have got about as far as the Sophomore class in our best colleges. In fact the A.B. does not mean anything at all, unless we know how it has been given, and the college that has given it. And if we do know the college that has given it, it often does not mean much more. The degree of A.B. at Harvard or Cornell has a very vague or very incorrect signification to persons who know nothing about those institutions. The case for technical degrees is somewhat better, but even then the degree is rarely self-explanatory.

It is, indeed, practically impossible that a degree should indicate exactly the scholastic attainment or training of its holder. But there was a time, not so long ago, when there was an idea in America that the degree ought to designate very exactly the nature of the academic training of the holder. Hence the degree Ph. B. was given to men who had not studied Greek and other degrees were invented for other special needs. But few people know what was the outcome in fact, as also in logic. In Emerson's *College Year Book* of ten years ago is a list of degrees given by American Colleges there are over two hundred different degrees. Most of them are such as people in general have never heard of: M.P.L. means Master or Mistress of Polite Literature, M.B.Sc. means Master of Business Science, D.O. means Doctor of Oratory. No one could remember what such things indicate. The effect is just the same as with the university hoods used to indicate the wearers degrees. There is no one, except the agent of the furnishing shop who can tell what they mean. At any great university occasion, a part of the fun consists in asking, What is that green and white hood with the orange border? The variety of hoods and colors certainly makes an attractive sight, but it conveys no information. Nor does the variety of college degrees. And if we reduce the variety to unity, the case is not bettered. The degree does not and cannot be made to serve as a true indication of the academic training of its holder.

This in itself is no great drawback. There is little reason why we should have any indication of a man's academic training: no one would care much about it if we had, except for certain scholastic purposes. The fact that a degree is useless would not be against it, were it not that it had certain inconveniences. Now if these inconveniences harm seriously the very thing that the degree is supposed to stand for, namely a good education, they become very strong considerations against the degree itself. The college degree necessitates college machinery, es-

pecially examinations and curriculums. Everyone in college life knows that these two things are the cause of many troubles. A strong case might be made in favour of examinations if they had no drawbacks at all. But they do have drawbacks, and very serious ones, namely, cramming and cheating on the part of students, and marks and conditions on the part of professors. The amount of unreality (so far as scholarship is concerned) brought into our education by those four things is very great. There is almost no end to it. Those things are vast evils as everybody knows, they send out the influence everywhere in college life. They are most formidable difficulties in the way of the best academic spirit. The difficulties of the curriculum are not quite so great: still the misfits of the prescribed course are got rid of only by the failures of the elective system. And even were curriculums and examinations wholly blameless and useful, their mechanism and management certainly take up an enormous amount of time on the part of professor and student, and tend to fix the attention of both upon the mechanical side of education rather than on the real value of it. And as this is the natural tendency of the human mind, it seems as though the whole influence of college life ought to be against it.

But there is a further evil resulting from the college degree, deeper than those flowing from the examination and the curriculum. The college degree tends to take away from the reality of college work. A college tends nowadays to prepare men for degrees rather than for life. Even the faculty is apt to get inoculated with this idea, and not unnaturally the students are still more apt to be. So far have matters gone now that the word *practical* is a hissing and a stench in academic ears and nose. This shows that we are (not unnaturally) keeping up the medieval forms without the medieval spirit, for under the conditions then existing the medieval universities were very practical affairs. They knew what was wanted by the society in which they existed, and they aimed to teach men how to serve those wants. Ought not the college prepare for life? And if it do not, ought we not look hard at the obstruction? Now here is something obviously in the way. It serves little good purpose, except (it must be admitted) an honourable sentiment. But it also serves several bad purposes, necessitates a number of very harmful elements in academic life, and puts the whole system of academic culture on a basis that is mechanical rather than real.

A college professor is apt to hear much of the immense benefits of a college education. He certainly believes that the benefits are very great. But if the benefits are great, if the man on coming out of college is really (as so many are) an immense improvement on what he was four years before, is it not almost humiliating to ticket him with a tag that nobody knows the true meaning of, and of which many have very false ideas?

If for a moment we put away tradition, medieval and modern, it would seem as if we might think as follows:—After four years training a college-bred man ought to be so different from one who has not had a college training that the difference can be seen. If he be different, why is it necessary to mark him with a mark? And if he be not different why mark him with a mark as if he were?

Would it not be a stimulus to professor and student alike, to feel that if there were to be any good in an education, they must (both) work to produce it? As it is, both professor and student know that courses will be passed by most of the students without any doubt and that degrees will almost of necessity be given to somebody. There is a great temptation to laziness when the conventional element is strong, and the name of the thing assured.

People may ask how it is possible to carry on universities and colleges without degrees. It certainly is possible to teach men and women things that are useful, without giving them degrees. Kindergartens and primary schools do not give degrees. Grammar and High Schools are apt to give diplomas, but every one knows that such diploma-giving is merely the gratification of a little vanity quite harmless in boys and girls. Very many boys and girls go to grammar and high schools and get immense benefit from them without getting diplomas. The

best of the common school system of our country lies in the fact that boys and girls who have been at school are more capable than those who have not. That being so, they need no degrees.

It would, doubtless, be difficult to carry on a college on the principle merely of teaching those who wished to learn. Our boys and girls in America, are boys and girls, in some ways, far beyond the time that they can enter college. A college that did not have definite courses and requirements, definite examinations and grades, would very soon have many loafers and idlers. There are many things attractive about college life; boys and girls would be very apt to think that they would like to enjoy three or four years of a pleasant irresponsible existence. This is no place to outline any plan by which the college or university could remain an educational institution in the face of such pressure. We may well enough, however, leave the matter to the practical ability of American parents and even American professors. They could probably correct it. A parent would hardly go on paying college bills, when he was convinced that his son or daughter was doing nothing to show for it. And a professor would be quite able to tell without examinations who was neglecting college work and spending college terms merely in enjoying life. And if the matter were not entirely settled at once, we should probably have nothing worse than the German Universities, where as is well known, examinations and degrees are quite optional, so that it is a well understood thing that many of the students have only the slightest interest in the lectures and studies that make up the main work of the University.

But the consideration of practical difficulties is out of place here. The main point at present is that the college degree as now given has very slight reason for it, and some very serious drawbacks, drawbacks that do much to hinder the real excellence of American scholarship.

It may be hoped that at some time our institutions of higher learning, like the lower schools, will be conducted with an eye to the actual facts of life. The test of a college education will then be that a man who has been to college will be different from one who has not, and that in such a way that it will be distinguishable in his life and general intercourse. If that difference can be really made, he will not want a degree; if it can not he should not have one.

Edward E. Hale Jr.

REVIEWS

SOME RECENT BEGINNERS' BOOKS IN LATIN.*

The number of first year Latin books is so great that a bare enumeration of those which have appeared during the past ten years is out of the question. The members of the teaching profession are as such free from the suspicion of being actuated by the *auri sacra fames;* and even if due allowance be made for the effect of the blandishments of a less altruistic folk, the publishers, it must be assumed that the greater number of these works owe their existence to dissatisfaction with the current productions and represent a striving after the ideal.

Some of these books are made by teachers in secondary schools, who would seem at first thought to be best qualified for the task, some by college professors, and some by these two classes of teachers in collaboration. As a matter of fact, until comparatively recently the large majority of the successful beginners' books were made by college professors, Gildersleeve, Allen and Greenough, Harkness, Jones, and others, the reason being that the teachers in the secondary schools for the most part lacked the training necessary for so difficult a task. At present conditions have wholly changed, many of our teachers in secondary schools are doctors, and the number of text-

* Bennett, Foundations of Latin and Latin Lessons: Allyn and Bacon.
Collar and Daniell, First Year Latin: Ginn and Co.
Smiley and Storke, The Beginner's Latin Book: American Book Company.
Pearson, Essentials of Latin: American Book Company.
Roberts and Rolfe, Essential Latin Lessons for Beginners: Charles Scribner's Sons.

books from that source is constantly increasing. Yet even now the best results would naturally be expected from the alliance of a college professor and a school teacher. While a first year Latin book is not the proper medium for the display of a knowledge of historical and comparative grammar, there are not a few questions which arise in the making of such books which call for expert opinion, and the average school teacher, however thorough his training may have been, rarely has either the leisure or the opportunity to keep up with the literature of the subject. On the other hand the college professor, unless he be a very exceptional man, is apt to lose his sense of perspective to some extent and to underestimate the difficulties of the subject. It must be admitted that there are two notable exceptions. Professor Bennett has made two successful books single-handed, because of his unusual common-sense and good judgment, and two veteran schoolmasters, Messrs. Collar and Daniell, have also accomplished the unusual. Yet the latters' book is not always quite accurate. *M* and *n* are listed as liquids along with *l* and *r*, the tense sign of the imperfect indicative is said to be -ba-, instead of -bā-, while no explanation is given of the changes of quantity before the personal endings. There are some other slight lapses; for example if the directions given in 250*a* were followed, the pupil would evolve *amr* as the first person pres. ind. pass. of *amo;* but they are few in number. These are more numerous and more serious in a book by two less experienced teachers, Mr. Smiley and Miss Storke, which also leaves much to be desired in the matter of good English. Mr. Pearson's book hardly belongs in this class, since it forms part of a series edited by college professors; and the plan of Bennett's books, which is the old-fashioned one of learning the paradigms by sheer force of memory, does not call for much explanatory matter.

Most beginners' books nowadays contain the necessary paradigms and rules, and may be used independently of a Grammar. The only prominent exception is Bennett's *Latin Lessons,* which is otherwise arranged on the same plan as his *Foundations,* and comprises the same vocabulary, though it is differently combined into sentences.

Disregarding this feature, all books of the kind fall roughly into two classes. There are those which separate the forms and the syntax as far as possible, and give the two parts in the same order and in substantially the same form in which they appear in the Grammar. This class was represented some years ago by the very successful Jones books and now includes Bennett's *Foundations* and *Latin Lessons.* They are in effect short grammars provided with exercises, vocabularies, and other accessories. The other class combines the treatment of the forms and syntax, giving the different moods and tenses of the verb, for example, separately, but often taking parts of two or three conjugations together, and introducing rules of syntax with nearly every lesson. In spite of Professor Bennett's belief that this so-called false method is responsible for the poor preparation of the Latin students of our day, it continues to be the popular one both with school and college men, and his judgment ignores other factors of importance, the introduction of inter-scholastic athletic contests, and "the general relaxation of the older ideas of discipline and independent effort," to quote Professor Hale in the *Classical Journal,* 1, 8. In fact the new method, when joined with adequate explanation, has much to commend it. Certainly it cannot fairly be said to dodge difficulties or to be "easy."

Most of these books give some attention to English Grammar, either in connection with the earlier lessons or in the form of a special introduction; and in spite of the disproportionate amount of time which is given to that study in the grades—time which might far better be spent in the introduction to a foreign language, ancient or modern—it is safe to assume an almost total ignorance of the subject. In this connection the relations between Latin and English may profitably be pointed out.

Since Cæsar is, for better or for worse, the writer most commonly read in the first year of Latin study, beginners' books for the most part base their vocabularies on that of Cæsar, sometimes with the addition of words from Nepos or the *Viri Romæ.* This is deprecated by some, as giving too "military" a tone to such manuals, but it must be recognised that the vocabulary of the secondary course in Latin is not that of everyday life, and that to base the exercises on such words as are used in first books in French and German, and to speak of umbrellas and squirrels and trolley-cars, is not a good preparation for reading Cæsar, Cicero, and Vergil.

So far as the extent of the vocabulary is concerned, there seems to be a general consensus of opinion that from seven to eight hundred words is about the proper amount, although this limit is often considerably exceeded by the introduction of additional words into the Reading Exercises which are a feature of most books, either in the form of simplified Cæsar or such easy Latin as fables, extracts from Roman history, and the like.

An important point is the introduction of reviews, either in connection with each lesson, or preferably at regular intervals, summing up the principles of several lessons, and "taking account of stock," as it were. It might be said of these, as well as of the explanation and comparison of forms, that this is work for the teacher, but schoolboys are heedless folk, and the words of the teacher pass in at one ear and out at the other, leaving no residuum behind, so that the boy needs these things before him in black and white.

Space does not permit going into details in the case of each of the books under discussion. The main thing is that such a book should be based on accurate scholarship and should be pædogogically sound. The comparatively slight differences of arrangement and of detail which are made much of by the agents of rival houses are after all of relatively little moment.

John C. Rolfe.

AS TO ENGLISH GRAMMAR.*

There are a good many people who think, or at least say, that the English language has no grammar. We should recommend to such the three papers on English syntax just published by Professor C. Alphonso Smith. It is true that the language has comparatively few inflections, but that very fact, one may think, makes the more necessary some sort of syntax. People do not put their words together absolutely at random: there must be some common ideas or agreements on the subject. And such ideas make up the syntax of the language. The descriptive grammarians who view the language as it exists at any given period, have always had a hard time of it. They try, with the help of the syntax of the classical languages to draw up the rules that ought to govern the English language. The result is, of course, generally poor, for language is not governed by rules drawn from other languages. Recognising that the question of grammar lay not in how people ought to speak but in how they did speak or had spoken, students proceeded to the study of historical grammar, by which they explained not only forms but usage. Historic explanations are often, however, no more than statements of historic fact. Professor Smith's work in grammar has for some years been aimed at a determination of some definite principles which govern and have governed the use of the English languages by English-speaking people. The three papers now published are suggestive rather than systematic. They do not present a grammar of the English language but only some principles on which such a grammar may be founded. We cannot here discuss such papers from a technical standpoint. Two of them have already appeared in scholarly publications and have received some criticism. We ourselves find a number of points which we would gladly take up with Professor Smith. But the aim and the general treatment of the papers are admirable, and the principles presented are given at least a prima facie position. And as almost everybody likes to talk about the correctness of this is that usage in language. We think there will be a good many interested readers for the little book.

*STUDIES IN ENGLISH SYNTAX by C. Alphonso Smith, Professor of the English Language in the University of North Carolina.

A SELECTION FROM AMERICAN POETRY.*

Mr. Long's book puts in a volume convenient for class work a good selection of American poetry, beginning with Freneau and coming down to the poets of our own day. There are also biographical introductions, a little critical comment, and notes. One will not expect much literary character in such a book; if one has the poems one wants in convenient form, there is not much more to be said. Not many editors will make reputations like Palgrave's by a volume of selections, and few will succeed in gaining a permanent reputation for their work like Matthew Arnold, with his selection from Wordsworth. We do not, however, find in Mr. Long's work much more than would of necessity be in such a book, and we do find a number of things that we should wish to correct if we were going to use the book. Thus we cannot think it best to put Bryant into the same poetical period with Lowell and Holmes, when N. P. Willis, Charles Fenno Hoffman, and Samuel F. Smith are put in an "Early Period." We do not always like the selections and omissions, which is natural enough, but it is a more serious objection to disapprove of Mr. Long's printing a fragment of a poem, independently with a title of his own, even though the fact be mentioned in a note at the end of the book. As to the notes, too, we do not criticise them because they explain what is obvious, as Mr. Long suggests, but rather because they often do not explain what is not obvious. Thus the note on Astarte and Dian in "Ulalume" says that they are goddesses of the moon, and the latter of the chase. Why, then, is the former "warmer than Dian?" why does she "revel in a region of sighs?" And what has the difference in character to do with the idea of the poem? The book, it is rightly said, "should by giving new perceptions of power and beauty, lift the spirit and increase the sum of human enjoyment." We hope that no collection of characteristic American poems would fail to do that: we wish only that Mr. Long had been able to do something more to help on the process.

*AMERICAN POEMS WITH NOTES AND BIOGRAPHIES by Augustus White Long, Preceptor in English at Princeton University.

EDUCATIONAL BOOK NOTES

ANATOMY FOR ART STUDENTS.

*Duval's Artistic Anatomy. Revised.** Edited by A. M. Paterson.

This contains the essentials of the well-known book prepared more than twenty years ago by Professor Duval, lecturer on anatomy at the École des Beaux Arts, who aimed to facilitate the study of artistic anatomy by demonstrating the meaning of the appearances presented by various parts of the human body. The book is intended for those readers who have already had some training in drawing the human body and have thus acquired a general idea of forms,

*Cassell and Company, New York.

attitudes and movements. Readers with such a practical basis are ready for a scientific notion of the anatomical reasons back of external form, attitude and movement. The original editions succeeded well in giving the anatomical interpretations from the artistic point of view, making the student correctly and intelligently appreciate the meaning of the parts which he paints or models, and this new edition by Professor Paterson, of Liverpool, greatly improves many parts of the text and illustrations. The high standing as anatomists held by the original author and the reviser guarantees the accuracy of the text. From the literary standpoint the book is quite satisfactory.

BIOLOGY OF THE FROG.

More than twenty-five years ago Huxley wrote his now famous *The Crayfish: An Introduction to the Study of Zoology,* in which he showed "how the careful study of one of the commonest and most insignificant animals leads us, step by step, from every-day knowledge to the widest generalizations and the most difficult problems of zoology." Following the lead of the master of biological teaching, other authors have developed along similar lines introductions to zoology based on various common animals. In the new book before us *The Biology of the Frog** Professor S. J. Holmes aims to introduce college students to the structure, functions and life-history of vertebrate animals by a careful study of the common frog. It is a text-book suitable for study supplementary to and interpreting laboratory work on the frog. All phases of the animal's biology are well presented, and the book deserves a place as a text in colleges and for reference in high schools.

ENGLISH TEXTS.

A very readable story of *The Golden Fleece*† is made by James Baldwin. Mr. Baldwin has told the old Greek myth with ease and clearness, and with a fullness of invention that recall the methods of Hawthorne and William Morris.

The Century Company issues a *Brownie Primer* by Palmer Cox. The illustrations and text of the Brownie stories are so familiar to children and to adults that they need no introduction to either. The child in entering school will no doubt be pleased to have old friends thus introduce him to geography and nature study.

A new book on English Composition for high schools, by Alfred M. Hitchcock, is issued by Holt & Co. Mr. Hitchcock approaches the subject from the standpoint of the modern teacher of English who strives to have his pupils express themselves on things within their range and with clearness and good sense.

Professor C. Alphonso Smith publishes three suggestive and scholarly papers under the title of *Studies in English Syntax.*‡ The first paper aims to relate syntax and literature with success, enough only to lead the reader to wish to see such studies carried further. The third paper is a very interesting and a satisfactorily full exposition of the tendency of English Syntax to make a "short circuit," that is, to keep concords and demonstrated relations close together in the sentence.

* The Macmillan Company, New York.
† American Book Company, New York.
‡ Ginn and Company, New York.

SCIENCE TEXTS.

In his preface to *Introductions to General Inorganic Chemistry* Professor Alexander Smith clearly expresses his idea as to the ways of dealing with this subject, and the plan there laid down is faithfully followed throughout the text. There is much that is novel and admirable in the method of treatment, which is based upon the most modern conceptions of the science, yet the explanations are so clear and the examples so numerous and well taken, that once begun the interest is kept alive and vigourous to the end of the book. The four leading chapters are called introductory and lead up to the more detailed descriptions of the elements and their compounds. These chapters deal largely with the simpler physical properties of matter and include a brief and clear exposition of the utility of scientific method; following closely are the usual methods of determining equivalents, use of symbols and various simple calculations. The clearness with which these subjects are expressed make their results the more forcible to the beginner. Detailed work with elements and compounds opens with Oxygen, and then follow in order the other non-metals and finally metals. Interspersed throughout the book are the more important and newer facts of physical chemistry, care being taken to introduce them at the proper place and to confirm them by numerous examples and problems. On the whole the arrangement of the elements inclines to the periodic system as far as is practicable.

It is to be noted that great care is taken in describing and arranging the chemical and physical properties of substances, and that the distinction between these different kinds of properties is kept clearly before the reader; in most books these properties are treated under one head and students in consequence have very hazy ideas concerning their differences. As far as possible equations are written on the Dissociation Theory, there may be differences of opinion as to the limitations of this method and no great advantage appears to be gained by abandoning the old method with its universal applications.

Interspersed throughout the book are valuable tables, of solubility of salts in water at 18° not 15° cent., composition of hydrated forms, etc. Many graphic formulæ are used from time to time. In fact there are found useful chemical data of many kinds which rarely appear outside of specialised works on solubilities and kindred topics. The chapters on Carbon and its compounds are rather more full

than in ordinary Inorganic chemistries and rightly so. The connection between alcohols, aldehydes and acids, however, should have been more clearly shown, and in a brief description of facts and their compounds there is hardly place for linseed oil, although it is a familiar commodity. The chapter on flame should have preceded or immediately followed the discussion of the hydrocarbons, unless for reasons not apparent in the text.

In dealing with the production of the metals and their more important compounds, enough information is furnished to understand in a general way the processes involved, more details are unnecessary and inappropriate.

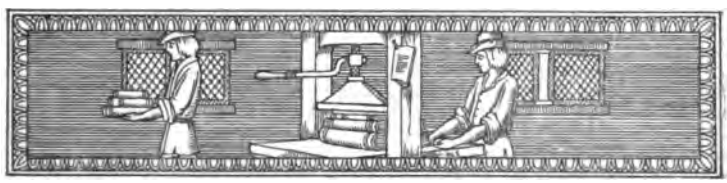
On the whole, Professor Smith has performed his task in a very pleasing and satisfactory manner, and he has certainly earned the gratitude of all teachers of chemistry in the clear and masterly manner in which he has presented his subject.

A text-book of similar merit from the point of view of the school and of even greater popular value is *An Introduction to Astronomy** by Professor Forest R. Moulton of the University of Chicago. In an attractive manner this text gives the facts and theories of the science of astronomy as at present accepted. The presentation is such that it can be readily comprehended by the student without extensive scientific training or mathematical knowledge and yet there is sufficient mathematical exposition to make it a valuable introductory text for college as well as high school. The treatise insists upon practical work as an accompaniment of the text and sufficient guidance is given to render it an excellent laboratory guide for the student for observatory or for practical observation without telescope. The textual exposition is rendered more interesting and instructive by extensive incorporation of historical material. In illustration, references, and maps the volume is all that could be demanded.

*A Geography Primer** by O. P. Cornham and Oscar Gearson with introduction and supplement by F. L. Luquer, is a brief introductory text of the home geography type. The material is all of a most concrete character and such as would appeal to the child; the photographic illustrations and maps are elaborate and attractive, but in educational plan the work is without form and void. It is too evidently an attempt to meet certain local opportunities in the way of text book sales by binding together in a book things which have little or no connection, in the child's experience at least.

* The Macmillan Company, New York.

* Hinds, Noble and Eldridge, New York.



THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED.

NEW YORK CITY

Fleming H. Revell Company:

John Witherspoon. By David Walker Woods, Jr.

This, the first story of John Witherspoon's life ever published, has been written by his great-grandson. The four periods treated of in this biography show the part that Witherspoon played in the struggle for popular rights in the Church of Scotland; the administration of Princeton College, as its President; the organisation of the American Presbyterian Church; as the signer of the Declaration of Independence, and an active man in the conduct of the Revolution.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

George W. Jacobs and Company:

Hither and Thither. By John Thomson.

A number of short essays, many of them reviews of books, are included in this volume. The subjects discussed are those which have come to the attention of the author while acting as Librarian of the Free Library of Philadelphia. Among the thirty-four general titles are: British Essayists, Liturgical Manuscripts, Six "Greatest" Books, The Text of the Bible, Friday, Horse-Shoes, The Value of Reading Fiction, etc.

Jewish Publication Society of America:

Rashi. By Maurice Liber.

This volume is the second in the series of the biographies of "Jewish Worthies," planned by the Jewish Publication Society of America. The translation from the French has been made by Adele Szold. A map of the Rashi country is the frontispiece.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

The True Andrew Jackson. By Cyrus Townsend Brady.

Mr. Brady makes no attempt to give a chronological life-story of the man who was the seventh president of this country. He does attempt "to make a picture in words of a man; to exhibit a personality; to show that personality in touch with its human environment; to declare what manner of man" was Andrew Jackson. Issued in the series of "The True Biographies Series." Twenty-three reproductions of various photographs illustrate the volume.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

The Western Literary Press:

How the Bishop Built His College in the Woods. By John James Piatt.

The story of the founding of Kenyon College at Gambier by the Right Reverend Philander Chase, D.D., the first Bishop of Ohio, is told in this small volume. There are several illustrations in the book.

COLUMBIA, S. C.

The State Company:

Reconstruction in South Carolina. 1865-1877. By John S. Reynolds.

A study of the history of South Carolina in the days following the war. Among the many subjects discussed are the "Black Code," the organisation, characteristics, and effects of the Ku-klux Klan, the Redshirt Democracy, etc.

HOLYOKE, MASS.

Elisabeth Towne:

The Life Power and How to Use It. By Elizabeth Towne.

Life power and its modes of use and direction for human development is the subject discussed in the twenty-three articles contained in this volume. Some of the chapter titles are: How to Aim, Will and Wills, Duty and Love, Immortal Thought, A Look at Heredity, Critic and Criticised, etc.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

Judith. By Grace Alexander.

"A story of the candle-lit fifties." Bound by a sense of duty, Judith LaMonde marries Abel Troop, to whom she became engaged before leaving her home in Camden, a little town on the Ohio River, for Paris, where she was to be educated. After returning home, however, and before her marriage, she falls in love with a young minister who is conducting revival services in the neighbourhood. The story tells of the struggle which both make to be true to their convictions, and of the self-sacrifice of Judith as she cares for her husband from the night of their marriage, when he was stricken with paralysis, until his death. The lovers are happy in the end.

The Scarlet Empire. By David M. Parry.

Socialism is the point at which this volume of satire is aimed. The story is told by a socialist who was rescued from attempted suicide off a Coney Island pier by a life-saver from Atlantis, an island at the bottom of the sea—the Scarlet Empire. The hero finds this new world social democracy. Everyone wore scarlet gowns, spoke so many words a day, and had no jewelry, wealth, or luxuries. When a person persisted in independent thought he was thrown to the kraken, the sea monster, and devoured. The hero rescues Astræa, the woman he loves, from this fate, makes his own escape, and in the end brings Astræa home to New York, devoid of socialistic theories.

The Quickening. By Francis Lynde.

When the hero of this story was born his mother vowed that he should become a minister. He believes himself converted in early boyhood, but as he grows older he is besieged by many doubts and struggles between his desire to confess these doubts and the love he bears for his mother. Just about this time the coal and iron mines of Tennessee are opened and prove to be a strong influence on the hero's life. Of the two girls in the story, one is a cultured Southerner of the old type, and the other is a wild mountain girl. Just what the ultimate decision of the hero is and his connection with the two young women is left to the discovery of the reader.

The Woman in the Alcove. By Anna Katharine Green.

This story is told by a young girl who has just become engaged to a splendid fellow while attending a ball in New York City. Right after the engagement a woman, who has attracted much attention by the wearing of a large celebrated diamond, is murdered and the young fiancé, against whom all suspicions point, is held responsible. The young woman does her best to prove his innocence, and while the plot, as unraveled by her, does not give the facts, it swerves the detectives from the wrong tracks and enables them to bring the real criminal to justice. Arthur I. Keller has illustrated the book.

MADISON, WIS.

Democrat Printing Company:

Wisconsin Arbor Day Annual, 1906. Compiled by Maud Barnett.

"This annual is made up chiefly of selections which may be used in preparing programs for Arbor and Bird Day. A few articles showing values of trees have been included." The book is bound within paper covers.

Selections for Memorial Day in Wisconsin Schools. Issued by C. P. Cary.

In this book Mr. C. P. Cary, Wisconsin's Superintendent of Schools, has collected a number of appropriate poems and declarations for use in his schools on Memorial Day. Four songs, with music, are included.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

Publishing House Methodist Episcopal Church, South:

The Spiders and Other Poems. By Hilton R. Greer.

Over fifty poems on various themes are included in this volume. Among the titles are: Memory, Shore Lights, At Harvest, Forgetfulness, Conquest, An April Lyric, The Goal, The Wood Gypsy, Love's Hour, An October Song, and Texas.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

United States Official Register Association:

The United States Register and Studbook for Cats. Compiled and Edited by Mabel Cornish-Bond.

"A record of pure-bred breeding cats of recognised breeds, and a record of breeding cats of recognised breeds, but not pure bred in the meaning of U. S. Laws; to which is appended a list of non-breeding and other cats which are either not pure bred or not of recognised breeds." The volume is well illustrated.

WICHITA, KAN.

The Kansas Inferno. By A Life Prisoner.

This study of the criminal problem is given by one who has no hope of a day's freedom in this world. He discusses the prison, punishments and their effects, work-shops and the coal-mine, the prison-school, classification of criminals, the Kansas Penal Code and other phases of an important subject.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

Blackie and Son:

Benares, The Sacred City. By E. B. Havell.

Sketches of Hindu life and religion. "These sketches are not offered as a contribution to oriental scholarship, or to religious controversy, but as an attempt to give an intelligible outline of Hindu ideas and religious practices, and especially as a presentation of the imaginative and artistic side of Indian re-

ligions, which can be observed at few places so well as in the sacred city and its neighbourhood—the birthplace of Buddhism and one of the principal sects of Hinduism." The numerous illustrations have been included to explain the text; some of them are said to be pictures of discoveries made this year at Sarnath.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the six most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of May and the 1st of June:

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN.

1. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. Pam Decides. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN.

1. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Woman in the Alcove. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Pam Decides. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN. Second List.

1. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Pam Decides. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Scholar's Daughter. Harraden. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. A Rock in the Baltic. Barr. (Authors & Newspapers Association.) 50c.
2. Pam Decides. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Mayor of Warwick. Hopkins. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Pigs is Pigs. Butler. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) 50c.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Woman in the Alcove. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Pam Decides. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Cowardice Court. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Woman in the Alcove. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Pam Decides. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. All For the Love of a Lady. Lane. (Appleton.) $1.25.
6. Cowardice Court. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

1. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Pam Decides. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Woman in the Alcove. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Quickening. Lynde. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Evasion. Frothingham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Pam Decides. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Girl From Tim's Place. Munn. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Woman in the Alcove. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Mayor of Warwick. Hopkins. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. Pam Decides. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Dawn of a To-morrow. Burnett. (Scribner's.) $1.00.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Cowardice Court. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
2. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Woman in the Alcove. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

1. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Evasion. Frothingham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Throwback. Lewis. (Outing Publishing Co.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1. The Woman in the Alcove. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Throwback. Lewis. (Outing Publishing Co.) $1.50.
5. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Cowardice Court. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.

DENVER, COLO.

1. Pam Decides. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Quickening. Lynde. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Sage Brush Parson. Ward. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
4. A Maker of History. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
5. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Woman in the Alcove. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Scarlet Empire. Parry. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Pam Decides. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Evasion. Frothingham. (Houghton, Miffin & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Patriots. Brady. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Dawn of a To-morrow. Burnett. (Scribner's.) $1.00.
6. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. For the Soul of Raphael. Ryan. (McClurg.) $1.50.
2. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Clammer. Hopkinson. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
5. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Pam Decides. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. The Woman in the Alcove. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Cowardice Court. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
3. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. A Maker of History. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. Cowardice Court. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
2. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. For the Soul of Raphael. Ryan. (McClurg.) $1.50.

5. Nicanor. Taylor. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

1. Carolina Lee. Bell. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Woman in the Alcove. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Dawn of a To-morrow. Burnett. (Scribner's.). $1.00.
6. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Cowardice Court. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
5. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Pam Decides. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Woman in the Alcove. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Truth About Tolna. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Carolina Lee. Bell. (Page.) $1.50.
4. Pam Decides. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Cowardice Court. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Woman in the Alcove. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Mayor of Warwick. Hopkins. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Clammer. Hopkins. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Evasion. Frothingham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. Pam Decides. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Woman in the Alcove. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Pigs is Pigs. Butler. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) 50c.
6. The Mayor of Warwick. Hopkins. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
3. Pam Decides. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Woman in the Alcove. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Girl from Tim's Place. Munn. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

1. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Princess Olga. Wardman. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Sage Brush Parson. Ward. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
6. On the Field of Glory. Sienkiewicz. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Mr. Pratt. Lincoln. (Barnes.) $1.50.
3. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

4. By Wit of Woman. Marchmont. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. The Woman in the Alcove. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Pam Decides. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

RICHMOND, VA.

1. The Woman in the Alcove. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. Pam Decides. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Uncle William. Lee. (Century Co.) $1.25.
2. Silas Strong. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Pam Decides. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Quickening. Lynde. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. A Maker of History. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
6. In Our Town. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Cattle Brands. Adams. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Dawn of a To-morrow. Burnett. (Scribner's.) $1.00.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Silas Strong. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

SEATTLE, WASH.

1. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. Silas Strong. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. If Youth but Knew. Castle. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

SPOKANE, WASH.

1. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Pam Decides. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Golden Greyhound. Hilton. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.) $1.50.
5. Cowardice Court. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
6. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

1. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Cowardice Court. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
3. The Woman in the Alcove. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Mayor of Warwick. Hopkins. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Quickening. Lynde. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. Pam Decides. Von Hutten. (Musson Book Co., Ltd.) $1.50.
2. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Briggs.) $1.50.
3. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Musson Book Co., Ltd.) $1.50.
4. The Truth About Tolna. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. Pigs is Pigs. Butler. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) 50c.
6. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (Musson Book Co., Ltd.) $1.25.

TUCSON, ARIZONA.

1. Nicanor. Taylor. (McClurg.) $1.50.
2. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner's.) $1.50.
3. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. For the Soul of Raphael. Ryan. (McClurg.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

3. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Pam Decides. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Woman in the Alcove. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. Pam Decides. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Woman in the Alcove. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Uncle William. Lee. (Century Co.) $1.50.

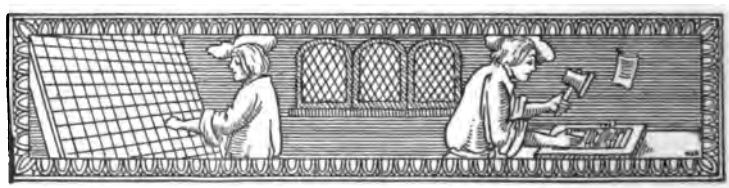
From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

					POINTS
A book standing	1st	on any list	receives		10
"	"	2d	"	"	8
"	"	3d	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.	259
2. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.	221
3. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.	177
4. Pam Decides. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.	146
5. The Woman in the Alcove. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.	131
6. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.	69



Best Fiction for the Summer

From Page's List

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Miss LILIAN BELL'S **Carolina Lee** Fourth Edition

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Mr. G. SIDNEY PATERNOSTER'S Second Edition

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Mr. RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND'S Second Edition

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The Voyage of the Arrow

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Mr. FRANK L. POLLOCK'S Published June 1st. Second edition on Press

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Mr. REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN'S Just Published

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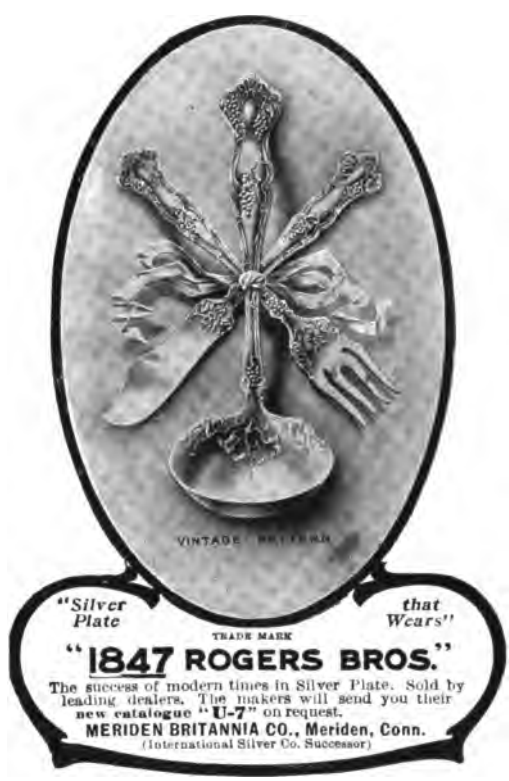
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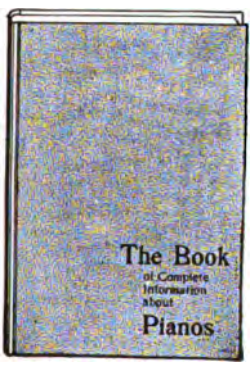
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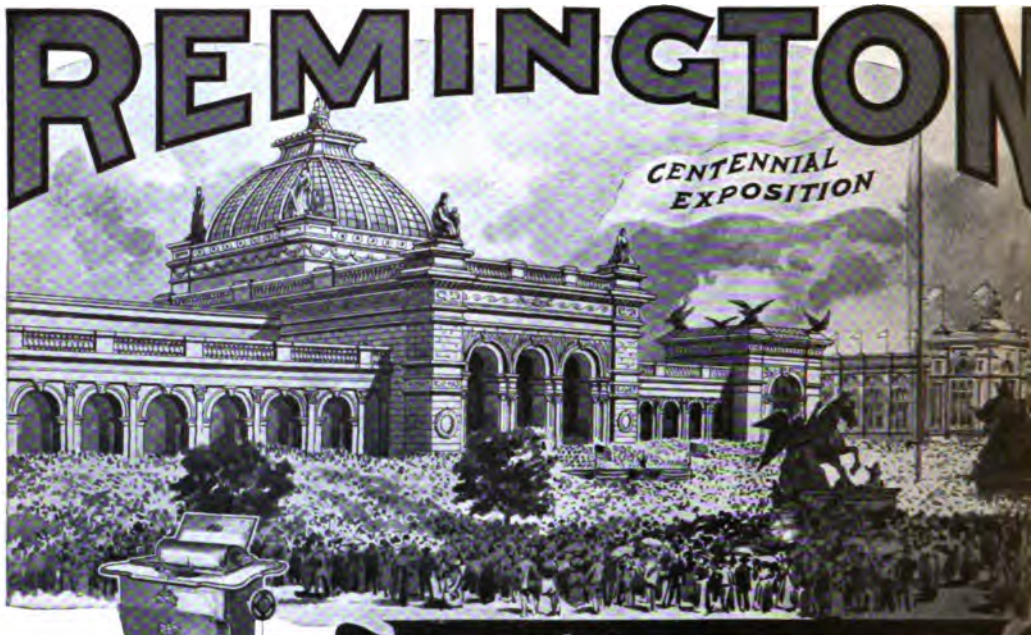
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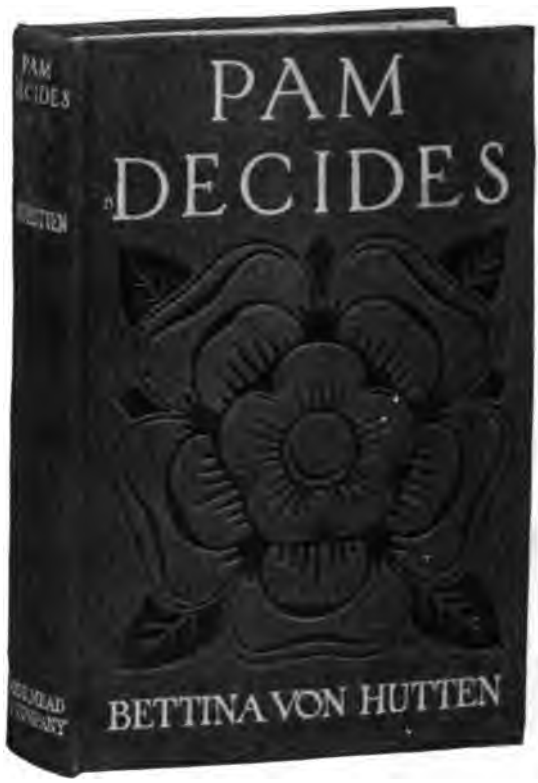
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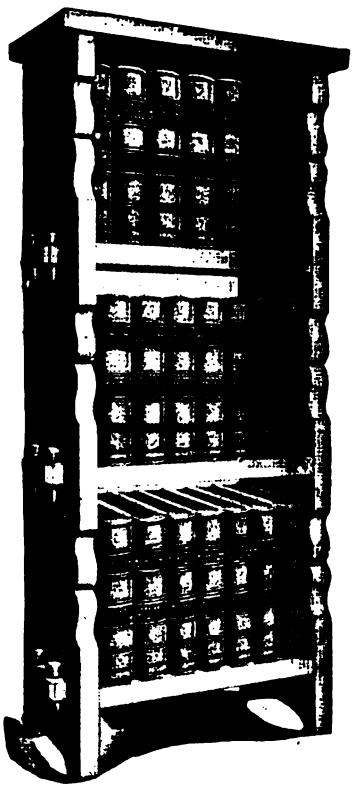
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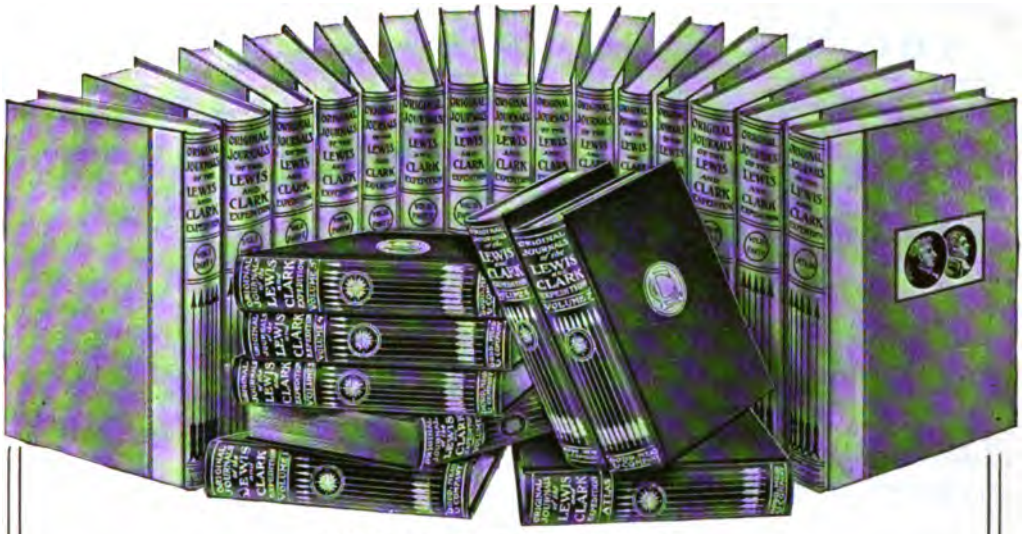
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THE GREEK PLAY AT HARVARD—THE RETURN OF AGAMEMNON

AUG 1 1906

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

AUGUST, 1906

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

The Greek Play at Harvard

The production of the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus in the Stadium at Harvard on June 16th was highly successful in spite of the intermittent rain, and in spite also of several rather ludicrous mishaps which had the effect of making a profoundly moving tragedy begin before an audience convulsed with laughter. At half-past two in the afternoon, the faithful *phylax* duly appeared upon the watch-tower, where he was supposed to have been keeping vigil for some ten years, waiting for the return from Troy of the King of Men. After having waited so long, perhaps he ought not to have minded an additional delay of three-quarters of an hour entailed by the non-arrival of a musician from Boston; but the audience found his yawns and his appealing looks toward the neighbouring city infinitely amusing. Likewise, when an ancient Greek appeared and explained the delay through a very modern megaphone, the mirth was heightened. The laughter grew positively Homeric rather than Æschylean, when the belated musician came scurrying across the front of the Argive palace, bearing in his hand a "suit-case," and finally dodging down under the great altar of Dionysus, which served to conceal the flute-players and the prompter. An incense-bearer, whose duty it was to heap the altar with frankincense, fell down the steps and spilled his fragrant burden, so that when the old men of the palace came out and gravely applied the torch to the place where the incense should have been, nothing happened.

After the play began, however, it went smoothly on and held the audience with something of the power which the Athenians felt under the sway of the great masterpiece of art and of imagination. Dr. Dörpfeld's theory of the Greek stage had been adopted, so that chorus and actors were upon the same level for the most part, the effect being altogether admirable. The chorus was not divided, but rendered its part as a single body, to the accompaniment of music composed by Mr. J. E. Lodge, the son of Senator Lodge. Why is it, we wonder, that in producing Greek and Roman plays infinite pains are taken to follow the ancient traditions to the last possible detail, while still the whole thing is marred by making concessions to the modern taste in music? One wishes to see an ancient play as nearly as possible as the ancients saw it, and also to hear it as they heard it. Why be so timorous in the single sphere of music? Yet those who have the production of such plays in charge always introduce the modern element of harmony. There is no excuse for it. It is unscientific and unscholarly, and it gives the archæological spectator a feeling of justifiable vexation. For the rest, however, there was little to criticise except, perhaps, the performance of the chorus, some of whose members mumbled their Greek, and in fact seemed not to know a good many of their lines at all.

The best impression was produced in the anapæstic parts where the swing of the march was brought out superbly. Actors and chorus alike gave the verse-accent its full power, and wisely so; for the rendering was thus made beautifully rhythmical. The acting deserved high praise, and particularly that of Mr. Herbert Strathmore Wyndham-Gittens—a gentleman whose Oxonian name would itself mark him out for special notice. A very cleverly written account of the play, which appeared in the *Evening Post* of this city, must have excited a strong regret in those who were not so fortunate as to have seen Mr. Wyndham-Gittens's impersonation of Clytæmnestra.

"His first appearance at the palace door after hearing the news of the beacon-light was an unforgettable vision. As the great stately queen, whose heart was burning with proud revenge against the murderer of her child, Mr. Wyndham-Gittens was beautiful and dignified to a degree that came with a shock of surprise to the beholder. His face and eyes would be a fortune to any tragedy queen on the stage."



ELSIE HERNDON KEARNS AS HAMLET
"Hamlet" at Smith

Only less worthy of commendation, however, were Mr. Brady as Cassandra, Mr. Noyes as Agamemnon, and Mr. Birch, who as the Coryphæus, brought to his task a musical voice of fine carrying power, excellently trained. The spectacular portions of the drama were good, though much of the praise that has been given to them seems to us exaggerated. After all, we cannot forget that we are



CLAUDIUS AND POLONIUS
"Hamlet" at Smith

moderns, and that we have often seen the splendid effects and gorgeous panoramas which the resources of the modern theatre render possible and which unavoidably make the simpler devices of the Greeks seem by contrast tame and colourless.

✻

"Hamlet" at Smith College

At Smith College the end of the academic year was signalised by a production of *Hamlet,* undertaken by certain young women of the graduating class. Feminine Hamlets are likely to become fashionable now that Madame Bernhardt has essayed the *rôle;* and Miss Elsie Herndon Kearns gave a very intelligent impersonation in which she was well supported by her associates. The play was directed by Mr. Alfred Young and Miss L. L. Peck, with incidental music composed by Miss Amy Grace Maher. We reproduce a portrait of the Hamlet and also of two men's parts, in which the ladies who sustained them heroically concealed their feminine youth and comeliness.



MR. TREE AS COLONEL NEWCOME

✻

Colonel Newcome Staged

Now that Colonel Tom Newcome has been added to the list of the heroes of fiction who have been portrayed on the stage, there is but one side of the great quadrilateral upon which Thackeray's fame rests that has not had some sort of dramatic adapters in comparison with *Vanity Fair,* under the title of *Becky Sharp,* it is hardly necessary to speak; *Henry Esmond* offered dramatic possibilities of which full advantage was never taken; and when *The History of Pendennis* is adapted for the theatre we fervently hope that the play be builded not about Arthur Pendennis of Boniface, but about his stout and worldly-wise old uncle, the Major. Keen as was Thackeray's love for the pleasures of the theatre, his novels have been until recently conspicuously ignored by managers and dramatic adapters, in comparison with those of his popular contemporaries. On Dickens's novels have been based some of the greatest stage creations of the nineteenth century: Henry Irving, as Bill Sykes and Alfred Jingle; Charlotte Cushman, as Nancy; Lotta, as Little Nell and The Marchioness; W. J. Florence, as Captain Cuttle; Joseph Jefferson, as Caleb Plummer; Madame Janauschek, as Lady Dedlock; John Toole, as the Artful Dodger; Burton, as Micawber; and Wallack, as Fagin.

✻

The theatre has had few more striking figures than M. Antoine, whom the French Government has just made man-



MISS LÖHR AS ROSEY MACKENZIE
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The dramatisation of Thackeray's *The Newcomes*



ANTOINE AT WORK

ager of the Odéon, the Théâtre Français of the *rive gauche*. Antoine was formerly a clerk in a Paris gas company, and while relying upon this occupation for his livelihood, founded, with a few friends, the famous Théâtre Libre, where was presented a series of startling plays, some of which are now in the repertory of the house of Molière. An excellent example of the Antoine play was *At the Telephone*, presented in this country four years ago, in which a husband, in Paris, hears over the telephone his wife and child, in their lonely home in the forest sixty miles away, being murdered by robbers. It was Antoine's ability as an organiser as well as an actor that led to his selection as manager of the second of the State subsidised theatres.

Antoine

❦

Nothing that Mr. Robert W. Chambers has written in recent years has so much suggested the weird stories which appeared under the title of *The King in Yellow* as his new book, *The Tracer of Lost Persons*. Not that there is any resemblance in the tales themselves, but because the Tracer is a new and saner, but no more fascinating version of the idea which in the earlier volumes was represented by the "Repairer of Reputations." In the old days, when an author served up a dish of mystery or adventure, all that was asked was that the dish be sufficiently substantial and contain the ingredients of battle, murder and sudden death. The new fiction must be spiced with a certain artificial piquancy, and there is no better way of producing this effect than the introduction of some new and fascinating profession. Besides being an unusually clever book *The Tracer of Lost Persons* further emphasises Mr. Chambers's really remarkable versatility. With equal facility he produces historical novels of the period of the American Revolution, romances of the Commune, genial bits of satire, like *Iole* or tales of sheer horror such as made up *The King in Yellow*. And of all the books which bear his name there is only one which is conspicuously poor.

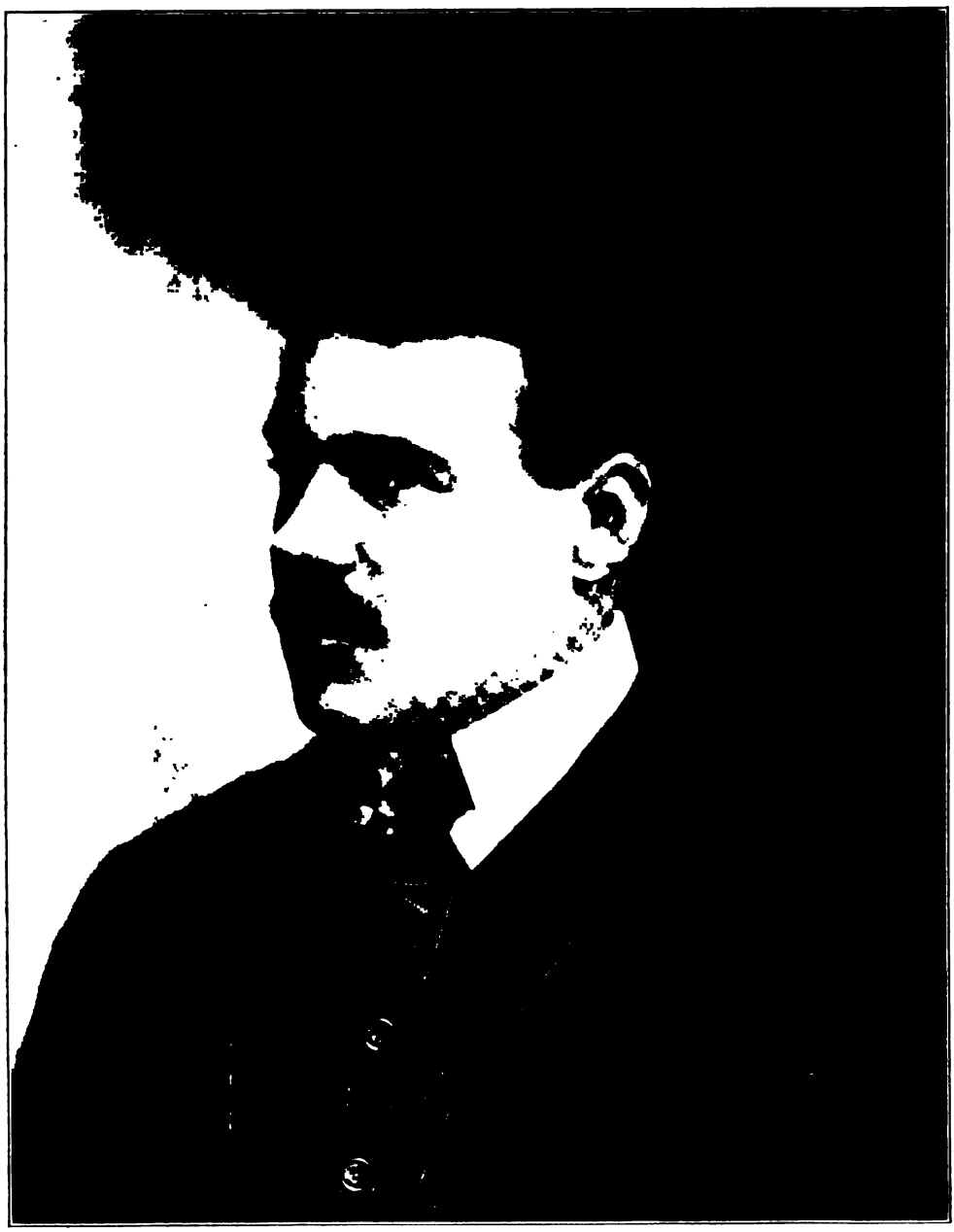
Mr. Chambers's New Book

❦

Now that Mr. Upton Sinclair has become more or less of a personage, anything reflecting his extremely callow days has a certain interest. Most of our readers, we take it, are acquainted with the facts in the case in the matter of *The Journal of Arthur Sterling*. We recently

The Early Sinclair

came across a book by Mr. Sinclair which belongs to a much earlier period. It is called *Springtime and Harvest,* and as its author could not find a publisher for it, it was brought out by the Sinclair Press. Its most striking feature is its preface, couched in a strange vein of naïve and wild egotism—the very note struck throughout *The Journal of Arthur Sterling.* For three years, he tells us, he had been dreaming of this novel; finally, when his heart was shaken with the



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T. P. O.

eight years ago, *M. A. P.*, which was summed up at that time as an attempt to give England a paper in the vein of Mr. Labouchere's *Truth* at a penny. There is certainly nothing dull about the first number of *T. P. O.* One article, in a series entitled "The Power Behind the Throne," attributes Japan's success in the war with Russia to the political and strategic genius of a Vermont Yankee by the name of Henry Denison. Then there is a lurid picture of the Chicago scandals, by way of Upton Sinclair, from the pen of the British Winston Churchill. Mr. O'Connor's graceful introduction of his new paper is entertaining if not particularly profound. Here is a sample:

If I am asked what is the fundamental idea of the journal I must put it this way: it is to catch and to realise the dramatic in life. I have always been profoundly convinced that romance and drama, or even melodrama, have no limit of epoch or circumstance; that they do not all belong to vanished days—to habits, customs, and atmosphere that have disappeared into the irrevocable past. There are people who imagine that heroic and picturesque figures took their departure with the last knight who fought for his lady in the last tournament, and that romantic young womanhood ended when Juliet with her dying breath kissed the lips of Romeo. Romance, drama, picturesqueness, the high and poignant tragedy and the vast human interest of life, belong to every age. Its spirit is in the boy with the clogs who keeps company with the girl who works in the same mill—in the basket-seller who marries the coster; and it mounts to the throne where simple men and women, under all their trappings, love or hate, enjoy or suffer, after the same primordial fashion as the child of poverty or the drudge of the mill.

To arrive at the dramatic you must reach the personality that lies behind the drama. In the olden days you read long columns of speeches, but you were never told anything of the man who was behind the speech; you were not even told a word of how the speech affected the audience to whom it was addressed. The great world of woman was practically excluded altogether from the daily Press; the mention of dress would have been regarded as something like an outrage on decency and good manners. But it is the man, not the words, that tells, and woman constitutes the greater half of the population of the world and at least half its interest.

In addition there is the secret and unseen, as well as the public and the visible, aspect of every transaction in life—certainly of every transaction with which the newspapers deal. Convention, the prosaic spirit, perhaps some still necessary mendacities, cast a veil between the public and the secret springs and the realities of most great affairs. To get behind the conventions and the appearances, and to take my readers to the very heart and secret factors and roots of the governance of the world—that is one of my purposes.

The Complete Works of Lincoln

We have received from the Francis D. Tandy Company six volumes of a new and enlarged edition of Messrs. Nicolay and Hay's collected works of Abraham Lincoln, which is to extend, we believe, to twelve volumes. The original collection was made at the request of Mr. Robert T. Lincoln, and has long been a mine of valuable information to students of American history. In the meantime much new manuscript material from Lincoln's hand has come to light, some of it of considerable importance, and extending back to the early years of Lincoln's political life. In all, several hundred letters, speeches, memoranda, and written opinions are included in this new work, while notes have been liberally supplied to explain obscure allusions. In addition, the volumes contain many tributes to Lincoln spoken or written by his most conspicuous contemporaries, and these are of permanent worth. Many newly published autographs, portraits, and illustrations give additional interest to the work which, we believe, constitutes a final and definitive edition of the great President's public and private utterances. When the series shall have been completed it is our intention to give it a full and detailed notice. In the meantime, we may say that no single set of volumes in existence contains so much to interest and instruct the intelligent and patriotic American.

Lincoln and Schurz

The mention of President Lincoln's letters calls to mind by a natural transition the recent death of Mr. Carl Schurz, because the latter personage will in the end be best remembered as the recipient of one of Lincoln's most characteristic personal missives. Carl Schurz, as everybody knows, was a man of extreme conscientiousness, of the most upright motives, and eaten up with the zeal of any cause which he espoused. He was, however, a sublimated type of German doctrinaire, and had the somewhat unhappy faculty of doing the right thing at the wrong time or in the wrong way. A very remarkable portrait of him, taken



CARL SCHURZ AT NINETEEN—The sublimated type of German doctrinaire.
By courtesy of McClure's

while he was a student and lately reproduced in *McClure's Magazine*, explains the man better than any words can do, and therefore we give it here. Mr. Schurz was essentially a critic. He was happiest in pointing out defects and in bestowing censure upon men and things as he found them. During the Civil War, President Lincoln commissioned him as Brigadier-General and later as Major-General. He served throughout the war, but could not at first confine himself to discharging the duties of a soldier. It made him unhappy to reflect upon the mistakes of the Government. He felt himself called upon to advise the President from time to time, and his advice was tinctured with a strong infusion of fault-finding. After a while Mr. Lincoln grew a trifle weary of this superior wisdom, and wrote to General Schurz a letter which is a gem of its kind—brief, courteous, and very much to the point, with that sort of downright hard sense and ruthless reason which admit of no answer. It has been often printed, but we give it once again, since a masterpiece never stales by repetition. After receiving it, General Schurz abandoned his function of universal critic, and attended more strictly to his duties in the field.

Executive Mansion, Washington,
November 24, 1862.

General Carl Schurz.

My dear Sir:—

I have just received and read your letter of the 20th. The purport of it is that we lost the late elections and the Administration is failing because the war is unsuccessful, and that I must not flatter myself that I am not justly to blame for it. I certainly know that if the war fails, the Administration fails, and that I will be blamed for it, whether I deserve it or not. And I ought to be blamed if I could do better. You think I could do better; therefore you blame me already. I think I could not do better; therefore I blame you for blaming me. I understand you now to be willing to accept the help of men who are not Republicans, provided they have "heart in it." Agreed. I want no others. But who is to be the judge of hearts, or of "heart in it"? If I must discard my own judgment and take yours, I must also take that of others; and by the time I should reject all I should be advised to reject, I should have none left, Republicans or others—not even yourself. For be assured, my dear sir, there are men who have "heart in it" that think you are performing your part as poorly as you think I am performing mine.

Very truly your friend,

A. LINCOLN.

A Browning Anniversary

Our contemporaries, who are always keenly on the lookout for literary anniversaries, seem to have lost sight of the fact that this year is the hundredth since the birth of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who first saw the light on March 6th, 1806, near Durham. One reason for this oversight may be found in the fact that Robert Browning's hundredth anniversary does not come until 1912, and possibly few persons are aware that Mrs. Browning was six years older than her husband. We are not going to make any special point of this centenary, because we think that the literary magazines have rather overdone that sort of thing. If we were, however, we should certainly make more of a to-do over Mrs. Browning than over her husband, for she was undoubtedly in pure poetry a greater genius than he. His intellect was the more powerful; but for sheer beauty of diction and for perfect music, her finest work rose above the level of anything that he achieved. Had she done nothing more than her *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, she would have deserved this praise; since there is no doubt that they remain quite unsurpassed in English. Among them it is hard to choose; but this one (the Forty-third) certainly comes as near as language can to voicing the whole abandonment of love:

"How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.

I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints—I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life! and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death."

There are other sonnets among the collection that would be more beautiful even than this were it not that here and there some word or phrase jars just the least



ELIZABETH BARRETT RROWNING, 1806-1861
From a curious portrait owned by the Authors' Club of New York

bit upon the perfect harmony of the whole. The feeling in the Sonnets is so exquisite as to make one acutely conscious of infelicities, which in poetry of a different sort would not be infelicities at all. Some of these are faintly touched with pedantry, and others drop beneath the high level of the context. Such are "Polypheme's white tooth," "to climb Aornus," "antidotes of medicated music," "purpureal tresses," "do and dote," and "a sculptured porpoise gills a-snort." Also the occasional admission of a feminine rhyme is not wholly pleasing. Nevertheless, as Mr. Gilder says, "these Sonnets in their profound vision, their flaming sincerity, the eloquence with which they express the utter self-abnegation no less than the self-assertion of genuine love, transcend the distinctions of sex." It is neither man's love nor woman's love that one finds in them, but Love itself.

⁂

It is a pity that there exists no veracious, unmodified portrait of Mrs. Browning. She was extraordinarily fascinating, yet to feel her fascination one had to be near her, to hear her voice, and to watch the play of expression upon her wonderfully mobile features. Regarded critically, she was not only far from beautiful, but was almost uncanny in the strangeness of her appearance. Julian Hawthorne, who as a boy saw her often at Casa Guidi in Florence, describes her with uncompromising frankness as "a miniature monstrosity." He says: "There was no body to her; only a mass of dark curls and queer dark eyes, and an enormous mouth, with thick lips. No portrait of her has dared to show the half of it. Her hand was like a bird's claw." Students of comparative physiognomy will find a curious resemblance in the mouths of Mrs. Browning, George Eliot, and George Sand; and from this resemblance they are at liberty to draw deductions as to a general likeness of temperament in the three women.

⁂

Editor Baiting

A good many years ago, when Mr. Booth Tarkington was an undergraduate at Princeton, the managing editor of the *Nassau Literary Magazine* was a person who took himself and his literary responsibilities with portentous seriousness. He was wont to deplore the lack of suitable material at his disposal, and to speak in accents of emphatic scorn of the quality of the submitted contributions from which he was supposed to make a periodical worthy of the senior class. One day he found in his letter box a poem which moved him to more than usual disgust.

"See here," he snorted contemptuously to a group of which Tarkington was one; "this is what some fool freshman sends in and calls poetry. How am I going to make a magazine out of stuff like this? How am I, I ask?"

"Oh, that!" spoke up Tarkington. "Yes, I sent that in myself."

"So you wrote it, did you?" growled the managing editor.

"No," said Tarkington, sweetly. "I didn't write it. I only copied it. It was written by Tennyson."

⁂

Now under conditions like these, where all concerned shared the intimacies of college life, the joke was of the best nature and in the best taste. The same can hardly be said of this method when used for the discomfiture of magazine editors in general. And yet every now and then some waggishly inclined person sees fit to indulge in this pleasant game of editor baiting. The obscure poem of the famous bard is dug up, copied in a round hand and sent off to the magazine with a fictitious name appended. In the course of time the verses come back accompanied by the line or two of conventional rejection; whereupon the joker goes about in huge glee, sharing with his acquaintances the whole humour of the affair. "That's one on ——'s Magazine. Offered them a Sonnet of Shakespeare's and they rejected it. It wasn't good enough for them. And ever after the joker and his friends think with huge amusement of the magazine that "turned down" Shakespeare. Not only do they expect that the editor in question shall

have read every poem written, but they ignore entirely the fact that some of the very greatest poets have perpetrated some very execrable verses—verses which no self-respecting editor could, for themselves, think for a moment of accepting.

❦

Another phase of this matter was very admirably illustrated when the late Henry Cuyler Bunner published his adaptations of some of the tales of Guy de Maupassant, under the title *Made in France*. There were thirteen of these stories. Twelve were genuine Maupassant. Slipped in among these there was one in flavour the most Gallic of all, with which Maupassant had nothing to do, and which was pure invention on the part of Bunner. A year or two later, a friend of Bunner, who had been in the secret from the beginning, pointed out with great merriment that despite the considerable attention which the book had attracted, not one reviewer had detected the false Maupassant. At first sight this seemed crushing. As a matter of cold fact it was nothing of the kind. The whole bibliography of Guy de Maupassant is so complicated and chaotic, so many of his fugitive bits have been expanded or incorporated in longer novels, and so many posthumous stories have appeared, that there is probably not a French critic, to say nothing of an American, who would be justified in pronouncing, on mere suspicion, any tale purporting to be Maupassant work, and reading as such, to be other than genuine.

❦

In the Mail

A painstaking reading of the following letter, which came to us recently, reveals the interesting fact that its author gives us permission to print a sketch of her. We do not know whether it is a hoax or not, but we publish it because it seems to be good warm weather reading:

MR. EDITOR

as I have been in print for 25 yrs I hope this may not be an intrusion my Brother —— —— —— —— was Editor of the —— —— Magazine & published my school compositions therein. I took 1st Prize in composition here at Miss —— school which was then the wealthy & fashionable school or college for we used Harvard questions in examination 2 yrs after I left school I gave mostly to society parties & visiting & then began my Literary career—I read all I could & wrote verses when I felt like it—St. Nicholas—Harpers Youths Companion Wide Awake—Little Men & Women & Little Folks—have published about 300 of my little poems & verses—when I was 28 yrs old The Womans Literary club was Formed here & I was invited to be a Member. also about that time an encyclopaedia was published in Buffalo—called "A Woman of The century" & I was asked to appear in that—. I am sorry I declined & if you wish to publish a sketch of me you may—for if I am better known I will have more market—for my wares since then I have written many Books prose & verse & I see a London Journal has taken up my idea of writing in short & pithy sentences my style is brief & epigrammatic. I only write—prose in isolated sentences—an improvement on the short story I say—so if you care to adopt my style & see my Books let me know. I have a cousin Mrs. —— —— living on Madison Ave N. Y. she promised I should make her a visit. Then I hope to meet all Literary N. Y—as I have all Baltimore—& enjoy the honor which a poet as well as prophet expects in another country. In reading yr Magazine today as I have for many years—including —— —— verses I see Henry Harland had my habit of writing in the early morning—

I have many wealthy relations but you know the rich are more apt to be patrons of the—Tailor & Caterer—than of the fine arts. & my sister has Made her thousands by embroidery while I have only made hundreds by my pen— The needle mightier than the pen which is mightier than the sword—I have written about—16 Books of verse for grown folks & as many for children & about as many of prose—Hoping to hear from you—

Sincerely

(Signed)

a woman of the century."

——

1891

I have notes from about—100 celebrities Like Miss Glasgow whose photo appears in yr last (& is curiously like Mrs. ——— daughter —Mrs T was first President of our Literary club here) I have been in Baltimore most of my life—except when at my Brother's Rectory in ——, & always away in the Summer of course I have visited extensively in the Middle States but never beyond—During the spanish war. I wrote about 50 pages—giving my views on the subject to Pres McKinley. rec'd a note from Secretary Porter saying my ideas had been noted. My grandfather —— —— was in Congress—& as I had cousins & friends in the army—I thought it time for me to interfere.

The Bishop's Doubt

In this country the late Bishop Westcott, of the see of Durham, is mainly known by the critical edition of the Greek Testament which he prepared in collaboration with Dr. Hort. In England he played an important part in many social movements, so that he was popularly known there as "everybody's Bishop." A recently published life of him by Mr. Joseph Clayton contains an anecdote, which illustrates pretty well both his scholarly instincts and his sense of humour. A rather simple-minded clergyman of his diocese once met Bishop Westcott in a railway station and was so obviously in a state of perturbation as to excite the Bishop's curiosity. In answer to a question, the clergyman told his story:

"I have just been cooped up in a railway carriage with a Salvation Army captain," said he, "and just as we were reaching the station he asked me if I were saved. Now, really, that was a most embarrassing question. What would you have answered, my lord?"

"Oh," said the Bishop, "I should have asked him whether by *saved* he meant σωθείς or σωζόμενος or σεσωσμένος."



THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER BOX

I



THE following letter from a medical subscriber revives an old question which we had tactfully relegated to a dark corner of our consciousness.

The Editors.

Dear Sirs:—

If there should be a spare moment either in or out of your busy office hours—and others—might I hope for a reply to a question once before asked—why must the leaves of THE BOOKMAN be uncut? At times I am busy—at others lazy—at all times I loathe to cut leaves. To take up your most readable magazine and wish to read it—but to be unable to without having to get the carving knife (not always, if ever, handy) is, to say the least, an annoyance. If there be a good reason for this cruel torturing of my literary soul I should be more than obliged to know of it.

Yours in all humility,

H. H. R.

A great many readers of THE BOOKMAN, it will be remembered, expressed the same sort of opinion a year or more ago; and for a while our magazine appeared with cut leaves. Personally we prefer the leaves cut. But, on the whole, the arguments presented on the other side seemed to be more cogent. Librarians and others who had bound THE BOOKMAN for permanent preservation complained that the smaller margin of the cut numbers made smaller volumes when bound; so that their sets were uneven in height—a grievous thing to any bibliopegist. Now the only real argument for cutting the leaves is found in the personal convenience of the reader who doesn't want the bother of cutting the leaves himself. We are inclined to think that a plea based upon indolence is not so strong as a plea based upon a true booklover's sentiment. So, finally, it was decided to send out the magazine with its leaves uncut. We advise H. H. R. to do as we do—that is, to get some amiable friend to cut the leaves for him. There are persons who actually like to do it.

II

This letter from Manchester, N. H., refers disrespectfully to one of our æsthetic mistakes of last October. It grieved us at the time; but we feel a certain complacent confidence that our correspondent is soothed and gratified by the chastely elegant covers of the magazine as it is at present.

Editor BOOKMAN'S LETTER BOX.

Dear Sir:—

For Heaven's sake run your *own* Post Office (Letter Box) and don't send any more BOOKMAN covers with the measles.

Sincerely,

A SUBSCRIBER.

III

A librarian in Oakland, California, asks us a question.

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN.

Gentlemen:—

Could you give me any authority for the use of the word *temblor* so freely used since the big earthquakes? I have pursued it vainly in all dictionaries and various and sundry other authorities.

Respectfully,

A. L. P.

The word *temblor,* or more fully, *temblor de tierra,* is the Spanish term for an earthquake, synonymous with the other term *terremoto.*

IV

An author invites our opinion with regard to a question of ethics.

THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER BOX.

A publisher recently accepted the MS. of a novel of mine, agreeing to all the conditions of its publication outlined by me in correspondence. When the contract came, however, it contained a clause by which I should be obliged to give this publisher the refusal of all my future MSS., with no remuneration of any sort for such an opinion. Upon the maintenance of this clause the publisher declared he would insist. The contract was not signed. Will you please give me your opinion of the ethics of such a condition?

H. H.

If the publisher agreed to publish your book on certain definite terms and then imposed other terms as an afterthought, of course the ethics of the proceeding need not be discussed, as the bad faith is sufficiently obvious. Possibly, however, you did not fully understand him. Of course a publisher has a right to submit any kind of a contract to you, just as you have an equal right to refuse to sign it.

V

We have received two letters relating to the same subject, and we print them both:

Dear Senior Editor:

In your story of "The Auto-Car" you give the beginning of a story about Dumas as having been told by the Junior Editor. Didn't he finally tell the rest of it? If he did, won't you let us have it? If he didn't, please ask him what it was and pass it on.

WHITE STEAMER.

The second letter, from Wilmington, Delaware, reads:

The Editors of THE BOOKMAN.

Sirs:—

In a story published in the July number of your magazine there is an allusion to an incident in the life of Alexandre Dumas the Elder, relating to an adventure between Dumas and a certain dragoon whose name is not given. I have been for years a collector of *anecdotes* with regard to Dumas; but I do not find in my collections any reference to this affair. I have just gone over the literature of Dumas's life, including the notes by Rodin and the studies of Blaze de Bury, Parigot, Spurr, and others, and get no satisfaction from them. Indeed, there seems to be very little recorded about Dumas at the time to which reference is made in your paper—that is, the time when Dumas was interested in the lady known as "the first Mélanie." Will you not kindly supplement what was printed by fuller information? I infer that the article in which it was given was not written with a serious purpose; yet a collector learns to look for material in every possible quarter. Believe me,

Your obedient servant,

R. G. M.

We have tried to get the Junior Editor to tell us the rest of that Dumas story, but his attitude is a very singular one. He not only refuses to tell it, but he says that he does not remember anything about

it. This may be due to a certain pique on his part because we have in the past been wont to guy him about his devotion to Dumas. Or maybe he is losing his memory. There is still a third hypothesis, but we feel a marked disinclination to pursue the subject any further.

VI

Speaking of the Junior Editor, a lady who signs herself "Amelia," and who has a very pretty taste in titles, sends us the following brief note:

Your Excellency:—

Please see that we find a splendid paper on Bookplates real soon. Kind regards to the golf-player.

As to the paper on bookplates we shall see about it real soon. But the golf-player isn't playing golf any more. We respectfully salute Amelia.

VII

The following note is one of general literary interest, but seems to require no comment from us. It comes from Cambridge, Massachusetts.

The Editor of the Letter Box.

Sir:—

The following literary coincidence seems to me of some interest.

Benjamin Franklin has long been considered the originator of the maxim, "Honesty is the best policy." He is credited with the saying in Professor Barrett Wendell's *Literary History of America* (p. 92). But in the Preface to Slingsly Bethel's *Interest of Princes and States,* published at London in 1680, occurs this passage: "The art of Government not being so mysterious, as State monopolists would make it, honesty (as King James used to say) being the best policy, and surely, that is the best Government, that," etc.

Franklin was born in 1706. It seems improbable that he ever saw Bethel's work. He may have heard the saying, as a moral that runs at large, during his long sojourn in England; but the Almanac was completed before its author left this country. Perhaps the lofty sentiment came across the Atlantic between 1603 and 1730, and found here a hospitable stepfather.

Very truly yours,

D. L. H.

From the quotation given by our correspondent, it is evident that even in Bethel's time the saying had become prevalent, and was popularly ascribed to King James I.

VIII

A reader in Fowler, Indiana, asks the question:

Could you send me anything in the line of a review of *Westward Ho!* (by Kingsley), or tell me where I could find anything regarding same?

S. G. K.

The regular works on English literature do not give any extended space to the criticism of *Westward Ho!* The best thing to do would be to look up the principal periodicals, English and American, for 1855-56, in which you will find notices of this book. If you cannot easily get access to them, however, you might consult the first volume of Maurice Kingsley's *Life and Works of Charles Kingsley* (New York, 1902).

IX

Our casual remarks on Simplified Spelling have called forth sundry comments of which, at the present time, we shall publish only two. The first is from an eminent prelate of the Episcopal Church.

Let me thank you especially for your admirable editorial on the crazy scheme of the so-called Simplified Spelling Board. I trust that it will prove to be a big nail in its well-earned coffin.

The second, which comes from New Orleans, begins:

You have been paying your respects to the "Twelve Spellings." Allow me to ask a few questions.

Then follow the questions, which we take up and answer briefly in their order.

Do you think the present spelling of English is entirely satisfactory?

As satisfactory as it ever will be.

If not, what changes might be made, keeping in mind that somebody would have to begin somewhere?

We do not think that any changes ought to be made; therefore, in our opinion, nobody need begin anywhere.

If you would permit changes, what part do you propose to take in bringing them about?

See answer to preceding question.

Are you looking at the matter from the point of view of personal preference, or do you feel a responsibility in changing or preserving English orthography for the future?

Naturally we have a personal preference in this as in everything else, and it is a good, strong, healthy preference, too; but we also feel a responsibility which leads us to strive, in however small a way, to preserve English orthography from the frenzies of phonetic faddists.

We have answered these questions very briefly and, as it may seem, somewhat dogmatically. This is not because we have no reasons for our faith, since we have lots of reasons. But it is our purpose very soon to give our readers a straight talk on this whole subject of Simplified Spelling and Simple-minded Spellers, and therefore we defer our argumentation until then.

X

It is just about a year since our readers, by a sort of *plébiscite,* conferred upon us the rank and title of General. During the winter we remained to the prosaic world around us a mere civilian. But now that summer has returned, we assume once more our proper military title and wear it joyously though modestly, not wishing to arouse the lurking jealousy of the Junior Editor. This, however, is the proper time to publish certain letters that have come to us during the year, touching upon this important matter. The first is frivolous, but befits the season of light reading and light thinking.

Dear Editor:—

No doubt about your military title; a colonel commands a column; you as editor command many columns. Therefore you are (I do not say you ought to be) a General.

Yours militarily,

BUONAPARTINO.

The following letter reverts to the case of Ephraim. We can't make out the signature.

Dear General:—

I am so disappointed in you: you admit that Ephraim is a bad man—at heart, you doubt his goodness—and yet you take the tainted title.

O esecrábile avarizia!
O ingorda
Fame d'avere!

We did not go so far as to say that Ephraim was a bad man. We merely expressed a certain hesitation as to whether he was truly good; and we may add that nothing has since occurred to dispel this illusion. But as a matter of fact, the title was not conferred by Ephraim but, like a laurel wreath, by the graceful hands which penned a letter that came to us only yesterday from Cañon City, Colorado.

I trust the garland of roses was quite fresh when you found it this morning—over your shield. I could not resist showing you in some way that I was gladsome over your safe return.

An Appreciator of the General.

Now isn't that nice?



HERE AND THERE

The President's Record

The adjournment of Congress gave the nation a chance to stop and take stock, as it were, of what had been done in legislation during the preceding months. Not since President Cleveland's first administration have so many important laws been written on the statute book. The significance of some of them is not yet generally understood; and only little less significant have been several proposed measures which have not yet been enacted into law. President Roosevelt's personality stands out even more completely dominant than before. Both his mistakes and his superb achievements are characteristic of the man; and it is worth noting that, as usual, his mistakes are even now almost forgotten, while his achievements command respect and admiration. It was a sorry tangle into which he got himself in his negotiations with Senator Tillman and Mr. Chandler. His unfortunate blunder in writing to Chairman Wadsworth that he had carefully examined the Meat Inspection Bill, and then in showing that he was ignorant of one of its most important clauses, put him for a moment in the wrong. But in the big things he was right, and it is the big things which the people will remember. He did not get precisely the railway rate law that he wanted, nor the meat inspection law that he demanded. But it was an astonishing thing that he was able to get any railway regulation law at all, and that he forced the other measure down the throats of the angry representatives of Packingtown.

The statute for regulating railway rates is best regarded simply as one step forward in a movement which may be glacier-like in its slowness, but which is also glacier-like in its irresistibility. When the Interstate Commerce Act was passed some twenty years ago, it was frantically denounced as unconstitutional. Nevertheless, it became law, and though it did not fulfil its purpose, it did establish a principle—the principle that the National Government might call oppressive corporations to account. The new railway rate law tightens the cords that are being drawn around the predatory combinations, and that will in time bind them hard and fast. The meat inspection law pushes further the principle of Federal control and makes the people familiar with the thought that the power of the central Government is the only power to which effectual appeal can be made to redress intolerable wrongs. If this be Socialism, it is the corporations which have made Socialism popular; and if they hate its coming, they have but themselves to thank for it. Men are not much concerned to-day about nice points of constitutional interpretation. They are anxious only to get to grips with the public enemy and to crush him under foot in whatever way they can. Many precedents have been shattered in the last ten years. Many more are likely to be shattered in the ten years that are to come. And among these precedents and traditions is very likely that of the third term fetich.

The Presidency in 1908

For, as things look now, it seems as though Mr. Roosevelt must be the inevitable candidate to succeed himself. He is hated bitterly by many of the congressmen and politicians of his own party, whom he has forced to do his will in spite of all their squirming; and they have done his will simply because they know in their very heart of hearts that he has the people of both parties with him more certainly and surely even than in 1904. The impressive fact is that he is the only President in our time who has gone straight on to the accomplishment of his aims, who has brushed aside objections, trampled upon difficulties, and made things actually come to pass. This is why, unless some very startling transformation should take place, he will be compelled even in his own despite to be a candidate once more. In fact, there is really no one else in the Republican Party for whom anybody cares a straw. Mr. Fairbanks is a solemn joke. Mr. Root,

as a corporation lawyer, is unavailable. To Secretary Taft may be applied Mr. Dana's famous description of General Hancock as "a good man weighing two hundred and fifty pounds." What the rank and file of the Republican Party really want, and what many Democrats would like to see them get, is another term for Mr. Roosevelt. The fact that he has disclaimed any desire or even willingness to be a candidate has no weight at all. He made the assertion in good faith, just as he made a like assertion with regard to the Vice-Presidency in 1896; but just as he gave way then, so will he again give way under like conditions. Mr. Roosevelt has always held consistently the tenet that no man has a right, when the final word is spoken, to resist the unanimous demand of his own party; and the demand will probably be far louder and more insistent two years hence than it was in 1896.

Should the Democratic candidate be Mr. Bryan, as is very likely, the situation would be most interesting. Everybody is a radical in these days; and the question would arise which of the two candidates would be the greater radical—or rather, which of the two, as President, could effect the more radical reforms. Viewed from this standpoint, Mr. Roosevelt would have a vast advantage over Mr. Bryan. He may not be more radical—he is probably less so—but the things that he could bring to pass would be done more easily and more surely. Here we have illustrated the old maxim that one man may steal a horse, while another may not even look over the hedge. Most great reforms have been wrought by men of conservative training and traditions who have assumed the leadership of the popular party. When such men advocate fundamental changes, the solid citizens are not alarmed. So Alcibiades in Athens swayed the multitude. So Clodius and Julius Cæsar, patricians to the core, overthrew the aristocracy in Rome. So the baronage of England wrung the first charter of popular freedom from a cursing king. And so, later, the great Whig nobles drove out James the Second and gave to Britain a government of law.

After Exposure—What?

Some persons are inclined to take a rather gloomy view of the campaign of exposure which has been going on for the past two years. They remember outbreaks of reform that happened long ago and that were followed by reaction which left things precisely where they were before. The downfall of Tweed was in time followed by the domination of Croker. The conviction of Jacob Sharp and his "boodle aldermen" did not do away with the rottenness which was afterwards uncovered by the Lexow investigation. The Whiskey Ring was broken up only that there might arise in the course of time a Star Route combination. And so on. Hence some say that all this struggle for reform and for the purification of our political and business life will not insure us against like evils in the future. In a certain sense this is quite true. Certain reformers write and talk as though, having accomplished their reforms, the land will be forever after clean and sweet, with every man going about his private business untroubled, unoppressed, and unafraid. Naturally, no such dream is destined to come true in such a world as ours. The struggle against evil is an eternal struggle, in the community as in the individual. But there are some very hopeful features in the situation as it exists to-day. The abuses which have been exposed were not sporadic and isolated wrongs. They were deep-seated, far-spreading, and closely linked together, so that they threatened the very sources of our national and social life. Hence, they have excited an alarm and indignation never before known in the United States. They are seen not to concern one city or one section or one class or one set of interests, but they touch every stratum of our people from the wealthiest to the poorest, from the most intelligent to the most ignorant. That is why they will not be spared or readily forgotten. The tide of reform has gained an irresistible momentum which will go on and on until it shall have vitally transformed conditions in this country. Already the worst of the city governments have been lashed

into a reluctant righteousness; the great corporations are setting their houses in order; and for the first time in many years the courts, which in the end respond to public sentiment, are beginning to administer something that resembles justice. It is our belief that before long there will everywhere be seen concrete results to justify all the clamour and the shouting and the sickening work which have been necessary to the task of purging and of purifying.

As it was the life insurance companies which first felt the edge of public indignation, so it is the life insurance companies which have first emerged from the *débâcle* to represent a new and better order. Of the great companies only one —the Mutual Life—still halts between the old and the new régime. The others have honestly and earnestly retraced their steps, revised their methods, and have begun once more to ask and to deserve the confidence of such as look to them for protection against the future. It is probable that never before was a life insurance policy so valuable an investment or so safe a security. The thousands of timid policy-holders, who in a panic threw aside their policies, are seen really to have enhanced the actual value of the policies which were kept in force, and by so far have actually strengthened the position of the companies in appealing for new business. Even Mr. Jerome, with his cynical view of men and things, has recognised this truth in a lately published interview, in which he spoke of the companies to-day as impregnable and safe beyond all cavil. And it will soon be thus with all the other institutions that have temporarily been made to suffer for either carelessness or extravagance or unwisdom. Not in our generation shall we see an upheaval like the present one, for no such upheaval will be justified.

Bishop Potter, lately returning from abroad, has been reported—whether correctly or incorrectly we do not know—as declaring that the English people do not like us; and the remark has called forth a great deal of comment. As a rule, it may be said that one people neither likes nor dislikes another people in a collective way. It is as difficult to generalise about an entire nation as it is, in Burke's familiar phrase, to draw an indictment against it. Of course there may be special reasons for national resentments. It is fair enough to say that the French dislike the Germans, and that the Russians loathe the Turks. But putting aside such enmities as come from long-protracted periods of war or spoliation, nations as such are seldom swayed by sentiment. Each considers its own interest—that is to say, each is intelligently selfish. As to the English, however, the facts would seem to show that they have more liking for Americans than dislike of them. Or, in other words, more Englishmen are friendly to Americans than otherwise. During the Civil War enough of them were friendly to prevent their Government from interfering in that contest and from breaking our blockade. During the Spanish War, while the benevolent attitude of Lord Salisbury was undoubtedly a matter of wise policy, the cordial approval which it received from the British people as a whole was significant of much. Since that time nothing has occurred to change this feeling. Many Englishmen no doubt detest us, and they are the sort of Englishmen whom Bishop Potter would most likely meet. But, in a general way, Americanism has become something of a passport to British liking. Our cousins may be a little jealous of our astonishing prosperity; they may not think our manners very good; they are convinced that we are most eccentric. But when all is said, they recognise in us as in no other people a kinship which is very real.

Do Englishmen Dislike Us?

H. T. P.

THE FRENCH SALONS OF 1906



THE ANCIENT WORLD, THE TEMPLE —BY E. R. MÉNARD



A SUMMER'S DAY—BY LUCIEN SIMON



THE BANKS OF THE GARONNE—BY HENRI MARTIN



THE BANKS OF THE GARONNE
BY HENRI MARTIN



THE BANKS OF THE GARONNE
BY HENRI MARTIN



THREE MUSICIANS—BY CARO-DELVAILLE





FLOCK AT REST—BY L. CHIALIVA



SPECTATORS IN A MOORISH CAFÉ—BY E. DINET

LES PRÉCIEUSES

"There is no defect from which one may not draw a virtue."

La Marquise de Lambert.



HE present controversy with regard to the degeneracy of the spoken English language brings to mind similar disturbances and similar fears in different countries and different ages of the world, and their effect upon language and literature. History, after all, is simply a series of enthusiasms and corresponding reactions, the enthusiasm called the Renaissance being the greatest of them all: great also its corresponding exaggerations and reactions. Like a mighty arm spreading out from Italy, where the Greek scholars, fleeing from Greece at the time of the capture of Constantinople by the Turks, established themselves, it extended over and embraced all the civilised world. In this arm was a magic wand, which, touching England, brought forth the "New Learning," the New Learning in its turn inspiring the Translation of the Bible, Sir Thomas More's *Utopia,* and the teachings of Erasmus, that great scholar, who, in his *Praise of Folly*, expressed his own personal enthusiasm over Henry the Eighth's seeming devotion to learning in the early days of his reign:

Folly mounts the pulpit in cap and bells and pelts with her satire the absurdities of the world around her, the superstition of the monk, the pedantry of the grammarian, the dogmatism of the doctors of the schools, the selfishness and tyranny of kings.

Going through all the vicissitudes of politics, the exaggeration of the New Learning culminated in Elisabeth's reign, when the foreign influence had become so great that it was said "men made more account of a story of Boccaccio's than of a story from the Bible," and when the so-called "Euphuists"—named after Lyly's *Euphues**—arose in the name of enthusiasm to express by affectation and exaggeration their delight in the new resources of thought and language. Indeed the structure and arrangement of sentences, the grandeur of phrases, meant more to these Elisabethan enthusiasts than the matter contained in their writings—they drew their very breath in an "atmosphere of words." In *Love's Labour Lost* Shakespeare describes his character of the Euphuist as:

A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight—that hath a mint of phrases in his brain—one whom the music of his own vain tongue doth ravish like enchanting harmony.

Queen Elisabeth herself, says Green in his *History of the English People,* "was the most affected and detestable of Euphuists."

In the early days of Elisabeth, the New Learning had become the New Fashion; More's *Utopia* ("The Kingdom of Nowhere"), with its ideals of a perfect state with new laws and better conditions for the poor, had become Sir Philip Sydney's *Arcadia,* which, inspired by the drama of Spain, the poems of Ronsard, the sonnets of Italy, was full not only of tenderness and beauty, but also of extravagance, affectation and false sentiment—an emasculated Utopia—wherein *dolce far niente* took the place of vigour, sensuousness that of aspiration. Yet upon this basis of imitation of Italian literature was founded the great Elisabethan age of literature: in Germany, too, the greatest age of literature followed a period of imitation, and in France the Golden Age of Louis Quatorze came hard upon the period of the Précieuses, whose exaggeration—not real nature*—

*Written in 1579.

*M. Victor Cousin in *La Société Française du* XVII^e *Siècle* thus defends the Hôtel Rambouillet:

"It has to-day been well demonstrated, since the work of M. Roederer (*Mémoire pour servir à l'histoire de la Société polie*) that neither in *Les Précieuses Ridicules,* nor in the high comedy, *Les Femmes Savantes,* has Molière ever thought of attacking the Hôtel de Rambouillet."



MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ

was satirised by Molière in *Les Femmes Savantes* and *Les Précieuses Ridicules.*

According to M. de Sainte-Beuve, the origin of the Précieuses in France, the "French Euphuists," as they were called, was a reaction against the license of the Regency of Anne of Austria and the disorders of the Fronde. In his essay on Madame de Sévigné, he says:

> As an excess always brings its contrary, the small number of those who escaped corruption threw themselves into sentimental metaphysics and became Précieuses; thus originated the Hôtel Rambouillet.

The title "Précieuses" was in reality first given to members of the society of the Hôtel Rambouillet, and meant simply "persons of distinguished merit." (*Personnes de prix*).

The Hôtel Rambouillet in the rue St. Thomas du Louvre was the town home of the Marquis de Rambouillet and his wife,* their ancient Château at Rambouillet not far from Paris being even more celebrated than the Hôtel in town, as the scene of the death of Francis the First and many other historical events. Henri Quatre was dead (1610) when the Hôtel Rambouillet began to flourish, but for fifty years, from about 1615 to 1665, throughout the reign of Louis XIII, the Regency of Anne of Austria, and the early days of Louis XIV, the Marquise de Rambouillet presided over the celebrated reunions which took place in her house, and these fifty years were the great

*Catherine de Vivonne, Marquise de Rambouillet, born in Rome in 1588, died in 1665.



years of the Précieuses, their decline coming in the later days of Louis XIV and the Regency of Orleans. During this period, too—in 1635—the French Academy was instituted by letters patent through the influence of Conrart, the First Secretary in perpetuity, who held the first meetings in his own house.* It is told that when *Parlement* was called to make this registration, one of the counsellors made the remark that to assemble *Parlement* for so trivial a thing made one think of the Roman Emperor who assembled the Senate to ask what sauce he should eat with a certain fish! Twice had the Academy been anticipated: first by the seven poets who formed the so-called Pleiad in the reign of Henri III—of

*Valentin Conrart, called the Father of the French Academy, was not as a child allowed to study by his father, so never learned Latin, though he knew Italian and some Spanish. He amassed quite a library in which there was not a single Greek or Latin book. His greatest work was the collection of manuscript writings of all kinds, a great number of which have been preserved and are very valuable. He was born in 1603, and died in 1675.



VALENTIN CONRART
The Founder of the French Academy.

whom Ronsard, writing French verse in the metre, style and verbiage of the ancient Greek and Latin poetry, was the most talented—and again in the reign of Louis XIII by another Pleiad, very inferior to the first, composed of the poets Rapin, Commire, Larue, Santeuil, Ménage, Duperier and Petit.

The Précieux movement in itself was an attempt to bring back the old classical beauty of the French language, become, through the influence of the Renaissance, with its accompanying infusion of foreign elements, a jargon of all tongues: Frenchmen themselves were no longer French, but Greeks or Romans, Italians or Spaniards, and at last all thinking persons awoke to the necessity of reasserting the individuality of speech by the repulse of the foreign invasion. Not alone did the reaction emanate from those interested in education and literature, but principally from court circles. Men of letters and leaders of society were brought together in one common aim, the contact profiting both parties: men of letters learning polish and politeness from the courtiers, courtiers being instructed and amused by men of letters.

In the beginning the Société Précieuse had but one purpose: to free itself from the pedantism of the epoch, to cultivate the *beau* and the *vrai*, *bel amour* and *belle conversation*, and women were naturally at the head of it. The desire of these reformers was neither to write nor speak like the rest of the world, but in a manner peculiar to themselves. From too great refinement, therefore, affectation ensued, and they ran the risk of becoming incomprehensible or ridiculous—an error which did not show itself in the great Précieuses like Madame de Sévigné (although she too often used the exaggerated expressions of the age), Madame de la Fayette, Madame de Maintenon and others, but in the minor members who gave Molière just cause for his caricatures, Boileau for his *Traits Satiriques*. It is undeniable, however, that the French owe to women that taste for letters which their influence propagated and purified: they were the instigators of this universal and regenerating movement in France: they polished and made supple a language larded with Greek and Latin. In our own day and country is it the duty of women to protect our language from the reproach of slovenliness recently brought against it? Who but the mother can curb the use of slang, who but women can control and govern conversation?

Tallemant des Réaux, called the Caricaturist of the Seventeenth Century, but who was also the historian of the Hôtel Rambouillet,* albeit one to whom the vulgar side of life stood out with unusual distinctness, tells us many charming things of Madame de Rambouillet:

"She always loved beautiful things," he says, "and was about to learn Latin only in order to read Virgil, when an illness prevented. Afterward she gave up the idea and contented herself with Spanish. She was herself the architect of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, her father's house. Ill satisfied with all the designs submitted, she suddenly cried out one evening, after having spent much thought upon it: 'Quick, some paper; I have found the way of making what I wished!' Thereupon she began to make the plan, for she of course knew how to draw, being able upon looking at a house at once to draw its plan.....Madame de Rambouillet's plan was followed point for

*Les Historiettes de Tallemant des Réaux.

point. It was through her that one learned how to put staircases on the side, to build a large succession of salons, to elevate the ceilings and put in large, high windows opposite each other.....She was the first to take it into her head to paint a room another colour than red or tan; and this is what gave to her large salon the name of the Blue Room."

The Salon Bleu, so celebrated in the works of Voiture and others, was, says Lady Jackson in her interesting work on *Old Paris:*

The principal *Salle de Réunion.* Its walls were hung with blue velvet panelled in gold. The furniture was of the same material, relieved by gold fringe and lace; the air was perfumed wth the odour of flowers arranged in beautiful vases and baskets in such profusion that eternal Spring seemed to reign there..... In the evening, the salons were lighted with lamps of Venetian glass, also first seen at Rambouillet, and there were splendid Italian cabinets filled with the choicest and rarest specimens of delicate sculpture, scarce enamels, gems and other articles of *vertu.* Amongst the many treasures of the salon was a spinet, a marvel of its kind, brought by the Marquise from Italy. It was exquisitely painted with flowers and birds, and inlaid with turquoise, gold and pearl.

On the fountain at the Hôtel Rambouillet was the following inscription composed for it by the poet Malherbe:

Passer-by, seest thou this stream at play
Then vanish in a moment?
Thus the world's glory fades away
And naught but God is permanent.

Not greatly did this warning disturb the gifted habitués of the Hôtel Rambouillet, however, the rendezvous "for all who were most gallant at the court," as well as of "the most polished among the *beaux esprits* of the century," and where Madame de Rambouillet herself—aided by her five daughters, three of whom became nuns, the beautiful Julie D'Angennes being the fourth—with her love of the *beau* and the *vrai* inspired also *bel amour* and *belle conversation.* One of Madame de Rambouillet's delights, Tallemant des Réaux tells us, was to prepare surprises for her friends, and a most successful instance of this was the secret building—in spite of the many people visiting her at all times of the day—of a large cabinet off the wing of the Hôtel giving on the beautiful garden, and surprising a large company one evening by its sudden disclosure: the curtain of a supposed window looking out into the garden was thrown back, a door opened, and Mademoiselle de Rambouillet—the beautiful Julie D'Angennes—wonderfully robed, appeared in the midst of this magnificent cabinet which was brilliantly illuminated and furnished and decorated in dazzling splendour. The astonishment of her guests, who believed only a garden to lie behind those windows, must have been sufficient to repay Madame de Rambouillet for her pains, while the incident gave the poets occasion for many a madrigal.*

Of poets and writers there was legion at the Hôtel Rambouillet: but as the great ones like Balzac,† Racine,‡ Corneille, Molière, Despréaux, Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Pascal, La Fontaine, etc., etc., are not so typical of the movement as the minor ones in whom its peculiari-

*A great many of her surprises were humorous, such for instance as the dinner to which she invited the Comte de Guiche (the Maréchal de Grammont), where every dish set before him was something that she knew him to especially dislike. All the other guests were in the secret, and after they had enjoyed to the full his discomfort on being pressed to partake of these aversions of his, Madame de Rambouillet said to the maître d'hôtel: "Bring something else: M. le Comte finds nothing to his taste!" Whereupon a magnificent supper was served amid the merriment of all.

†Jean-Louis Guez de Balzac, 1594-1655. According to Tallemant des Réaux, Balzac never met Madame de Rambouillet although he corresponded with her, and dedicated several of his *Discours* to her, as if he knew her well.

‡At the age of twenty, Racine wrote his Ode on the marriage of Louis XIV which attracted the attention of Colbert, who sent him a gift of one hundred louis. At the age of thirty-seven he left the stage forever, and later on was appointed historian to the King, and began to accumulate materials for a history of Louis XIV. His criticism of the campaigns of the King in a private memoir submitted to Mme. de Maintenon led to his disgrace. Frederic Harrison in his notice of Racine says that "by common consent Racine is the greatest known master of the French language, and the exquisite grace of his verses has hardly been surpassed in the ancient tongues even by Virgil or Sophocles."



ties are so strongly marked—great writers never really belonging to any particular movement or epoch of literature—it will be interesting to speak first of all of one who in reality may be called the poet laureate of the Société Précieuse. This was Voiture,* the son of a wine merchant: our historian tells us that he was introduced at Rambouillet by Madame de Rambouillet's intimate friend, M. de Chaudebonne, who, running across him by accident one day and being struck by his literary talent, exclaimed:

"Monsieur, you are too gallant a man to remain in the Bourgeoisie. I must take you out of it."

Thereupon, Madame de Rambouillet's permission to bring him to her circle was obtained, and as Voiture was well bred and had wit, he was soon the joy of this society of illustrious persons, whom it became his *rôle* to divert. He seemed always to have seen something or other, says Tallemant, that the others had not seen, was always ready to recount his experiences, and the moment he arrived everybody crowded round to hear what he had to tell. Of course he pretended to compose his stories on the spur of the moment, but although they were really often impromptu, there were also times when in order to live up to his reputation he was obliged to compose his marvellous stories at home and recite them as if they were unstudied.

The poet Malherbe, said to be the first French classical poet, belonged to the early days of the Précieuses.* His successor, ardent admirer and follower, the Marquis de Racan,† one of the first Academicians, and an interesting character

*Vincent Voiture, born at Amiens in 1598, died at Paris in 1648. Tallemant calls him the "father of foolery," and says that his serious work had little value, even his letters being not well written, although natural; but M. Cousin puts a different estimate on him, and speaks of his famous sonnet of Job as occupying all the salons of Paris in 1649, and being a brilliant triumph to his memory.

*François de Malherbe was born at Caen, Normandy, about 1555, and died in 1628.

An hour before he died he roused himself from a stupor to reproach his landlady, who was waiting on him, for using a word which according to his idea was not good French: and as his Confessor tried to reprimand him for this, he replied that he could not help it: until his death he wished to maintain the purity of the French language.

Tallemant des Réaux, chronicler of the above, also says of Malherbe:

He had not much genius; meditation and art had made a poet of him. It was said that it took him three years to make an ode for the first President of Verdun on the death of his wife, and that the President was re-married before Malherbe had given him the ode.

In one of his letters Balzac writes that Malherbe said that after writing a hundred lines of verse or two pages of prose, one should rest ten years.

†Born in 1589, died 1670; a little before 1670 La Fontaine had published his first fables.

"Racan," says his biographer, Antoine Latour, "was a habitué of the Hôtel Rambouillet. He was there, perhaps, the day when Molière was presented, the day when Bossuet, a child, preached there, they say, his first sermon. Already there was being murmured in some quarters the name of the young clergyman of La Ferté Milon, the protégé of Chapelain, Racine."

in his own way, was said to be the link between Malherbe and La Fontaine.* Like Voiture, Racan was an example of the man who is greater than his works; like Voiture's, his charm lay almost entirely in *la belle conversation.* His best known work is a pastoral or series of pastorals, called "Les Bergeries, ou Artenice," and these poems are said by the critic Saint Marc Gerardin to "have their place in French literature; they are not only a curiosity, they are to be read."

The devotion to *bel amour*† showed itself in various ways in the Société Précieuse: it was the habit of each *preux cavalier* to select some particular dame as the inspiration of his muse, and to give her a classical name. Racan and Malherbe, disputing as to the name each should give his lady (for Malherbe no other dame existed than the Marquise de Rambouillet, while Racan dedicated his poetical devotion to the sister-in-law of the Duke of Bellegarde, Madame de Thermes), spent a whole day trying to get some pretty anagrams from the name of Catharine common to both ladies. Finally they decided upon Artenice, and it was agreed that to the first who finished his verses in his lady's honour should belong the right of endowing her with this name. Racan finished first, but although he gave the name of Artenice to Madame de Thermes, Malherbe had already used it in conjunction with Madame de Rambouillet, and the name ever afterward reverted to her. Julie D'Angennes was called *Ménalide,* Voiture *Valère,* Balzac



Belisandre, the Grand Condé *Scipio the Great,* etc., etc.

Voiture was a constant admirer of Mademoiselle de Rambouillet (Ménalide), and many of his madrigals were inspired by her, but the greatest example of devotion was given by M. de Montausier (afterward made Duke of Montausier), who for thirteen years wooed the beautiful Julie D'Angennes, herself greatly averse to matrimony, and whose family objected to M. de Montausier on account of his being a Huguenot.*

*A modern critic says of Jean La Fontaine (1621-1695) that "his language was of the purest, raciest kind, untouched by the ornate classicalism of his time;" also that his Fables are the old stories of Phædrus and Æsop, told with a delightful charm, entirely his own, which has rendered them immortal.

†"In those days love was not considered a weakness: it was the mark of elevation and delicacy of soul; and quite rigorously, in the code of good manners of the time, one could not be an honest man without being sensible to beauty." (V. Cousin.) Mlle. de Scudéry also says in *Le Grande Cyrus*: "Love is here not only a simple passion as everywhere else, but a passion of necessity and of decorum; all men must be amorous, and all women beloved. No insensible one among us; such hardness of heart is called a crime, and liberty of this kind is so shameful that those who are not in love make a pretence of being so."

*Tallemant des Réaux is not very complimentary with regard to the Duke de Montausier, but the Editor of his Historiettes, M. Monmerqué, says:

"M. Roederer, in a *Mémoire sur la Société Polie en France* (Paris, 1835), where he goes into interesting researches on the coterie of the Précieuses, has tried principally to justify the Hôtel Rambouillet from the name of Précieuse by the sole presence of Montausier. He has given himself, it seems to us, superfluous trouble; all his efforts cannot destroy the fact that this celebrated society sacrificed too much to over-refinement and false brilliancy; it is the defect of Voiture and his school.....Molière seems to have wished to brand only the Précieuses Ridicules, maladroit copyists of the pretentious society of the *ruelles,* but the real Précieuses have none the less been dragged into the general shipwreck of bad taste and affectation."

a proof of his great devotion, the Duke made the fair Julie an offering which has become famous not only as the greatest example of *le bel amour* of those days, but also as one of the three models* of the exaggerated style of literature then in vogue among the minor poets: it was called *La Guirlande de Julie,* and was intended to represent emblematically all the virtues of which this infatuated lover believed the object of his adoration to be capable, as well as his own great love and admiration.

Eighteen flowers were arranged in a garland, and painted on vellum in folio by Robertet, the most celebrated flower painter of the day. Eighteen of her poet friends, of whom the Duke was one, described in a madrigal the sentiments which each flower was supposed to represent, there being a distinct page for each flower with the appropriate poem beneath it. The writing was done by the celebrated caligraphist Jarry. Both the painting and writing are said to have been exquisite, and the binding of the volume superb. It passed from the family after the Duchesse de Montausier's death into the hands of the Abbé Röthelin. From him it descended to M. de Rose, and was then bought by the Duc de la Vallière, at the sale of whose property, toward the end of the last century, it was sold for 14,510 francs. It is still in the possession of the great-grandson of the Duc de la Vallière. A copy was published by Didot of Paris in 1784—another in 1824 by Amoreaux of Montpelier.—Lady Jackson, in *Old Paris.*

The following is a translation of one of the madrigals in the *Guirlande de Julie.* The Fleur de Lys speaks to the fair Julie:

"To thee I cede the victory
Which my pure whiteness gave to me,
And pretend no other glory
Than that of crowning thee.
Heaven by a signal dower
Formerly of me its choice did take
As worthiest of all the flowers
Our royal kings a gift to make.
But if my wish should granted be,
My fate would still more glorious prove,
Mounted upon thy head for all to see,
Than to be descended from the heavens above."

"Descended from the heavens above" is here an allusion to the legend which ascribes the adoption of the lily as the emblem of France by one of its saintly kings to its having descended upon him from heaven.

*The other two being Racan's "Bergeries," and "La Journée des Madrigaux," to be spoken of later.

In desperation M. de Montausier at last became a Roman Catholic, and needless to say his persistency triumphed in the end, for at thirty-eight years of age the beautiful Julie became the Duchesse de Montausier. The Duke, supposed to be the original of Molière's *Misanthrope,* and a learned man, was afterwards appointed Governor to the Dauphin, the fair Julie having previously been Royal Governess and first Lady-in-Waiting to Marie Thérèse, losing in the intrigues of the court the great traditions of the Hôtel Rambouillet which she had so carefully nursed in her youth.

Another figure in the group of minor poets of the time was Chapelain, the instructor of Madame de Sévigné, and the son of a notary of Paris, who was introduced at Rambouillet in 1627. Madame de Rambouillet described him as wearing when she first saw him:

A coat in the fashion ten years ago: it was of dove-coloured satin, lined with green plush, and braided with narrow braid of dove-colour and green. In the place of lace, he wore net.

It is said that Chapelain's* verse was sometimes as shabby as his clothes, but that when he mended it, it became quite respectable! He it was who wrote the first of the flower madrigals in the *Guirlande de Julie*—the Imperial Crown, as he called it—and one of his most celebrated poems was "La Récit de la Lionne." This poem was a sort of satire on Mademoiselle Paulet,† called "la

*Jean Chapelain, Member of the French Academy, born 1595, died in 1674.

†Angélique Paulet, born in 1592, died in 1651. It was said that two nightingales were found dead one morning on the border of a fountain by which she sung the night before. They could have only died from jealousy!

"Mademoiselle Paulet," says Tallemant des Réaux, "added much to the delights of Rambouillet." L'Abbé Arnauld speaks of a representation of Sophonisbe by Mairet, given at Rambouillet, in which Julie D'Angennes took the rôle of Sophonisbe while he played Scipio. "Mademoiselle Paulet," he adds, "dressed as a nymphe, sang with her theorbo between the acts, and this admirable voice, of which one has heard so much under the name of Angelique, made us not regret at all the best band of violins ordinarily employed in these interludes."

lionne" on account of her red hair, a woman distinguished for her vivacity, her beautiful complexion, her figure and her dancing, and also because she played the lute and sang better than any other of her time.

She was introduced at Rambouillet when about thirty years of age and in the full flower of her beauty, and soon became the beloved friend of Madame de Rambouillet, almost a daughter of the family. The first time she went to the Château de Rambouillet, Madame de Rambouillet had her received at the entrance of the town by the prettiest girls of the village and the estate, all crowned with flowers and beautifully dressed. One of them presented her with the keys of the Château, and as she passed over the drawbridge, two guns were discharged from one of the towers.

Mademoiselle de Scudéry,* one of the most typical of the Précieuses, and most closely identified with the Hôtel Rambouillet, the sister of Georges de Scudéry, was the author of the famous *Carte de Tendre,*† and many long-winded novels which had great vogue in her day. Among the Précieuses she was universally known as Sappho, a name by which she designated herself in her novel *Le Grand Cyrus*—a novel full of all the great characters of the day. In the latter days of the Hôtel Rambouillet—after the marriage of Julie—Mlle. de Scudéry made a point of remaining at home on Saturdays and receiving her friends, thus



MADEMOISELLE PAULET

drawing about her in her modest quarters in the little rue de la Beauce, near the Temple, a circle somewhat like that of the Hôtel Rambouillet. Tallemant des Réaux unkindly says that she was very black, very ugly, very tall and thin, with a long face, very talkative and masculine in her manner, and that the women friends who attended her Saturdays were no more beautiful than she.* Yet there were many talented women among the habituées of the *Samedis*, most of them writers of verses. When in 1671 Mlle. Scudéry took the prize of Eloquence at the French Academy by her essay on "The True Glory," Mlle. de la Vigne, a poetess of the circle, celebrated her triumph by presenting her with a little garland of gold laurel with an ode entitled "Les Dames de Mlle. de Scudéry," and Pellison† made a col-

*Madeleine de Scudéry, born at Havre in 1607, died in 1704.

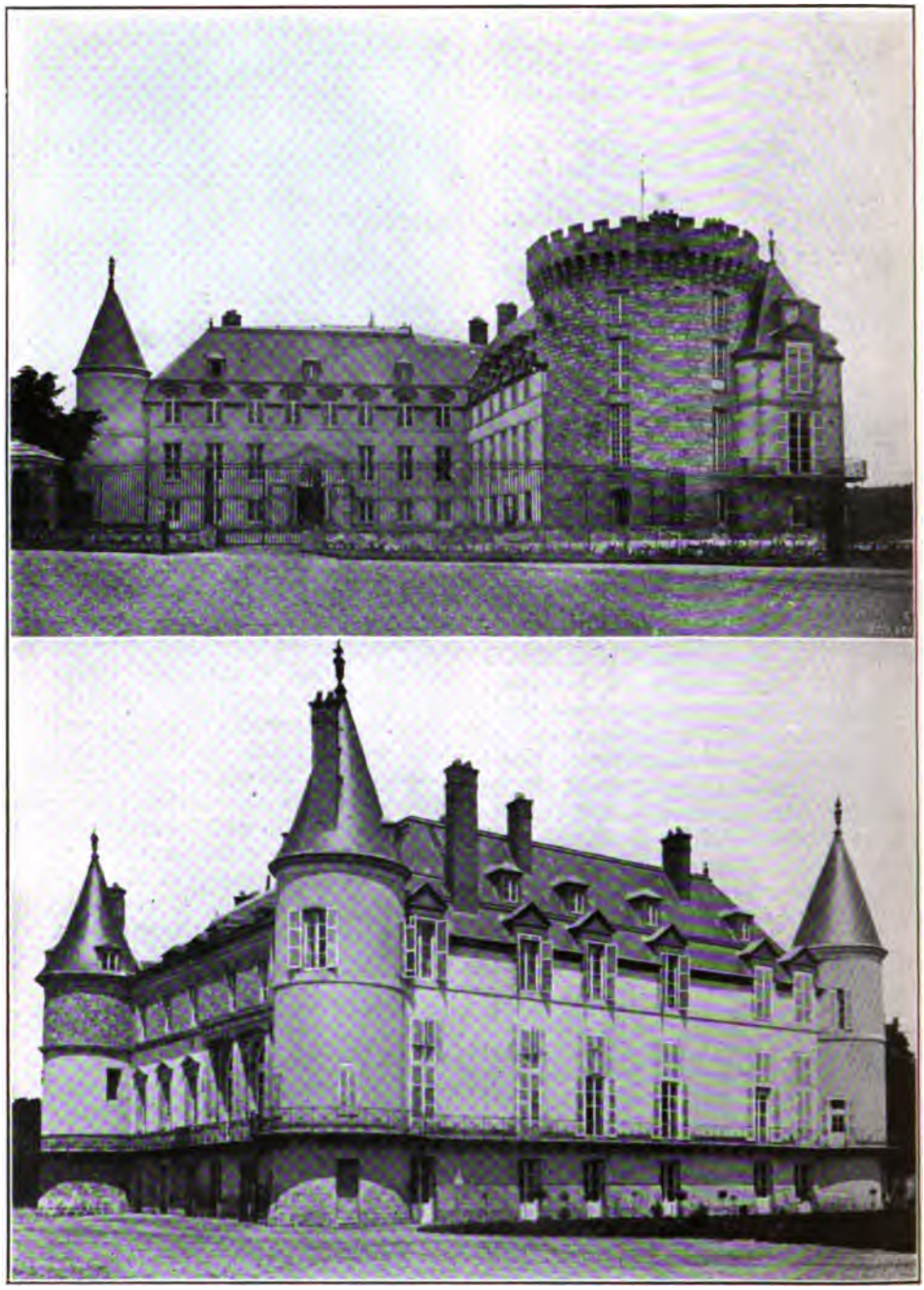
"She was the creatress," says M. Cousin, "of the psychological novel, as it is called today.... Her real talent lies in the analysis and development of sentiments, in portraits, and in elegant and ingenious conversation which she everywhere introduced.... In default of force and brilliance, she had justice, *finesse*, absolute liberty of mind, with an abiding charm. She was assuredly neither Montaigne, La Rochefoucauld, nor La Bruyére, nor even Vauvenargues;.... she was in a measure the French sister of Addison."

†The *Carte de Tendre* was a photographical Map of the Sentiments of a country where one passes by the Lake of Indifference, the Fortress of Respect, the villages of *Billet Doux*, Little Attention, and Sensibility up to the City of Tenderness on the River of Inclination close by the Sea Dangerous.

*The following satirical epigram was made upon the habituées of the *Samedi* by the Abbé de Tallemant, brother of Tallemant des Réaux:

"These dames have a spirit most pure,
With sweetness enough and to spare,
For them one doth feel a tenderness sure
And rigour of judgment lacks e'er."

†Pellison was a lawyer who wrote a most eloquent defence of Fouquet and a History of the Académie Française and who was united to Mlle. de Scudéry, says M. Foussé de Sacy, in a very pure and unsentimental friendship, he being quite as ugly as she!



TWO VIEWS OF THE CHÂTEAU DE RAMBOUILLET

lection of all the letters and verses of these ladies, without correction, and published them under the title of "Les Chroniques du Samedi." No one was ever less of a blue-stocking, however, than Sappho:

"She did not wish," says M. Cousin, "to be talked to about her verses or her prose and to be praised at random; she demanded to be treated like a person who either wrote or did not write, but who knew how to live the ordinary every-day life. It was impossible to be less of a blue-stocking, to have less the tone and manners of a professional *bel-esprit.*"

The Duke de Montausier was a constant guest at the *Samedis*, as were also Chapelain, Pellison, Sarasin and Conrart, but although at first Mlle. de Scudéry's reunions were attended by the nobility, the *Samedi* finally degenerated into the ranks of the Bourgeoisie, into which it infused, however, the same taste for culture and learning as that with which Madame de Rambouillet had earlier endeavoured to impregnate the higher strata of society.

At Rambouillet the principal amusements were literary ones:

"It was the fashion," says Tallemant, "to give oneself over to plays which exercised the mind and the imagination, in these précieuse and gallant circles. One found therein occasion to be brilliant and to unveil one's sentiments by allusions at once ingenious and delicate: *bel esprit* was thus associated with *bel amour.*"

Literary games had great vogue, as, for example, that of "Given Words" (in which a certain number of words were given, out of which each person had to compose either a tale, a letter, or a voyage, in verse or prose); the game of "Lottery" (in which each person drew the indication of a task he must fulfill, such as the composition of a sonnet, a madrigal, a song or a rondeau); "For and Against" (in which each person had to sustain both sides of the argument on a subject given him). Then there were plays, dances, etc. At the *Samedis* these amusements were also followed, and a whole day was once devoted by these poetical enthusiasts to the composition of madrigals, the results of their labours being afterward published under the title of "La Journée des Madrigaux" (The Day of Madrigals), alluded to above.

There is an old homely adage which runs "Keep in the middle of the road," but neither individuals nor groups of men seem able to regard this advice for long at a time. All begin well in the middle, but soon with centrifugal motion they swing away, and before they know it are rolling over the Precipice of Exaggeration into the Abyss of Annihilation (as Mlle. de Scudéry would put it); their day is past, and they are become history! Never did a movement begin more directly in the centre of things than that called the Précieux, but like all other times, its time too passed. Even in her time, Madame de Sévigné complained of the decline of *la belle conversation*,* and when she, Madame de la Fayette, and the beautiful Madame de Longueville† attended the evenings at the Hôtel Rambouillet, the flowery period of the Précieuses was almost at an end. Racan in his later years also deplored the loss of *la belle conversation.* Latour gives a pathetic picture of his sadness at the passing of the old days:

His conversation was spiritual and sprightly. People pressed round to listen to him. Every remembrance of his life reminded him of some charming witticism, some ingenious turn or other which he told with grace, but so low, so low that often he could not be heard. Turning to Ménage, who happily for us had a finer ear, he would say: 'I see these gentlemen

*Sainte-Beuve in his essay on Madame de Sévigné writes the following on the *Grande Mademoiselle* and her idea of *la belle conversation:* "Mademoiselle de Montpensier, of the same age as Madame de Sévigné, but a little less supple than she, writing in 1660 to Mme. de Motteville on the ideal of a retired life she was forming for herself, wished to have there heroes and heroines of diverse kinds:

"We would also need," said she, "all sorts of persons in order to be able to talk of all sorts of things in our conversation, which according to your taste and mine is the greatest pleasure in life and almost the only one I care for."

†La Duchesse de Longueville, sister of the Grand Condé and a princess of the blood, was noted for her language, a "language of high distinction and at the same time of an exquisite politeness and an adorable negligence."

have not understood. Translate what I have said into the vulgar tongue.' There is a certain melancholy in this last. The poor poet understood that the language of his youth was no longer spoken around him. Those who had sung were no more, those whom he had loved belonged to another reign. There were new names, new manners, a whole new century, and in the midst of this century was he, like the living débris of the society of a past day. France entire clapped its hands at the triumphs of the great Corneille. In his corner Pascal wrote his *Provinciales,* and died of his *Thoughts.*

After the death of the Marquise de Rambouillet, the Salon Rambouillet was practically closed, although the Duchesse de Montausier and her husband sometimes received there. And Rambouillet had no real successor, although many other salons existed. The times were changed: Louis XIV was growing old, and the strict reign of Madame de Maintenon was already making ready for the license of the Regency and the reign of Louis XV. In her *Old Régime,* Lady Jackson thus describes the state of affairs:

"The traditions of the once famous salon of the Marquise de Rambouillet had well nigh died out towards the close of the seventeenth century. Gradually, as the literary and social celebrities of that period disappeared from the stage of life, the salons which claimed to represent these traditions became extinct, and no new ones were opened to replace them. Those reunions of the noble, the witty and the learned had never been looked on with favour by the King, even in his youth. But when wintry old age crept upon him, with its usual selfish distaste for other engagements than its own, he regarded with a sterner and still more jealous eye whatever appeared to be a counter attraction to the formal etiquette and gloomy piety of his court. He would have the French people grow old and devout with him, forgetting that while individuals are passing away, a nation is renewing its youth and inventing new pleasures for itself."

The most famous of the latter day salons was that of the Duchesse du Maine at Sceaux, which had its good days and its bad ones, the latter after the disgrace of the Duc du Maine; but in spite of the Bacchic songs composed by the Duchesse du Maine, it remained usually within the limits of a certain decency, whereas at some of the other salons it was quite otherwise. At Sceaux gallantry predominated; at the Château d'Anet, where women went only rarely, orgie and debauch; at the Temple the *esprits forts* professed incredulity.

"What a contrast," says a French woman, writing on the Précieuses, "between the Bergers of Racan and those of Fontenelle and Malézieu, later the originals for Watteau and Boucher! Compare the madrigals of the Hôtel Rambouillet with the Anacreontic songs of La Fare and Chaulieu, and measure the interval which separates the adorers of Julie D' Angennes from the beasts of the menagerie of Madame du Maine! *Le bel amour* plays at the public houses and the *galants* of a former time glorify themselves under the name of Libertines; the *beaux esprits* qualify themselves as *esprits forts.*

One of the last Précieux, and yet so curiously one of the most typical of the real style that his peculiarities occasioned the coining of a new word in the French language, was Marivaux, a well-known writer of novels and plays. M. Lescure, of the French Academy, has written a prize essay on Marivaux, in which he thus defines *marivaudage* as

"The preciosity of the age of Louis XV. It is a certain affectation of justice, of sincerity, of truth; it is religion, not without superstition, of original art and of literature independent of all rules beyond those of a tortured, refined taste." He goes on to say further: "There is not a tree, not a flower, not a bird in all the novels, all the plays of Marivaux. The scene is devoted to the salon in perpetuity."

Madame de Lambert, one of the famous women of France in the time of the Regency, her salon in a period of almost universal license and exaggeration being a refuge for those who still cared for the best in literature and the refinements of society, deplores the ridicule which had fallen upon intellectual pursuits among women, especially women of high birth. She says:

Knowledge is scarcely pardoned in a very small number of men of superior mind; but as regards people in society, if they dare to be

learned, they are called *pedants*. Pedantry, however, is a vice of the mind, knowledge its ornament.

The power of ridicule strikes her strongly:

A Spanish writer has made the statement that the book of *Don Quixote* ruined the monarchy of Spain because of the ridicule it spread on the nation's earlier and most eminent supremacy....In France, Molière has made the same disorder by his comedy of *Les Femmes Savantes* Has society gained by this exchange in the taste of women? They have but put excess in the place of knowledge; the preciosity with which they have been so reproached they have changed into indecence.

Quaintly this same discerning lady says in her "Reflexions sur les Femmes":

There are many schools established for the cultivation of the mind, why not have one for the cultivation of the heart? It is an art which has been neglected. The passions nevertheless are cords which need to be touched by the hand of a master.

In studying the history of that epoch, however, the fact remains that the influence of the Précieuses had a vital effect for good on French language and literature; their original aims and aspirations were healthy and inspiring: the cultivation of the *beau* and the *vrai*, of *bel amour* and *la belle conversation* would surely have a most salutary effect not only on our so-called "slovenly speech" of to-day, but upon our hearts and minds as well. Let us, then, like the philosophers of old, try to build our Future upon a study of the Past: let the wand of the Précieuses touch our imaginations and incite us to the *culte* of the *beau*, the *vrai*, transformed and transfigured by *bel amour*, engendered in the warmth of human intercourse, *la belle conversation*.

Lilian Rea.



THE "CONFESSIONS" OF A LITERARY ADVISER



IN these days when publishers are hastening to "confess" in book and periodical — confessions which, by the bye, are mostly of the faults of "the other fellow"—it is possible that a few confessions, of a perhaps similar nature, from the standpoint of that mysterious being, the literary adviser, may have a certain interest.

One of my employers has written that the literary adviser is usually, like Disraeli's critic, an author who has failed. Perhaps this is so in my own case. My first book was published under a contract exempting one thousand copies from royalty. It sold rather less than two thousand, so I did not get very much, and my publisher, who had expected better things of it, refused my second venture (he'd have doubtless felt much aggrieved if I had taken it elsewhere uninvited), and another man published it, sold about three thousand, and then failed before pay-day. Thus far I was certainly a literary failure on the financial side. My third book, being published in a magazine, naturally brought me something substantial. Later, when put out in book form, it sold worse than either of the others, though I am convinced it was the most salable and least meritorious of any I have written. My fourth and last I peddled around to my two former publishers and several others. Finally a new man accepted it and has succeeded in selling about fifteen thousand copies. That's my case as an author.

As a literary adviser I have read over one thousand book manuscripts, and have "discovered," as the saying goes, five successful authors, three of whom sell from one to three hundred thousand, and two who sell somewhere around the twenty-five thousand mark. I may add that I have not yet advised against the publication of a book that has ever succeeded, even moderately, in other hands. So much by way of introduction of myself. When one is going to confess, such personal details are desirable. Obviously they bear on the value of the confession.

Would-be authors are prone to imagine that their manuscripts do not receive the consideration they deserve, and many tricks, like the inverted and misplaced page, are resorted to to detect the delinquent reader. Publishers, on the other hand, insist that careful attention is paid to every book sent them. Both claimants are quite correct in their contentions.

In the first place, every manuscript is given all the consideration it seems to demand, and, in the second, the fitness of the intelligence by which that consideration is governed is seldom what it should be. There is usually a first reader employed on the premises as a sort of "sifter," who reads as much of each manuscript (unless the name of the author carries it higher at once) as he considers necessary. Sometimes he reads it through, but often a chapter or two and the conclusion, or even a single page, is quite enough to condemn, and properly so, granting our first reader knows his business. If, however, he thinks it "possible," it goes to a second, sometimes on the premises, sometimes outside, and if he finds it worth reading through and approves or is doubtful, it goes to yet a third, and so on through few or many as the case may be. Occasionally one or two strong commendations may carry a manuscript straight to the head adviser, to the literary man of the firm or to "a conference of the Powers." Sometimes it takes several good and several discriminatingly favourable opinions to bring it to the court of last resort.

Now as to the people who do this work. I suppose it is natural enough for a publisher, looking at a book from the commercial end, to exaggerate the manufacturing and the advertising and the marketing sides of his business. He seems almost to resent the money he spends to find out what is worth publishing and what isn't, and yet it should be

fairly clear that on that very decision depends the most important element of his success. He can often sell books that have real quality of one kind or another; he can seldom sell books that haven't, unless he be of the recent school of publishing that holds it good business to jam a bad book down the throats of the least intelligent and the largest section of the public by means of big advertising—advertising so big as to make the said "least intelligent" believe the said book a great success in advance, and that it is up to them to read it and find merit in it if they want the people to think they know what's what.

Barring such cases then, I cannot but admit, in all modesty, that the literary adviser is, at least, one of the most important persons in a publishing house. On him depends what the firm shall and what it shall not print—the vitals of the whole business—and most publishers have anywhere from two or three to seven or eight of these censors, more or less, in his employ. No one of them can accept a book; but—and here lies the crux of the matter—any one of them is very apt to be able to reject it. Now it is a well-known fact that a majority of the most successful writers have peddled their first success from one place to another before it won acceptance. I know that my two biggest "discoveries" had knocked vainly at many doors and, as for the others, I have no definite knowledge—only suspicions. It was worse than criminal, it was absurd, to reject either of those books, and yet they had been rejected repeatedly, which brings me to the cold, hard fact that just about one literary adviser in ten is worth even his scanty salt. Each one has it in his power to turn away a two hundred thousand seller; yet little, if any, real judgment is expended on selecting this arbiter of author's fame and publishers' gain. His presence is looked upon as a sort of necessary evil: anyone in the office who has not too much else to do, any youth two or three years out of college any friend of the firm, will answer for "reading," and his or her wages will be perhaps twenty to twenty-five dollars a week, perhaps five dollars a book, perhaps one dollar an hour. Except in one or two houses where a fairly high-priced man is placed at the head of this department, a publisher would feel rather aggrieved to pay more than I have named for an expert who should have a wide knowledge and a sound judgment, both of literature and people, whose mind should, above all, have the judicial quality, the power of mental detachment that enables him to see a public for something that does not interest him personally, or to realise there is no public for something that does. Naturally such a man is not tempted by such pay, unless he have a special fancy for the work and leisure to indulge his fancies, while most publishers, despite the big losses their methods have again and again entailed fail to see the need of really qualified assistants or fail of judgment in their selection. A mistake is always possible under the best conditions. To deliberately prefer the worst is to invite one.

I have sometimes set myself to wonder how many charming—perhaps great—books may have been thrown into the fire by diffident genius that lacked the confidence or the grim determination to keep on peddling after two or three rejections, none of all which is to gainsay that the great majority of manuscripts are quite impossible and that it is difficult to imagine even their parents thinking otherwise of them. The complaints of such people—and it is generally they who do the complaining—would be little short of impertinent were they less pathetic.

It is difficult for one who has not suffered to realise the kind of things that often come to a publisher, but I can assure you the following example is not uncharacteristic. A woman had sent a volume of poems, and with them a long, sociable letter to the head of the house. It was a chatty commentary on herself and her work, directions as to how it was to be published, talk of terms, etc., through all of which ran a note of assurance that the recipient would welcome her manuscript with shouts of glad acclaim: only she ventured to ask his advice on one point, and she begged him to give it frankly and fearlessly. She was in doubt whether the dedication might not be too long, and would consent to cut it a little if he thought better. This was the dedication:

"To my peerless husband: to my daughters, Minnie and Lizzie: to my sister Bessie (sweet Bessie); and to my God."

Perhaps an even more remarkable phenomenon than that observed in the haphazard manner of running the "Department of Life and Death," if I may so call it, is the curious persistency with which most, if not all, publishers guide their choice of books on prejudice and fancy, rather than on reason based upon the observation of facts, and this in the face of writing on the wall that needs no seer to interpret.

The strongest and most unswerving of these prejudices, with the exception of that against poetry, is the one based on the proposition that "Books of short stories don't pay." Now my experience leads me to consider that a collection of short stories does not sell as well as a novel with equal claims on popularity; but that it should be ruthlessly turned down just because it *is* a collection of short stories seems unreasonable, when we stop to consider how many of the most popular writers of to-day made their first book successes with just such volumes, and that, too, in the face of the very small proportion which publications of this kind bear to the great novel list. Passing over the earlier vogue of Bret Harte and perhaps Doctor Hale, the names of Kipling, Conan Doyle, Richard Harding Davis, Mary E. Wilkins, Thomas Nelson Page, Joel Chandler Harris and Edith Wharton strike pretty hard, while of success in somewhat less spectacular degrees may be mentioned many like W. W. Jacobs, "Charles Egbert Craddock," Richard Malcolm Johnston and Eleanor Hoyt. Surely these are enough to show that a book of really good short stories or sketches has, in point of fact, a very fair chance of success. Were they ten times as many, however, I doubt our publisher would not continue to say, when confronted with such a book: "Short stories? Um—short stories don't sell."

I am even inclined to believe that the prejudice against poetry is not nearly so well founded as it might be. Good poetry has sold within the last fifty years as well as other literature, and the same poets continue to sell, which is more than can be said of many contemporarily successful novelists, while newer writers, like Stephen Phillips and Riley, none of them in the first class, manage to make their salt, as do several of the smaller men to a less degree.

Still a third prejudice fairly well distributed is a feeling that disagreeable novels are not good ventures. As to the question of principle involved in the publication of certain books, that is a fair proposition, but, beyond that, you can cite your *Ships That Pass in the Night*, your *Gadflys*, your *Sir Richard Calmodys* and a score more without once shaking some publisher's idea that, however unreasonable it may be, there are about as many of the public who like to be harrowed as there are who enjoy pleasant fiction. I recall a conversation I had once with a most able maker of books over one of my big finds—a novel I had read with chills running up and down my spine and felt like hurling through the window when it was finished. I had written my opinion accordingly, and my employer read it and asked:

"Is this one of those unpleasant books?"

"Yes," said I, "very unpleasant."

"One that the critics will say is morbid and should never have been written or printed?"

"Doubtless some of them will."

"Why should I print it then?"

"You have no option. It's a big book, a book of tremendous power. You may never get it started, but, if you ever sell five thousand, you'll sell one hundred thousand."

He read it himself rather grudgingly, and published it with results considerably beyond my prophecy, and I have often wondered how many of the firms I knew had turned it down did so because it was "disagreeable."

Turning from the prejudices to what we might call the fancies, we find sentiments that run in streaks in the publishing world, sentiment for and against novelettes, historical romance, b'gosh novels, dialect literature, etc. There will be periods of years when to ask a publisher to consider a story of less than forty thousand words is received like the suggestion of a general assignment. Then some venturesome man puts out a *Monsieur*

Beaucaire of about thirteen thousand or a *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch,* of about twenty-five, and lo! they all jump to the conclusion that the public is crying for that kind of book and proceed to inaugurate "series" of short novels, most of which fall flat, since the public is *not* crying for short novels because they're short, but for any book that hits them and fits its size. Naturally when publishers start short novel series as such, they publish many that do not deserve publication at any length, and the inevitable failure follows, whereupon they all scurry back to their pronunciamento, more confirmed than ever, until one or two more short "sellers" start a new deluge. A rather pertinent episode in the line of my contention occurred several years ago. One of our leading houses published a long short story in their magazine. If any one had wasted a moment's thought on the matter, it would have been evident that the story offered big possibilities in book form by itself, but its length, doubtless, prevented its being even thought of in that connection. Therefore it was comparatively wasted in the magazine, though it occasioned the widest interest there. Afterward the missed possibility dawned on the publisher and he put it out as a book, but it was too late then to accomplish much. The bloom was off the peach, which seems to count for pretty nearly everything in these days.

The same thing is true of historical romance, whether of the mediæval cut-and-thrust variety or the early American. Two or three good stories of the type are published:—an *Under the Red Robe* and a *To Have and to Hold*—or ones that the public thinks are good, like *Alice of Old Vincennes* or *When Knighthood was in Flower,* and, forthwith, a host of imitators — authors and publishers — spring up and flood the market with books the readers *don't* think good and won't have. Then the publishers all say: "The public is tired of historical romance," of whichever brand it may be, and shut down indiscriminately on its publication. The public is never tired of the romance it likes. It is only tired of a lot of feeble efforts written and published on the supposition that it yearns to be gorged with imitations of something it has liked and is always prepared to like again.

So again with the b'gosh novel. *David Harum* makes a hit, *Eben Holden* follows, and then the floodgates are let loose only to be shut down so tight that even a *David Harum* might fail to get through. The same is true of dialect. Back and forth swings the pendulum. One year they will publish anything of the kind, and a couple of years later the best will be peddled around well-nigh hopelessly.

As I have intimated, I do not think there is sound reason for any of these changes of sentiment, and if there lived a publisher who said: "I want a real poet; I want a readable collection of short stories with the true short story quality in them; I want a good novelette that happens to be a novelette because it tells itself naturally in that length; I want a stirring historical romance of any time and place—one that shows the place and peoples it with live people of the time; I want a novel of shrewd, humorous, kindly rural character; I want a typical dialect that wasn't written just to write dialect; I want a true business story of real business men, or an inside political novel; and I want any or all of these at any or all times equally—only I want the most effective of each;" that dream-publisher would, I am convinced, make more successes and fewer failures than any man publishing to-day. If you stop to think, it is the first who strikes that makes the biggest hit, and it is because the blow he struck was backed up by muscle and judgment; not because somebody happened just then to want to be hit in that particular place; rather, because he was not expecting to be hit at all. Therefore, if you must cultivate fancies let it be for things that others are not publishing. Print a bright, short novel when the rest are down on them; put out a good historical romance when the crowd insists the public has had enough.

There is one exception to the above principle that I take occasion to admit. When a popular craze—automobiling, for instance—happens to be on, it is natural that a book like *The Lightning Conductor* would attract more attention than

at another time, but then, after all, *The Lightning Conductor* was a very charming story outside the automobile, and lots of motor-car rubbish has failed since then.

I suppose I belong to the old school of literary observers, and, from that standpoint, it is interesting to view the new publishing houses — plucky, energetic young men striking out for themselves; and, so viewing, I find myself wondering a bit why most of them seem possessed by a peculiar insistence. Because they are "little," they seem to feel that all their efforts should be bent to the publishing of little things, from humorous calendars up through all the different grades of cleverness and charm, but hardly ever passing beyond the domain of "light literature." I know a firm who started that way a good many years ago and who have been trying very hard to get away from their reputation—an excellent one of its kind. Now they want to publish some solid books, because solid books are, after all, the best backbone for any house, but neither the jobbers nor the retailers nor the readers will take their imprint seriously.

If I were advising a newly-born firm, I would say: Make a point of beginning with two or three books of substantial value. Do not bar others or anything good of any decent kind, but have it clearly understood from the first that you are no mere purveyor of literary sweetmeats. Who knows but that, thus launched, you may some day even gain entrance to the rich pastures of the text-book field!

On the question whether or no literary merit be the touchstone of success, I would sum up the result of my experience as to the chances of "possible" manuscripts as follows:

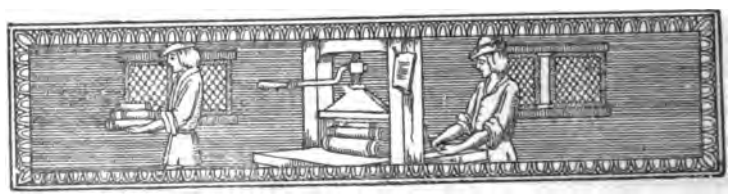
A book we call "big," whether on the score of power, human insight or literary value, does not always succeed, but its chances are immeasurably the best.

A book that is creditable and has some element that might commend it to a line of readers or to some popular sentiment must be considered carefully. Rejection is apt to turn over a big seller to rival hands.

A creditable book with no special claim is a gamble with the odds against it.

A book more or less badly written and put together, but with some special "features," is also a gamble, but its prospects are much better than they would have been a few years ago, because though readers of culture and taste have become more numerous, those of little or no taste and culture have increased in much greater proportion. The class that once read ten-cent fiction are now reading dollar-and-a-half novels—which seems a point against the claim that "the poor are growing poorer," and this public is peculiarly susceptible to heavy advertising. Its numbers and idiosyncrasies are responsible for most of the mediocre and poor work that has been forced to big sales.

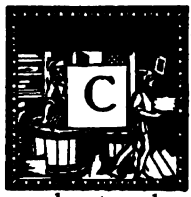
So much for how, in my experience and judgment, the situation stands. It comes to this: that while no one can predict certain success in any case, the fact remains that sound prediction is much more practicable than many who fail at it would have us believe, and that it is an undervalued and largely unpatronised art.



SIX BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

CHARLES LEVER*



HARLES LEVER was born just a hundred years ago: a fact which is wont to serve as excuse for commending very inferior names, for the moment, to the notice of a good-natured world. What if we have forgotten the fellow, he has a right to his Centenary. He once did something or other: let us say what comes to hand and dismiss him from our minds for another hundred years.

As it happens, Charles Lever is not a mere memory to be vanished on occasions by those literary persons commissioned to yearn periodically over the neglected dead. He is in hardly greater danger of oblivion than Smollett or Dumas. With Smollett, indeed, he shares first honours among English writers of picaresque narrative. A Clinker for a Lorrequer, there is little to choose between them, always barring the question of coarseness. The difference here is not due to mere change in public manners, but to a fastidiousness ingrained in the later novelist. He had, moreover, a reverence for womankind which is uncommon enough in any age. It is extraordinary that in the midst of his rollicking fun there should be always a place a little apart reserved for his women. In speaking of his hero Tony Butler, he says: "Hope he is worthy of Alice; but is he in this respect any worse than his neighbours? I don't believe any man was worth the woman that inspired a real passion, and he only became approximately so by dint of loving her. And so if T. B. ever does turn out a good fellow it is Alice that has done it, and not yours faithfully."

Tony Butler was at that time being created in monthly parts, according to the hand-to-mouth way of working in vogue during the early Victorian period. Lever asserted that it was the only way in which he could possibly work; he liked to speak of "dashing off a few chapters:" he was, in short, not free from the foible which made Congreve and Byron so jealous of their amateur standing. "Any good there is in me is for emergencies," he says to his publisher. "I can hit them, and am seldom unprepared for them. Whatever takes the tone of daily continuous work and looks like industry I totally fail at." All this has truth in it, but Lever was a most hard-working author; in consequence, no doubt, of the fact that his improvidence was always providing him with emergencies. He was a helpless spendthrift, but lacked that cheerful abandon which, in Harry Lorrequer, seemed to give a kind of solid merit to prodigality. Lever made a good deal of money for a good many years, and never ceased to regard with surprise as well as grief the moving spectacle of his impecuniosity. It is unlucky for the general impression of Lever derived from the present collection of letters that so many of them have to do mainly or wholly with his pecuniary difficulties. The note of lament over a situation that might have been prevented by a little common-sense grows in the end a little wearying. "If I had the choice given me I'd rather be forgotten by my creditors than remembered by my friends," he says, not altogether in jest, after twenty years of successful writing. Lever, like Scott and Thackeray, in the determination to live while he lived, made a great deal of petty trouble for himself.

Lever began life as a physician, and made no great hit of it; so that the success of *Harry Lorrequer* naturally led him into the business of writing. It is rather interesting to note, in these days when people so readily take the leap, how bold he feels himself to be in the adventure. Periodicals were few then, and the market for a casual writer was limited. However, thanks to the *Dublin University Magazine,* and later *Blackwood's,*

*Charles Lever: His Life in His Letters. By Edmund Downey: Edinburgh and London. William Blackwood and Son. 1906.

Lever was not slow in finding his public. Whatever he suffered thereafter was due to his improvidence and not to his indolence or lack of recognition. He had a very modest notion of the value of his works from a literary point of view. *Harry Lorrequer* is, he says, not a novel, but "a mass of incongruous adventure," to which, by introducing a central figure, he did not pretend to give any sort of consistency. The fact remains that Lorrequer is a most engaging hero, and quite real enough for heroic purposes. The writer's confession that Lorrequer was, in part, drawn after himself, may account for this. For there is plenty of evidence that Lever was one of the most delightful men of his time. What would one not give to have heard the first dinner conversation between him and Thackeray, "Thackeray assuming what he judged to be a style of conversation suitable to Lever, whilst the latter responded in the sarcastic and sceptical tone proper to an English tourist in Ireland." Thackeray had not then made his real mark, but was in Ireland collecting impressions for his *Irish Sketch-Book*. Its facetious character made its dedication to Lever a tribute of doubtful utility among a not altogether thick-skinned circle of Dublin acquaintances. Lever's own affectionate interpretation of the Irish character, with all its touches of broad satire, mainly endeared him to his victims; though a certain bitterness in his treatment of the priesthood aroused a protest which he acknowledged to be just.

A not too fanciful parallel might be drawn between Lever and Bret Harte. Each of them derived the material for his best work from early experience at home, and spent most of his life abroad. Lever seems to have made less a sinecure of his consulship than Harte did; and, with all his extravagance, to have been a more responsible person. He had a genius for domesticity as well as for good-fellowship. Nothing interfered with his devotion for his family, nor was he easy under any other breach of obligation. Worldly he was by his own free confession, a diner, a dancer, a keen loser at whist, undisguisedly in pursuit of all sorts of pleasure, and by no means affecting, like Thackeray, a contempt for society. How gravely he commends a contemporary because "none but a man hourly conversant with good society could give the tone he has given to salon life. It has the perfume of the drawing-room throughout it all, and if any one thinks that's an easy thing to do, let him try it—that's all." He is sincerely and justly pleased that certain authorities commend his own heroes for their good-breeding. Not being himself a snob, on the other hand, he has no eye for persons who may be supposed to belong to that category.

The later letters to John Blackwood are in a more genial vein. The financial cloud was, on the whole, less threatening, and Blackwood evidently a more sympathetic person than the earlier mentor, Alexander Spencer. There are many amusing touches of description and comment. "Every confounded thing," he says, "from a bug to a baritone, sings all day in Italy." And again, whimsically complaining of the July heat in Spezzia: "It is somewhat over 90 in what stands for shade; and what with the smell of oranges and the glow, I feel as if I were sitting in a pot of hot marmalade." On the whole, the brilliant passages in these letters are much fewer than would have been expected. They represent for the most part the less buoyant moods of a merry gentleman who was at his best among friends, as a host, wit, and *raconteur*. He never willingly grew up; it was always the life of youth, the life of a Lorrequer or an O'Malley, which, *mutatis mutandis*, he wished to enjoy. He once called on the Brownings, and charmed them, but could never be tempted to go to them again. "A most cordial, vivacious manner, a glowing countenance, with the animal spirits predominant over the intellect, yet the intellect by no means in default; you can't help being surprised into being pleased with him, whatever your previous inclination may be. Natural, too, and a *gentleman* past mistake." Later, Mrs. Browning accounts plaintively for his failure to come again, in spite of Browning's advances. "The fact is, he leads a different life from ours; he is in the ball-room and we in the cave." It is not to be supposed that Lever would have put it very differently. But it is

lucky that ball-rooms as well as caves occasionally give forth a sound. In a cave Lever would have been an owl, not an oracle; certainly not the brilliant entertainer of the ball-room and the mess.

H. W. Boynton.

II

Dr. James Schouler's "Americans of 1776."

The author of a standard history of the United States has here supplemented his larger canvases with what one might be tempted to call literary picture postals of colonial scenes. And yet that is not all. In describing our ancestors, from their dress and diet to their libraries and clubs, these chapters are more than mere snapshots of casual incidents. While, for example, the advertisements in the press of the period are utilised in "photographing primitive manners and customs," nevertheless the work as a whole is of more serious import. In fact, it is presented as an original study of life and manners, social, industrial and political, for the Revolutionary period, for which newspapers, magazines and pamphlets, old letters and diaries have been explored and the results of a personal investigation among hidden but trustworthy matter set forth. In a word, the writer has struck a happy medium between the "gadzooks" gossip of the historical novelist and the slow and ponderous utterances of the overdignified historian. Thus in the initial description of the Thirteen Colonies and their people, the stage is seen to be occupied not only by quality folk with their powder and patches, but also by bondsmen and redemptioners with their rags and tatters. And so, too, in picturing the state of these poor blacks and of the white temporary slaves of debt, the lights and shades are equally distributed. There is the dark anomaly of the sacred British soil polluted by a system of bondage; with it go certain lighter touches in the system, such as the care taken of slaves in Christian families, and even the fun and humour to be found in the advertisements for rascally runaways. This judicious balance in the historical *chiaroscuro* is further exemplified in two contiguous chapters, the one on Crimes and Disorders, the other on Births, Marriages and Deaths. The former reads like a Chicago paper the morning after the glorious Fourth, the latter like a sermonette from the White House. Such reading leads to a reversal of judgment. For the believer in the good old times, the gentlemanly highwayman turns out to be the vulgar footpad; for the advocate of race-suicide the founder of an exclusive family turns out to be the father of as many children as there were original States in the Union. In this matter of births and marriages one might recommend to the D. A. R. the erection of a statue to the memory of Mrs. Hallelujah Olney, of Providence, that estimable widow lady who introduced into existence upwards of three thousand children; and in the matter of deaths one might urge the Prohibitionists to put as a plank in their platform the colonial custom of serving punch and hot wine at funerals.

To this belief in the good old times the present work gives many hard knocks. The fallacy of retrospection is given a pair of black eyes in the next two chapters on Houses and Homes and the Casualties of Life. On the comforts and refinements of colonial homes there is about as much to say as on the pet snakes of St. Patrick. Those were the happy days when Bostonians opposed lightning rods on the score of religion; when Philadelphians drank from the germ-laden bucket that hung in the well; and when two old maiden sisters were accidentally burned to death from smoking their pipes after they got into bed. Although the Americans of 1776 lacked most of the comforts and conveniences of life, they escaped many of the vulgarities of modern luxury. Breaking into society was a hard job in those days. At the sign of the Pewter Plate or Old Grog one could enjoy mixed drinks without mixed company. While the gentry met in the Apollo room, the minor deities held their revels in the common kitchen. And so in the higher recreations and amusements of

*Americans of 1776. By James Schouler. New York: Dodd, Mead and Co. 1906. Pp. XII+317.

communities founded on the British model, it was natural that social lines should be carefully drawn, that mechanics and tradespeople should be excluded from the select dancing assembly, and that the concert and lecture should be confined to "very polite company." Adding to this snobbishness in culture a decided narrowness in religion, it was inevitable that the fine arts should not greatly flourish in the colonies. While in music there was a certain catholicity of taste, a Bach symphony being rendered in Boston along with a new hunting song as early as 1771, yet in painting the baldness of Protestantism kept colonials out of sympathy with the great masters of continental Europe; while as for the stage, play-acting was long considered "the highroad to hell." But it was in literature that the lighter mental range was especially neglected. The "best sellers" of that age were Edwards's Sermons and Watts's Hymns. And what was not serious was rather stupid. However, this was not the fault of the people, but of the times. The high imaginings of the Elisabethan writers were now succeeded by the practicalities of the Georgian. British subjects on both sides of the water seemed to prefer the versified prose of Pope to the woodland notes of Shakespeare, and the echoes of the poet's poet had well nigh died out.

The polite literature of the colonial era was on the whole dull and uninteresting; it was not so with the impolite. The colonial press was quite up to date. Yellow journalism was not yet epidemic. The details of how people dressed or looked, or what they ate and drank, were only to be inferred from the advertising columns; but spicy pamphlets on topics of the town were to be bought, and the jobbing of popular books in veritable department stores was actually to be found. If the lower literature was strangely modern, so was the higher learning. In an extremely interesting account of the colonial colleges it is shown how culture was made to hum in the most approved modern fashion. Harvard flourished not by grants from the Crown, but by well advertised gifts of faithful graduates; William and Mary was sustained not by standard oil or tainted steel, but by the antiseptic weed of Virginia; Princeton in its most distinguished head, who was forced to neglect his scholarship for the sake of begging money, fulfilled the twentieth century ideal of a college president as a combination of a phonograph and a cash register. But to show how modern were the ancient institutions is but sorry praise. Harvard indeed started the fashion of bestowing the LL.D. upon those who were not men of letters, but its first degree of this kind was not granted to a captain of industry, but to General Washington. Yet when Yale had the largest enrollment its students were thought lacking in good manners; and when the institution at Philadelphia tried coeducation it had the position of an academy and not of a university.

In the concluding chapters on Religious Influences, Libraries and Clubs and Provincial Politics there is nothing especially new or startling; but in treating of Industrial Pursuits the author has given some forgotten facts which might disturb the pretensions of our older social sets and would fairly jar the roots of our mushroom aristocracy. It is true that the author neglects to show that Americans of Royal Descent, in being almost exclusively multimillionaires, give proof of the original business ability of kings, but he does bring up the fact that the first Americans presented at Court were four Indian warriors and three squaws, and that if those good old days were revived social distinctions would be fostered by the demarcation of wholesale and retail, when—to use the language of Douglas Jerrold—tallow in the cask would look down upon sixes to the pound, and pig iron turn up its nose at ten-penny nails.

Woodbridge Riley.

III

Mary Tappan Wright's "The Tower."*

It is a common observation regarding novels which deal with ordinary, commonplace characters, that dulness is a

*The Tower. By Mary Tappan Wright. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

final and convincing proof of a successful realism. Such a test undoubtedly has been and will be applied to *The Tower*, to the triumphant vindication of Mrs. Wright's "method" on the part of her friends, to the damning of all realistic novels on the part of fervid Corellians and their ilk. Those who find in the fact their strongest reason for admiring the book may point out that the author has courted the mild impeachment. She has deliberately chosen to treat in fiction the every-day doings of a little circle of professors and professors' wives and children and hangers-on in a small college; and what, to the uninitiated, is less alluring and entertaining than the academic life? Even those who have been of it sometimes fail to discern the romantic tinge that is supposed to overlie our college days. I have known collegians, newly escaped into a more bustling and variegated world, to look back on their student life as a horrible period of sleepy inaction, and condescendingly pity those mournful, half-fossilised remnants of humanity, their professors and instructors. Even the old graduate, whose eyes dim at the mention of Alma Mater, is prone to look back on his undergraduate self through spectacles coated with rose-coloured film. Actual reversion to the life he pictures to himself so lovingly would bore him to death.

With a public, then, so largely composed of non-collegians who never could understand, and recreant collegians who don't wish to understand, it may seem that Mrs. Wright is heavily handicapped in her search for an audience. Nevertheless, other novelists have overcome bigger disadvantages—for the truth is that the particular kind of life that a novel deals with has little to do with making it readable or unreadable. That quality depends more on the author than the subject; it is the dull writer that makes the dull book. The legitimate demand of every reader that a novel shall first of all be readable places on the author no restrictions as to material or method. Most of us who read novels are, so far as mere subject matter is concerned, omnivorous. Booth Tarkington's studies of a back-country Indiana town and Mrs. Wharton's stories of the Smarter New York find very much the same readers; the admirers of Henry James are—or were—the admirers of Joseph Conrad. There's more in the author than we sometimes stop to realise.

Actually, then, the test of realism which I have mentioned as having been applied to *The Tower* is fallacious. It is nearer the truth to say that if the book is wholly dull, it is wholly bad. Fortunately such is not the case, for its virtues are no less certain, if somewhat less conspicuous, than its faults. Mrs. Wright is to be commended for having chosen to display her characters in an environment comparatively fresh in fiction, an environment, too, with which she is thoroughly familiar. There is scarcely a page in the book that does not bear evidence of first-hand observation and a determination to remain within the boundaries of truth. The rambling narrative that occupies three-quarters of *The Tower* is made up of the kind of incidents, mostly trivial and inconsequential, that might have happened in "our" college—though it must be confessed that in "our" college football was not played in the spring, nor did ladies address an instructor by his unadorned final name. These, however, are trifling differences. The characters in Mrs. Wright's story are replicas of those we knew in "our" college: the pompous, domineering, kind-hearted president, devoted Professor Maxwell, and disappointed Miss Langdon—who might, I fear, have incurred the opprobrious designation of "the widow" in "our" college. Everyone who has "been through" college, if only by entering one door and passing out of another, will recognise these people as the right kind to figure in a college story. Even those benighted ones who have never so much as attended a commencement baseball game will recognise their appropriateness.

Yet a suspicion that something must be wrong is aroused by the fact that so large a portion of the book, so many of Mrs. Wright's admirably polished sentences, so much of her really clever dialogue, can be read with indifference. The final cumulative effect of her care for details, her nice regard for plausibilities, ought to be an overwhelming effect of essential truthfulness. The final effect is actually

nothing of the sort; it is mere indifference, or at best only the mildest curiosity to know how the love-story turns out. Not once, up to the last few chapters, do these figures take hold of your interest; not once do you think of them, in spite of the author's anxious pains to set them fully before you, as real men and women. There is no creation of character here, but only elaborate, detailed description. You do not live with these people and know them; you only know about them. The description is full and accurate, but why should that interest you when you have never seen the people and have no intimate concern with their lives? A page or two of the book, taken at random, may seem very admirable writing, as it indeed is. In cross-section it will stand microscopic examination; a longitudinal section is required to lay bare structural defects. Read the dialogue straight through and you will find all the characters using the same polished, elegant speech, all in turn saying clever things and expressing the same elevated sentiments. They are all kept well in hand by the author; not one of them ever kicks over the traces and lashes out with an unexpected word.

Until the last six chapters. Then, in the most natural way in the world, Mrs. Wright suddenly precipitates her principal characters into a complication that forces them, so to speak, to declare themselves. They become individuals, each with his own view of life, his own way of attacking its problems. There is constructive skill in these final pages; not elsewhere in the book does the artist in the author appear to such advantage. Whether the outcome is wholly logical—logical, that is, in the novelist's sense—is difficult to determine; the material for a judgment is slender, with nearly nine-tenths of the book wasted. The decision is, however, of small concern: what is important is that in these final pages Mrs. Wright has cleared herself of the charge of being incapable of creating real human beings.

Edward Clark Marsh.

IV

"Frank Danby's" "The Sphinx's Lawyer."*

Mrs. Frankau's somewhat startling preface ("Because you hate and loathe my book, I dedicate it to you") prepares the reader for a candid analysis of a career which the world at large has decided to treat with reserve.

Rather an alarming programme to those of us who fail to discover anything particularly "Christlike" in the author of *De Profundis,* and in whose opinion no appreciation of his ability can make Reading Gaol seem other than a tragic but fitting end.

It is a relief to find at once that Mrs. Frankau's story does not begin till "Algernon Heseltine" had been some time in his grave; and that not only is her pleading for him more emotional than logical, but that she shortly takes up the thread of her own novel with vigour, and his active influence, never very convincing, grows more and more shadowy as her hold upon the matter in hand strengthens.

Errington Welch-Kennard, the lawyer, is apparently the high priest of a band of admirers who revolve about the "sofa-bed" of Sybil Algernon Heseltine, for the avowed purpose of keeping alive the dead man's notorious memory. At much damage to his reputation, the hero has stood by her and her husband through their worst days and now consoles the widow with a genuine friendship which the pair are content to let the world misunderstand. Sybil's revenge upon fate is to draw young men under the blighting influence of her husband's life and work, but having a real affection for the Lawyer, she bestirs herself to find him a wife, judging that at forty, after an unsavoury career which has exhausted his resources, nothing else can secure him safety and happiness. Now all of this might easily have been quite unbearable, either treated as pitilessly as Mr. James would have done, if he ever faced such a situation, or with the "courage" of Mrs. Frankau's earlier novels. As a fact, except when Sybil jokes about a favoured

*The Sphinx's Lawyer. By "Frank Danby." New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

lover, one "Apollo," who turns out to be her morphia syringe, the author shows a great gain in restraint. Whereas "Baccarat" and "Pigs in Clover" contained passages most trying to the nerves, in this book she slides over thin ice with considerable skill. Where character is to be deeply analysed, she is not at her best. Sybil, the Sphinx, Welch-Kennard and his invincibly innocent wife, Elsa and her husband are all seen from the outside. They are seen vigorously, with definiteness of outline and colour, but without the penetration and infinite pains with which morbid French novelists study and dissect their subjects. But on the other hand, Mrs. Frankau is less mechanical than the average Frenchman. If her people themselves hardly live, abundance of vitality finds its way into her story. Her manner is often hasty, her theories quite unconvincing, but she has movement, imagination in conceiving a situation, and capacity to animate a large canvas. There is a rough and ready power in the mere number of characters which she controls, and once you have taken the plunge into her world, you grow positively grateful to her for sparing you so much detail. And whether it be agreeable or no, the note which she strikes is her own.

With an inclination to write like Mr. Hichens, she has far more the temperament of the early Ouida. She betrays the same inclination towards amazingly sudden gentlemen and remarkably defenceless ladies (could the Lawyer possibly have kissed Mrs. Darcy at the beginning of that first visit?), and a tendency to break out into the French tongue rivalled only by Guy Livingston. She is less romantic than Ouida, belonging to a less romantic period: she is more philosophic. Her doctrine of pity is, of course, based upon the sentimental side of ultra-modern criminology. Her hero's final reversion to the pure joys of domesticity is entirely in accord with up-to-date rational paganism. The morals are really so mixed that *The Sphinx's Lawyer* is hardly meat for the young and unformed, since a belief that experience of all kinds teaches advantageously is only safe at the age when active personal experience begins to give way to reminiscence.

Throughout she is hampered by her text. The defence of Oscar Wilde is too direct for art. A hint, a suggestion would be enough. The constant and often irrelevant reference to him ends by rousing an antagonistic desire rather to put a few more of his ilk in jail than to adorn his memory. The secondary motif, Du Gore's relation with his wife, is also confused; and what intrinsic gain to morality is there in the sorry spectacle of that re-united couple? To judge this story from a moral, not a literary angle, is not only fair, but necessary, since the preface invites it. The literary quality moreover may be dismissed in a few words. The conversations are unreal, stilted, and except in cases of dialect, lacking in characterisation. The narrative is clear, capable and without distinction.

That the ethical aspect should provoke discussion, disagreement even, at least proves one point. The book is good enough to provoke interest. For the robust, *The Sphinx's Lawyer* is not insipid reading; and granted her chosen milieu, Mrs. Frankau does not needlessly offend the timid!

Mary Moss.

V

Mrs. Wright's "The Garden, You and I."*

Although outdoor literature has come to be somewhat of a drug in the market, yet a book from Mrs. Wright's pen is always welcome, for her really reliable information about gardens is sure to be interwoven with the thread of a story which, however slight, has both interest and charm.

The Garden, You and I is the latest contribution of The Commuter's Wife to that class of literature of which Miss Kate Sanborn's *Abandoned Farm* was one of the pioneers, and which has kindled in thousands of hitherto contented city dwellers a keen desire to own a small place in the country. Those of our old friends whom we find in this

*The Garden, You and I. By the author of The Garden of a Commuter's Wife. New York: The Macmillan Company.

book are Barbara and her husband, the Cortrights and one or two others, while the newer members of the gardening fraternity are Mr. and Mrs. Penrose, Maria Maxwell, and The Man from Everywhere. The story is in the form of letters that pass between Barbara and Mrs. Penrose, containing wise counsel to the latter as to the planting of her garden and particularly as to the proper arrangement of trees and shrubs designed to cover a bare knoll. This gives the author a chance for a few elementary hints on the subject of landscape gardening as distinguished from the cultivation of flowers, the placing of small trees, the value of evergreens as windbreaks and their great beauty when used as a background for other foliage. In fact, *The Garden, You and I* contains more garden lore and less story than the author's other books and deals as much with trees as with flowers.

Throughout the book are many excellent suggestions upon subjects connected with gardening. The author condemns "the awful rockery of the flat garden" and alludes with the pity born of knowledge to "the fatal magnetism of *Hens* that has run epidemic up and down the population of commuting householders, bringing financial prostration to some and the purely nervous article to others." Grading she calls "an expensive and obliterative process . . . , a trap for newly-fledged landowners," a sentiment which will meet with the cordial concurrence of those who have incautiously allowed themselves to be inveigled into such so-called improvements, and every lover of country roads will agree most heartily with her remarks on the destruction of the ferns "mown down by the ruthless scythe of the farmer every autumn when he shows his greatest agricultural energy by stripping the waysides of their beauty prior to the coming of the roadmender with his awful 'turnpiking' process."

There are also some useful hints on the arrangement of flowers for the house. The author coming to the conclusion that there is such a thing as too many being used at once, contents herself with one vase in each room, consulting the aspect and furniture of each with most satisfactory results. Nasturtiums for the north room, delicately-tinted poppies in the chintz-covered living-room, a tall jar of lilies in the hall and, most charming of all, a silver tankard of cornflowers in the oak-and-blue library, give the reader an idea of the beauty of individual arrangement of flowers. Mrs. Wright emphasises in this connection the importance of white blossoms in floral decoration, considering "white in the flower kingdom what the diamond is in the mineral world, necessary as a setting for all other colours as well as for its own intrinsic worth."

One of the illustrations in the book is called "A Terrible Example," and serves to show how little escapes the author's observation when the beauty of a garden is in question. The picture represents a bed of tall flowers, mostly lilies, the beauty of which is almost ruined by the prominence of the stakes to which the stalks are tied. Mrs. Wright admits the necessity of supports, but shows how they may be kept in the background. One chapter is devoted to a seaside garden, with a coloured illustration of a flower bed among the rocks, and there is a list of flowers for the hardy seed bed, one of useful annuals, and one of good flower combinations for table decoration.

We have never been told exactly where the Garden of The Commuter's Wife is situated, but it may not be amiss to place it in the neighbourhood of Ridgefield, Connecticut. Wherever it may be, we wish Barbara continued success in its cultivation and only stipulate that she shall keep us informed as to the process.

Mary K. Ford.

VI

In the House of Her Friends.*

"It is a small college, but there are those that love it," has become a classic utterance in American letters. We do not, however, recollect any adequate embodiment of the motive, surely a noteworthy one in American life, in the fiction of the day. English college life exists in everyone's mind in the persons of Tom Brown,

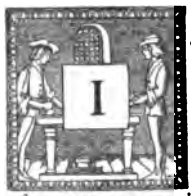
*New York: Robert Grier Cooke, incorporated.

Arthur Pendennis and Verdant Green, not to mention other figures, but we have no representative figure to typify a phase of American life that was once of immense importance and that seems now, at least in the form we have known it, to be passing away. "In the House of her Friends" does not give us any such figure: it does, however, give us a singularly intimate view of what we think must be a unique element in American college life. It presents the life of the small college from the standpoint, not of the student, nor of the professor, nor of the graduate, nor of the outsider, but of the Faculty family that has lived all its days on the college campus. It must be a strange world in which such people live, a world of certain habits and traditions and understandings, which are constantly embodied by an ever-changing course of individuality. The college itself attains a personality of its own to which professor, students, graduates, everyone can but minister. An unreal life, one may say, perhaps even a sort of dream life, in which there is no real basis for valuation or even comprehension of anything. And something of such unreality has come into the picture drawn by this anonymous artist. The actual course of events exists for her (it cannot be a he) only as a great outside whence people return to the old walls that have become the ramparts of the world. And thus her picture takes on a certain haze like the delicate tone of a silver point or a pastel. There are no strongly drawn characters: it is merely suggested that there are men and women, boys and girls. Even strong passions seem to diffuse themselves in a general sea of recollections, and traditions, and sentiment, and we wake almost with a start to find that anyone is pierced by keen feeling. One such awakening there is in the book, and a most effective one, the chief point of the writer, supplying motive and name to the story. It gives true and poignant feeling, but the critic cannot help wondering that any of the figures of this Botticellian exquisiteness should come to life. Indeed it is but for a moment: the effort is perhaps too great to sustain and the story relapses into the charm of old college quadrangles and gardens, old college professors and their charming granddaughters, old college gossip and history, old college observances and customs hardly vitalised by eager youth, strangely proud to lose itself in these simulacra of the past. Does such a place exist in America still? We take it the picture is drawn of the early eighties of the last century, and advise the student of culture to interest himself in this singular sidelight on one of the forces that made America. The lover of literature, too, will find pleasure in this leisurely writing, so different from much of our day, writing that gives one time to pause here and there in the quiet of a high-walled college garden, to smile at the old-fashioned flowers and recognise a delicate beauty and even a certain vitality in this constant creation of an atmosphere unknown either to the open windy upland, or to the lawn of some great and splendid estate.

Edward E. Hale, Jr.



RICHARD STRAUSS: REVOLUTIONIST



IN music the unusual is ever king. And in probably no other art are the possibilities of a formula exhausted so quickly and so completely. Generation after generation of composers tinkered the form of the symphony and the sonata until there arrived that heaven-sent genius Beethoven who filled these frames with music so tremendous and skilful that he left work on these lines only for imitators. Even Brahms, his symphonic successor, while writing four masterly symphonies, simply reiterated what Beethoven had emphasised.

Wagner cleverly realised the futility of traipsing in where angels had rushed before him, so he turned his thoughts to matters other than the symphony. He equalled Beethoven's feat, and since his day no new touches have been added to the music drama. Now one of Wagner's contemporaries—and incidentally his best friend—Franz Liszt, strove to be taken seriously as a composer. He was a man of infinitely greater learning than the average musician and he searched the horizon for a new avenue of escape from conventionality. How thoroughly he had studied the scores of Beethoven's symphonies is proved by the magnificent piano transcriptions he left of these marvellous works; and this intimacy must have convinced him that there was no room for Liszt as a symphonic composer.

So Liszt invented a new form—or to be exact, he invented a logical formlessness in music. He chose as subjects for his compositions mythic and poetic tales; and he allowed each subject to dictate its own musical outlines. With music convention this method had absolutely nothing in common, and the purists raised their hands to high heaven in horror. No amount of propaganda served to popularise this music. To-day it is almost too late for such warfare, because some of this music has grown hopelessly outmoded and none of it awes us any more by its daring. It may be that Liszt lost faith in his own bravery, or it is possible that his limitations as a composer defined his course. At all events he left the form of "Symphonic Poems"—as he christened them—open to successors.

It is obvious that this form is capable of much greater extension than any of the conventional ones, simply because each subject demands its own outlines, and it would follow that here there are as many forms as there are subjects. But it requires a stout heart and a steady mind to fling the gauntlet of defiance into the face of conventionality; especially as all great musicians are reared on the severest classics. So the generation of composers succeeding Liszt remembered his fate and with the exception of sporadic experiments they left this freedom of composition religiously alone. It remained for Richard Strauss to prove to a gaping world that Liszt was sound in his strivings; at the same time he is demonstrating that Liszt was merely a child at composition.

Richard Strauss, like most of the great composers, comes out of Germany and from a musical family. The details of his early education are scarcely interesting; suffice it to say that they were along the lines of rigid classicism. He himself piles praise upon his teacher, Alexander Ritter, who called him "a musician of the future"; but to Hans von Bülow belongs a great share of the responsibility of moulding this youth. Von Bülow was as quick to appreciate talent as he was to ridicule virtue, and after putting young Strauss to some severe tests began to educate him as a conductor.

This is all incidental. Richard Strauss, composer of those stupendous "Tone Poems," is musically a self-made man. Awake in him are the ideas of a score of men, but when they come to expression they are branded with the unmistakable individuality of Richard Strauss. From Liszt he took the suggestion of

freedom of form, but in it he has dared to lengths of which Liszt fondly dreamed but at which his courage balked. With Strauss conventionality plays no threadbare rôle, and he follows the dictates of the subject in hand; he forces music to express his ideas, he coerces it to the logic of words: the beautiful is employed only when it is logically fit—otherwise the ugly is of equal importance.

This brings us to the point out of which Strauss's detractors have made capital—the ugliness of his music. Exactly what is beautiful and what is ugly is a debatable subject in most instances, especially in music. A single turn of the memory and we are reminded that Wagner's music was declared hideous; and that not so many years ago. Naturally such aged men as Hanslick cannot at this late day recant all they have written against Wagner, cannot recall all the spleen they have wasted on the controversy; so they must remain antagonistic in sheer consistency. But no younger man with ears open would dream of repeating the charge of ugliness against Wagner's music. What, then, has happened since those stormy Bayreuth days of 1876? Has Wagner's music grown more beautiful with age? Not at all. The scores remain unchanged save where details are omitted for practicable purposes of performance. Then have our ears changed? Hardly; nature has put no finishing touches to our hearing to oblige Wagner. The whole matter is simply explained by the fact that now we hear a great deal of this music; hearing much of Wagner's music tends to create a desire and a love for it. After this the rest is easy: we grow to know it and to understand it. Many of the intricate difficulties straighten themselves out of their own accord, others we begin to take for granted as characteristic of the composer. So the musical difficulties disappear and the ear—identical in construction with the one that rejected Wagner so bitterly—finds these combinations of sounds simple to understand and easy to appreciate.

But mankind never learns by the experience of a past generation in matters musical. In a word, its Wagner war does not help it to an understanding of Strauss; and many of the charges of abuse that were made against Wagner now find themselves called to do duty anew against Strauss. Wagner employed the most complex orchestra of his day, but Strauss has found even these means inadequate to express his musical emotions. Hence the charge of extravagance —which is always a serious one in art— and a plea that he return to the "simplicity" of Wagner.

Strauss heeds none of these admonitions. He stalks on, a man of firm resolve and firmer convictions. If his method is one of madness it is as surely the madness of genius; but the course he has chosen worries and angers the doubting ones, who protest that this madman is leading music into a swamp of noxious incomprehensibility—all of which is not true.

What has Strauss really done that he should bring down upon his thinking head the scourge of the Philistines? He has chosen strange and unusual subjects for his Tone Poems—some of them are even unpleasant ones. Now, if in art a creator has not the right to choose whatever subject appeals to him, irrespective of the fickle taste of his auditors, then the boundaries of art must be narrow indeed. If by any chance a composer has chosen a subject that is built upon a disagreeable episode—no matter how near life it may be—then the Philistine blushes with rage and declares that such topics have no right to be translated into music. He forgets in his virtuous zeal that *Tristan und Isolde* is far from being a pleasant subject, that the incest of *Siegmund* and *Sieglinde* cannot by any possibility be explained to the innocent. But that belongs to Wagner and Wagner has been accepted, vice of plot and all; hence the younger composer, fighting for recognition, inherits this among other objections.

But this cavilling probably worries Strauss very little. He has gone defiantly on picking his subjects with never a care for the delight or horror of the audience. The very obstinacy of the man commands respect.

To one at all in sympathy with Strauss and his unconventional ways the chosen subjects are not notoriously appalling. There is, for instance, Cervantes's mas-

ter writing *Don Quixote,* that tale fantastic in which all life's philosophy is mirrored. Strauss has taken a knightly theme and has contorted it into a set of variations each of which is a musical picture of some sad or mad escapade indulged in by the half-crazed Don. Such a task is declared to be without the limits of music. But he who would dare to outline these limits with such exactness has set about to do the unreasonable and the impossible.

The charge of morbidness is hurled against the theme of "Death and Transfiguration." True, the tonal representation of a fever-crazed patient reviewing life in his delirium with the final death is not a nursery topic. The argument is combated by the fact that Strauss also did not write nursery music to this plot. It is a serious and moreover a marvellous bit of writing built to engage the mind of the serious, imaginative man; and its place on the concert programme is as defensible as is that of *Isolde's Liebestod.* Both works are encompassed only by the high arc of fleet imagination.

"Also Sprach Zarathustra," freely conceived after the philosophy of Nietzsche, sent the Strauss barb hard into the soul of the Philistine. "What!" cried he aghast, "use music to express philosophy!" And the composer's answer to his critic is to be read in this Tone Poem itself. It stands as a huge composition, colossal in structure; none but a giant brain could have been delivered of such a child. The philosophy of Nietzsche has stirred the genius to musical utterance, several episodes in Zarathustra's wanderings having been made into chapters of this composition. It would be idiotic to declare that the whole of Nietzsche's destructive philosophy can be read in this music—Strauss last of all could have intended such a thing—but at least we have here the struggles of a questioning one trying to solve the riddle of existence. Strange and previously unheard devices are employed to bring this about, and there is room for the sneers of the one whose ear will not hear, whose imagination will not vault. But to that ear almost all modern music is really foreign.

Then there is Tyll Owlglass, that cracked intellect whose main sport was deriding the conventional. Strauss makes him prance in tone and behave outrageously. It gives him an opportunity to heap a circle of brilliant colours on his palette which he then discharges at his huge canvas with unerring aim; the result is a sparkling Rondo, humourous and clever.

Strauss also has woven the amative adventures of Don Juan into a tonal fabric, probably chosen because of the many opportunities for colour moods the story of the philandering noble offers. It is needless to assert that the various hues of orchestral colour cross and recross with amazing skill; and the pattern swims suggestively in the loom.

The charge of monumental and impudent conceit is also made against Strauss for his most ambitious of great compositions, "A Hero's Life." There can be no doubt that Strauss meant himself to be the hero of this Tone Poem, for he quotes fragments of his other works in this one. It is the episode of a brave man fighting life and his critics, the latter being comically pictured; he meets with the woman of his choice, forsakes her for the duties of war, and eventually finds peace in the happiness reflected by his own works of hand and brain. In this Tone Poem all previous limits of music are disregarded. Overpowering cacophony limns the brutal noise of war—and the anti-Straussites flee the hall. They assure you that this sort of thing ceases to be music, which argument they cannot substantiate since no one dare define the limits of music. Battle scenes have been represented in music before, many times; but Strauss calls a musical spade a spade and looses his immense orchestra in the effort to represent the din of carnage. He succeeds—that is indubitable. That he offends sensitive and narrow ears is neither here nor there: great art spares not the sensibilities. And the unpardonable conceit in quoting himself is easily condoned by the determined manner in which these incidents are employed. Never for an instant does one feel that anything else might have served the composer's purpose at that point—and decidedly does it fit into the logical scheme of the composition.

In the works of smaller form, the songs, Strauss has written some masterpieces. The music in these is so consistent with the text that it suggests an absorption of the text with a tonal translation of it rather than simply a musical setting of the words. Form there is none in many cases. The melodic curve is tantalisingly accurate with the verbal one, and the climax is planned at the big textual moment, irrespective of the ordinary balance striven for by the average composer. It frequently puzzles the ear to know how possibly he is going to conclude the music logically: he seems to have exhausted almost the entire text in establishing his musical thesis—suddenly he leads the ear out of this maze by means of some unsuspected passage, and does it convincingly, too. And the hearer gasps in admiration.

The public's attitude toward this composer is principally one of suspicion; but that in music means nothing: every great man has been ahead of his time. In fact it is a sign of progressive times that Strauss is coming into his own so rapidly and during lifetime—an honour denied most important composers. In Germany he is unquestionably the musical lion and the musically educated public cries: "Let him roar again." Here his compositions have been heard rather often, but discussed more frequently, and discussion in such a case leads nowhere unless it induces the public to go and hear these compositions, not at first with an idea of being pleased, but rather with a desire to comprehend them. Strauss appeals to the heart by way of the brain—and that is the way of temperate musical sanity.

That Richard Strauss has hoisted his banner of defiance, has declared tonal war on the conventional, paying no attention to warnings continues to hew a new path through the tangle of dried conventionalities, that stamps him a musical rebel. His earnestness is unmistakable, and the mastery over his technic is astounding. For intricate workmanship his compositions have not their equal. He commonly disregards accepted formulæ of orchestration and makes violent appeal to the brain and ear of to-day. Whether his course leads him to perdition or immortality, he at least has given music a modern impetus —the first it has had since Wagner.

The gloomy cry that Strauss is dragging music into a morass need not be heeded. It is not within the power of one man to make or to wreck an art. No matter how much he may influence it for a time, if the future proves that his efforts were inartistic then art returns to former and accepted standards and its evolution continues from those points. If Strauss is on the right path, then he is doing music an inestimable service; if he is in the wrong, he eventually can do music no harm, for then this whole episode will be regarded simply as an experiment of the times. Music itself will remain untainted.

For the present at least it is not possible to wave aside this man with arguments; just as impossible is it to still his music with cries of dislike. Strauss is the musical issue of the day—and he is yet a young man. His later compositions all are thumb-marked with the stamp of genius. He has classical tradition behind him and a future before him. He appears to be disregarding the former in favour of the latter's possibilities. Crumbs of censure and of praise fall to him from the banquet of criticism —he continues undaunted by the one, unencouraged by the other. The obstinate soul of genius is within him, and his eye and ear are firmly, madly fixed on a goal. His path is strewn with the wreckage of conventionality: Richard Strauss is a revolutionist. *Edward Ziegler.*

THE HAPPY ENDING AND SOME RECENT NOVELS



A FAVORITE working theory with the average publisher, and one which rests upon a firmer basis of experience than most working theories, is that, other things being equal, the novel with a happy ending is the profitable novel, and the novel that ends unhappily is not. And if we accept the popular conception that the first requisite of good fiction is to entertain, then the theory is logical enough; for who is there who does not look back with kindly feelings upon an entertainer who at the moment of parting has the art of dismissing us in a hopeful and buoyant spirit? Accordingly a popular preference for novels with a happy ending is not only a natural and healthful preference, but one which does not necessarily conflict in any way with sound artistic principles. So long as joy and sorrow exist side by side in this world, the maker of fiction, whether realist or idealist, may make either of these elements predominate in his book, and still remain true to his creed. And yet, theorise as we will, we are confronted by the plain, obvious, undeniable fact that among the world's masterpieces of fiction, ancient and modern, in prose and in poetry, in epic verse and classic drama, troubadour lay and present-day novel, tragedy largely predominates over comedy—the story with the unhappy ending is the story which the world remembers and preserves.

It was William Black who, shortly before his death, pointed out the curious fact that even the readers who most strongly reproached him for writing gloomy stories were more deeply and lastingly impressed by a sad ending than by a happy one. It had become a common experience with him, he said, to receive letters begging him to write more cheerfully and inveighing against his persistent and morbid gloom. As a matter of fact, out of the several dozen stories which he produced, in the course of a long and methodical career, those with a sad ending could almost be counted on the fingers of one hand. One recalls at once *Madcap Violet, A Daughter of Heth, Macleod of Dare,* and there were probably others. But these were the books that the public remembered and reproached him for, while they forgot the score or more of stories with so-called "happy endings."

So-called happy endings! There is a phrase which contains a clue to the puzzling fact that the novel which ends happily is apt to be eyed askance by the discerning critics and to be speedily forgotten by the very public which clamours for it. It is easy to say, in theory, that joy makes as good a climax as sorrow, that it is as good art to paint sunshine as to paint shadow. The trouble is, that the average conventional final chapter does not properly constitute a happy ending, because it does not contain either true happiness or logical ending. Of course, there is no such thing as an absolute beginning or end to any human story, nor can the modern sophisticated story-teller even pretend to believe there is. He can no longer begin his story in the air, as it were, with a vague Once-upon-a-time, nor conclude, with the easy optimism of childhood, that They Lived Happily Ever After. He knows that every human act is the consequence of an infinite number of earlier acts, reaching backward through the centuries, and in its turn begets a series of consequences that stretch down through the coming years, far beyond the point at which he arbitrarily chooses to write *finis.* The most he can hope to do is to begin his novel at a point where the majority of readers will agree that the vital interest begins, a point behind which all that has been said and done is mere background and stage setting; and to end his novel at a point which has a certain semblance of finality, a point at which you may leave it with the comfortable assurance that there will be no radical change in the situation for a

year or so, at least. But this is precisely what the average Happy Ending fails to do. Take the typical novel of the lighter sort, in which a young man and a young woman quarrel and sulk and persistently misunderstand each other throughout twenty chapters only to become reconciled and firmly plight their troth in the twenty-first. Only the optimism of early youth finds either happiness or finality in such an ending. The probability is that within six months the man and the girl are either rejoicing in a broken engagement or making preparations for a divorce. Or, again, take a more serious class of novels, based on a situation more common in French fiction than in our own, the ill-assorted marriage, husband and wife hopelessly incompatible, slowly but inevitably drifting apart. Here, the French novelist has more courage than the English; he is satisfied to end logically with a scandal, an open rupture, a permanent estrangement. Our writers, yielding to the alleged popular demand for the Happy Ending, arrange under one or another ingenious pretext a reconciliation, and leave the erring wife, the truant husband, clasped in each other's arms. An ending? No, merely an intermission, a fresh starting-point for more flagrant transgressions. And the lamentable thing about it is that our strongest writers are likely to be the worst offenders, because their art has painted in clearest colours the hopelessness of any permanent truce between the uncongenial pair.

In other words, the conventional Happy Ending is, three times out of four, a misfit. Instead of being a triumphant demonstration of the author's theorem, it is a conscious and oftentimes a reluctant concession to popular demand. In really big novels, the final chapter is the logical outcome of the central purpose, its achievement, its last conclusive argument. And if, as often happens, this central purpose is inherently tragic—if, for instance, it deals with the familiar theme of a husband's forgiveness of an erring wife—then it is a palpable blunder to attempt to distort the ending into a pleasant form, because it is preordained to end unhappily. Or again, if the central issue is of a big, national, epic sort, a financial crisis, a famine, a civil war—in such a book it is surely a mistake to dwarf the picture and shrink the canvas, by saving for the closing episode some individual love affair, some selfish, personal joy, for the obvious purpose of making the reader forget for a minute a whole country's calamity, and close the volume with a vague impression that it "ended happily."

Undoubtedly the public wants stories with happy endings, and it is justified in wanting them. But the sort of happy ending which it finds most satisfactory in the long run is that which bestows upon the characters in the book the kind and the degree of happiness to which their temperaments, their words and deeds entitle them. The truest happiness, after all, is the possession of a high ambition, a great desire, together with the near prospect of realising it. To leave the hero or heroine, in the final chapter, a prey to a great unsatisfied longing for something which the reader's common sense tells him is unattainable, is neither an artistic ending nor a happy one. Thackeray knew his craft too well to make the blunder of letting Esmond at last win and wed his humble Beatrix. Such a conclusion would have been a veritable *reductio ad absurdum* of the Happy Ending—a futile anticlimax, too, after all the subtle pages that he wrote to show us how hopeless it was for these two to ever understand each other.

In Cure of Her Soul

A book which is marred by just this sort of anticlimax is F. J. Stimson's latest volume, which bears the bizarre title, *In Cure of Her Soul.* The motive, both of book and of title, is seemingly conveyed in the opening pages, where young Austin Pinckney, just back from Europe, discovers that Dorothy Somors has engaged herself to the "very bad, very coarse, very stupid, very rich" Peter Gansevoort. Pinckney thinks that "her soul is too fine" for such a man as Gansevoort, and says as much to his old friend and mentor, Major Brandon. "Young man," says the Major, sententiously, "one lesson I learned in early life: never to trouble oneself about young wo-

men's souls." This is precisely the lesson which Pinckney has not yet learned—more is the pity, since it takes him upward of six hundred octavo pages in which to learn it. "I don't know her very well," Pinckney says to the Major; but that does not prevent him from snatching her away from Gansevoort in true Lochinvar style. And while her family are recovering from their disappointment, and trying to explain the matter to the inner social circles of New York and Newport, he takes his bride on to Cambridge, to live in a humble little cottage, while he finishes the course at the Harvard Law School. To put the case briefly, Pinckney is a man's man, a born politician and lawyer; but he does not understand women. Dorothy is vain, selfish, fond of luxury, shirking the duties of a wife and a mother. The two inevitably drift apart, the more rapidly because the man is expending most of his vitality in a rapid rise into prominence at the bar and in politics, while Dorothy is caught in the dangerous undercurrent of New York's fastest set. The book is surprisingly uneven. There is a cheap sensationalism about some of its chapters that verges upon caricature; and then again you come across a character or a situation that brings to mind *The House of Mirth*—mainly, however, with the thought how much better use Mrs. Wharton would have made of the same material. Many seemingly irrelevant incidents and personages are drawn into the story; otherwise it could never have been expanded to the six hundred page limit. But finally, after Pinckney has loved and lost another woman, and Dorothy has flirted rather promiscuously, and received a startlingly crude proposal from the man she once jilted—in short, after matters have reached the point where he prefers to live in America and let her make her home on the Continent, and the reader knows to an iota just how hopelessly incompatible the couple are—we get our anticlimax: Dorothy discovers that she is "just starving for a word of love" from Pinckney; and Pinckney, just nominated for the presidency, discovers that "his heart yearns for the wife of his youth." And here the author leaves us to wonder vaguely whether her soul was really cured, and if so, what cured it?

Judith

A volume which is not devoid of merit, and which exemplifies in its concluding pages the popular idea of a Happy Ending, is *Judith,* by Grace Alexander. In a quaint subtitle, "A Story of the Candle-lit Fifties," the author has aptly emphasised the best quality in the book, for apart from its distinctive atmosphere of the antebellum days, this story of southern Indiana would have little to raise it above mediocrity. The problem it offers lacks originality; when a girl comes back to her village home, after years of study and travel, is she still bound to marry the man to whom she thoughtlessly bound herself before leaving—a man who has never once attempted to raise himself, or had a thought above the acres he ploughs and the pigs he feeds? Grace Alexander seems to hold that she is still bound, even though she has fallen in love with another man, the village minister. But after they are married, Judith rashly consents to meet the minister by stealth; and her husband, arriving inopportunely, conceives an exaggerated idea of the situation, bestows upon her "an old country epithet that carries its vile meaning plump in her face," and then promptly drops to the ground and dies of apoplexy. One leaves the book with the impression that the chances that Judith and her minister have for happiness are about even, and quite as good as they deserve.

The Voice of The Street

A book of rather unusual quality is *The Voice of the Street,* by Ernest Poole. It is well named, for throughout its pages you quite literally hear the voice of the streets, discordant, dominant, insistent—the thunder of elevated trains, the clanging of trolleys, the whole complex, blended roar of the great city. Lucky Jim was born and bred in the city streets, and he had heard their voice so long that the mere roar meant nothing to him. The voice that he heard was the subtler, more insidious appeal to his inborn gambling instinct. In the midst of the noise and tumult of the rush hour, Lucky Jim

would forget to sell his papers; instead, he would be down on his knees, in a ring of other boys, excitedly risking his pennies and watching the dice with black, dilated eyes—and winning, always winning. This was when Lucky Jim was only twelve, before he knew that he himself had a voice, before he made acquaintance with Dago Joe. Later, he and Dago Joe formed a partnership, Jim singing queer, slangy Bowery songs which he fitted to the Italian airs that his friend hammered out in strange, weird chords on the piano of the east side café where they were allowed to perform. But even in his music Jim's gambling instinct pursued him. The owner of the café where he sang, discovering that he had a bonanza in the boy, agreed to pay him extra for every encore that he won, and proportionally more for a double encore. The fever of winning was in Jim's blood, and in spite of friendly advice and warnings, he drove himself beyond his strength, literally burning up his throat in the smoke-laden, vitiated atmosphere of the café, the "sweat-shop for voices," as Dago Joe called it. For a year or two, while his voice was changing, Jim was perforce saved from himself; and at this period the few people who loved him—old Fritz, the German violinist, who believed in a great future for Jim as a singer; Gretchen, Fritz's daughter, who loved Jim's voice because she loved Jim; and Dago Joe, whose dumb devotion would not shrink from crime—all did their best to help the impetuous, headstrong young fellow live soberly and wisely, and reserve his earnings and his strength for the long years of careful training that were before him. But friendship and love were both impotent to silence the "voice of the street" that rings always in his ears, the voice this time of Wall Street, the voice of the bucket shop. It seems so easy to win in a day enough to pay for all these months and years of singing lessons. It proves, instead, so easy to lose at one venture all his savings, all he can beg and borrow from his faithful friends. So once more he must go back to the reeking air of the café, to earn the dollars to give his singing teacher. And week after week he overstrains his throat, week after week the hoarseness grows upon him, and one by one the rich and delicate tones slip from him. "In another month your voice will be ruined," his singing master tells him in despair. But he will not believe; for, all his life, he has been Lucky Jim, and he still trusts to his luck. It is now that Dago Joe and Gretchen enter upon a conspiracy to save him. A strange tale is told him of an unknown benefactor, who wishes his name to remain a secret—a tenor famous on two continents, who will pay for Lucky Jim's musical education, if he will be patient and faithful and cease to gamble with his voice. Of course, the strange benefactor is a myth. The money which comes periodically is brought by Dago Joe, who sells the silver brushes and golden bracelets that Gretchen steals from the wealthy homes where she goes as seamstress. But Lucky Jim never even suspects the truth until the day when Gretchen is detected and sentenced to a term of two years' imprisonment. During these two years Jim is supposed to finish his musical training; and the shock of learning the disgrace he has unconsciously brought upon Gretchen is supposed to have cured him of his reckless gambling instinct. At least, Gretchen, set free from the reformatory, celebrates her first night of freedom by hearing Lucky Jim at his first public appearance at the Metropolitan Opera House; and the author implies that she may safely entrust her future to his keeping. Yet, while admitting the book's uncommon quality, one may question whether the ending is, in the truest sense, a happy one.

Bess of the Woods

Warwick Deeping began his literary career as a disciple of Maurice Hewlett. It is quite possible that when he created the hero of his new volume, *Bess of the Woods*, he had in mind Mr. Hewlett's "Fool Errant;" but for the most part he affects, though with rather indifferent success, the manner of Eden Phillpotts. The scene is laid in the Sussex forests, and so far as the setting and the atmosphere go, the book possesses a certain picturesque charm. Mr. Deeping is undeniably clever in his use of verbal colour.

The story, however, while fairly readable, lacks the distinction which one has a right to expect from the author of *Uther and Igraine*. To be quite frank, *Bess of the Woods* might have been written by any one of a dozen other novelists—and written rather better. Here briefly is the substance of the plot: Richard Jeffray, master of Pevensal Forest, is envied by the local squires for his wealth and breeding, but despised by them as "a milksop and a fool." As his cousin, Sir Peter Hardacre, expresses it, with more force than elegance, he is "a nice lad, but damn it, he can't drink, and God help him, he won't swear!" None of which deters Sir Peter's daughter, Jilian, from angling for Richard with all the skill of her thirty-five years, spurred on by the consciousness of her fading charms. She has almost hooked him, when he chances to meet, in the heart of Pevensal Forest, Bess of the Woods, foster-child of old Ursula Grimshaw, "a tall wench, with coal-black hair and petulant, full lips a child of the woods, taught to rely solely upon her senses." The Grimshaws are a lawless tribe of uncouth human brutes. Dan Grimshaw, the worst of them all, a "hairy-faced, stunted giant," is bent upon forcing Bess to be his wife. She is struggling in his grasp when the young master of Pevensal, passing through the woods, interferes, and gets a broken head for his pains. Between young Bess with her petulant lips, and elderly Jilian with her painted cheeks, Richard weakly wavers—the local squires are really not far wrong when they call him a milksop—until Jilian contracts the small-pox and loses her last remnant of good looks, and Bess is placed beyond his reach by being married hard and fast to Dan. Then, on a sudden, Richard knows his own mind; jilts his cousin without a qualm—though her disfigurement, please note, is his fault, since he brought the contagion to her—and then deliberately goes to work to wrest Dan's wife from him. The manner in which Richard accomplishes his aim constitutes a chapter which Mr. Deeping obviously regards as a highly satisfactory and happy ending—a view which will doubtless be held by such readers as share his unfounded admiration for his weak-kneed hero and unlettered heroine.

The Wire Tappers

There is nothing weak-kneed about the principal actors in Arthur Stringer's unique and strongly handled story, *The Wire Tappers*. A record of successful crime must be exceptionally clever to win cordial recognition. And clever this record of *The Wire Tappers* certainly is—quite as clever in its way as Mr. Hornung's "Raffles" stories. But there is a good deal more to the book than the mere cleverness with which Jim Durkin and the loyal little woman who helps him perpetrate their daring series of thefts and frauds. There is in addition the human interest of the relation between these two, so closely united in their partnership, yet so far apart in their mental attitude towards their crimes. Jim Durkin has the pride of an artist in the successful completion of a masterly fraud. "That was a close one, but we win!" is his jubilant comment upon a triumphant theft. Frances Candler is made of finer fibre. She never can share Jim's joy, because she can never forget that wrongdoing such as theirs is "loathsome both to the eye and the soul." Jim taps the wires, with no qualm of conscience, intent only on his purpose, as a huntsman is intent on stalking big game. Frances aids and abets unflinchingly, saving them both again and again with the lightning quickness of her woman's wits, yet all the while impotently rebelling, all the while silently hoping that the time will come when Jim will be content with what is "fair and square and honest." In the end, Frances seems in a fair way of having her hopes fulfilled; a novelist of less sure instinct would have made the mistake of leaving the couple surrounded with a rosy halo, with the future all a cloudless sky, and their old, sinful life definitely put behind them. Mr. Stringer ends his book more subtly and wisely. The man and the woman are sailing away upon their honeymoon; they are leaving the old environment, the old temptations behind them; they may, if they choose, start a new record on a fresh, clean page. But will they? That is the question

which the woman asks herself, in silent, secret fear. "It was not so much for herself that she feared as for her husband. He was a man, and through his wayward manhood swept tides and currents uncomprehended and uncontrolled by her weaker woman's heart." And we feel instinctively that, even if peaceful years go by, the shadow of that fear will never quite lift from the woman's heart. It is this subtle artistic touch that saves the volume from the reproach of the conventional happy ending.

The Doomsman

It is hard to exercise a decent show of tolerance towards the type of book represented by *The Doomsman*, by Van Tassel Sutphen. It seems such a purposeless, preposterous, altogether unnecessary addition to the world's supply of printed matter. The purely fantastic novel, that dips audaciously into past or future centuries, may belong to any one of three types: It may be a satire, written in the vein of Mark Twain's *Yankee at the Court of King Arthur;* it may be a disguised essay in sociology, like Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backward;* or it may be purely and simply a piece of imaginative fiction, compelling a passing credence by its audacious brilliance, like H. G. Wells's *War of the Worlds. The Doomsman* belongs to none of these classes. It is too ponderous for satire. It has no economic lesson to teach or thesis to develop. It does not for an instant carry you out of yourself, or give you even a fugitive illusion of reality. You are asked to believe that some calamity, vaguely referred to as "The Doom," overtook the world somewhere in the first half of the twentieth century, blotting out civilisation, destroying the arts and the sciences, very nearly annihilating the world's population. Ninety years later the story opens. New York, crumbling to ruins, is deserted, save for a band of outlaws, known as the Doomsmen, who wage constant war upon the scanty remnant of honest, decent folk, living in patriarchal simplicity in the woodlands north of the Harlem River—woodlands overrun by wolves and other savage beasts. Think of it! Wolves in the fastnesses of Fordham Heights and King's Bridge! In places the book is almost grotesque enough to be humourous; but if the author meant it for humour, he disguised his purpose too well. As it stands, it is simply tedious and unprofitable. And as for the ending, the most that may be said is that it is on a par with the chapters preceding it.

The Sin of George Warrener

It is a genuine relief to turn from a book of this calibre to a piece of such careful and admirable workmanship as *The Sin of George Warrener*, by Marie Van Vorst. Only at long intervals do we come across a book that recognises, as this one does, the influence of petty, sordid, every-day details upon the great mass of mediocre, plodding, average human lives. Consciously or not, the author of *The Sin of George Warrener* has tried to write an American *Madame Bovary;* and while she may have fallen short of doing the really big thing which she meant to do, the resulting book is nevertheless one entitled to serious recognition, virile in its frankness, but very feminine in its subtle discernment. Gertrude Warrener at twenty-five is painted for us with merciless distinctness, just the average underbred, circumscribed, suburban wife, distinguished only by being rather prettier than the majority. We know precisely the measure of her intellectual shallowness, just as we know that her underlinen comprises "plain garments with graceless collars and trimming of Hamburg edging." We know, too, just how bored she is, with no children to fill up her time, and with her only interest in life centred in a husband "whom she only saw on Sundays, and by whose side she slept from nine p.m. to seven a.m." George Warrener is a Wall Street clerk, whose vitality is sapped by the exacting demands of his employers' business. He is too tired at night even to wash his hands before sitting down to dinner. The story that Marie Van Vorst has to tell us is the story of Gertrude Warrener's awakening. It begins on the day when the Bellamys, the only millionaires which the little suburban town can boast, return from a seven years' absence

in Europe, and with them comes Mrs. Bellamy's brother, McAllister the artist, a connoisseur of many things, especially of women. McAllister is not interesting or distinctive; it is enough for the purpose of the book that the type is fairly well portrayed. The really interesting thing is the change he effects in Gertrude, the woman's gradual realisation of her deficiencies, her possibilities, her power. She is of the type that needs only opportunity to develop a limitless selfishness, an inordinate vanity; and McAllister, whose influence in Wall Street makes possible a rapid advancement of George Warrener, thus indirectly paves the way to satisfying Gertrude's multiplying cravings for luxury. But there comes a time when her extravagant demands outreach her husband's resources; and he, not daring to deny her, commits the inevitable sin, the sin that the reader foresees from the beginning he is fated to commit. And at the end, the wretched couple confront each other, each knowing the other's degradation—the husband a self-acknowledged thief, the wife abandoned by her lover, and scarcely trying, in her bitterness, to deny her shame. This is one of the books that make considerations of happy or unhappy endings seem vain and paltry. One is content in knowing simply that the ending of *The Sin of George Warrener* satisfies eminently the requirements of good art.

Frederic Taber Cooper.



SUDERMANN AND HIS "WELTANSCHAUUNG"



HE *Deutsches Theater* was packed from pit to dome—that always happened when the curious little round turreted billboards of Berlin had posted the notice that Sudermann's *Johannis der Täufer* was to be played. Sorma as "Salome" can draw a big house, Kainz as "Johannis" can do as much, but, without either, the theatre was crowded to its utmost capacity.

Sometimes one goes to see the player, sometimes the play, and we were drawn by the latter. Across many a thousand miles of land and sea, we had heard of that greatest of living German dramatists, who had dared to show that even a "more-than-Prophet" might be dazzled by the seductive charms of a lithe red-haired dancing girl.

The Germans have a grave, *ernst* sort of way of seeing a good play. They go in for it heavily. They do not burst into ill-timed applause in the midst of a speech, nor do they put jig music between the acts of a serious, thought-producing drama, after the manner of Americans. Silently, in very sedate fashion the entr'actes are passed; which custom being accentuated on this particular occasion, lent a reverent atmosphere to this piece already saturated with religious sentiment.

What sort of a man must he be who could so vividly bring back "the voice of one crying in the wilderness"? What were the opinions and convictions of him who produced with such prodigious force that cry of the questioning, suffering, and doubting Johannis, "*Art* thou He that should come, or do we look for another?"

What intimate knowledge of the Bible he showed! They say that his prominent nose, curving lips, and heavy, curly beard bespeak his Jewish forbears—and did the Protestant *Pfarrer's* blood tell in those heart-searching lines, in the lasting impression of contact with a mighty inquiring soul struggling with that same old question "Art thou He?" A score of such interrogations formed themselves in our minds, as the duly impressed *Kutscher* drew up before the door of a handsome, but unpretentious apartment house facing that beautiful structure, the Kaiser-Wilhelm-Gedächtniskirche, whose clock is just *vis-à-vis*, and almost on a level with Sudermann's study.

He is progressive, we decided, while the elevator was taking us up—for a German who chooses a house with a *Fahrstuhl* is never very conservative—otherwise he would continue walking upstairs.

Inside as outside, handsome but unpretentious. The salon into which we were ushered was small, beautifully furnished in tapestries, and the carved chairs and tables bespoke taste and money, but not ostentation. We were obliged to wait a few minutes, just long enough to admire some exquisite antique heads of Minerva and Mercury. Then suddenly we caught sight of a splendid seven-branched candlestick—was that a relic of Semitic forefathers, or a yet remaining admiration for Hebrew institutions? If Sudermann had great sympathy for the descendants of "the chosen people" he would find we were with him. Our introduction had come through one of them.

But would this great man consider us intruders, would he make us feel we had no right to break in upon his working hours?

Not much time was given for these reflections. Heavy steps were heard in the distance, the door opened, the tapestries were parted by an impetuous fist, and a genial giant towered over us, beaming with kindliness, and told us in rapid, deep-toned German he "was delighted to see us—thought it was so good of us to come." Simple, natural, unspoiled, hospitable—we began piling up descriptive adjectives after we had started with progressive. And then in the *Atelier*—it would be more "cosy" here—he kept on

gaily chatting, as unlike a stiff pedantic, distant Teutonic celebrity as a breezy Western girl is to a prim English lass.

"Americans were we? Oh! that country!" he went on, "that was where he would like to go. But, *Herrgott,* how could he ever find the time!"

After joking in the most delightfully informal fashion about the condition of his paper-strewn study, after putting us entirely at our ease and making us feel as if we were conferring an honour, he flatly refused to talk of himself or his works, but insisted upon questioning us about American ideas and institutions. He had, after protest, made the concession of substituting French for German in our conversation. He spoke it fluently but with a strong accent, and demanded American data in a way that was not to be gainsaid. "I am an egotist," frankly he avowed, and then "I wish it," he declared, with the voice of one accustomed to be obeyed.

To out-Herod Herod—or to out-Sudermann Sudermann—is far from being the easiest thing in the world, but to talk of one's own country is surely second nature to one of patriotic blood.

Why not speak of anything he wished, or rather demanded—French slid easily from the tongue—and then study him intently all the while? Co-education and intellectual freedom—what American is there who can not hold forth on these subjects? So we answered his impetuous questions at length and scrutinised his appearance at the same time.

A splendid massive body, about six feet in height—possibly more—in his. Beautiful, well-kept hands, with a diamond and signet ring on the little finger of one hand, would bespeak a love of dainty trifles, when a watch chain, locket, scarf pin and very delicate shoes were noted at the same time.

And the head—that commanding, imposing head! No wonder every German book shop has it in the window—no wonder he does not object to facing the camera! The long black beard, dense and curly, with large dark eyes and hair, and the prominent nose, give a rather Oriental aspect to the face. The mouth is not pleasing—the lips are too thick, suggesting sensuality, and open too wide when a laugh parts them. One side of the nose and into the cheek is badly scarred—we would have liked to learn the history of that wound. In *Fritzchen* is found a strong protest aginst sowing "wild oats" and duelling. We wondered if that scar caused *Fritzchen* to be written.

Gallant, Sudermann certainly is, flattering when he chooses to be, but always impetuous, always self-willed. Without a word's warning he will spring from his chair, dash madly up and down the room, smiting his head with his clenched fists in a way that is almost childish. He is wonderfully spontaneous and full of life and fun—who would think it after plodding through the dismal pages of *Frau Sorge?*

Perhaps it may be the "divine unrest" of a master spirit which makes it impossible to think of him as reposeful. It may be his protesting against so many of the conditions surrounding him, or it may be even something deeper, more pervasive and subtler.

Object, he surely does—revolt even—against the existing institutions. Is *Heimat* not a violent protest against paternal tyranny, just as *Fritzchen* (already mentioned) is against the German habit of encouraging moral looseness in young boys? Against the stiff, self-conscious prudery and Pharisaic posing of "Helen" in *Katzensteg,* "Regina" is put as a contrasting figure, simple, unconscious, self-sacrificing and virtuous even. One feels almost as if it were a modern, up-to-date sermon on "The Publicans and the Sinners go into the Kingdom of God Before You." Or as if *Regina* (the English title of *Katzensteg*) might be inscribed like *Tess,* "The story of a pure woman faithfully told."

It has been said Hardy has done for English literature what Ibsen did for Scandinavian. But surely it is impossible to read *Regina* and not be reminded of *Tess,* or to see *Heimat* and not recall *Hedda Gabler,* while Zola's *Germinal* shows somewhat of a kindred spirit. Perhaps the *Zeitgeist* has shown itself in a tendency to *Realism,* which has exhibited itself in widely separated centres, for Tolstoi's *Anna Karenina* comes to the mind invariably in this connection.

But the mere fact that Sudermann's name and works are so often coupled with those of Ibsen, does not signify that the former has directly borrowed from the latter.

One does not accuse Millet of stealing from Breton, any more than one would think of declaring Beethoven's majestic largos were taken from Handel's. When one is listening to *Aïda* he can but feel the influence that the German Wagner had over the latest productions of the Italian Verdi, and, perhaps, half unconsciously Sudermann pays such a tribute to Ibsen; but not more.

Any one who has come in contact with that prodigious personality which has made Sudermann what he is, must, perforce, recognise it, and acknowledge that whatever his works thus far have been, the man is like no one about him. The note of protest is most characteristic. His unfinished education, his name without a degree, fly straight into the face of German conventional ideas of scholarship. One has only to hear him denounce certain courses in the universities as "mere nonsense," to feel he is at least sincere, and to listen to his own experience of how in the midst of a class on *Altfranzösisch* he jumped up disgusted, tore up his *Heft* and ran away never to return, to know he has the courage of his convictions. "I do not need a degree," he will state; "I never needed one; I ran away from the University. I am glad—even yet."

The opposing forces at work in a master mind like his must be at once bitter and lasting.

Turn the tables and ask him a few questions, he will not be pleased, but he will vouch an answer: "Philosophy? Philosophy! What is it anyway? What did the old philosophers know? Nothing—nothing. We are obliged to study them all to find out that. Philosophy can teach us nothing. Study life, people, conditions about you—that is better than the University. 'First Cause?' There is no First Cause! Everything was made and is ruled by Genius—Ah! yes that is it—*Genius,* nothing but *Genius!*"

To a man of genius with splendid individuality, it is easy to see how out of his own powers he could evolve a sort of anthropomorphism—Moses, Plato and Kant have done that before Sudermann—and it is possible that in him (like in his little salon where the Greek head stands by the Hebrew seven-branching candelabra) the Semitic, Hellenic and Teutonic elements are blended in a sort of modern Agnosticism with a pronounced leaning to Deism. "*Genius,* which made and rules everything. Nothing but *Genius!*"—he will repeat fiercely.

But what is genius? Is it possible to really comprehend that word without giving it a spiritual and creative import?

Talent may follow others and deal with the technicalities, but genius, unless with elemental force creating a cosmos out of the chaos into which every perceiving soul is thrown by the confusion and contradiction of life—without these, genius may not dare to place itself above talent and is not worthy of the capital letter with which even Sudermann spells it.

He knew too well Biblical phrasing to say, "There is no God!" He only substituted "Genius" for "First Cause." He could not escape from the conception of a spiritual, creative force producing all things and ruling them. He tried to fling over all creeds by his free confession "I am an agnostic," but he would not define his position nor the use of the word "Genius" which draws him back at least partially to the position of the Idealists.

That he realises the power of spiritual force working in and condemning the individual is clearly shown in *Der Wunsch,* where the heroine kills herself for a wish she once made, believing it to have caused the death of her sister.

It is hard for the Jewish mind to escape from the theistic idea, no matter how it may revolt against the abuses and corruptions existing in the religions of the present. Any one who is familiar with Zangwill's later works must realise this, especially in *Chad Gardia* (one of the short stories in *Dreamers of the Ghetto*), where the gifted young writer—presumably Zangwill himself—after having gained the heights of fame, through utter disregard of his people's faith, returns, miserable, unsatisfied, despondent, to the Passover to find his simple family

possessing a "Something" which the world had not and could not give.

To those who know Felix Adler's changes of thought, this case may present points of similarity, since he admits his returning, if in part, to some of the points of his Rabbi-Father's belief.

Equally true is it that the firm hold that Protestant training lays upon a child's mind is hard to shake off entirely. It may be cast aside for a long stretch of years, but it will tell in the end. Pierre Loti's later works are an excellent example of this point.

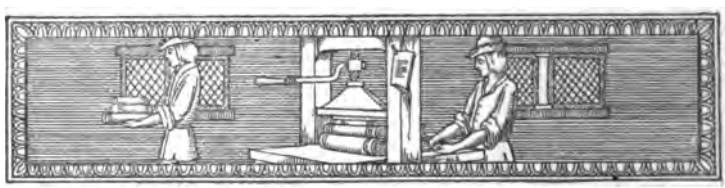
As the parallelogram of forces shows that the resultant of two forces moving in different directions, but encountering each other at some point, must be the forming of a new force differing in direction from the first two but partaking of the power of each; so perhaps in Sudermann the Semitic encountering the Protestant has formed a kind of Agnosticism which is different from either and yet may contain some elements of both.

But Sudermann is even now a comparatively young man; his greatest work may yet lie before him, his Agnosticism may easily lead into some form of more definite and clarified thinking.

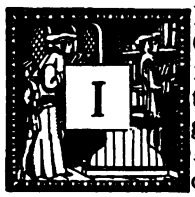
When hearing the wonderful music of Verdi's *Requiem* it is hard to realise that the same hand could have written *Il Trovatore;* there is a great distance between, as great as there is between *Lohengrin* and *Parsifal.*

Sudermann's *Weltanschauung* is forming, is growing into something that it has not yet been, and unless he compromise with the spirit of his own "Genius," works greater, nobler and deeper are yet to be produced by that master-pen—and a shifting of his *Standpunkt* will come with them.

Frank Miller.



MEN OF LETTERS OUTDOORS



N the Chronicle and Comment of THE BOOKMAN, a few months ago, there were some paragraphs on British and American writers outdoors. These paragraphs were about the same time curiously paralleled by a writer for the London *Academy*. The remarks of the English writer were suggested by the institution of a swimming prize, named after Lord Byron, to be competed for in Venice.

"During his residence in the City of the Doges, Byron challenged all comers to swim against him from the Lido to the Bridge of the Rialto. Two competitors presented themselves, but when the Grand Canal was won the headmost swimmer swam alone. Nor did the poet leave the water when he had won his race. He continued in triumph as far as Santa Chiara, which he reached with ease after swimming for four hours and ten minutes.

"Probably Byron was the best all-round athlete among the poets of any country and any age. He was a boxer as well as a swimmer; while as a cricketer he was good enough to play for Harrow against Eton at Lord's. But, of course, the standard of athletic attainment among eminent men of letters is not high. They are, perhaps, better at cricket than at anything else; but the only one of them who plays quite first-class cricket is Mr. Hesketh Pritchard, though we believe Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has sometimes represented the M.C.C. On the river, so far as we know, only two men of letters have excelled: Professor Furnival, whose distinction as a sculler is recorded in *Who's Who,* and Mr. Robert Bridges, who, as Mr. Andrew Lang lately reminded us, stroked the Corpus Eight at Oxford at the time when Corpus was head of the river. In fencing, Mr. Egerton Castle can hold his own against most rivals. Sir Herbert Maxwell is an angler of mark; and, in the matter of golf, there is Mr. Horace Hutchinson to be reckoned with. When all is said, however, Byron remains the outstanding instance of the man of letters excelling in the sports commonly called 'manly.' In his favourite sport of natation, his most formidable literary competitor would probably have been Guy de Maupassant.

"What is curious is that Byron (and not Byron alone among poets) was more proud of his athletic than of his poetical achievements. The gallery is more immediately responsive to the former class of feat. The poet, whatever he may achieve, may never have the satisfaction of feeling that he has made or broken a 'record.' That, one supposes, is the secret of this particular infirmity of noble minds. But it is noticeable that the athletes of whom the poets are jealous do not pay them the compliment of reciprocating the jealousy. Soldiers have sometimes done so. 'Gentlemen, I would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec,' is the classical example. But can anyone picture Mr. Montagu Holbein saying, as he strips for his dive: 'Gentlemen, I would rather be the author of that poem than swim the Channel.' He would provide excellent 'copy' for the newspapers if he would do so, but he has not done so yet. Any number of people, he probably reflects, have written poems, but the Channel swim has, up to the present, only been accomplished once."

EDUCATION

THE VALUE OF ACADEMIC DEGREES



IT is not entirely easy to follow Professor Hale's argument in the last issue of THE BOOKMAN for the Abolition of Academic Degrees. He first objects to the giving of such degrees because they represent medieval institutions which have passed away, and then complains that we are keeping up these medieval forms. He finds it notorious that a college degree to-day is evidence of nothing at all, and almost in the same breath asserts that "a college tends nowadays to prepare men for degrees rather than for life," and that "the college degree necessitates college machinery, especially examinations and curriculums," which "are the cause of many troubles." It would appear that the eminent professor's own degree did not indicate a curriculum including the old-fashioned, medieval course in *Barbara celarent*.

But all this talk of medievalism is beside the mark. The real question is, first, whether the college degree (especially the A.B. degree) does actually mean anything to-day; secondly, whether its earlier meaning, naturally with some modifications, might not be restored, and, thirdly, whether such a restoration would be a benefit to education. At bottom the argument is not so much concerned with the utility of an alphabetic tag to a man's name as with the advantage of a certain fixed scheme of education. Granted that such a scheme exists, the possession of the A.B. might be, it should seem, a very convenient and unobjectionable method of noting that a man had undergone this discipline. Now, it must be admitted that these conditions scarcely exist to-day. That a number of bogus colleges give a degree, is a matter of minor importance. In a country like ours the existence of these bogus institutions is almost inevitable, however we may deplore it. Let us waive these and confine ourselves to the colleges which are recognised as genuine and significant. And even here it may be granted that the degree has lost much of its meaning; under the dissolving force of the elective system, it no longer signifies that a man has necessarily received a definite and known intellectual training. Yet it still stands for something; it still affirms that the holder has passed three or four of the most impressionable years of his youth amid certain surroundings, and under the influence of certain waning, but not entirely ineffective, traditions. "So far have matters gone now," says Professor Hale, "that the word *practical* is a hissing and a stench in academic ears and nose." I confess that this is not my experience. On the contrary I have felt (until very recently, at least) a growing tendency among college men to adopt the word practical as their own, and this to a degree which threatens a great loss in our education. Professor Hale may not be aware, for instance, with what iteration President Eliot insists on the training for power and service, with what, as it seems to some, scant recognition of the virtue of culture and self-development. The world, it might seem, instructs men soon enough to be practical. The danger is lest it teach them to be practical by accepting the immediate for the more distant aim, and by undervaluing what is not convertible into mechanical equivalents. Against the more ignoble phases of the world's restlessness these four years of partial retirement ought to be, and to a slight extent are, a sacred safeguard. There is no fear that our students in the America of to-day shall leave college with a distaste for the practical world and with a propensity to self-withdrawal from the world's great claims. It is well if they bear into life's conflict for money and power some restraining memory of a society which, after all, is set apart for the search after truth without respect to

material rewards, and for the preservation of knowledge and long-approved culture.

It is well if some added touch of magnanimity, some finer sense of personal honour, is conveyed by this memory into the temptations of success.

In so far as the A. B. degree is still the mark of such associations, it may be coveted by some and may be said to have a meaning. But at best this meaning is vague. In the end it must depend for its force on the educational system at work in our institutions, and Professor Hale is no doubt right in feeling that in the long run it is illogical to retain the designation when the particular discipline designated has been surrendered. Only one may dispute his inference; one may question whether it would be wise to throw over curriculums and examinations together, to do away with definite courses and requirements, and to leave the education of youth unrestrictedly to "the practical ability of American parents and even American professors." These are merely wild-hurling words. To be more precise and to come to the real question at issue. Is it possible to restore to the A. B. degree something of its older meaning, and would it be profitable to return to the general basis of education which prevailed before the confusion of the elective system was introduced? More briefly: Should we return to the hegemony of Latin and Greek?

It is difficult to speak with assurance in regard to the actual tendency of the moment; the data may be interpreted in more ways than one. It would appear, however, that in the last few years a slight movement has shown itself away from the elective system and toward a stricter regimen. I think that this is a common feeling among college men and that it is borne out by the facts. In one of his recent annual reports President Eliot pointed out that according to statistics the majority of college students believed the greatest benefit was to be derived from the old-fashioned courses and that therefore the scientific courses ought to be fostered—as extraordinary a *non-sequitur* as ever left the brain of man. In the high schools and academies statistics show that the movement toward Latin is still more marked.

And this reaction is due to the discovery that, whatever may be the individual hardships of the classical curriculum, the absurdities and wastefulness of the elective system are even greater. That system indeed is founded on a false psychology. It is not true that most young people know what is best for them or what they really want in education. How many men does one meet who elected the classics and have lamented this choice in later life! And still oftener one hears the regret that the classics were neglected for a miscellaneous jumble of courses which led nowhere and left no definite result.

Even in cases where a boy is able to foresee the particular vocation into which he will be led in later years, it is extremely doubtful whether he gains ultimately in efficiency by early specialisation in his studies. Nothing more significant on this head can be found than a discussion in the June issue of the *School Review* which has already attracted considerable attention in the press. The subject is "The value of humanistic, particularly classical, studies, as a preparation for the study of medicine and of engineering." No doubt it would be easy to find many professional men who disagree with the views here expressed, but, in general, I believe it is true that the bigger men, those who represent the higher fields of medicine and engineering and feel the association of these practical sciences to the whole of civilisation, are coming to the position taken in this discussion by Professors Vaughn and Hinsdale of the medical schools of Michigan University, and by Professor Williams of the engineering department. The gist of the argument is clearly set forth by Professor Sadler in these words:

"As a means of inculcating ideas of exactness the study of the humanities is *facile princeps*. The niceties of translation, the importance of gender, number, and case, the proper use of the moods and tenses, and the demands of the relative clause, compel the mind toward a certain definiteness which is lacking in many of the subjects taught in the early stages of education. The most simple translation, or even the study of the grammar of these subjects, demands a directness of at-

tention and a consideration of detail which cannot be otherwise than beneficial to a student whose work in the future will lead him into subjects where generalisation is impossible."

And if I may speak from my knowledge of the newspaper world (which, I confess, is very limited), no preparation is so valuable for the higher grades of work here as a thorough drill in the classics. There is no better way to obtain a solid training in language, to anchor the judgment, and to acquire that background whose lack prevents many a clever young man from ever rising to his full measure either in journalism or general literature.

But the high argument for the classical discipline, while akin to this, goes nearer to the heart of things. It is concerned with the controlling power of the imagination and the formation of character, and, in a discussion of this brevity, can be indicated only, not elaborated. The educated man, as some still think, is one whose existence is not isolated in the present, whose intellectual and emotional life is consciously joined to the deep currents of evolution, moving from the far past to the invisible future. He is one who can proudly say, To me the greatest hope is memory. History is a large part of such an education, and the modern languages may claim their share. But the source and fountain of it all is that classical world in which lie the beginnings of our civilisation. He who can trace his intellectual pedigree back to those origins is among scholars what the aristocrat of ancient family is in society. His taste does not fluctuate with the passing whims of the hour, for his imagination is schooled to contemplate things in long duration. He loses his facile admirations and acquires judgment; his delight in beauty is still and deep. "Sir," said Dr. Johnson once to Boswell, "as a man advances in life he gets what is better than admiration—judgment—to estimate things at their true value." To be trained in the classics is to graft the faculty of age on the elasticity of youth. The flimsy arguments of fanatics and charlatans break on such a man without effect, for he knows the realities of human nature, knows what is permanent and what is ephemeral.

The argument is too long and too many-sided to be more than touched upon, but one special and *practical* phase of it may be emphasised. Of all the substitutes for the classical discipline there is none more popular and, when applied to immature minds, more pernicious than economics. To a very considerable degree the present peril of socialism and other eccentricities of political creed is due to the fact that so many young men are crammed with economical theory (whether orthodox or not) when their minds have not been weighted with the study of human nature in its larger aspects. From this lack of balance they fall an easy prey to the fallacy that history is wholly determined by economical conditions, or to the sophism of Rousseau that the evil in society is essentially the result of property. The very thoroughness of this training in economics is thus a danger. The surest amulet against many of the intellectual madnesses of the day is a wise enlarging and fortifying of the imagination.

It is only right to add that the classics may be taught, indeed often are taught, so as to nullify most of the benefits that ought to flow from them. Intellectual discipline may accrue from ground-grinding and all the parsimonies of philology; and, in fact, the elaborate grammatical harmonies of the languages can produce their effect only through a certain amount of this exacting drill. But the larger effect—the enlightening of the imagination and the broadening of the inner life—is likely to come only when the teacher himself has felt the great traditions of the humanities and followed their influence through all the spiritual strivings of mankind from age to age—only when the teacher himself has felt this mental sympathy and can impart something of it to his scholars. How many teachers of Latin and Greek to-day have the knowledge of history and literature required for this larger outlook? How many of them have surrendered their heritage for a narrow conception of pseudo-science?

Thus it is that the question of degrees becomes entangled with this fundamental question of education. Unless the letters A. B. mean something quite

definite, why should they be retained? They may be made to stand for a perfectly definite ideal of education; and they may thus signify something valuable and have themselves the value of an unambiguous sign. *Paul E. More.*

REVIEWS

IMMIGRATION PROBLEMS.*

A striking evidence of the growing public interest in economic and political questions is afforded by the number of publishing houses which are undertaking not simply the publication of separate books, but of extended series of works along such lines. Enterprises of this sort may be criticised as leading to duplication and sometimes to the making of books to order, but on the whole a very high standard characterises the *Questions of the Day* series issued by Putnam, the *Library of Economics and Politics* by Crowell, the Macmilliam *Citizens' Library*, the *Business Series* of Appleton, and the *Selections and Documents in Economics* of Ginn and Co. To these must now be added Holt's *American Public Problems*, edited by Ralph Curtis Ringwalt, of which Prescott F. Hall's *Immigration* is the initial volume.

Mr. Hall is Secretary of the Immigration Restriction League. From this one might anticipate a more or less propagandist attitude on his part toward the subject. A very careful examination of the book, however, reveals with few exceptions a breadth of study, a moderation of statement, and an evident desire to be fair to both sides which make the volume a worthy successor to Mayo-Smith's classic *Emigration and Immigration.* Statistical sources have been thoroughly ransacked by Mr. Hall, and the results are discriminatingly employed in illustration of his argument. Very striking conclusions are obtained in this way regarding the excessive tendency to crime among the native-born white population of foreign parentage, which element "furnishes three times as many criminals proportionally as those of native birth and parentage, and more than twice as many as the foreign born" (p. 149). This is in sharp contrast with the very favourable showing made by the children of foreign parentage as regards school attendance (quoted p. 140), upon which arguments are so frequently based against any further restriction of immigration. It is not often that one may be permitted a smile over statistics, particularly criminal statistics, but an excuse for so doing is perhaps to be found in the statement that in 1900 the total Greek population of New York was given as 1309, and in 1902, 1678 Greeks were held in City Magistrates' Courts for trial. Alas, poor Hellas! As an example of the few instances where one may find fault with Mr. Hall's statistical citations, the frequent use of the Seventh Special Report of the Commissioner of Labour on City Slums may be mentioned. The word "slums" is so vague in significance that the author would have done well to state the narrowness of the limits of territory actually covered by Mr. Wright in this report.

The recent defeat in the House of Representatives of the proposition to increase the head-tax on immigrants from $2 to $5 lends special interest to Mr. Hall's very judicial statement of the advantages and disadvantages of measures of this character. "In general," he writes, "an increase of the tax would tend to exclude the less thrifty and enterprising; but a tax of any considerable amount would certainly bar out many desirable immigrants from all races. The head-tax, of course, does not discriminate directly between those with good and those with bad mental and physical characteristics. Another objection to it is that it bears more severely upon the man with a family, intending permanent settlement, than it does upon the unmarried birds of passage. If it is desirable to promote the immigration of families, the tax cannot be applied strictly *per capita;* there must be some exemption of wives and children. A still further objection often made to this method of restriction is that, so far as the immigrant himself pays the tax, he is so much the poorer upon his arrival. This is precisely the time when he needs money to support him until he can obtain work, and prevent his becoming a public charge. It is probably true, however, that the improvement in the quality of immigration under a higher head-tax would more than offset any bad results of this character."

Mr. Hall's argument for the illiteracy test, which appears to be the fundamental thesis of the book, is so clear and cogent that most of his readers will deeply regret the pernicious activity of Mr. Cannon, "Representative from Danville, Ill.," who descended from his throne to the floor of the House a few weeks ago and succeeded in buttonholing enough members to defeat that portion of the recent immigration bill.

Robert C. Brooks.

**Immigration and its Effects Upon the United States.* By Prescott F. Hall. New York: Henry Holt and Co., 1906.

PEDAGOGY AND POLITICS*

Comparatively few modern political scientists maintain the ancient tradition which required the treatment of education as one of the

**Citizenship and the Schools.* By J. W. Jenks, New York: Henry Holt, 1906.

most important portions of their work. The progress of specialisation has set pedagogy as a science or an art apart from its parent stock, while the increase of functions in the modern state has afforded ample employment for most writers on the subject. In his *Citizenship and the Schools,* however, Prof. J. W. Jenks of Cornell has shown himself fully aware of the significance of education to politics and of politics to education. The fundamental idea of the book may best be described in the author's own words as "the unification of the curriculum around the central idea of social service." Subordinate to this, but everywhere illustrated in the author's argument, the virtues of independence of spirit and research, of freedom from partisan bias, of tolerance, and cool judgment, are praised as essential to a sane attitude both in politics and education. Prof. Jenks's first essay on "Training for Citizenship" impresses one as perhaps the best introduction to the study of our government and politics that can be put in the hands of the young men and women of our colleges and high schools. His two essays on the "Relation of the Public Schools to Business" and "Education for Commerce: the Far East" reveal the writer as a better guide for so-called "practical" men than many of these practical men have been for their own kind. Prof. Jenks is perhaps a little too strong in his advocacy of the Mark-Hopkins-at-the-other-end-of-the-log theory of education, and a little too much inclined to depreciate "the function of mere knowledge-giving." The book is also somewhat marred by repetition (it is a collection of addresses and essays prepared at various times during the last fifteen or sixteen years), but the ideas it presents are so vital, and yet so generally neglected, that they deserve repetition in many volumes such as the one Prof. Jenks has given us.

R. C. B.

AMERICAN TRADE UNIONISM*

The new volume of *Studies in American Trade Unionism,* edited by Profs. Hollander and Barnett of Johns Hopkins, will be considered from two points of view; first, as a contribution to the literature of the labour problem, and second, as the product of Prof. Hollander's broad theories regarding the scope and conduct of economic investigation. In either aspect the reader's judgment must be decidedly favourable. As regards content the book provides an excellent addition to Adams and Sumner on *Labor Problems* and Commons on *Trade Unionism and Labor Problems,* which are generally recognised as the best recent contributions by American students to the literature of this subject. The twelve papers making up the new volume of *Studies* exhibit a careful selection and a wide range, dealing with structure, government, finances, and functions of several of the most important trade unions in the United States. Two essays on the Typographical Union contributed by Professor Barnett are especially timely, and to a slightly less extent the same is true of the papers by Messrs. Motley and Blum on the Building Trades Organization. Without exception the various writers show painstaking research and fairness of judgment. Considering the work as an example of "collective, rather than coöperative investigation" on the part of a well-managed graduate seminary, the editors, who modestly refer to the *Studies* as "marking a stage and not a goal" in the progress of their work, are entitled to the sincere congratulations of all students of economics. Other graduate schools might follow their example to advantage.

R. C. B.

**Studies in American Trade Unionism,* edited by Jacob H. Hollander and George E. Barnett. New York: Henry Holt, 1906.

EDUCATIONAL BOOK NOTES

PEDAGOGY

In the *Dynamic Factors in Education** Professor O'Shea attempts to present those facts concerning the relation of motor activities to mental development and the growth with ages of the motor and mental coördinations, that are important in education. The book represents not an original contribution to science in these fields, but a popular application of the facts and opinions offered by modern psychologists supplemented by illustrations from the author's experience. It is clear and, if one is not annoyed by its diffuseness, interesting, and will be of value to all those readers who, being without the capacity or training necessary to do thorough critical study of these topics, yet wish to be informed in a general way of the present attitude of educational theorists towards them.

*The Macmillan Company, New York.

It is not entirely trustworthy and follows the traditions of pedagogical literature in exploiting premature generalisations and in using facts to illustrate rather than to prove conclusions. It is unfortunate that teachers are not content to study education in the same serious way that they would chemistry or political economy. Meanwhile such texts as the one under consideration are necessary and helpful.

POPULAR SCIENCE

The Macmillans have issued a volume on mammals, entitled *The Life of Animals,* by Ernest Ingersoll, that is worthy of being classed with the best of recent scientific writings in popular form. This volume retains the essential characteristics of the old-time systematic presentation of "natural history" and at the same time is based upon the results of re-

cent scientific study. It incorporates the concrete information necessary to give a conception of the actual life of the species treated in their native habitat, drawn from the descriptions of travellers and scientific students. There is appended an extensive bibliography, not made up of books selected at random, but of those that have contributed material to the volume and offer the means for further reading of a more or less popular character.

Thus the volume becomes an excellent guide for the non-scientific reader to a very considerable literature of a semi-popular character. It is an excellent corrective or companion piece to the numerous volumes of imaginative and sentimental stories about animals that form so large a portion of recent literature for children. Many of the illustrations and much of the descriptive matter is drawn from the museums and zoölogical gardens of New York, Chicago and Washington, and consequently the volume offers excellent opportunities for use in connection with practical work in the schools.

COLLEGE MEN AND COLLEGE WOMEN.*

Under this title President William DeWitt Hyde of Bowdoin issues a series of addresses upon a variety of topics connected with college life. Though most of these addresses have previously appeared in print they well deserve this permanent form, since collectively they offer one of the best interpretations of modern college life that we possess. While these essays were addressed primarily to college students, it is doubtful whether they will be much read by them. But for the outside world—for the parent who fears that his son is being led astray by the temptations of college life, for the layman who resents the privileges and the special standards of conduct granted to the college student, and for the professional man of an older generation who thinks the college devoted to indolence, extravagance, trivialities—this volume serves as an interpretation of much that is difficult for them to understand.

*Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston.

So thoroughly has the author in several of the essays caught the spirit of the college boy, that it is not difficult to understand his success as a college president. This is especially evident in the series of letters in the chapter on "The Transformation of the Undergraduate" which purport to be the correspondence of a student from the freshman to the senior year. The address on "Greek Qualities in the College Man" emphasises the fact that the essential qualities in a liberal education ever remain the same, but that these qualities need interpretation in terms of modern life. Indeed, the great merit of these disconnected essays is that they put the problems of college life in modern terms and the problems of modern life in college terms. It is in this manner that the relation of the college and life is made plain; consequently, the volume should be read by those whose faith in the efficacy of the modern college training is shaken because they depend upon the sensational news columns for their information and upon the mal-adjustments of the recent graduate to the practical problems of business and commerce for their judgments.

However, there is one aspect of this and similar works that always raises a question. The problems of conduct, the doubts of an intellectual nature, the evils of social and economic life are all solved so readily through the skilful statement of these problems and the wonderfully acute discrimination in the use of words that a suspicion is created that the solution is reached or the problem explained away simply through the happy command of language.

"The Creed of a College Class" is now well known: to many whom it has helped or even inspired the reproduction of several of the negatives from which the compositive was reproduced will be of interest and profit. The remaining chapters dealing with college administration, with the functions of the various types of schools and their proper differentiation, with the problems of woman's education, with the work of the college man and woman in the world, cannot be mentioned even by title. At every point it is a book that will stimulate reflection at many points, one that will provoke debate.



THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

THE RE-SHAPING OF THE FAR EAST.

Mr. Weale's book must hardly have gone to the printer when the renewal of the Anglo-Japanese alliance and the conclusion of peace at Portsmouth supplied an answer to the problem it propounds. Briefly put, we have here an appeal "to all Anglo-Saxons" to intervene for the maintenance of China's integrity against the machinations of the combined Continental powers. And the need for immediate action is all the greater, because the writer now finds forces at work in China which, if allowed full play, must result in the development of national spirit and national strength to a point where China, a power among powers, may, unassisted, assert its dignity and its rights against the predatory nations of the Continent. The Anglo-Saxons (and by that England is meant, for the United States seem to be included largely with a view to augmented circulation) are, therefore, called upon to see to it that China gets a fair chance (Anglo-Saxon: a square deal). Much in the spirit of Mr. Kipling's exhortations to governments that would not understand, the writer censures the delays and weak complaisances of British policy in the Far East; faults, however, which the Anglo-Japanese alliance of 1905 has remedied in guaranteeing the preservation of the *status quo* in China and thus allowing the Chinese the needed free hand in working out their own welfare.

In its conception of what China's welfare may be taken to consist in the book strikes a note that is admirable because it is rare. Friends of the Celestial Empire up to the present have been unable to rise to loftier heights of altruism than the maintenance of the "open door." Once guarantee the Chinese their inalienable right to be exploited equally and without prejudice by all the nations of the earth, and what more can they ask? But Mr. Weale, looking at the matter from the point of view of the Chinese, goes much further. He speaks of a time, not far away, when the Chinese Empire shall take its place as an equal in the family of nations, exercising full control over its own soil, administering its own customs, freed from the degrading and mischievous imposition of the principle of extra-territoriality and humiliated no longer by the presence of foreign troops in the provinces or the maintenance of foreign fortresses, for such the armed legations are declared to be, in the capital. This vindication of Chinese rights is made in no mere spirit of idealistic cosmopolitanism; there is no cant to it; it proceeds from the frank and honest Anglo-Saxon conviction that such a state of affairs is best for the Chinese, for the foreign population and for European business interests. It is a radical view and it meets with criticism from such an expert as Dr. Morrison, for instance, but Mr. Weale cites in his support the case of Japan, where the abolition of extra-territorial jurisdiction was followed by a noteworthy improvement in the relations between Japanese and Europeans.

Concerning the rise of the new nationalism in China, the writer is enthusiastic, though by no means so enthusiastic as our own newspaper correspondents in their accounts of five-thousand-year-old China being reconstructed over night. In the growth of industries, in the building of railways, in the despatch of missions abroad for the purpose of studying western civilisation, there is promise. But it is primarily in the new army that the author's hopes of a new China are centered, an army which is now estimated at more than one hundred thousand men and which in ten years, the Anglo-Saxon powers in the meanwhile keeping off intruders, will number, with its reserves, more than a million men. This army besides is composed of the picked men of the empire, the sturdy "nut-brown" inhabitants of the provinces north of the Yang-tse with whom alone the future of the country lies. It is open to the cautious, however, to discount the author's sanguine predictions together with much of the talk we have had lately regarding the awakening of China and the wonderful things that are going to happen before the next issue of this magazine. Such expectations as have been based on the boycott movement in Southern China are vain, for the reason that Mr. Weale is nowhere more emphatic than upon the point that from the degenerate "yellow" population (as distinguished from "walnut-brown") and corrupt magistracy of the South nothing can be expected, apart from the mere brute weight they may lend to any movement initiated in and carried on by the North—the "spear head to which the South is but the shaft." Yet if we turn to the North and attempt to sum up the elements of promise upon which the author bases his confidence in the future, we find them centering around a single personality—that, namely, of Yuan-Shih Kai, the powerful and astute viceroy of Chi-li. It is Yuan that has raised and commands the army which is now the mainstay of national hopes, and it is Yuan whose recommendations and memorials have stirred the Manchu throne to its present reforming activity. Remove this one factor for progress and it would appear from Mr. Weale's own account that no internal guarantee exists for the effective continuance of the present modernising movement. We say internal because in the influence that Japan may come to exercise on the progress of China lie unlimited possibilities.

For a work of undoubted weight, in the sense that it shows throughout a remarkably intimate acquaintance with the affairs of the East (witness, for instance, the admirable chapter on the Chinese press and native opinion of the Russo-Japanese war), the style is

a delight, though style is altogether too big a word to describe the absolutely nonchalant, personal, pungent way of the author with his book. He is always lighthearted and frank, and not the least so when he deals with Germany and the Germans, whom he does not love, and says so. He distrusts their aspirations and detests their habits of iron discipline and rigid uniformity, though inconsistently enough he finds those qualities acceptable when reproduced in things Japanese. He speaks of Prince Henry (our Prince Henry) as the "Emperor's naval brother," and has one Homeric passage in his account of German Kiau-Chau that must not be omitted. He says:

"The name of the street is spelt in a manner which revolts one—it is written Schantung strasse. The extra *c* may mean nothing in far-away Europe, but in China it is everything—it makes you pronounce the name of the province as Germans think it should be pronounced and not as the Chinaman speaks it."

Evidently, Mr. Weale pronounced the German form Stchantung.

S. S. Trunsky.

SEVEN ROMAN STATESMEN.

Few historical works of recent years equal in interest this little volume. Its author opens by frankly claiming that the constitutional tendencies of the modern Germanic school of history have gone too far and that they bid fair to rob the old-world tales of most of their charm and interest. Therefore he proceeds to hark back, exalts the long-despised Plutarch—the Plutarch of our boyhood—as his model, advances the theory that history is often best studied in the lives of its makers, and plays the reactionist consistently to the end.

On such lines he has selected his *Seven Roman Statesmen,* not merely on the score of the intrinsic charm of their biographies, but bearing clearly in mind their influence upon the transition of the Republic into the Empire. Logically enough he begins with the Gracchi: Tiberius, the dreamer, and Caius, the vindicator. Then, after the Optimate reaction, and omitting the name of Marius, probably because he cannot be classed as a "statesman," he takes up Sulla, the cynical restorer of the aristocracy. In the lassitude and collapse that follow the shock of the first proscriptions rises Crassus, the plutocrat, planting the seed and reaping the harvest of political corruption; then Cato, the mugwump doctrinaire among all the shifting intrigues of the First Triumvirate, and he closes with the final duel between Pompeius, the champion of the fast-failing republic, and Cæsar, the hero of the infant empire.

It is evident that lives could not be better selected (unless, perhaps, by the substitution of Marius J. Cato) to illustrate the trend of events, and it is certain that those chosen could not have been treated in a manner more spirited or fuller of life and charm. A magician blows upon ashes scattered by the winds of time, and presto! they become flesh again; the red blood courses, the dry bones gather themselves together. These are truly men. With but little change, a name here and there, a certain so-called humanising of methods, and they are politicians of our own day, with their battered ideals and their distorted virtues, their insight and their blindness, their brilliant coups and their well-nigh incomprehensible blunders.

It is at this point that my only adverse criticism must be registered. Professor Oman has indeed conjured up his dead, and they have walked, living, in our sight; but there is ever the peril in such conjuring that the senses of perception and the powers of judgment may yield somewhat to the emotions. The author sees and makes us to see, but does he always make us see the men that were, or are not these in some measure the creatures of imagination? In his aim at reviving the charm of Plutarch has he not also, and, in a measure, of necessity, revived that mingling of fiction and history for which the name of his model has come to stand? Professor Oman is a man of broad study and clever—*very* clever—intuitions; but, whether he be right or wrong, there is that disquieting tone of modern English cock-suredness about his *Lives* that, of itself, must give us pause when we come to consider just how unreservedly we are to accept them. There are lapses, too, doubtless the result of carelessness, as witness the tangling of the topography of the Pons Sublicius and the Porta Trigemina on page 84; still, I would emphasise that my general criticism is rather of his attitude than of his conclusions. The students and peoples of all times have disputed over the rights and wrongs of Pompeius and Cæsar, until we are rather startled to find a historian who firmly and unhesitatingly plants each in his place, with apparently a serene assurance that he will "stay put," and who does not deign to cite more than half a dozen authorities in all his three hundred and fifty pages to support statements that settle peremptorily questions upon which the greatest historians have been more or less at issue. This method is regrettable. Few readers are so fresh in their classics as to be able to recall off-hand the pros and cons of many questions, and we become so much absorbed in Professor Oman's presentation that even the least studious could not but welcome an opportunity to delve a little into some of these matters. Though it be truly circumstantial evidence, hearsay, and, in a measure, intuition, upon which the author seems to rely for much that he states as conclusively as if it were the result of mathematical deduction, it is largely because I believe his conclusions to be, in the main, correct, that I regret he has not worked them out a little more fully in view and fortified them by brief summaries of the evidence. A few foot-notes would not stay the swing of his narrative: those who read only for the story could ignore them, and those who chose might find much added interest.

Professor Oman's pictures of the hopelessly moribund Republic and his statement of the causes of its decay are peculiarly vivid and clear. With a clumsy and antiquated constitution, an aristocracy corrupted by luxury and power, and a democracy spoiled, selfish, pauperised, and unpatriotic, there was no outcome but in revolution, and it is here that his cleverest insight has led him to certain striking, and, as I believe, just estimates. Every one concedes that Cato was an honest, impracticable, harsh-tempered man, supremely self-centered and full of affectations of a dead past; Crassus is not a difficult character to divine; Cæsar, in spite of the deification of the middle ages and Mommsen, stands pretty clearly before the unprejudiced reader of history; while, as for the Gracchi, with little besides Plutarch to count upon, we are not disposed to question severely any clever guess that appeals to our sense of logic.

It is in his estimates of Sulla and Pompeius that Professor Oman is at once most revolutionary and I conceive very near to the truth. His picture of the former is perhaps the best thing in the book; he brushes aside without hesitation all charges and suspicions that either man sought empire for himself, and holds them both to have been aristocrats, frankly devoted to their order and to the commonwealth.

When we come to look at the question, it is seldom, if ever, among the leaders of an Optimate faction that we find a would-be king; and, whatever Pompeius did, or wherever he may have been forced by the trend of events, it seems pretty clear that he had no ambition to be other than the first citizen of the State under its ancient constitution. It is the leader of the mob who aspires to unconstitutional power, and though it is probably the truth, Mommsen to the contrary notwithstanding, that Cæsar the democratic politician did not look forward to Cæsar the emperor, it is equally true that, as the able leader of a degenerate proletariat, he placed himself definitely in the line of succession to a rule too heavy for the hands that were authorised to wield it.

Duffield Osborne.

MOHAMMED AND THE RISE OF ISLAM. By D. D. Margoliouth. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.35.

This volume, whose subject deserves a more commanding place in the "Heroes of the Nations" series than many others therein included, is to be commended for the honest purpose of its author to disengage the real Mohammed from legendary accretions, and to place him before us as a great leader who never allowed visions of the supernatural to befog his tactics. No orthodox Mohammedan among the few who read English will find this story acceptable, and it may be doubted whether it will be translated into Arabic. Written from a thoroughly modern point of view, it sets forth the prophet, great religious seer though he was, as a strict calculator of the forces he controlled as against the forces to be overcome, adapting means to ends without scruple when it was necessary. The hero often appears as a cunning and timid manipulator of cheap mysteries, producing revelations on the *deus ex machina* principle when his followers could be satisfied in no other way. And then what a patchwork of religious tales and maxims the Koran is, how wearisome its repetitions, how petty are many of its chapters! The author properly emphasises the fact that the greatness of Islam had its rise less in the moral teachings of its sacred book than in the fixed, far-sighted vision of its founder upon a new religion to be established politically. That was doubtless the reason why, when it was given forth that "God is great and Mohammed is His prophet," the second part of that epoch-making utterance was to be as unreservedly accepted as the first. In his religious warnings and controversies, Mohammed made many mistakes, and more than once was put to the blush for his ignorance. Even at his first great battle his personal aggressiveness got no farther than throwing some pebbles at his enemies. How then did he force his belief upon the Arabian tribes, unite them and found an empire whose original impetus of conquest almost engulfed Europe before it was spent? Because, as the author acutely shows in his last chapter, the prophet had a genius equal to emergencies, but not too great for them. He was mentally well balanced, and never pushed an advantage ruinously far. The story of his life is clearly and convincingly told, with little animation of style, however, and in some chapters with an excess of trivial and redundant matter.

THE SPANISH SETTLEMENTS WITHIN THE PRESENT LIMITS OF THE UNITED STATES FLORIDA, 1562–1574. By Woodbury Lowery. With Maps. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

A prosaic title-page and an arid preface somewhat discourage the reader from attempting this really interesting book, whose subject-matter is the exciting struggle between France and Spain in 1562-74 for the possession of Florida. The most striking personality in the struggle was Pedro Menéndez de Avilés, a loyal, energetic and bigoted officer in the service of Philip II. Philip's jealousy of France was intensified by the influence of the Huguenots in the latter country, and their colonising experiment in Florida filled the

Spanish king with unappeasable wrath. A ready instrument of vengeance was found in de Avilés, whose butchery of the French colony at Fort Caroline gained Florida for Philip, but at the price of an enmity that only played a waiting game at Paris until revenge was practicable. When the time came, Dominique de Gourgues destroyed the Spanish settlement with all the ruthless thoroughness with which de Avilés had exterminated its predecessor. De Gourgues, however, had the better sense of dramatic fitness. De Avilés was said to have boasted that he had done his terrible deed "not as to Frenchmen, but as Lutherans." The French captain, contemplating the hanging bodies of his victims, replied that he executed vengeance upon them "not as Spaniards, but as traitors, robbers and murderers." The story of the Spanish colonising enterprise, with the hardships and mutinies that attended it, is entertainingly told, but is less interesting than that of the opposed intrigues of Paris and Madrid. The hatreds engendered by economic competition were apparently as bitter as those resulting from religious fanaticism. De Avilés himself had the temper of a persecuting zealot, but his narrow faith was never tainted by greed or disloyalty. The author finds a balance in his favour. The missionary efforts of Father Martinez and his companions were undertaken under the protection of de Avilés, and are an illuminating chapter in the history of Jesuit self-sacrifice and martyrdom.

IN THE DAYS OF MILTON. By Tudor Jenks New York: A. S. Barnes and Company. Illustrated $1.00 net.

It is difficult to combine a biography and the study of an epoch in one short volume without sacrificing much of the personal interest. The title of this book may have been chosen partly to prepare the reader for a tracing of Milton's life upon a striking "background of events then filling the minds of Englishmen." With the author, however, the background, not the life, is the thing. "To know our own history," he says, "we must know the England that made these men (Puritans, Cavaliers, Independents) what they were, the England of the days of the poet Milton." Quite true; but in this book, very interesting though it be, there is too much England and too little Milton, whose masterful and belligerent personality cannot easily be reduced to the proportions fit to relieve a background on the scale arranged by Mr. Jenks. The great Englishman was a man of action as well as a poet, and he was in many ways so typical of the spirit that dominated the seventeenth century emigration to this country that the salient facts of his life are themselves a vivid chapter from the English history of that time. No other British poet was half the strenuous, public-spirited citizen that Milton was, his pamphlets being fighting programmes of republican politics and theological revolt, some of them written in the consciousness of personal danger and defying authority to do its worst. The polemical spirit in his poems was hardly less significant of the religious and political ideals that formed this nation in its beginnings. Milton is a better, stronger text for a comprehensive American sermon than any other writer of his country, and for that reason his career could have been emphasised more strongly in this book without belittling the object the author had in view. This could not have been done so appropriately with Chaucer and Shakespeare, who were less active participants than witnesses in the great life of their times. The description given of the social and political life of Milton's day, the suggestive incidents of dress, manner and travel, the intrigues of priestcraft and statecraft, the aspirations for more complete self-government, bring the Cromwellian England fairly well before the sympathetic reader's view. The book is well adapted to promote the study of Milton, and the author has appended an excellent bibliography for that purpose.

NOVEL NOTES

SLAVES OF SUCCESS. By Elliott Flower. Boston: L. C. Page and Company. $1.50.

Like *The Spoilsmen,* this latest book of Mr. Flower's is also a vigorous exploitation of political juggling, but dealing with the wider state and national field instead of confining itself to the Chicago wards. The previous publication of these sketches in condensed form in *Collier's Weekly* and *The Saturday Evening Post* attracted an attention which should make the present opportunity of carrying the "deals" of Ward and Carroll, the two machine leaders of tainted memory, to their inglorious finish more consecutively and in detail a welcome one, in spite of the number of "graft" stories already on the market. His interpretation of practical politics and politicians is often effective. He thus differentiates Wade and Carroll:

"Wade was politically unscrupulous, but personally honest—a combination sometimes found. This means that he was not a boodler himself, but that he was not above helping boodlers in order that he might use them politically. He would not offer a man money, but for a political price he would let him steal it from others or from the State. Carroll, on the other hand, used politics for his pecuniary advantage; with him power had a cash value, in addition to being personally gratifying. He liked to rule, but he played politics principally because it put him in the way of making money. At the present time he could not get along without Wade, and Wade could not get along without him. Their alliance was one of convenience which either would terminate the moment he felt himself strong enough to do it." And again:

"Carroll was a man of brute force, Wade of strategy. Carroll could deal with the rougher element of politics, but it took Wade to make the fine points. Carroll understood men of his own class, and could rule them; Wade understood men of all classes, and knew how to reach them. In a word, Carroll was a spoilsman, Wade a politician."

"A 'handy' Democrat is a whole lot more useful than a balky Republican," was Carroll's happy solution of all difficulties.

Mr. Flower also defines reformers and practical politicians by saying that, with the former, "politics is too often a thing apart, to be taken up during the spare time that they can give to it, and then put aside: they would not take it into their business or their homes. With the practical politicians it is of first importance everywhere, and at all times. And somehow the practical politicians seem to have the best of it when the test comes."

There is ample interest and excitement when the wheels within wheels are set buzzing by the industrious "slaves of success;" when the spasmodic efforts of reformers are checkmated, influential citizens are "reached," "a good man" "pulled" out of trouble, and questions of ethics, more or less fine, resolved, more or less satisfactorily, as they are met by the corrupt Wade, Carroll and Company, or the virtuous Azro Craig, Mrs. Trumbull, or Allen Sidway.



THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the six most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of June and the 1st of July:

NEW YORK CITY DOWNTOWN

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Woman in the Alcove. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50
6. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50
5. From a College Window. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.25.
6. Pigs is Pigs. Butler. (McClure.) $.50

NEW YORK, UPTOWN
Second List.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. Pam Decides. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Tracer of Lost Persons. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50

ALBANY, NEW YORK.

1. The Man Between. Amelia Barr. (Authors & Newspapers Ass'n.) $.50 net.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Pam Decides. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. A Rock in the Baltic. Barr. (Authors & Newspapers Ass'n.) $.59. net.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Pam Decides. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. The Woman in the Alcove. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (McClure.) $1.50.
5. The Wire Tappers. Stringer. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. The Woman in the Alcove. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA.

1. The Colonel of the Red Huzzars. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
2. Coniston. Churchill (Macmillan.) $1.50
3. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (McClure.) $1.50.
5. Breakers Ahead. Barbour. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. The Garden, You and I. Wright. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Pam Decides. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. In Cure of Her Soul. Stimson. (Appleton.) $1.50.

3. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. If Youth But Knew. Castle. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Pigs is Pigs. Butler. (McClure.) $.50.
6. Uncle Williams. Lee. (Century Co.) $1.00

BUFFALO, NEW YORK.

1. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. A Diplomatic Adventure. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Lucy of the Stars. Palmer. (Scribner.)$1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (McClure.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

1. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Evasion. Frothingham. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. Pigs is Pigs. Butler. (McClure.) $.50.
5. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (McClure.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1 The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Throwback. Lewis. (Outing Co.) $1.50.
4. The Woman in the Alcove. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEXAS.

1 The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. Cowardice Court. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. The Truth about Tolna. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

DENVER, COLO.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Quickening. Lynde. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (McClure.) $1.50
4. For the Soul of Rafael. Ryan. (McClurg.) $1.50.
5. The Throwback. Lewis. (Outing.) $1.50.
6. Pam Decides. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Pam Decides. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. Cowardice Court. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
6. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (McClure.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Patriots. Brady. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50
5 The Soul of Rafael. Ryan. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

1. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Soul of Rafael. Ryan. (McClurg.) $1.50.
3. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (McClure.) $1.50.
4. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Woman in the Alcove. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Colonel of the Red Huzzars. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
3. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. Carolina Lee. Bell. (Page.) $1.50.
6. Called to Field. Thruston. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.)
4. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Pam Decides. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead.) Mead.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Colonel of the Red Huzzars. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
3. The Flower of France. McCarthy. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Mayor of Warwick. Hopkins. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
5. Fishers of Men. Crockett. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Bishop of Cottontown. Moore. (Winston.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (McClure.) $1.50.
5. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. From a College Window. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.25.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Pam Decides. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Breakers Ahead. Barbour. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
5. A Diplomatic Adventure. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

RICHMOND, VA.

1. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. Pam Decides. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (McClure.) $1.50.
4. Breakers Ahead. Barbour. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
5. The Colonel of the Red Huzzars. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Pam Decides. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Girl in Waiting. Eyre. (Luce.) $1.50.
6. If Youth But Knew. Castle. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

1. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Pigs is Pigs. Butler. (McClure.) $.50.
4. Cowardice Court. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
5. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Evasion. Frothingham. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. Pam Decides. Von Hutten. (The Musson Book Co.) $1.25.
2. The Jungle. Sinclair. (McLeod & Allen.) $1.25.
3. The Spoilers. Beach. (Poole Pub. Co.) $1.25.
4. The Way of the Spirit. Haggard. (The Musson Book Co.) $1.25.
5. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Wm. Briggs.) $1.50.
6. The Wire Tappers. Stringer. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Bishop of Cottontown. Moore. (Winston.) $1.50.
3. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.

5. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (McClure.) $1.50.
6. The Tracer of Lost Persons. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page.)
3. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Tracer of Lost Persons. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Mr. Pratt. Lincoln (Barnes.) $1.50.
6. College Men and College Women. Hyde. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50 net.

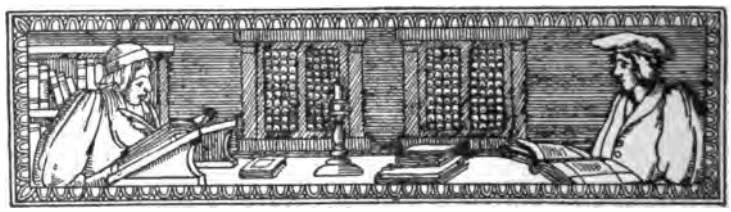
From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

					POINTS
A book standing		1st	on any list	receives	10
"	"	2d	"	"	8
"	"	3d	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page.)	190
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.)	186
3. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.)	120
4. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.)	97
5. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.)	96
6. Pam Decides. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead.)	75



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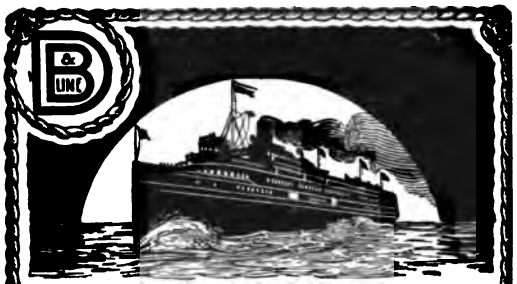
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Leave Denver on the Burlington's Yellowstone Park train, the route of which is thro' the interesting formations of Northwest Nebraska; along the picturesque Black Hills (into which inexpensive side trips may be made); over the Big Horn Mountains; past Custer Battlefield, the most tragic upon which our sun shines; and, finally, thro' famed Yellowstone Valley to Gardiner, the official entrance to the Park

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